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MPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

MAGYAR AND CROAT.

The past year, which has just closed its iron for ever, has been full of solemn warnings. God of Nations has caused the sun of prosity to shine with unwonted splendor upon this inent, whilst dark night has fallen upon the t parts of the Old World. Ours has been triumph of the sword and the victory of the ; powerful and honored abroad, prosperous happy at home—who would not be grateful such blessings? But fearful and sad has been fate of our transatlantic brethren; thrones been overturned and kings banished from r land; nations have risen in arms to fight inst their own kindred and the voice of lib- has been drowned in the cries of murdered ots.

There is in fact no epoch in modern history, Europe has been so universally, so deeply ted. Neither the bloody times of religious lisement during the thirteenth, nor the uninpted wars of the seventeenth, not even the d of awful commotion at the end of the century, can show us any year so full of sudrevolutions and thorough changes as the year From all sides and at every instant do we the political stage invaded by new actors, so pectedly appearing and so little known be- , that we have hardly time to examine their es and trace their origin to centuries long , when a new race appears and claims its in the great drama.

That the French Revolution has produced this European movement, is only in some res- true. For the revolution of last February not a political movement; it was not brought t by a party, or the people, nor foreseen by who profited by it, much less by those who victims. It was, as all the world now , nothing less than a social revolution, full bloodshed, meanness and sadness. Still it its providential end, which will charaeterize history, when the smallness of means, the ity of agents, the miseries of detail, will ppear in the distance, leaving nothing on its and canvass but great world-moving events. r nothing less than the establishment of a Republic in France was necessary to rouse formal, palsied Germany, to give new hopes to Poland, to overthrow the proud mediœval house of Habsburg and to break the chain that rivetted Italy to its eternal oppressor.

Paris was, as usual, the spark that set fire to all the combustible material of the Continent. The flame spread rapidly and the proportions of the gigantic conflagration are hardly yet determined. Far from it; but ideas, institutions and men begin, at least here and there, to appear in the dark mêlée: tendencies are showing themselves and taking form, plans for the future are marked out and cognate elements combine for common purposes. We begin to see the two great principles now agitating the Continent of Europe: the desire of forming new political institutions and the resurrection of the nationality of ancient races.

The latter, a movement only about sixteen years old, is by far the most important and the most interesting; it has already overthrown an ancient dynasty and broken up Empires of a thousand years' standing; thanks to it, Germany is no longer German, Hungary no longer Hunnish, and Greece no longer Greek. By its magic touch there rises in the very centre of Germany a Bohemian nation, counting millions, speaking a new language and claiming its own time-honored institutions! In the land of the proud Magyar, five millions of Croats suddenly shake off their fetters, invoke the memory of their ancestors, who fell defending their hearths and their faith against the legions of Trajan, and send an army to enter triumphantly the old Imperial city! Moravia all at once remembers its Selavonic origin and joins the great League into which even Silesia, that richest province of poor Prussia, is anxious to be admitted. All clamor, all fight for the restoration of their nationality, but all at the same time claim greater liberty and perfect independence. For it is the people, the so-called low people, who alone had preserved the national tongue of their forefathers. Now, of a sudden, nobles and scholars, high and learned men, remember their long-forgotten mother tongue, seek for its purer forms in distant centuries, free it from the rust of ages and wield the polished weapon from the professor's desk and the preacher's pulpit, in the salon and the Parliamentary Hall, in behalf of their great and noble cause. Tired of being French, or German, or Magyar,

been less fortunate than even the smallest of European races—for never during that long series of centuries, and amidst all the overthrows and changes of which their country has ever been the theatre, had they found the hour or the place to recover their independence as a people. And yet, in spite of Macedonia and Rome, their first but not successful enemies, in spite of the Bulgarians who imposed their own name upon a part of their native land, in spite of the Turks, who for centuries have occupied the larger portion of their country—in spite even of the Magyar and the Austrian who reign over the rest, they had remained uncorrupted and undismayed amid all the vicissitudes of time. The cry of nationality had been heard far away in their vast steppes and found an echo in their hearts, warmly attached to the memory of their forefathers and full of ardent love of independence. They had shaken off the yoke of the Magyar: a handful of men, they had risen against millions of a proud and warlike race that had ruled them since time immemorial, and now they had come to claim the assistance of their brother Slaves. For Slaves they had ever been, and Slaves they were yet with heart and soul. But the Magyar hated them, for he was their conqueror—and the Teuton hates the Slave.

And with this hatred they had lived for a thousand years, conqueror and conquered in the same land, yet ever separated by all the external signs which perpetuate the remembrance of the victory of one and the defeat of the other race:—the Magyar, always on horseback, always in arms, proudly displaying the insignia of command and showing himself master of the soil; at his side the not less proud Croat, cultivating under the rude dominion of foreign masters fields whose harvest would not be his, covered with miserable sheepskins, chained to the glebe, with no traditions but slavery and no legal existence but in the words of his lord: *plebs misera, gens contribuens aut potius nulla!*

But now the Croat's ancient nationality was resuscitated; a long forgotten people they reappeared on the stage and claimed their place among the nations of the earth and their vote in the affairs of Europe.

With the modesty of true pride they spoke not of the days of ancient Rome when their fathers owned all the rich lands from Drave to Danube, from the foot of the Alps to where now stands the city of Belgrad and where the mighty river suddenly turns its course towards the East. They disdained to quote their own historians who, carried away by their pride and patriotism, count the imperial Assyrian and the illustrious Trojan among the ancestors of their race; they disdained even to say with the unlettered of their own brethren in fierce simplicity, "we are Romans." They were content to be Slaves.

And Slaves the Croats are, even the first born of the Sclavonic race; for their traditions say that when Rome's Proconsuls made the yoke of the Eternal City unbearable, ancient Illyria (of which the Croatia of our day formed part) sent three armies out under the command of three brothers. Tchech, Leck and Russ were their names and three great kingdoms they founded: Bohemia, Poland and Russia. But the vast steppes of Illyria were a sad inheritance; they were the gigantic high roads on which tribe after tribe, nation after nation, poured down from the mysterious East upon the fertile lands of Middle Europe. They came by hundreds of thousands, they came by millions, and the poor Sclavonians bowed their head like the pliant reed before the storm and rose again after it had passed. Six times had they seen fierce and savage hordes pass through their land towards the West, never to return, when there came a still fiercer horde and a more savage tribe from the distant Ural mountains. They were brothers of those Huns who, under Attila, had filled Western Europe with horror and carnage—the last on the native soil of the Croat, but invincible warriors and a powerful nation. Millions followed each other in vast armies during the whole of the ninth century, fearful enemies, striking terror into their foes by their countless numbers and strange tactics, until finally they found themselves lords of the soil and gave to their new conquest its Latin name Hungaria. But Magyar was the name by which they were then known to their brethren and Magyar they are still in their features, language and manners. Brave and intelligent, they hide under the calm and reflective physiognomy of an Oriental nation, a passionate heart and an enthusiastic spirit.

Germany gave them civilization and the blessings of the Christian faith,—their great king, St. Stephen, a constitution breathing liberty and equality, and the race became a mighty and renowned nation. The whole of Illyria owned them allegiance, and Hungary was already one of the powers of the earth, when their king Mathias entered Vienna and was crowned Emperor of Germany. Still they retained their laws from the times of St. Stephen and preserved them nobly through all the invasions of Tartars, the conquests of Turks and even the wars with great Austria; for those institutions were based upon that only solid foundation of all legislation, national genius, which it were well for the European nations of our day not so entirely to abandon for the sake of mere theoretical liberty or fantastic notions of nationality.

* About the year 1000.

Admirable as these laws and institutions were, they still bore from the beginning the germ of their final destruction in them; their leading principle being that the only means of governing the strange diversity of subjugated populations by the few and the strong, was the paramount strength of the royal power. This principle was handed down as a government-tradition to all the successors of St. Stephen. Besides, the Magyars gave laws only for themselves, the conquering nation; they only were thus organized, remaining forever a victorious army in the land of those who have ever been nothing more than *plebs contribuens*. They were all of them nobles and warriors, owning the land by the right of their sword and holding it under the title of a military fief. Hence their barbarous latin term Insurrection for the military service that every Magyar is obliged to render for his fief, hence also the Magyar word Hussar for the soldier, whom every twenty had to send mounted into the field.

Thus they prospered and became more powerful abroad and more tyrannical at home, extorting from their weakened monarchs greater liberties and higher privileges—but always for the Magyar alone; the Croat, the German, the Roumain or Walachian remained still *plebs nulla*. Their period of greatness and success was however rapidly drawing to an end. The Turk, their fearful neighbor, had grown bolder and more and more dangerous, until the Crescent threatened once more to banish Christianity from Europe. Army after army was poured into the fertile valley of the Danube, and fortress after fortress fell into the hands of the Infidel. And a strange king was the king of the Magyar, whom Providence called upon to resist Soliman the Magnificent, the conqueror of Rhodus. Nature had marked him for a strange fate, for, born before his time, he was a bearded youth in his fourteenth, and a gray headed man in his eighteenth year. Betrothed even before he was born and crowned when two years old, he ascended the throne at ten, was married at fifteen and died at twenty. What a master for the proudest nobility of Europe! What an adversary for the first general of his age! Three hundred thousand Turks invaded the land of the Magyar, and at the fearful battle of Mohacz fell forever the national life and independence of Hungary; a part of the beautiful country was made a Turkish province, the remainder passed under the dominion of Austria, and Hungary, after a race of unparalleled brilliancy and after a most heroic and romantic resistance takes foreign masters and is buried in the history and the monarchy of Austria.

A sad fate has been the fate of the Magyar under Austrian rule! Bloody are the pages of his history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for fearful is the struggle between the proud freeman and the cunning oppressor. The accounts of their rebellion form the most lamentable history of any nation, and such were the effects of their stubborn resistance and the licentiousness and cruelty of the Imperial armies, that at one time human flesh was publicly sold in the land of the noblest race of Europe!

The skillful policy and the patient genius of the Austrian sovereigns were directed towards a complete change of their constitution; an absolute monarchy was to be established and the language, the customs and the laws of the Magyar were gradually suppressed. Their pride was broken, and never was a race prouder of their tongue and more jealous of their liberty. Even the Magyar of our day shows it yet in every word, in every action. His tall, muscular stature is that of the man given from early childhood to rude bodily exercise; the fierce, piercing look speaks of unyielding pride, and his costume, the brilliant "dolman" of the Hussar, richly embroidered in gold and pearls and but partly covered by the "Attila" tunic of black velvet, reminds him constantly, in form and name, of his lofty descent. The noble Magyar—and every Magyar is noble—never appears without his large curved sabre, trailing on the ground, and whilst elsewhere the Halls of Legislature are closed to the armed man, the Magyar enters them boldly, his left hand on his sword and his brethren say: He had his arms and he has voted; his vote then was a free vote! The Magyar loves his language, and a beautiful, sonorous language it is, by its natural loftiness and majesty of expression well fitted for a people of warriors and orators, and the very fact that it is an idiom separated from all other known tongues in the world, a language "without a mother or sisters," but adds to its peculiar charms. That the Magyar is often carried away by his national pride, and in solemn earnest assures us that his Lords are more noble than all the kings of the earth, that some of them trace their descent through Attila up to Noah, or that St. Stephen is the first saint in Heaven, and that the Revelation was given to the world in the language spoken in Heaven, in Magyar, is a failing also of other nations of Europe and may well be pardoned in a people sighing under a foreign yoke and delighting in dreams of former greatness.

For dreams were all the Austrian left him from the times of the chivalrous Ferdinand, whom he called in to his aid and made his king, to save him from the Infidels, to the days of fallen Metternich. Not that there was a tyrannical disposition in the monarchs of Austria, or a national

hatred against the Magyar, but the Habsburgs had ever turned their eyes only to the Occident, and their ambition had always been to retain for Austria her rank as a Western power. All interests and exigencies, not subservient to this their great aim, were set aside and overcome. Thus the immense Empire gradually crystallized around the small hereditary provinces in Germany; Italian, Bohemian, and Slave were equally sacrificed to these German tendencies, and the whole policy of Austria reduced itself to her resistance of all development of constitutional rights at home and the claims of nationality abroad.

Prompted by such motives, she deprived the Magyars, one by one, of their high privileges, regardless of all the solemn promises made by every Emperor before his election as king of Hungary and in spite of the humble prayers and urgent remonstrances of the oppressed race. A German Governor took the place of their self-chosen Palatin, military and civil offices were given to strangers, foreign troops were sent into their land and quartered on nobleman and priest, and even their faith, that of Calvin, was not spared by their catholic masters.

And still the Magyars, fretting and sighing under the hard yoke, were a noble and a loyal race; for when the great Frederick drove Maria Theresa from all her hereditary states, Hungary became the asylum of the fugitive Empress, who, the royal infant in her arms, appeared in the midst of the assembled nobles to implore their assistance for their king. And they drew their swords and crowding round their august guest they cried: *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* Their devotion and their bravery saved the Austrian monarchy and they were told that the slave who had saved his master's life was free!

But soon both their loyalty and their services were forgotten, when Joseph II. sacrificed all that was left of freedom and independence in the land of the Magyar to his fanciful plans of making Austria one great homogeneous monarchy. The kingdom was treated like a conquered province, royal commissaries exercised unlimited powers, the last privileges were taken from cities and communities and a simple imperial edict abolished with one stroke all the rights and immunities of the Magyar nobles! The administration of justice was reorganized after German models, the Magyar language was prohibited and the German imposed as the tongue of him who thus conquered Hungary in times of undisturbed peace. The Magyars trembled with indignation at such unmerited insult, but before they could rise to avenge their grievously offended race, Joseph, unhappy, sick and doubting himself, signed, with trembling hand, a decree abolishing all his reforms in Hungary. He signed it, strangely enough, in Magyar, the very language he had proscribed, but the decree, far from being an avowal of his wrongs, was merely an act of extreme weakness.

Soon after this fatal acknowledgment of his error, which only increased the discontent prevailing in Hungary, the French revolution broke out and its disastrous consequences threatened once more the very existence of the House of Austria; and once more did the Magyars show their loyalty and gallantry; they granted willingly and joyfully horses, money and men, all that was asked, begging in return only that their children might be allowed to fight under their own officers. Nobly, most nobly, did the brave Hussars fight and again the Magyar helped to save the Austrian Empire. But not Republics alone are ungrateful. Never was country worse rewarded than Hungary, for all the sacrifices she had made for the cause of Europe and of Austria. The moment her treasures and armies were no longer needed, her services were forgotten and only her former resistance remembered. Again were Imperial Commissaries sent to govern the kingdom, again was the Magyar language proscribed, their national Diet abolished and their most sacred rights disregarded. How their proud, independent spirit could so long brook such injustice and tyranny would be almost inexplicable but for the skill, firmness and conciliatory spirit of the Viceroy or Palatin Joseph, one of the Austrian Archdukes, and the immense superiority of Austria as one of the Great Powers of Europe.

But the patience of the Magyars was at last exhausted; their national pride, so long suppressed, at last awoke and after aspiring for centuries with a noble ambition to the liberty they had enjoyed in days long gone by, they broke the chains with which force and cunning, unsurpassed in modern times, had so long fettered them. They now showed that they had not in vain obtained the name of the Englishmen of the East. Their Magnates, members of the higher nobility and rarely seen without their retinue of several hundred men, or maintaining, like the Esterhazy, whole regiments at their own expense, formed an Upper Chamber, closely resembling the House of Lords, whilst their Elective Chamber was in every respect a faithful copy of the Lower House of England. Nor was the division of the kingdom into counties wanting, with their system of representation and independent administration; they had their clubs under the name of casinos, the large balconies of their massive houses were their hustings and public banquets gave ample opportunity for political oratory. Their Magnates followed the example

of their English brethren even in the pride they took in placing themselves at the head of every political movement, pretending to be or being really ready to sacrifice their own privileges whenever the good of the Commonwealth should require it; and the younger sons would serve as secretaries in the Diet, or during vacations, canvass the country and thus enter the Lower House.

When therefore the opportunity came, they were not found unprepared and wanting, as their German brethren, in political education, whilst the resuscitation of their national feelings raised their patriotism to the height of almost sacred enthusiasm. Their scholars had studied the history of their race and taught it in lecture-room and public square, to the surprise and admiration of their fellow-citizens; eloquent patriots had inspired the people with the glorious deeds of their ancestors and the consciousness of their own rights and the name of Magyar had become once more an honor among them.

These were the days when the wave of revolutions, passing over the continent, reached Vienna and roused it from its apparently happy slumbers. But to the surprise of all Europe, it was here that the most fearful explosions followed each other in most rapid succession. One day saw the work of centuries fall to pieces and the father of European politics, Prince Metternich, a fugitive and an exile. Another day and the liberal cabinet of Ficquelmont fell with equal rapidity and disgrace; a third revolution drove the weak Emperor himself out of "his beloved city." A Diet, elected by universal suffrage, as a constituent body, took the affairs of the country in their hands and soon after, following the example of the Parliament of St. Paul, enacted executive measures.

The revolution of Vienna was, however, the first of those movements which were not so much undertaken for the sake of political reforms, but manifested the characteristic of the revolutions of 1848, by demanding political emancipation only for the sake of the final independence of the different nationalities. Magyar-students, it is said, had been the leaders of this revolution, and at the first news of their success, the second Chamber of Hungary, with the concurrence of the Upper House, sent an address to the Emperor, demanding a Magyar-Cabinet, responsible to their own Diet, a national guard and universal representation, without distinction of rank or property. One thousand Magyar noblemen in their brilliant national costume ascended the Danube and presented this petition to the Emperor. It was granted, for at that moment there was on the whole continent no government that could have refused.

The latin "Hungary" was abolished, and with the deliverance from the German yoke, the "Magyar Orszag" (the kingdom of the Magyar), apparently reduced to decrepitude, rose young and strong, inspired by ardent love of liberty, to take once more its place among the kingdoms of Europe. At the head of the movement, and now the soul and the director of the new government, was a man who, like his race, had even in servitude cherished lofty aspirations, and in silence prepared himself for the great work carved out for him by History. Not more than twelve years ago Kossuth was a poor attorney in the employment of several deputies, when some magnates of the liberal party discovered his superior talents and untiring activity. At their instigation he undertook to publish a journal, containing reports of the Sessions of their Diet, which, to avoid the severe laws against the printing of such documents, were lithographed and thus sent to every county in the kingdom. The bold and daring enterprise met with unexpected success, but the Austrian government, justly afraid of its influence on a nation like the Magyar, found means to have the journal confiscated. Nothing daunted, Kossuth continued it by employing a number of copyists and sending it out in *written* copies! After the adjournment of the National Diet he travelled through the country to see with his own eyes and teach with his own lips; but he was soon arrested for one of his public speeches, kept in prison for nearly three years without ever being brought before a judge and almost accidentally liberated by a general amnesty. Having thus become a martyr of the popular cause he soon found himself in the Lower House and at the head of the opposition. Thus qualified by a slow and gradual, but thorough political education, he rose with his country and when Hungary in March, threw off the yoke of the German Kossuth, by the will of the people, seized the supreme power and displayed an energy and wisdom, fully equal to the emergency and his lofty position. His eloquence, by friend and foe spoken of with admiration, and his ardent, unsuspected patriotism won him the hearts of his countrymen, and, by birth, education and character, the true representative of the Magyar race he soon rose to such power that, to apply the fatal test of our day, he could issue two hundred millions of florins in paper money and see the Diet, unasked, impose capital punishment on all who would obey the Emperor's decree and refuse to take these notes!

But, strange fate! hardly had Hungary freed herself from Austria and begun to prepare for the struggle with that power, when an enemy arose within her own limits, small in number weak in appearance, and strong only in the sam

feeling that nerved the Magyar, in ardent patriotism. The cry of nationality had found an echo even in the farthest parts of Europe, and penetrated to the most remote branches of the Sclavonic family. And when Hungary was Hungary no longer, but once more the Land of the Magyar, there rose the children of the soil and asked: What have we in common with the Hun? adding in their barbarous Latin, *nolumus magyarisari*! Should the Magyar be allowed to appropriate to himself the harvest he had sown with the aid of other nations, and which all had labored to ripen? Should he, without drawing his sword, be allowed to claim alone the fruits of long peace, as if the Croat had not fought by his side with equal bravery against the Mongol, the Tartar and the Turk? They pleaded, not without justice, that they had never been serfs of the Magyar but an "annexed" kingdom with their own Diet and independent administration and bearing to Hungary the same relation that Hungary bore to Austria, that of *regnum in regno*. We have always, they said, complained of the tyranny of our stronger brother, the Magyar, even when we yet obeyed a common master, but what will become of us when, deprived of the protection of our father, we shall be left to his unrestrained rule? Let the Magyar resuscitate his own race, reassume his language and enjoy once more his national independence, but let him not deprive us of the same rights he is so eagerly claiming for himself!

It is certainly strange that the Magyar, then whom there is none more anxious for liberty and proud of independence, should attempt to impose the same yoke on the Croat which he bore so impatiently, and while he resists to his utmost the attempts of Austria to recover her rebellious province, speak of Croatia as trying under favor of the general revolutionary crisis to rise with impunity against the Hungarian Monarchy! The Magyars—for Hungarians there are no longer—have but one excuse: they pretend that Croatia dreams of the famous Panslavism and is anxious to aid in establishing the gigantic Slave Empire to which we have referred. Proud of having once saved European Christianity from the Moslems they now are prouder still of what they believe their lofty and providential destination: to be a bulwark against the encroaching influence of Panslavism. They delight in the thought that Russia will march her forty millions of Slaves against them, for their gallantry is one that is flattered by the power of their enemy, and, firmly believing that the triumph of Magyarism would be the triumph of reason, intelligence and liberty, they hesitate not to oppose themselves, a race of a few millions and without any affinity to other nations of the earth, to an Empire than which, since the times of Rome, Europe has known none more powerful and more gigantic.

In June the struggle began and war was declared between Magyar and Slave. The last attempt on the part of Austria to conciliate those whom she was then still disposed to call her subjects failed; the proud Magyar refused to yield in anything to the demands of the Sclavonians, and the Croats, following the example of the races around them, were determined to recover their nationality or to die in the attempt. When the crisis really came the courtiers and politicians of Vienna were not slow in seeing the advantage they might derive from it for their own cause. It was then that they first gave up the West and turned their eyes to the East, to the Sclavonic race; applying the old maxim of *divide et impera* they declared the Magyars "rebellious republicans" and sanctioned the attempt of the Croats the more readily as they found at their head a loyal subject and a highly distinguished officer of the army. Baron Joseph de Jellachich, a Slave by birth, had manifested from early youth a warm sympathy for the interests of his oppressed brethren, and when his signal services in Italy were to be rewarded he claimed as his only favor a place among his fellow Croats. This was granted and he lived for years as one of the Colonels commanding on the armed frontier (against Turkey) in their midst, honored and loved as a father. It is here that by his paternal care, his rational endeavors to enlighten his race and improve their condition, and by his personal kindness, he gained that popularity which afterwards made him in all but name the sovereign of a great people. He spoke to them in their own language, the forbidden Illyrian, for, said he, "it is the tongue my mother spoke and I am proud of being able to speak it and to speak it to you!" He lived with them and fought with them; standing alone in the world, they were his only friends and his children.

And when they rose to shake off the yoke of Magyar laws and Magyar language, they held a great Diet in their city of Agram, and, appealing to all the members of their large and powerful family, they declared themselves, after a thousand years' oppression, once more a free and independent nation. Their poet, Gaj, had prepared their minds by his erudite works on their language and history, and this race of shepherds and slaves who but ten years before were without schools and written laws, now, as by magic, and under the inspiration of highly-wrought patriotism, produced philologists, scholars, poets and publicists, and an irresistible enthusiasm filled the minds of all with visions of the future greatness of a noble race. Not disdaining to learn even from their enemies they followed the example of the haugh-

ty Magyar in every measure calculated to raise and strengthen this feeling, and perhaps more fortunate even than their foes they elected Jellachich their Ban and Sovereign. It was in the large palace of the Congregation, as their Parliament is called, that their wise elders and the Greek and Catholic bishops, in their gorgeous robes, were seated on one of three oblong tables, raised on a low platform, whilst the other two were occupied by the members at large, surrounded by a graceful balustrade, below which stood the literati or young men who had passed the necessary examinations, all admitted to witness the meeting, but to vote only when of noble birth. Their picturesque costume was much enhanced by the richly ornamented arms with which every member was amply provided, and their whole bearing presented a strange but attractive mixture of the Orient and the West. Long were their debates and stormy, and many an eye flashed with anger and spoke of future bloodshed; many a sword was half-drawn, and the storm under which the impassionate Assembly moved to and fro, seemed about to break out with perfect fury, when one of the white-haired bishops rose and with a low, trembling voice spoke a few words in Illyrian, of which the foreigner would have understood but the last, the name of Jellachich. Zivio! Zivio! was heard from old and young, from priest and nobleman, and shouts interminable rent the air, and from the midst of the Peers there rose a man of small, slender stature, and his clear commanding eye, in calm, firm steadiness, wandered from face to face. An instant, all were quiet as if awed by his glance, but then broke forth such bursts of applause and enthusiasm, as only the Orient knows to conjure up. He moved not; not a feature changed. It was not pride—much less indifference: he felt the ovation and when he began to speak, his voice was thick as with deep emotion. Few were his words and mild his speech, but it was the gentle evening-breeze that fans the flames till they rise to the very heavens.

That day Jellachich was elected Ban of Croatia, and representatives came from distant regions—from Serbia, Illyria, and even from the northern Sclavonic provinces, and hailed their great chief. Bishops of the two great churches officiated, with all the pomp of the East, at his solemn installation, and from Vienna came the news that the Ban had been appointed the Emperor's Lieutenant for Hungary! Thus he who but a year before had been a poor Colonel in a far-off province, found himself suddenly sovereign of an independent kingdom and commander-in-chief of all the Austrian troops and fortresses in Hungary. He hesitated not to declare himself openly in favor of the Emperor's cause, a faithful subject of the House of Habsburg and an enemy of all the enemies of Austria, but above all, of the revolutionary Magyars. What he demanded was a One United Austria, giving equal rights to all nationalities which form part of the great monarchy. The different races were to be represented in a common Parliament at Vienna, where, of course, the Sclavonic races would, owing to their numerical strength, have an overwhelming majority. In fact, therefore, Austria would cease to be German, and by a constitutional majority become Sclavonic.

This the Ban calls the good cause of Austria, and with this war-cry a powerful army left Croatia, crossed the Drave, and unfolding the imperial banner, summoned the Magyar fortress Essegg to surrender to those who came "under the venerated authority of the Emperor, their father." Thus opened the war between Magyar and Croat and Magyar and Austrian, a fearful civil war, with all the horrors to be expected from the hatred of races, the fury of serfs but recently franchised, from political and religious fanaticism, and the ferocity of semi-barbarous populations.

The Magyars seem to be fully aware of their dangerous position; suspected by Germany, hated by the Slaves, isolated among the nations of the earth, they were left alone, as they say, to resist this conspiracy of monarchs and races against them. In Vienna they were ungratefully denounced as an undisciplined and rebellious nation; in the North armed bands of Slaves from Bohemia and Moravia tried to join their Southern brethren in Croatia where Jellachich had already attacked them with a powerful army, and in the East Russia threatened with her two hundred thousand men in arms, ready to crush every movement in favor of republicanism. If Heaven itself surveys with pleasure a brave heart struggling with the storms of fate, what a glorious sight must not a nation be, struggling for the sacred cause of liberty against nearly all Europe!

When the news of Jellachich's invasion reached Pesth, Kossuth caused himself to be carried, sick and suffering, to the Diet; supported by two men, pale and exhausted, he made, as he then thought, his last appeal to the Assembly.—He spoke words of fire, now appealing to the sacred memory of their ancient forefathers, now showing how their cause was the cause of liberty for all Europe; he electrified the Assembly, and raised the energetic patriotism of the excitable Magyar to a fanaticism that centuries will not be able to allay again. The scene was one of unsurpassed grandeur, such as the annals of history have but rarely to record. Borne on the shoulders of some of his friends, he then went to the fortifications, where the Deputies them-

selves, spade in hand, repaired the walls of the city, or broke up the pavement to raise barricades, while the women on the flat roofs of their houses heated pitch and oil to receive the invading enemy. The Parliament in the meantime declared itself permanent; a Committee of Public Safety was appointed; Kossuth was chosen Imperator with unlimited power, and every man able to bear arms, was ordered forthwith to join the army which thus included the regular hussar, the national guard, and the peasant with his national weapon, the scythe.

It is sad that this bright page in the history of so noble a race, should have been stained with a deed that no excitement and no passion can excuse. Like General Bréa in Paris, Prince Lichnowsky in Frankfurth, and Count Latour in Vienna, was it in Pesth also an old tried soldier who fell ingloriously in an inglorious cause.

The Emperor, relying on the rapid march of the Ban of Croatia and the apparent hesitation of the Magyars entirely to throw off their allegiance to Austria, sent Count Lamberg as Commissioner to make a last attempt at reconciliation. For this purpose, the venerable old General left Pesth to cross the Danube, when, on the bridge, an infuriated mob recognized his brilliant uniform in an humble hackney-coach, dragged him out and butchered him in a manner which of itself disgraced the whole nation. Soon after, a Count Zichy, a Magyar-magnate and cousin to the Princess Metternich, was detected in carrying on a secret correspondence with the Croats and after a summary trial, hung as a traitor.

There was great and well-founded indignation at Vienna. Jellachich was ordered immediately to dissolve the Magyar Diet, and to reduce the country by fire and sword to obedience; but ere he could march to execute this order, the last revolution broke out in Vienna, and he hastened thither to aid his Emperor's cause, while the Magyars collected an army to assist the Republican party.

Vienna is fallen, and for the moment the cause of the *Slave* is triumphant. At the side of Western Europe we see an Eastern Europe rise, heretofore hardly known but as the formidable phantom of Panslavism, rarely as a friendly power. Millions of Slaves, not Russians, but almost all opposed to them and mostly differing with them in religion, are rising, coalescing and forming institutions which shall reconcile and combine the *cultus* of ancient laws and traditions of the country with the demands of modern civilization. Let the old races of the Continent beware! Let them remember Rome and the Barbarians! Let them examine the questions now agitated on the banks of the Danube and the shores of the Mediterranean, and well consider that there is waiting for their downfall a powerful and uncorrupted race, forming one tenth part of all mankind and united by the sacred tie of common blood and the strong bond of one common language—a race, warlike and victorious, represented even now in the armies of Europe by their only successful Generals—Radetzky, Windischgraetz and Jellachich!

In attempting to present here a few glimpses at Europe in 1848, we have been led to choose the distant and unknown *Slave* nation as the first of our series, because we believe this movement to be the only one likely to have permanent effects on the state of things in Europe. Not that the revolutions which have disturbed more or less the peace of almost every nation will remain without their momentous consequences. The providence of God does not ordain such fearful commotions without a wise purpose, although centuries may pass before it becomes manifest to our short-sighted minds. Even were there no other benefit to be derived from such a crisis, it must have enlarged and strengthened those countries by elevating all the members of the same state to the consciousness of their dignity as citizens, and by exciting in all men of the same blood a warmer love of their common race and country. But we apprehend that the wishes of those who, from a pure, but abstract love of freedom, hoped for the establishment of republics in Europe, will be doomed to disappointment. We have happened of late to meet more than one of those in whose hands had been the government of European countries for long years; and from prudent Guizot, whom no fault of his own, but solely the selfish policy and reluctant half-confidence of Louis Philippe, caused to fall, to the newly risen Kossuth with his ardent enthusiasm for liberty, not one but was convinced that the establishment of republics at present, could not be hoped for and should not be desired, that France would soon return to monarchy, that Germany would never attempt a republic while Poland remained quiescent, and that Italy would but slightly change her political institutions by forming a federal union.

If however, the movement in favor of republicanism be comparatively fruitless and produce but few radical changes in the political aspect of Europe, it is far otherwise with the question of nationality. Austria has *de facto* become a Sclavonic Empire; the Emperor has determined to reside hereafter in Prague among his three millions of Tchech-subjects, and a union of these *Slaves* with their brethren in Hungary, Serbia, Moldavia and Wallachia is already preparing. This change will, we fear, seriously affect the

principle of political balance in the Old World: a door has been opened in the very centre of Europe for the admission of a new race, giving it access to the Adriatic and thence to the Mediterranean, and the interests of the Western half of the Continent will henceforth be more directly exposed to the influence of a power tremendous in itself, and by its close alliance with one of the most numerous races of the world, silent and mysterious in its ambition, but successful in whatever it has attempted.

THE LAST ADIEU.

"There is a touching part of the Greek-funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and so bid their final adieu."

"She died; yet Death could scarcely chill
Her smiling beauties."—MRS. WELBY.

The summer sky is calm and bright,
  The Earth looks gay with flowers—
The birds are glancing in the light,
  Or warbling in their bowers—
But oh! my heart is dark and chill,
I would this fevered pulse were still.

The Heaven, that bends so calm above,
  As if God's smile were there,
Is like thy brow, departed love!—
  And scarce more pure and fair—
"Dust unto dust"—but not while grace,
So angel-like illumes thy face.

How still thy raven tresses lie!
  How paled thy cheek's rich bloom!
How dimmed the lustre of thine eye!—
  And yet no trace of gloom,
No trace, no trace is o'er them cast,
For Grief is dead: and Death is past.

Aye! Death is past; but can the power,
  So dread a change that wrought
On those pale features in an hour,
  Change the soul's love—or thought?
Do beings in the untrodden sphere,
Dream of the days they lingered here?

A sunbeam, through the o'erhanging trees,
  Breaks radiant on thy brow,
Where the dark locks a perfumed breeze,
  Is stirring gently now—
Was it a smile thy spirit sent,
From the fair, bending firmament?

A moment! and I fondly deemed
  So life-like was the ray,
That over eye, lip, ringlet beamed,—
  All had not passed away
Of the ethereal, magic flame
That warmed so late thy heart and frame.

But my sweet vision, like a bird,
  With that brief lustre fled,
And not Love's most endearing word,
  Can waken more—the dead—
'Tis hard the beautiful to lay,
Oh! Earth! on thy cold couch of clay—

Still a strange something tells my heart—
  Thy presence haunts me yet—
That kindred-natures cannot part,
  Nor kindred souls forget—
Death's tyrant—power is *more* than vain,
Belovéd! we shall meet again.

P. H. H.

NATIONAL BALLADS.

There is, perhaps, no similitude more trite and familiar,—certainly there is none more striking and true, than that which likens the origin and progress of nations to the growth and development of children. As a mere figure of speech, to illustrate the periods of increase and decay, it is undoubtedly just and appropriate: but this resemblance, which may be traced as well in the ruined tower, or the tottering oak, is not the most interesting analogy, suggested by such phrases, as the infancy, the maturity, and the old age of nations.

Let a country, fit for the habitation of man, be possessed by a people partly civilized. Let them lay the foundations of a state, and go on, through a succession of ages, to build up, to strengthen, and to extend their dominion: let them reach the culminating point of greatness, and fall into that decline which full surely awaits every work of human hands: and there will be found not only in the power and resources of the nation, at these different epochs, but in the temper and character of the people, in their thoughts and feelings, their passions and pursuits, a remarkable coincidence with those of the corresponding divisions of human life.

These remarks, it is obvious, will not apply to the history of colonies from a highly civilized parent stock. When emigrants leave the soil of their ancestors, to plant in other climes the seeds of future nations, they carry with them the experience and knowledge of the past—the discoveries of science, the treasures of art, the fruits of thought and study—bequeathed to them by their predecessors. They begin their separate existence, at that stage of cultivation, which the mother country had already attained: nor can we expect to discover, in their subsequent progress, the characteristics which belong to an earlier civilization. For these we must look back

to the rude annals of the race from which they sprung.

The child is a creature of impulse and feeling. His dormant reason can only be awakened, stimulated, guided and supported, by means of his affections. But his very instincts, for the most part, prompt him to what is good. It is true, that pride and selfishness are soon at work within him. It is true, that the excess, even of commendable feelings, will sometimes hurry him beyond the limits that divide every virtue from its corresponding vice. But, nevertheless, the mainsprings of the youthful heart, with rare and lamentable exceptions, are truth, justice and generosity. It loves the beautiful, reveres the pure, admires the daring, is awed by the sublime, weeps over the pathetic, abhors the cruel, burns with indignation at oppression and wrong, and swells with a noble sympathy at the triumph of the innocent and the downfall of the guilty. Let him who doubts the fidelity of this sketch, recall his childish emotions, when he listened at the nurse's knee, to the sad story of the Children in the Wood, the valiant knight-errantry of Jack the Giant-Killer, and the terrible vengeance which overtook the bloody Blue Beard upon the battlements of his own castle. Let him do this: and, if his pulse beat as quickly now as it did in those early days, at the tale of rescued innocence and punished crime, he may rejoice that he has not been sorrowfully taught

> "To know he's farther off from Heaven,
> Than when he was a boy."

But, alas! few can boast such freshness of soul. The rough experience of the world, the busy cares of interest and ambition, the collisions and struggles, which task the intellect and rouse the energies of manhood, seldom fail to deaden our sensibilities and to develop, in excess, all our selfish tendencies. The love of pleasure, the thirst for gold and the lust of power, absorb the finer feelings of our nature. At every turn we inquire—"*cui bono?*"—what doth it *profit me?* Our motives of action are contracted into a narrow calculation of worldly ease or advantage. Here and there we do, indeed, find men, in whom the love of excellence still abides—who have replaced the ardor of youth with the surer strength of moral principle and religious faith. And, perhaps, few are not sometimes, nay often, moved to shake off their earth-fast fetters, and strike one generous blow for the welfare of their kind. But the short-lived impulse soon dies: the conviction of duty fades away from the mind: and we are plunged again into the tumult and strife of our daily existence.

Thus we push on and painfully win our way to the confines of age. The prime of life is passed. Its projects, conflicts, defeats, victories—all are at an end. We begin to descend the hill, and look doubtfully at the dark shadows which surround its base. We remember, with sad tenderness, the valley where we sported at morning; its sunshine and flowers, the joyous song of birds and the lovely radiance, which clothed even the homeliest objects in the hues of Heaven. We review, with a strange mixture of pride and self-reproach, all that we suffered and achieved, in the ascent of the mountain beneath the glare of the mid-day sun: the perils encountered, the obstacles surmounted, the wild joy of the struggle, the intoxication of success. Before us is no pleasing prospect. Each step that we take, still weaker than the last, brings us nearer to that "cold obstruction," towards which we are hastening. And we cling, with vain repinings, to recollections of the brilliant sunrise, and the glorious noon-tide of life's short day.

Is there not a close parallel between this our mortal career, and that which may be called the moral life of nations? Do not the changes in the temper and spirit of a people correspond with those we have been describing? Where, except in the first ages of a rising state, shall we look for simplicity of manners? for the strong tie of citizenship? for that frank hospitality, which designated, by the same word, the stranger and the guest? Where else do we find such examples of lofty patriotism, of generous self-devotion, of romantic courage and of high-souled clemency? To borrow a happy thought from one, who utters many of them, it is "far away in the early period of time, where the uncertain hues of poetry blend with the serener light of history," that we are to seek for those heroic hearts who loved to hear and to emulate the noble deeds of others. Such were the men who delighted in the majestic song of Homer, or the impassioned strains of the Celtic bards; such the men who left, as themes for future poets, the Pass of Thermopylæ and the Field of Bannockburn.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course." He bears away, on his resistless current, the landmarks of early civilization. An age of iron is to succeed. The sacred love of independence is supplanted by the unhallowed passion for foreign conquest. The minds that labored, and the hearts that bled for freedom and the right now exert their powers, at the bidding of unjust and unscrupulous ambition. The infant state, that but lately struggled to defend itself, has grown up into a mighty empire, upon the ruins of its weaker neighbors, the arts of peace, too, blessed as is their general influence, foster the greedy spirit of the time. "The land is full of harvests and green meads"—the cities teem with busy manufactures: the seas swarm with white-winged messengers of trade:

and the whole force of the people, physical and intellectual, is chained to the service of private gain, or public aggrandizement. The romantic feeling of other days is every where extinct: unless it survive in some mountain solitude, undisturbed as yet by the harsh clank of machinery, or the grovelling thunder of the rail-way.

At last comes the season of decay. The vices of excessive wealth and refinement have shot up in rank exuberance, and matured their deadly fruits. Luxury, sloth and licentiousness overspread the soil and choke the seeds of every generous emotion, every manly virtue. The hand of death presses heavily upon the body politic. Gone is the elastic activity of youth—the nervous vigor of manhood. Vainly does the palsied dotard recount now with exulting chuckle, and anon with tears, the proud achievements of bygone days. These can avail nothing to stay the relentless decree of Fate. The haughty empire of the Assyrians and the colossal strength of Rome,—their glories tarnished, their triumphs forgotten—lie prostrate in the dust, whence they arose.

We are now in the full maturity of life as a nation. Infancy, such as we have endeavored to portray, our country has never known. The founders of the American States were men born and reared in a highly civilized era, and were themselves in no way behind the intelligence and knowledge of their age. But it may not be uninteresting nor wholly unprofitable to recur to that distant time in which our own origin is to be discerned, mingled with the beginnings of the various European nations, whose blood courses in the veins of Anglo Saxon and Anglo American. It may be worth while to look back upon the thoughts and deeds of men who trod the earth before us, and who left their impress upon their own, perhaps upon succeeding generations: to glance at the records, rude and imperfect thouhg they may be, of the mighty and prolific Past.

Among those records we shall find naught more deserving of attention than the ancient ballads; not unfrequently, indeed, they are the only sources of history and tradition. To us they are valuable as exponents of the character of the times which produced them: but, in those times, their office was more important—for they wielded no small influence over the manners and sentiments of the people who listened to them. The pithy saying of Fletcher of Saltoun*—"that if he could but make the ballads of a nation he would care little who made the religion of it"—has passed long since into a proverb. And equally familiar to every body is the remark of a pamphleteer of that day, that the famous "Lilliburlero" sung King James II. out of three kingdoms. The very triteness of these quotations proves their universal reception as political truths, and justifies the high estimate which has been placed upon the rude lyrics of a former day. Let us then devote an hour to the consideration of that poetry which had so large a share in forming and reflecting the features of contemporary history—to the labors of the old Chroniclers and Rhymers, the makers and the minstrels of National Ballads.

In the infancy of the arts, and especially before the invention of letters, poetry and music combined seem to have been naturally, and even necessarily, resorted to, on all public occasions. At the assemblies of the people, whether for religious sacrifice, or social festivity, their chief occupations were song and dancing. The solemnity of religious worship required for its expression a language more elevated than the common discourse of life, and produced the first attempts at rhythm, or measured speech. Melody soon came to its aid: pleasing the ear by musical cadences, and, through their agency, impressing more strongly on the memory and the heart the sacred poems with their fervent spirit of adoration. Hence the sublime strains of the Hebrew Prophets, and the classic hymns of Greece. Legislators, philosophers and historians, availed themselves of the same method, to proclaim the laws, to publish scientific truth, and to transmit to future generations the events of their own as well as of former times. At such meetings Homer sang his Iliad, a poem and a chronicle: a series of narratives in verse, wherein real occurrences are blended with the fabulous, and embellished with all the treasures of poetic genius and dramatic art. And thus were preserved the early traditions of all nations: the Arabs and the Persians, the Greeks and the Germans, the hordes of Scythia, and the Celtic tribes of Gaul and Britain.

The great characteristics of lyric poetry are its versatility, freedom and animation. It does not follow the stately march of history, but wanders at will in digressions and episodes. Unfettered by the continuous measure of more elaborate composition, it varies with the changeful current of passionate emotion. Sometimes it flows on in smooth tranquillity, sometimes it hurries along with the force and vehemence of a torrent. Now it rises into grandeur and sublimity—and now subsides into the tender and pathetic. Here it winds peacefully amid the chequered scenes of

* This is sometimes rendered "give me the making of a nation's ballads and I care not who makes its *laws*." It is attributed now to one celebrated man and now to another. Very recently, a contributor to the Edinburg Review ("divil a less," Mr. Lever would say) ascribed the maxim to Cardinal Mazarin! But we make our stand resolutely on Fletcher of Saltoun.

common life, and anon it swells with the mighty tides of ambitious policy, or thunders with all the tumult of furious war. Nor does it disdain the pursuit of lighter themes. The banquet hall and the bower of love—the revels of the noble, and the games of the rustic—the gay, the humorous and comic aspects of life—are reflected upon its surface, and relieve its deeper shades. Of all the countries of modern Europe, Italy alone has preserved, in the art of the Improvisatore, something like the diversified and spirited poesy of the elden time.

The character of different nations, as we are told by scholars conversant with their literature, is displayed in their early poems. The songs of the fierce Gothic people breathe of battle and slaughter: the Chinese treat of gentle and more peaceful subjects: the Greek is full of speculations upon Chaos, Creation and the physical history of the World: the Spanish and Moorish ballads mingle a chivalrous and martial spirit with much of refinement and delicacy: while the Oriental poets often, as in the Proverbs, and the Book of Job, present us with impressive lessons of moral and religious truth.

Much has been written about the origin and development of romantic poetry in Europe. Numberless theories have been maintained, combated and abandoned. The received opinion, at the present day, derives the first knowledge of this species of literature from the Scandinavian or Gothic tribes: and supposes it to have been modified—perhaps revolutionized—by the intercourse of the Crusaders with Eastern countries, and the influence of the elegant and polished Saracens who were so long seated in Spain. Thus, the "barbaric horror," which invests many of the oldest fictions, is ascribed to the dark and gloomy superstitions of the North: whilst the more brilliant and splendid enchantments of later fables are traced to the people of those sunny regions, which produced the Arabian Night's Entertainments. And the spirit of the latter, changed and colored by other accidents of time and place, still survives in the "marvellous machineries" of Tasso and Dante, and in the gorgeous "Fairy Queen" of Spenser.

In Europe, during the middle ages, ballads were made up of historical events, adventures of particular heroes, pictures of domestic and social life, the occupations and amusements of the people, their manners and customs, habits and tastes. At first, the historical details were probably correct in substance, and ornamented only to a small extent by the fancy of the chronicler: but, as in process of time, the narratives descended from age to age, changes crept in through the ignorance of some minstrels and the invention of others; new poems were composed with the same personages for the *dramatis personæ*, ascribing to them lives and exploits, in which the fable began largely to predominate over the truth: until at length these compositions became wholly unworthy of confidence, as vehicles of history, and were superseded in this, their original office, by annals of a more grave and imposing appearance.

For a long time, however, the metrical romances and the minstrels, by whom they were composed and sung, retained their place in the esteem of the feudal knights and nobles. The minstrel was a character of high distinction. His person was sacred. He was sometimes the ambassador, often the companion and friend of kings and emperors; and his services were rewarded with the most substantial as well as the most honorable marks of princely favor.

When Richard, the Lion-hearted king of England, was on his return from the crusades, he was treacherously seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, whilst passing through his territories. For the space of a year, no tidings of him could be heard. At last Blondel de Nesle, a minstrel, who had been brought up in his household after a laborious search for him in many lands, came to the castle in which he was confined and ascertained that an unknown prisoner was there kept with unusual strictness. He obtained access to the castle, without difficulty, in his capacity of minstrel: and, watching his opportunity, began one day singing a French song, which King Richard and himself had composed together many years before. When he had sung half the song he stopped: whereupon the king took up the unfinished strain and concluded it. Thus the minstrel became satisfied, where, and by whom, his master was detained: and, returning to England, made known his discovery to the queen and the nobles. A negotiation was immediately set on foot with the Duke of Austria, which resulted in the king's ransom and liberation.

Such was the honored position of the minstrel, in the palmy days of the profession. But the number of those who embraced the calling, their idle and vagrant life, the silent but continuous change in the constitution of society, and the introduction of the prose romances, to which the art of printing gave birth, gradually effected their downfall. They were banished from the feasts of the nobility and gentry, and sunk by degrees into itinerant ballad-singers: in which character, for a long time, they were received, as favored guests, at the tables and firesides of the poorer classes. From their songs, or the fragments of them, preserved by tradition, have been collected the remains of ballad-poetry, in England and Scotland, by Dr. Percy, Sir Walter Scott, and other gleaners of less celebrity: encouraged in

their work, by the successful labors of their brethren, in the no less fruitful fields of German and Spanish poetry.

We have adverted to the writers of prose romances, who supplanted the old minstrels, in the favor of the great. Possessed of somewhat more learning and a much larger share of pretension, than their fallen predecessors, they did not scruple to steal heroes and subjects from the old ballads, and reproduce them in other narratives, which they imposed upon their unlearned patrons, as authentic translations from original Greek and Latin manuscripts. Thus, while they affected a superiority, in point of dignity and correctness to the metrical tales of the minstrels, these interminable fictions, swollen to a portentous size by countless excrescences, grew into a deformity, that became constantly more and more unlike the truth of history. Sir Walter Scott makes an amusing apology for these prolix and discursive romances: "a *book*, which addresses itself only to the *eyes*, may be laid aside, when it becomes tiresome to the reader: whereas it may not always have been so easy to stop the minstrel in the full career of his metrical declamation." Such as they were, however, these books were "deemed and taken" (as legislators phrase it) by our simple ancestors for faithful annals; and were received with the same implicit confidence, that Lord Chatham is said to have bestowed on the historical plays of Shakspeare.

The model of most, or all, of these romances, is to be found, according to some critics, in the Ethiopics of Heliodorus, who was bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, in the fourth century. This work contains an account of the amours of Theagenes and Chariclea; which, although written in a modest and reserved style, when compared with others of the same kind, did not escape the severe censure of the church. He was required, either to suppress his book, or to renounce his bishopric. As the story goes, literature carried the day against divinity. The good bishop would not desert the children of his fancy, and sacrificed, for their sake, his clerical preferment.

The emperor Charlemagne and king Arthur of England were the most distinguished heroes of European Romance. Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, under the former prince, is the reputed author of a fabulous history, the subject of which is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, and which has been the original of innumerable legends, concerning the exploits of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. In like manner, the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth has transmitted to posterity the life and exploits of king Arthur; which by the industry of the old chronicler, and his successors, have been so interwoven and confused with a mass of fictions, that some critics have utterly disbelieved the whole, and even denied the existence of the monarch himself. Around these great centres, revolved a host of luminaries, scarcely less splendid—Roland, Rinaldo, and Olivier—Sir Gawain, Launcelot du Lac, Palmerin of England, and a score of others, who constituted a common stock, for the use of minstrels all over Europe. Whenever a new ballad was to be elaborated, one of these worthies was selected, and a fresh chapter added to his biography, keeping up his traditionary character, and providing him with suitable adventures. They were brought out, like approved actors, in new pieces, especially adapted to their talents: so that, when the audience tired of one performance, the old favorites might be ready to re-appear in another drama.

But we are by no means to suppose that kings and nobles were the exclusive themes of minstrelsy. The beauty and virtue of their dames—the vicissitudes of faithful love, whose course, (as every body knows,) never did run smooth, were fruitful subjects of romance. Nor did they overlook the personages of humbler life. Many a good story is told of bold outlaws, like Robin Hood and little John—of stout yeomen, like the Tanner of Tamworth, and the Miller of Mansfield. In a word, all classes of people, gentle and simple, rich and poor, high and low, all found their appropriate places, and performed their proper parts. Indeed, the value of these productions, as materials for history, as representations of the social and domestic life of the times, has been highly esteemed by those most conversant with them. The testimony of Macaulay is eloquently given, in his description of what history should be.

"The perfect historian is he, in whose work, the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions, which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative, a due subordination is preserved: some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale, on which he represents them, is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree, in which they elucidate the condition of society, and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. * * *

"If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But, with these, he would intersperse the details, which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral, there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice, out of the pieces of glass, which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth, which historians have scornfully thrown behind them, in a manner, which may well excite their envy. He has constructed, out of their gleanings, works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode, in which alone they can be exhibited justly—in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in Old Mortality, for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the Fortunes of Nigel.

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from *romance*, *ballad*, and *chronicle*. We should find ourselves in the company of knights, such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims, such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown, from the highest to the lowest—from the royal cloth of state, to the den of the outlaw—from the throne of the legate, to the chimney corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders—the stately monastery, with its good cheer in its refectory, and the high mass in its chapel—the manor house, with its hunting and hawking—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold—would give life and truth to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain."

Whilst we are copying this quotation, a history of England by Mr. Macaulay himself, is passing through the press. His admirers, (and who is not of this number?) will be eager to see, how far he has been enabled to realize his *beau ideal* of a historian, in his own work. That he will not be deficient in the art of historical painting, we are confident, as well from his high appreciation of it in others, as from the specimens of his book, which the publishers have vouchsafed to us, by way of whetting the literary appetite. We trust he may be found no less worthy of admiration, in the other requisites of a good historian.

But, whatever his merit in these particulars, he has been eminently successful in reversing the process. He has shown how the materials of history may be resolved into their original elements, and the lost ballads reconstructed. In his "Lays of Ancient Rome," he has presented us with vivid pictures of Roman life, public and private, such as we may conceive it to have appeared to one, living and moving in the midst of it. With consummate skill and taste, he has infused the spirit and energy of the Roman heart into English verse; and preserving the thoughts and feelings, objects and circumstances, which belong to that people—sacrificing no propriety of time or place—he has moulded the whole into language, the most natural and expressive to the English ear.

There have been also others, no less distinguished for their success, as restorers and imitators of National Ballads; among whom are conspicuous Scott and Leyden in the field of Scottish poesy, and Lockhart in his inimitable translations of Spanish ballads. But to them, as well as to the venerable Bishop Percy, already alluded to, we hope to do ampler justice hereafter: for this article has already grown to such a length as to exclude the extracts which we had designed to offer to our readers. We trust they will not be unacceptable on a future occasion: but if we should be disappointed in the sympathy of those whom we desire to please, and our love of ballad-poetry seem to be overstrained, we must plead in excuse the invincible force of early association. These poems, as has been finely said of the classics, are to us "the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still, than all the intermediate words that have been spoken: as the lessons of childhood still haunt us, when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind."

VOWS.

Vows ought to be cautiously made. Leigh, in his Journey to Nubia, says, Osman Bey Bardissi had made a vow, never to shave his head or his beard, till he should re-enter Cairo. For the sake of cleanliness, as well as Cairo, his followers must hope the event would be speedy.

EIGHTEEN SONNETS.

WITH NOTES.

I.

Eleven!—twelve! the agéd man is gone
  With his chill breathing and his frosty hair.
  And wreathed around with leaves and blossoms fair,
The New Year with his joyous gait comes on!
Old Year I love you!—they shall never say
  I left you ere your death to greet the sun
  Uprising o'er the eastern horizon,
Inviting all to bask beneath his ray.
You gave me a dear love whose sunny smile
  Has scattered flowers upon my thorny path!
  A loving friend of never-changing faith
From coldness free and every thought of guile.
You taught me truth to love, deceit to shun;
Therefore Old Year—my arm to lean upon!

How the changes of a few years, yea even of a single year, affect that strange and anomalous creature, man! The author has in this slight performance endeavored to record his obligations to the by-gone year. Alas! it has flitted away like the dry leaf of autumn to bury itself in the silent tomb of the Past. Another volume of our life is closed: we have turned over a new leaf, (though not in the favorable acceptation of the phrase,) each day, and in spite of the cheerful expressions made use of in the text, we rise from the perusal scarcely persuaded of any thing save the vanity of human wishes. The Future is before us, but we resolutely turn our eyes upon the Past, seeking for what, alas! we find not—consolation. As the ringing sounds of the midnight bell die away in the frosty air, our thoughts go forth with lightning speed, and finding nothing but a cheerless void, come back to tell us that all is vexation of spirit.

The author, being in this pitiable state of mind, would call the reader's attention to the following.

II.

I knew a politician warmer far
  Than lovers' vows or steaks of eating-house,
And "Ah!" I cried, "sure 'tis my lucky star
  That points where I so freely may carouse,
And bid my weary soul with trouble torn,
  Like to these elbows and this beaver here,
Eat, drink, enjoy herself, no longer mourn—
  Seize on the golden hour withouten fear.
But ah for mortal hopes, alas! alas!
  Twas when I had a vote the sun did shine:
I threw it clear away—but let that pass,
  Whatever comes no freeborn man should whine,
I did it and was *done* in Forty-four
And now in Forty-eight I'm *done* once more!

The cast of feeling here, as in the preceding, is seen to be decidedly mournful. The man who finds courage to exclaim so heroically, "but let that pass," after prospects so flattering as those unfolded at the commencement of this touching soliloquy, must ever command the admiration of the candid reader. The noble sentiment conveyed in the antepenultimate verse of the stanza is only equalled by the calm and dignified tone of resignation in the succeeding couplets. Thus does the great mind bear up against and repel the assaults of adversity and misfortune!

III.

I dreamt, and in my dream the coming time
  Was shadowed forth, as when the rising sun
Throws giant-like upon the matin rime
  The shade of him who makes his orison.
I saw the telegraph amid the clouds
  Stretching from place to place without a pole,
And in balloon-ships eager-hearted crowds
  Speeding like blooded racers to the goal.
The air was clear, I saw no blinding fogs
  That rose before as from a mouldy fen.
The Press was pure, unswayed by demagogues,
  The chairs of office boasted honest men.
All things were bright and joyful—I awoke
To other scenes and thoughts—hurrah for Polk!

The author here, it will be seen, indulges in prophecy, and like all prophets of the present day, his predictions are sufficiently striking, if not very certain of fulfilment. The Future, however, that bank which fools draw so largely upon without estimating their *credit*, and wise men invest their substance in, will present the best evidence of his claims on this head.

The telegraph is universally considered a very remarkable affair. As for ourselves we candidly confess that since the evening, when it was proved to a large and intelligent audience that the learned professor had patented the lightning and a striking quotation from the book of Job on the same subject, since that time we have fully coincided in this opinion, and from not entirely comprehending the theory of this wonderful instrument, have watched in the simplicity of our hearts to see the news go by.

By the means alluded to in the sixth line of the text, the learned professor will hereafter be enabled to stretch his line whither and in whatever manner he pleases without asking leave of any one to plant his poles. If the mahner of carrying out this great improvement is not fully explained, we can only regret the fact. We have, further, too much respect for scientific books to reflect upon them in this particular.

A balloon-ship would be a novelty, but many persons doubt the possibility of such a contrivance and assert that any attempt of the sort will fall to the ground or end in smoke.

These *are possible*, however, and the time for them like Christmas—may be coming. In the

meanwhile, we will indulge a hope that the world in its rage for morality and improvement will attend to the subject suggested in the lines which follow. The weight is already as great as we can bear, and like the poor criminal who underwent the *peine forte et dure*, it requires but little more to *press* us to death.

IV.

Upon a bank of sweetest wild flowers lying
  One clear and sunny day in lazy June,
  Late in the pleasing, languid afternoon,
I dimly mused and fell asleep in sighing.
Methought I saw a Persian dame of mien
  Most beautiful and fairy-like to see,
  Straight as an aspen or a poplar tree,
And with the bearing of a gracious queen.
She passed her slender fingers through my hair—
  She spoke in dulcet tones of such soft fire,
  I thought some murmuring Eolian lyre
Its soul-enchanting notes poured on the air.
I woke, and at my side—no Persian dame!
I rose, and all my cheek was like a flame!

Youth—youth! what to your reckless mind, all confident of the coming years, is the proudest triumph of the grown up man!

How pleasant it is to wander forth in the balmy month of June, when the birds are singing, the green leaves gently moving to the breath of the cooling wind, the river's haze wrapping the distant landscape in a gauzy mantle, from which gleam up the glittering spire of the village church, the snowy sail of a seabound barque, or the lofty peak of a mountain range.

Go at noon. Then the flowers are as still as though the hand of death were on their fibres, the distant wheat reposes like a field of gold in the bright sunlight, the birds are at rest, the leaves all motionless, and even the school-boy deep in the mysteries of ball and marbles, deserts the play-ground and wanders into the shady wood, where lying on the sod, his hand beneath his cheek, his bosom open to the air, he sleeps, and sleeping—dreams. Of whom?

Alas! alas! the season of youth is brief, yea as fleeting as yon thistle down, which floats a moment motionless on air, and then is borne as on the wings of the storm-wind to the yawning waves of the treacherous sea.

We were that school boy. Bread and butter was untasted, birch unheeded. Thus through all our youth we slept—and dreamt and at last have awakened. No Persian dame is at our side, neither the reality of that other. Only the shadow, alas! and that even, which we fondly dreamed would dwell in our hearts as the trace of an iron pen on a tomb of adamant, is melting away like the cool mists of summer, which make the morn so delightful, before the rays of the rising sun.

The author turning a deaf ear to the advisers who recommend an abandonment of his stylus for the time, in order that his soul, usurped by gloomy thoughts, may be restored, begs to introduce to the indulgent reader the following:

V.

Far on the sea the mountain billows roar
  With thunder-music in their god-like voice,
  Making the bold heart leap up and rejoice.
As wrapped in foam they howl upon the shore,
Like ocean sprites that hold their revelry
  Where dolphins sport and sea-birds flit along,
  Filling the air with their discordant song
In honor of the raging god of sea—
My bounding soul goes forth and once again
  My swift bark is careering onward fast,
  Flying before the chill breath of the blast,
And bearing me across the surging main.
But then this blazing fire—these muffins hot,
Who says the sea is best? I say 'tis not!

Here the form of expression is evidently borrowed. In fact the author has closely copied, but neither wittingly nor willingly, the strong and striking expression of the curious character claiming so much attention in King John.

They who have crossed

> "The Alps and Appenines
> The Pyrenean and the river Po,"

will join at once in the sentiment here expressed. The owner's soul "goes forth upon the sea" and "leaps up" to hear the "howling of the billows," the "song of the seagulls" and the "revelry of the "ocean sprites," but after skimming the breakers and listening in thought to their roaring, he returns to warm his lower limbs at the chimney-corner, with the cheerful expression that whoever may declare these striking objects more attractive, he is constrained, from personal expe-rience, to say that his friend labors under a mistake.

VI.

Down with the tyrants! 'tis the PEOPLE'S voice
  That comes to us in roaring thunder tones,
  The lightnings of their wrath from golden thrones
Have hurled the despots, and they shout "Rejoice!
Rejoice for freedom, oh most fair and dear
  Who fled from Europe's soil for many a day
  And westward to Columbia took her way
To brace all breasts against the tyrant's spear."
Great hearts! whose noble cause thrills all the soul
  Much need ye should with indignation join
  A holy moderation most divine,
Then shall ye reach the lofty gleaming goal
Whereon your eyes are fixed with ardent hope,
Like Simeon's on the far-extended cope.

In presenting this small poem to the public the author is sorry to say that every critic has a right to examine it with his most fault-finding specta-

cles. Milton and other ancient writers, who enjoyed much popularity in their time, have celebrated in odes, sonnets and poems, the dawn, meridian and sunset of liberty. But these great writers lived long before the nineteenth century. They had not examined the glorious sample of independence unrolled before the world by America, brighter in the tints and more striking in the pattern, if the indulgent reader will allow of the expression, than any ever yet thrown down on the counter of the world.

The allusion to St. Simeon, in the concluding verse, was suggested by a perusal of Mr. Tennyson's poem on the subject, in which the martyr to be, is represented as standing on the summit of a lofty column, anxiously expecting the moment, which he states to be at a "quarter before twelve," when the angels will come to bear away his soul. Mr. Tennyson being only the "poet of a set," as the "New Timon" declares, and that in a far distant country, the author humbly suggests that his candor in acknowledging his obligation should be duly appreciated. If he ever dresses Lara in the costume of a "Nomad from the land of Morn," he will endeavor to be equally plain with the reader.

VII.

Oh, Mary! if a heart that beats for thee,
  Thee only, dearest, may thy love procure,
  May move thy virgin heart so soft and pure,
So full of love and sweet humanity—
If thou wilt smile on one, whose only store
  Is fond affection, jealous care for thee,
  To shield thy form from dark adversity
And wear thee in his spirit's inmost core,
Then turn on me thine eyes of liquid light
  Give me thy lily hand in mine to press
  And thou wilt fill my soul with happiness
My heart carissima! with deep delight.
She turned—her features like the blushing rose—
And placed her dexter thumb upon her nose.

The gesture here alluded to, of placing the right thumb upon the tip of the nose and gently moving the expanded hand in a circular direction, is thought to convey a playful species of satire, and if our memory deceives us not, was often accompanied with the jocular phrase "no you don't though!"

At any rate it appears that in this instance the gesture was only half repulsive, for the fair lady smiled and tripped away so provokingly that we were persuaded to follow.

The author would recommend the form of address used in this performance as one highly artistic and calculated to move the heart. The allusion to his jealous care to shield her form from the blasts of adversity, though he candidly confesses his entire want of any buckler for the purpose, has often, to our knowledge, produced a touching effect on the heart of the young lady.

The Italian word of endearment is here used in order to give that flowing sound to the rhythm which is found in the old poets, and also as infinitely more ardent and expressive than the common English "dearest."

VIII.

Dumas, when o'er thy gasconading page,
  I follow thee through never ending scenes
  That gurgle out as from unstopped canteens
The grateful draught—when all the middle age
Comes forth in burnished armor as to say,
  "By mighty spell of great enchanter's wand
  We come to thee from distant shadow-land
Where long in darkest tombs of dust we lay"—
When Athos, Porthos, Aramis arise
  Great, splendid, elegant, with many more,
  I wonder at the hugeness of the store,
I'm full of admiration and surprise!
But then those poor dear creditors' demands,
Indeed Mossieu, 'twas shabby at your hands!

The late trial of M. Dumas for breach of engagement to write for the "*Presse*" and other newspapers, which created so great a sensation in the Parisian world, renders this subject of peculiar interest.

Notwithstanding the reprehensive terms used in the text, M. Dumas is, in the author's opinion, fully exonerated from the charges of fraud brought against him. What in another man would be fresh of promise is in this great writer a simple defect of memory.

What! shall he whom the Duke of Montpensier has written to by special courier to come and arrange the Spanish marriage, whose doors are besieged by turbaned Turks with missives from the Dey of Tunis to come and hunt the lion with him on the plains of Africa, whom even the great Southern statesman so earnestly entreats to leave Belle France and come to America,—is this great character to bend his lordly mind and eyes to mean accounts with sordid tradesmen?

We humbly think not. M. Dumas conducted six novels in as many papers at one and the same time, couriers were ready day and night to bear off the glowing sheets to the cavernous presses as they flowed like burning lava from the fiery breast of the great composer, the "*Theatre historique*," with its immense popularity, was to be supplied with food, and the indefatigable manufacturer, grown pale and thin above the midnight lamp, must go abroad upon the Boulevards or take a trip into the country to recruit his health. Instead of the Boulevard he went to Spain, in place of the fields of Picardy to the deserts of Africa.

M. Dumas agreed to write one hundred volumes in a given time, he could only write some fifty or three score; is M. Dumas then to blame for the confidence he reposed in his mighty ge-

nius, or responsible for the money he has pocketed?

The world must arrive at the irresistible conclusion that the writer is a great genius, and that he overtops his adversaries in matters of finance a thousand cubits.

IX.

Careering onward, queenly in her pride
The maid upon her milk-white palfrey borne,
Seemed like the rosy goddess of the morn
When reining in her coursers eagle-eyed
She shoots her radiant glances o'er the plains.
Above her raven locks a snowy wreath
Of every flower that blossoms on yon heath,
When May comes blooming with the April rains,
Shone like a diadem of pearl and gold!
And in her lily hand the bridal-rein
So closely lay, methought that it was fain
To linger ever, never quit its hold.
But oh disastrous chance! oh villain girth!
Why died not sheep before your wool had birth!

The author regrets to state that the reader, from a perusal of this short effusion, can gain no knowledge of the circumstances as they actually happened. A just regard for historical accuracy entails, however, an explanation. The "milk-white palfrey," who is subsequently designated as resembling the "eagled-eyed coursers" of the sun, was in reality a grey horse of unexceptionable gait and gentleness of temper, but somewhat deficient in that fiery vigor so happily expressed in the fourth verse. He is further not aware that the young lady was clad with airy grace, or that her fingers were filled with leaves and flowers as the great painter has represented his "young Aurora." He is still further compelled to state that the aforesaid accident took place in his attempt to assist the young lady to the ground.

The subject is one which, in itself, could not be supposed to interest, but a judicious embellishment has raised it from the mud of commonplace to the niche of poetic dignity.

Thus does the imaginative mind invest even the occurrences of every day life with a poetical coloring!

X.

Fair Mexico! amid the blooming groves
That gem thy radiant and most happy land,
Where joyously the Aztec maiden roves
And weaves of orange flowers a golden band
For her fair brow far purer than their hue
At early morn, when bending toward the ground
They sparkle bright bespangled with the dew
Like chalices with jewels set around—
Methinks upon thy lofty table lands,
Or on the bright sands of thy gleaming shore,
With one whose slightest wishes were command
This weary heart might feel at last secure.
But then the general's mouth so hugous great!
I might 's well live contented with my state.

Rabelais, so happily cut out in profile by Mr. Pope, tells us of a certain giant who came near making a meal upon his hero and some pilgrim friars. Mother Goose also, that best of mothers, over whose memory we hang with mingled tears and laughter, relates a pleasing account of a young man called Thumb who met with nearly a similar fate.

We recollect the tremor of affright we experienced on perusing these narrations, and so strong is the force of early impressions, like the brand on the juvenile thief, that our mind has never entirely recovered its equanimity on the subject. This accounts for the sudden reflection which follows the interesting picture drawn by the author's imagination of "I might 's well live contented with my state."

XI.

Strange! that the man exists whose sterile soul
Finds nought of pleasure in the dœdal earth,
Nor in the azure waves that grandly roll
Where the great sun will give the morrow birth—
Whose mind, entranced with sordid thirst of gain,
Neglects the vocal groves, the sunset glow
And smiling pity, turns with cold disdain
From the fair scenes that make a heaven below.
When Buena Vista rolled its lurid smoke
The cannon, drawn by oxen, passed me by,
Dull beasts, with heads bowed down beneath the yoke
Their feet on bleeding hearts that gave no sigh,
Behold your image, man of sordid clay!
A lifeless mass bright with no quickening ray!

The moralizing tone is here attempted, though the author is aware with only moderate success.

The soliloquy is supposed to be uttered by a pale young gentleman, walking with folded arms by moonlight and reflecting on the rebuff his disinterested affection has received from the refusal of some elderly curmudgeon to bestow on him the hand of his young and wealthy ward.

It does not appear whether there was a necessity for his presence at the remarkable battle, alluded to in the text, or not, as he might have seen in some newspapers an account of it. But the beautiful allusion to the guardian's neck as "beneath the yoke" of avarice, with his feet "on bleeding hearts," his own to wit and that of the young lady, we submit belong entirely to the aforesaid melancholic youth.

How completely are our opinions and feelings colored and moulded by circumstances over which we have no control! Alas! that we resemble so much the bubbles on the shoreless sea of time, cast hither and thither by the surging waves, buffeted by the winds of misfortune and going out at last like a candle burnt to the socket, suddenly, totally.

Into such a train of reflection is the contemplative mind at all times liable to be led!

XII.

Methought Niagara above thy whirl
I hovered on an angel's airy wings,
Cutting the smoky mists that upward curl,
And yielding me to dim imaginings.
"A change came o'er my dream"—in a small boat
Hurled with the speed of lightening to the brink,
I felt my cold heart leap up in my throat,
I see the boiling hell! I die, I sink!
"Awaking with a start," in elbow chair
I find myself so warm and softly lying,
I wonder how, through mighty tracts of air,
The frolic mind, like rapid rail-car flying,
"Played such fantastic tricks," as school-boy may,
Turning and tumbling on a holiday.

Oysters are not the most judicious fare for the evening meal. They frequently superinduce a disposition to violent starts in the sleep, caused by the strange and terrible nature of the individual's dreams. Our bed-fellow has frequently complained of ferocious assaults made upon him in the dead of night, which caused him, as he declared, great suffering. Strange to say we were, on the next morning, totally unconscious of the circumstance.

Another effect of these edibles is presented in the above. The mind, like the school-boy having a holiday, flies away to the ends of the world, to great waterfalls, tremendous chasms, and-so-forth, amusing itself on the way with "turning and tumbling," as expressed in the text.

We had intended to write a dissertation on this subject which, like Urn Burial and other matters which appear barren, is really full of interest and capable of a great display of learning and research, but in consideration of the fact that the reader is quite as well versed in the causes and results of the phenomenon, we refrain.

XIII.

As down the street she gaily trips along,
Her small feet twinkling like revolving wheels,
With joyous spirit caroling a song
Like that which from sweet Philomela steals—
I feel within my breast a happiness
Deeper than fathom line and all my heart
Goes forth to meet her, for I do confess
That little form, so lithely fair, is part
Of my own being, and lest Appius
Or any other villian should draw near
To steal the little dove to me so dear—
Hallo! you man there of the omnibus,
In one more year that little maid is mine
And with her cash it is my fate to shine.

How sweet to see the little maiden of fifteen summers tripping along, her satchel upon her arm, her wimple gathered over her sunny locks of waving gold, her delicate feet scarce seeming to come in contact with the material earth, her blue eye dancing with the joy of health, peace, and freedom from that bitter guest experience!

Pass on sweet one! Were I as thou my thoughts would not be now in trembling doubt upon the slippery verge of deep despair. Secure in faith and hope, my heart would rise like holy incense to the gates of heaven, and angels on their snowy wings of light would bear it weary, sad, to Paradise.

Pass on dear one! Thy heart is white and pure. No misty sophistries thy thoughts enmesh, for thou art moulded in the form of truth, and all thy spirit is unclouded yet with the deep gloom of the fast coming years.

Dear little maid! Would that like thine my heart were clear and every leaflet of its tables smooth from the deep traces of my many sins.

Pass on in peace, security; for o'er thy head the guardian angels watch, lest any impious hand should sully what was made so purely fair!

The author, cap in hand, solicits pardon of the reader for the above train of reflection which he can only defend upon the plea that his pen being new-nibbed ran away like a fiery horse.

He would further say that something seemed necessary to restore him to the reader's good opinion after the cold-blooded nature of the above performance—which he has translated into verse from the original prose overheard by the author.

XIV.

Before great Balsamo I stand amazed,
His wondrous tricks I view with dread delight
From that great meeting on the "Thunder Height,"
When lion-like he bore the swords that grazed
His dauntless breast, and showed no sign of fear,
To where with Andrée, Rohan, Althotas he poured
The mighty flood of crafty thought deep stored
In his great mind to Satan's only peer.
But when the thought obtrudes this thing did raise
In its degree the storm that round the head
Of Louis Philippe roared, the man who fed
Great Alexander in his youthful days—
We really have no pity for the king
Whose crimes provoked this deep, this bitter sting.

This, as the reader probably guesses, has reference to the well-known "Memoirs of a Physician," by M. Dumas, in which he agitates the questions which are now agitating Europe and presents the world with an account of the sayings and doings of the great magician Cagliostro, otherwise Count Fœnix, otherwise Acharat, otherwise Joseph Balsamo. The Count, according to his story, lived many ages, had seen the revolutions of Egypt, the Lower Empire and other countries, and was either a great benefactor or a great scoundrel—which we are not able to say from the confused notions of the age on these

subjects. The work of M. Dumas is, however, undeniably *great* in many points, in interest, extent, gallicism and diffusion. The chief feature though, with the exception of a decided leer towards monarchy, is its ultra democracy. The reader is convinced of the virtues of the people by a picture of the vices of their rulers, and we may say that, taken altogether, the book, if it were readable, would be very striking.

We should do M. Dumas the justice to say, that he declares in his "Gaul and France," that when the day came he would cry as loud as any one, "Down with royalty," though he should couple it with another sentiment, to wit, "God save the King!"

XV.

Fair Cincinnati! on Ohio's side
  Thou standest in thy beauty all-supreme!
Glassing thy lofty minarets in pride
  On the smooth surface of the gliding stream.
The murmuring of the mighty river's voice,
  The city's hum which rises from below,
The gurgling of the brooklets that rejoice,
  The grunting of the sullen boar and sow—
All these are pleasant, for in one I feel,
  The soothing influence of the vesper hour,
The gruntings softly o'er my senses steal,
  For they are all-expressive and have power
To make me feel in purse the goody gold
Or newest bills in heavy masses rolled.

This place which has received the name of the "Queen City of the West," is well calculated to inspire the mind of an enthusiastic lover of creation like ourselves.

It is further celebrated for a large trade in Porkers, which are brought hither by the great Northern Canal and slaughtered to make a hecatomb or sacrifice to the aforesaid queen. The author has endeavored to combine these two characteristics in his production, and if the reader objects to the word "minarets," he can only say that Cincinnati, in his humble opinion, has as much right to minarets or spires, as Constantinople, or any other abode of unbelieving Mussulmen.

The address is supposed to be delivered by moonlight, from the hills which embower the city, and the romantic feelings suggested by the hour and scene, are beautifully subdued by the thoughts of emolument connected with the plaintive note of the swine.

Such are the enjoyments arising from a well-regulated mind!

XVI.

The shutters clap, the windows rattle o'er,
  As if the hand of some old giant dread,
  Such as the valiant Hero whilome bled,
Came from the North with frozen snow, all hoar,
And placed his thumb upon the chimney tops.
  The trees are turning sere and leafless now,
  While downward from each sadly naked bough
The mellow apple in the night-time drops.
I heard of late a cry, "Old Zack is come!"
  And with it came the trumpets' high fanfare,
  Thrilling the ears; and through the trembling air
The deep-mouthed triumph of the rumbling drum,
"Old Jack" indeed is come, for look! the pane
Is all o'er crusted with a silver stain!

"We should first inquire," says Longinus in his first book, "whether in reality there is any art of sublimity or greatness of conception." We would say, with modesty, that this question is now decided, and in proof, we would refer the reader to the initiatory verses of this beautiful performance. The pun though, attempted in the latter portion, is execrable; we have no hope of anticipating the reader in this opinion. We have only to say in defence, that we have frequently heard the name, Jack or John, pronounced by interesting young ladies in a manner which bears us out most fully.

He who gives credit to the mysterious coincidences between the psychological and material universe, will find much matter for thought in the fact that both of the above celebrated characters "came" at the same time, and further, that the life of the renowned General has been written by *Mr. John Frost.*

XVII.

Far on the summit of an Alpine range,
  The setting sun enfolding all his form
  His lurid light betokening a storm—
A figure stood yclad in garments strange!
Around him rose the darkly-verdant palm,
  Embowering the grey peak where he stood,
  And, stretching far below, for many a rood
A streamlet wound now furious, now calm.
The figure raised his arm; I saw his face,
  All gaunt with hunger, dreary with despair,
  Then with his nails the SERF his breast did tear,
Cursed the enslavers of his haughty race,
And plunging from the dizzy summits' verge,
I saw him sink far down, beneath the surge!

The intention of the author here, is to depict the death of the last of the Aztecs, and if his picture is not as striking as Sir Edward Bulwer's in the death of Warwic the "Kingmaker," on Barnet field, we would say in extenuation that the life, misfortunes and death of a poor Indian who lives for independence and dies when it dies, cannot naturally compare with that of a great nobleman who perishes in a heroic attempt to uphold his usurped authority.

Cortes was a great man, and his subtil powers of mind are no where shewn more strongly than in his last campaigns against the Mexicans. He refused to treat with them, he exterminated, for he saw at a glance that these were not men to

yield their necks to the man who got upon the throne of their kings. Let the "Sad night" tell how they fought and—we say it modestly—let the death of the last Aztec tell how they died.

Nevertheless, the poet is not satisfied with his performance, in spite of the self-pleased chuckle which is visible behind this mask of modesty. The *curse* which from time immemorial it has been the rule to put in the mouths of these characters is wanting. It was further his intention to produce an effect at the same time terrific and touching, upon the reader.

Alas! how often do the endeavors of the best meaning persons end in disappointment!

XVIII.

At the mid hour of night, I wake to hear
  A low-toned voice of tenderness and love,
  Such as the ever moaning turtle dove,
Deep in yon leafy elm gives to the air—
A voice which like the music of the lyre
  Touched by a master-hand, and o'er the seas
  Borne on the swift wings of the flying breeze,
Brings yet some dim reflections of that fire
Which gilded o'er our youth—a voice most dear—
  Most tearful, full of mournful tenderness,
  Such as in places of our happiness,
In times by gone, we feel. The burning tear
Uprushes from my heart and all my soul,
Is buried in the waves that o'er it roll.

The only spot which detracts from the blaze of excellence in this beautiful specimen of thought and feeling, is the unwarrantable appropriation of a sentiment from the writings of a poet called Tennyson, who, before the publication of the "New Timon," that "greatest poem of the age," enjoyed some reputation in England. The

> "Tears from the depth of some divine despair . . .
> In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more,"

are the lines here alluded to. The only reflection which aids to comfort the author, is that the aforesaid Mr. Tennyson is exceedingly obscured, almost annihilated indeed by the drastic and overwhelming blows of the great writer, upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Shakspeare.

The author of the "Princess" and other pieces, is entirely out of fashion for the time therefore, and to this circumstance is to be attributed the present imitation, which is no longer liable to discovery by the world or redemption by its disconsolate parents.

E. C.

C——, Virginia.

TO SUSAN.

Maiden! like a fair spring blossom
  Thou art in thy dreaming youth.
Purest sweets within thy bosom,
  Thoughts of tenderness and truth.

On thy cheek are youth's bright roses,
  Beauty's light within thine eye,
And each radiant glance discloses
  Dreams of love and poesy.

Like the poets high-wrought dreaming
  Is thine image unto me—
For its very brightness seeming
  A most lovely mystery.

With a spirit bright and queenly,
  Dwelling in thy dreams apart;
Listing tranquilly, serenely,
  To the music in thy heart.

Holy voices ever swelling
  In a sweet triumphal song,
As if from some far off dwelling,
  Unseen spirits round thee throng.

Tell me thou whose song entrances
  What sweet thoughts with thee abide?
Love-light dwelleth in thy glances,
  In thy smile unconscious pride.

Surely in thine unstained spirit,
  Love must make its holiest shrine;
Veiléd hearts like thine inherit
  Truth and fervor half divine.

Thou so bright, so rarely gifted—
  Child of genius, song and love,
Be thy spirit ever lifted
  Unto holier things above.

E'en while fame's fair laurel wearing,
  Cherish [illegible] that brighter part—
Mid the world's vain glory bearing
  Woman's pure, unsullied heart.

J. R. H.

1848.

MUSIC!

"Bot your Italianos! for my part I likes a simple ballat."

I desire, Mr. Editor, with your leave, to lay before the public my deplorable condition, in respect of music. This I do partly, I confess, in the hope of being consoled by sympathy; but, chiefly, from a benevolent desire to warn others against the evils, into which I am fallen.

I am a widower of—of—suppose we say of middle age. I have two daughters, one of whom is grown, and the other nearly so. They are good girls, and (in my eyes at least) sensible enough, and passably handsome. I have spared no pains in their education, nor any expense that my income would allow. Residing in the country, I have compelled myself to forego the solace of their society, for the last three or four years, that they might enjoy the best opportunities for instruction at the city schools—I beg pardon—I believe I should say "institutions." Well sir, they have passed through the usual routine. Milly—who is the oldest, graduated some six months ago: and her sister is now in the last year of the academic course, which will terminate, I presume, in the customary diploma.

My eldest daughter, who has been now some time at home, appears to have profited greatly by her studies, so far as I can judge. Her acquaintance with botany, geology, physics, and metaphysics—besides some other branches, that I cannot recollect the names of, is the admiration of the neighbors. For my own part, I get lost very often when I try to converse with her; but my own schooling was very limited, and my deficiencies are not to be wondered at.

All this is very well, indeed, and I am glad my money was laid out to such advantage. But—ah! these buts—there is one particular, in which I feel grievously disappointed.

I have been all my life a dear lover of music. The mother of my dear children, who is now a saint in Heaven, first won my heart, by her delightful voice. She sung—oh! my dear sir, you cannot conceive, with what taste and feeling—the beautiful old English ballads, and the exquisite songs from Rosina—And then, the unrivalled Scotch and Irish melodies—ah! me, I fancy I can hear her tones yet vibrating in my ear!—Alas! I shall never hear them again on earth.

Excuse my emotion, I pray you, sir. To proceed—it was my most anxious wish that my girls should be proficients in this charming accomplishment. I besought them to be diligent in their musical studies, and urged upon their teachers my extreme solicitude upon this subject. All parties promised me that my injunctions should be complied with: and I consoled my solitude with anticipating the delight of hearing my old hall echo once more with the melody of other days.

Milly came home. Now, thought I, now shall I reap the reward of all my self-denial. I had brought home a splendid rosewood piano—half a dozen octaves or more—it cost me $500. My daughter sat down to it, and dashed off a brilliant prelude, as if to try the tone of the instrument. Presently, she glided into a lively symphony, and began singing; but, imagine my surprise, when, instead of one of my old favorites, she struck up the refrain—

> "De boatman dance, de boatman sing,
> De boatman up to every thing."

When she had concluded, I choked down my disappointment, and, with a little compliment, (uttered, I confess, with some difficulty,) I asked her to play something else. Then followed "Dandy Jim of Caroline"—"Lubly gall, can't you come out to-night"—"It'll nebber do, to gib it up so, Mr. Brown"—"Old Joe"—"Old Aunt Sally"—and a score of others, of which (I heartily thank Heaven) my memory does not retain a distinct impression. In vain, I asked for "Mary Morrison"—"The Last Rose of Summer," or "Her mouth which a smile." My poor Milly's mouth opened with a smile indeed—but it was a smile of compassionate astonishment. She had never heard of them—nobody ever sung such old fashioned things. I found my girl was indissolubly wedded to the Africans, and I groaned in spirit at the horrid amalgamation. I never again invited her to the piano—I could not so desecrate the memories of the past—and, when she does entertain visiters in this way, I generally betake myself to the back porch, and a pipe of tobacco.

However, I had a chance left—Maggie had not yet finished her education; and I determined she should be taught something better than the recreations of the flat boat and the corn-shucking. So, when she returned to school, I addressed a letter to the lady superintendent, in which I strongly condemned this style of music, and begged that she might be instructed in a more refined school. A very satisfactory answer was sent back. I was told that the former music-master had been dismissed, and a "Professor" employed, of the very highest reputation. From time to time, I received the most gratifying assurances of Maggie's rapid improvement. At last, my impatience to hear her became so great, that I resolved on a journey to the metropolis. After a long repose of some seventeen years, I made ready once more to mingle in the crowd of mankind, and brushed up my old clothes and

old manners for the occasion. To Richmond I made my way, in company with our county members, and lost no time in finding out the house, where my daughter was placed. As soon as I decently could, after answering her natural inquiries about home and friends, I requested her to take her seat at the piano, which stood in the parlor. She complied with alacrity: and I must own that I was delighted with her magnificent execution—"No more negro melodies," said I to myself, "that touch betokens elegance of a different sort." Alas! I rejoiced too soon. The songs came in due course—but not *my songs*. First, she "*dreamt* that she dwelt in marble halls," till all my *illusions* were most painfully dispelled. Then she was "a Bayadere"—and next a "Bohemian Girl"—and so on, through half a dozen transformations, which appeared to me to smack very strongly of stage costume and foot-lights. Finally, she broke into some outlandish dialect, (which I am told is Italian,) and in which there was a wonderful repetition of "Pizzicas" and "Spasimis," and "ardors," "si, si's" and "tra-la-las," absolutely without end. There was evidently a vast amount of *passion* in it, for, in all my life, I never heard such quavering, and trilling, and screaming, and agony, while the keys of the piano groaned and squeaked, as if in the extremest torture. How I endured it all, I cannot tell. My brow was bathed in perspiration—my breath came and went as if I labored under asthma—I feared every instant to see my poor child burst a blood-vessel—and my joy, when she got up safe and sound from the music-stool, swallowed up every other feeling.

But when I got to bed that night, I tossed and tumbled, in a tumult of uncomfortable reflections. I saw plainly that I was lamentably in the rear of "the spirit of the age"—Were I twenty years younger, I might hope to overtake it: but, as it is, I have not strength or courage to attempt the pursuit. I may die—but to "head it" is impossible—I shall submit to my fate—I go home tomorrow, and leave my Maggie to finish her career at school. I shall prepare for the dethronement of my household gods, and make way for the joint dynasty of Ethiopia and Italy. Revolutions never go backward—and the detestable usurpation must be consummated.

But I solemnly caution my friends, and contemporaries, to take warning by my example, and avoid the rocks upon which my music hath suffered disastrous shipwreck.

I am sir, very truly yours,

SANDY STUBBLEFIELD.

OLD VIRGINIA INN,
December 1*st*, 1848.

P. S.—I observe that my daughters write their names "Amélie" and "Marguerite." But I solemnly declare, that they were not so bestowed by their sponsors in baptism.

P. S. No. 2.—I had forgotten, in the extremity of my grief touching the music, to take notice of some innovations in the matter of dancing, which rather conflict with my old fashioned opinions. I find that names and things have undergone great changes—reels and country dances, (to say nothing of the grand old minuets) are among the things that were; and the fantastic toes of the *rising* generation, flourish in figures that would startle the propriety of our good old mothers, could they "revisit the glimpses of the moon." Thank heaven, my own daughters are not much infected with this disease, and I trust, in the seclusion of the country, they may escape further contagion.

SONNETS.

I.

Bell! if that old, exploded creed were true,
Which made the bright stars arbiters of fate,
What a long Heaven of bliss might I, and you,
And all, who love like us—anticipate—
For oh! how could they prophesy of wo
Those mild, forgiving stars, that lend their light,
Even to the clouds, enshrouding them from sight—
Like Goodness smiling on a treacherous foe—
And through the long, dark night are ever shining—
Alike on joy, and hearts in sadness pining—
This life would be a path ornate with flowers,
Darkened it may be, by some transient showers,
But they would be of April; only given,
That Earth might not become too much like Heaven.

II.

And do they not, dear Bell, in sooth possess,
One half the power of which old legends tell?—
An influence to hallow, and to bless—
Calypso's wand of love, not Circe's spell?
Look on them in their beauty, as they shower
Smiles on each other, light upon the earth,
And joy and peace on all of mortal birth;
And then deny them, life, and love, and power.
Ah! we at least should yield them sovereignty,
For the same stars shone on our natal hour,
An earnest that our hearts may one day be
Folded like leaves, within the self-same flower,
To bloom and fade together: Sweet, with thee,
This were indeed—a glorious destiny.

AGLAUS.

CHANNING.*

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Half a century ago, there might have been seen threading the streets of Richmond, a diminutive figure with a pale, attenuated face, eyes of spiritual brightness, an expansive and calm brow, and movements of nervous alacrity. An abstraction of manner and intentness of expression denoted the scholar, while the scrupulously neat, yet worn attire, as clearly evidenced restricted means and habits of self-denial. The youth was one of those children of New England braced by her discipline, and early sent forth to earn a position in the world, by force of character and activity of intellect. He was baptized into the fraternity of Nature by the grandeur and beauty of the sea as it breaks along the craggy shore of Rhode Island; the domestic influences of a Puritan household had initiated him into the moral convictions; and the teachings of Harvard yielded him the requisite attainments to discharge the office of private tutor in a wealthy Virginia family. Then and there, far from the companions of his studies and the home of his childhood, through secret conflicts, devoted application to books and meditation, amid privations, comparative isolation, and premature responsibility, he resolved to consecrate himself to the christian ministry. Illness had subdued his elasticity, care shadowed his dreams, and retirement solemnized his desires. Thence he went to Boston, and for more than forty years pursued the consistent tenor of his way as an eloquent divine and powerful writer, achieving a wide renown, bequeathing a venerated memory and a series of discourses, reviews and essays, which, with remarkable perspicuity and earnestness, vindicate the cause of freedom, the original endowments and eternal destiny of human nature, the sanctions of religion and "the ways of God to man." Sectarian controversy, the duties of the pastoral office, journeys abroad and at home, intercourse with superior minds and the seclusion made necessary by disease,—the quiet of home, the refining influence of literary taste and the vocations of citizen, father and philanthropist, occupied those intervening years. He died one beautiful October evening at Bennington, Vermont, while on a summer excursion, and was buried at Mount Auburn. A monument commemorates the gratitude of his parishioners and the exalted estimation he had acquired in the world. A biography prepared by his nephew, recounts the few incidents of his career, and gracefully unfolds the process of his growth and mental history.

It is seldom that ethical writings interest the multitude. The abstract nature of the topics they discuss, and the formal style in which they are usually embodied, are equally destitute of that popular charm that wins the common heart. A remarkable exception is presented in the literary remains of Channing. The simple yet comprehensive ideas upon which he dwells, the tranquil gravity of his utterance, and the winning clearness of his style, render many of his productions universally attractive as examples of quiet and persuasive eloquence. And this result is entirely independent of any sympathy with his theological opinions, or experience of his pulpit oratory. Indeed, the genuine interest of Dr. Channing's writings is ethical. As the champion of a sect, his labors have but a temporary value; as the exponent of a doctrinal system, he will not long be remembered with gratitude, because the world is daily better appreciating the religious sentiment as of infinitely more value than any dogma; but as a moral essayist, some of the more finished writings of Channing will have a permanent hold upon reflective and tasteful minds. His nephew has compiled his biography with singular judgment. He has followed the method of Lockhart in the life of Scott. As far as possible, the narrative is woven from letters and diaries,—the subject speaks for himself, and only such intermediate observations of the editor are given as are necessary to form a connected whole. Uneventful as these memoirs are, they are interesting as revelations of the process of culture, the means and purposes of one whose words have winged their way, bearing emphatic messages, over both hemispheres,—who, for many years, successfully advocated important truths; and whose memory is one of the most honored of New England's gifted divines.

To Dr. Channing's style is, in a great degree, ascribable the popularity of his writings; and we are struck with its remarkable identity from the earliest to the latest period of his career. A petition to Congress, penned while a student at the University, which appears in these volumes, has all its prominent characteristics—its brief sentences, occasionally lengthened where the idea requires it—its emphasis, its simplicity, directness and transparent diction. This is a curious evidence of the purely meditative existence he must have passed; for it is by attrition with other minds and subjection to varied influences, that the style of writing as well as the tone of manners undergoes those striking modifications which we perceive in men less intent upon a few

* Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with extracts from his correspondence and manuscripts. In three volumes. Boston: William Crosby and H. P. Nichols. London: John Chapman. 1848.

thoughts. His character is, therefore, justly described as more indebted to "the influences of solitary thought than of companionship." Such is the process by which all truth becomes clearly impressed and richly developed to consciousness; on the same principle that, according to Mary Wollstonecraft, reflection is necessary to the realization even of a great passion. "I derive my sentiments from the nature of man," says one of Channing's letters. Perhaps it would have been more strictly true if he had said one man; for an inference we long ago derived from his writings, we find amply confirmed in these memoirs—that he was a very inadequate observer. Some of his attempts to portray character are as complete fancy-sketches as we ever perused. They show an utter blindness to the real traits even of familiar persons. Beautiful in themselves, it is usually from the graceful drapery of his imagination that the charm is derived. Indeed, Dr. Channing hardly came near enough to see the features in their literal significance. He drew almost exclusively from within. His subjects were what the lay-figure is to the artist—frames for his thoughts to deck with effective costume. When he reasoned of a truth or an idea, he was more at home; for in the abstract he was at liberty to expatiate, without keeping in view the actual relations of things—the stern facts and bare realities of life and character. Indeed, nothing can be more delightful to a refined and thoughtful mind, than to follow Channing in his exposition of a striking idea or truth—so clearly and dispassionately stated, then gradually unfolded to its ultimate significance, with, here and there, a striking illustration; and then wound up, like a fine strain of music, which seems to raise us more and more into light and tranquillity on invisible pinions!

Physical causes had no inconsiderable effect in modifying the action and shaping the career of Dr. Channing. His early letters exhibit a phase of character, which almost totally disappears as he advanced in life. A romantic hue, a spirit of good-fellowship, natural and beautiful in youth, and a sympathy with national and political movements, indicate that his original tendencies would have led to statesmanship, literature, or a still more active vocation. The solitude in which he lived at the South, as tutor in a private family, his early responsibility consequent on the death of his father, his narrow pecuniary resources and an illness which forever shattered his originally vigorous constitution,—all combined to thrust him, as it were, back upon himself; to bring him in contact with stern and oppressive realities at an early age, and render peculiarly vivid the consciousness of wants, capacities, and infirmities which only slowly and, as it were, incidentally, are revealed to less sensitive and thoughtful minds. Hence religion, both from his instinct and his circumstances, became early a necessity; and truth the only sustaining aliment of his lonely and aspiring heart. We are not surprised that a man so constituted should find his experience opposed to the fallacious notion that youth is necessarily the happiest season of life. Lord Bacon says, that natures so liable to great perturbations, only attain the self-command, and aptitude so requisite for action, at maturity. To such, existence is too oppressive, at first, to be pleasurable. There must intervene an epoch of struggle and conflict. The sensibilities cloud perception; doubt obscures truth; emotion prohibits calmness. Through repeated experiments, long reflection, vague excitement and alternations of fear and hope, the spirit gradually wins its advent into clearness and trust. Harmony is induced after repeated discords. A genuine relation to life and nature is, by degrees only, made apparent and confidently seized upon. Chaos must come again, as it did to the baffled warrior, ere peace succeeds disappointment, and faith perplexity. In these memoirs, this transition is distinctly marked, and was gratefully realized.

To chasten and subdue feeling was, in his view, no small part of a wise morality. Among the chief attractions of a future state to him, was the reconciliation which he believed would there occur between the reason and the heart. It was this attempt to suppress emotion which gave to his elocution its persuasive charm. The depth of the under-current was revealed by a prolonged intonation, almost tremulous yet singularly firm—suggesting a power restrained, a sensibility overawed by reverence—than which no phase of oratory is more truly affecting. And yet the man who could so impress an audience, seldom called out, in personal intercourse, any of the latent sentiment of others. He inspired respect more than he won confidence. His thoughts interested his friends more than himself. His name was an exponent of certain principles associated with human progress and moral truth, rather than an endearing household spell. In conversation he appeared mainly intent upon gleaning from his auditors new facts to aid his own speculations. If they had seen a new country, undergone a peculiar experience, or reflected deeply on general truth, he sought, by rigid inquiry, to elicit the result. Thus as a moralist, he pursued the same course as Goethe in his literary vocation—seeking to make his fellow creatures objective, recoiling from assimilation, and repelling all sympathetic approach, in order to render them subservient to a professional end. It is hardly extravagant to say that men

of this stamp,—that is, with great self-esteem and at the same time metaphysical, artistic or philanthropic tastes, regard human nature very much as geologists regard the earth—as a wonderful cabinet on a grand scale, whence to draw gems of truth, or specimens of character, for the advantage of mankind.

Notwithstanding the apparent enthusiasm in regard to military prowess, it is evident that moral courage is better understood as civilization advances. The conviction has dawned even upon the common mind that tranquilly and with firmness to withstand public opinion, in a righteous cause, and be loyal to personal convictions, demands a manliness of character as rare as it is noble. No small part of the energy which lends impressiveness to Dr. Channing's writings, arises from the exercise of this valorous disposition. To one who witnessed the scene, for instance, when his election sermon was delivered in Boston, there remains a deep sense of the power of truthful oratory. In this discourse, he elaborately defined his idea of freedom. Every sentence commencing, "I call that mind free," told upon the audience. As he described the narrowing effect of bigotry, some of the prominent representatives of a tyrannical priestcraft, actually writhed in their seats; and those who sympathized in the largeness and elevation of his doctrine, exhibited in their enkindled faces, the best response to his earnest plea for the spontaneous and untrammelled action of individual thought.

We demur somewhat to one of Dr. Channing's favorite opinions—the equality of human nature. In his zeal for the dignity of man, he overlooks not a few of the indisputable facts of nature; and indeed often manifests an unphilosophical dislike to recognize what is opposed to his own views, however true. Thus, in a letter to Combe acknowledging a copy of his work on Man, he says—"The phrenological part I fear did me little good. I have a strong aversion to theories which subject the mind to the body." Such is by no means the case with phrenology justly interpreted;—it being rather the science of connection between material and spiritual attributes—indicating their mutual relation; but, were it otherwise, the question for a great thinker to decide is as to its truth; he must reverently explore, not presuppose, the laws of nature. In regard to human equality, more impartial observation would have led Dr. Channing to realize permanent natural distinctions in his fellow-creatures. There is, unquestionably, a nobility based upon this diversity—an aristocracy which no institutions can repudiate—it being a great natural fact. That the capacity of progress exists almost universally, we are not disposed to contradict; but history and experience are continually demonstrating the superiority of innate over acquired influences. Character has been most aptly defined as an instinct. Many of Dr. Channing's views were derived purely from his own individual sense of a truth; very few of them from a wide and inductive observation. He was a man of the closet, a looker-on in the world,—thoughtful, conscientious and deeply interested in many of the grand problems to be solved,—yet too far removed from the scene to estimate all its agencies, or perceive its entire consequences. Thus, in his essay on Napoleon, he weighs him in the balance of disinterested virtue and finds the modern conqueror infinitely wanting; but of the relation in which his achievements stand to the past and future, in a grand providential scheme of social regeneration, he seems never to have dreamed.

The influence exerted and the reputation acquired by Dr. Channing, is a striking instance of the triumph of consistency. The absence of versatility in his nature is remarkable. We scarcely know a parallel case in regard to any writer so generally recognized as eloquent. The traces of personal experience, observation of nature, or intimacy with books, are comparatively rare. Everywhere we discern the evidences of a life apart from human interests as they usually affect the individual. He reasons like one who has no personal stake in the issue of the question. A tone of superiority, a conscious exemption from the ruling passion of the hour, make him often appear like a judicious and benevolent arbitrator between humanity and the world, rather than a participant in the struggles, griefs and pleasures of life. This partly arises from the singleness of purpose and unity of thought to which we have alluded. He harps always on one string. His mind revolves around a few great truths. He is like one who looks upon a wide landscape through the single loophole of an isolated and majestic tower. The music of his soul is often grand, but it is, after all, a monotone. His favorite theme was the essential dignity of human nature, its capacity of progress and immortal destiny. Upon these convictions he founded his moral system; and his various essays and addresses are only varied illustrations of their claims. The process of his mental development seems to have been little more than frequent and continuous reflection upon these ideas; and the power over other minds which he thus attained, is a proof of the superior value of concentration over the diffusive culture of the age. Dr. Channing appears to have shrunk from great familiarity with other minds even through their writings. We perceive no evidence of that cordial sympathy with authors, which breaks out

so genially in the correspondence of other gifted men. His criticism on Milton is rather an intellectual recognition of his genius than an affectionate tribute. In fact, in his studies as in his life, the predominant aim seems to have been self-possession. As he was accustomed to envelop his delicate frame with the utmost care, to guard against the bleak atmosphere, so he strove to throw a mantle of reserve around his spirit;—shunning the gregarious, intimate and familiar, and seeking to draw from others aliment to his own mind, rather than buffet with them the waves of controversy, or mingle with them the glow of emotion or the stream of thought.

This unsocial disposition is likewise, in no small degree, referable to the reaction of an impressible organization. His biographer judiciously defends it by declaring that Dr. Channing was "keenly sensitive to the morbid feelings by which untuned spirits communicate their discord even to one who has attained serenity." It is said of Bonaparte that he could, by an effort of will, discharge his face of all expression; and there are persons who, in a similar manner, can ward off the ungenial, while in contact with it, by inducing an abstracted or antagonistic mood. Channing seems to have been so alive to physical and moral influences, that his comfort was only secured by an icy barrier which chilled intruders. It is singular, however, to observe, that while he felt it to be his sacred, individual right thus to keep others shivering in the vestibule of his soul's temple, towards the race in general, the community at large, the broad interests of society, he appears to have been always conscious of a very near and responsible affinity. He writes of the elevation of the laboring classes, the destinies of Europe and the political aspects of his own country, as if they were somewhat assigned to his keeping. He seems always to feel, in regard to "human nature," as Hazlitt declares Wordsworth does towards the outward universe, a personal interest. Sometimes it would almost appear as if he were in a manner accountable, as an individual, for the advancement of the race; as if he were a prophet or a law-giver commissioned like those who ruled and guided the chosen people of God. He often speaks "as one having authority." This tone, though to the practical observer it is sometimes amusing, was doubtless instinctive. Dr. Channing consciously felt that the legitimate scope for his thought and inspiration for his feelings, lay in progressive views of society and widely-diffused sympathy for man.

The remark of one of the schoolfellows of Channing when the latter was cited as an example—"it is easier for him to be good"—at once recognizes a peculiar moral idiosyncracy. We need but to glance over the records of biography to perceive that there is a distinct class of men who represent the saintly, as others do the heroic and political character. The retiracy in which such natures ripen, was sought of old in the hermitage and convent; and now, as in the instance before us, in a kind of self-imposed monachism. It is, however, a serious question whether, after all, this is a healthful species of moral development. Let any human being of strong will, live upon a fixed system of meditative retirement, and his passions will grow calm, his interest in outward life diminish, and, with the requisite temperament, he easily becomes rapt in spiritual ecstasies. When a man is endowed with remarkable conscientiousness and veneration, as well as gifts of mind, he seems ordained to promulgate truth and quicken in others the sentiments so active in himself. Such was the case with Dr. Channing. Yet to us his memory is hallowed, because he was so "clear in his great office," rather than from an unreserved admiration of his personal example. As a moral rhetorician, his labors have reflected honor on his name and country; as a man—there were peculiarities arising from education, physical constitution, and tendencies of nature, which rendered him a very incomplete representative of humanity. No one more eloquently discoursed of philanthropy; but his interest in man, in the abstract, was no test of his ready sympathy with the individual. Indeed, we have observed one trait in modern philanthropists which has sometimes reconciled us to the culture of humbler virtues. They are, generally speaking, the last men to whom are confided personal griefs, or whose exclusive amity is sought. They generalize with the heart as well as the mind; burn with indignation at the wrongs inflicted on the natives of Africa, while often profoundly indifferent to the true welfare of one of their own household. How often some desolate human being, touched by their written appeals in behalf of a distant class of sufferers, is inspired with confidence to make them the recipients of secret troubles—to seek from them counsel and encouragement in loneliness and doubt. A benevolent father of the Catholic church, by the mere claim of his vocation,—a warm-hearted sailor by the very candid generosity of his soul, or one of Nature's sisters of charity—encountered, as they are, in all the circles of life—were a surer ark of refuge. The views of the professed lover of his race are too expansive. His benevolence is purely speculative. His sympathy with man, is like that which the mere botanist has for a flower, or the surgeon for a human form. It is rather professional than natural; and he who has sought a conference with such in order to relieve his overcharged heart, finds

his utterance choked, his tears frozen, and every hope of recognition die within him! In these remarks, we design no indiscriminate application to the revered subject of the memoir before us. He accomplished good enough in his own way—perhaps the only one in which his efficiency was certain; but we desire to repudiate the common notion, that usefulness—in its highest sense—is confined to those broad fields of philanthropic enterprise, which an influential class among us seems to regard as the only legitimate arena of benevolence. We remember, as if it were but yesterday, at the close of a winter's day, soon after Dr. Channing's return from Europe, when his slender form all at once appeared before a group of mourners—one of the families of his parish, who were bereaved, during his absence, of their dearest earthly friend. As he stood among them in the twilight, and the flickering blaze revealed his high and placid brow,—the eyes of one of those motherless children—(in whose mind his image was associated with the sweetest counsels of maternal tenderness, and upon whom his priestly hand had been laid in baptism)—instinctively sought his face with a penetrating glance,—a silent appeal for some word of solace in that dark hour. At length he spoke—but it was to exclaim, "What a mysterious Providence!" The scene had awakened a speculative reverie, and not one tear of commiseration. His mind was busy in the attempt to reconcile to itself a sad visitation; but his heart swelled not at the sight of the young band left alone to the perils of the world. And when he rose to depart, and looked back upon them, it was only to remark, "I am going to my solitary home." His own family had not yet returned from their country residence. In a few days at least, their presence would brighten his fireside, while those he left, were destined for years to a home made solitary by death! This incident illustrates the truth we design to suggest—that the sympathetic and reflective character have distinct provinces of action, and that any one who, from the perusal of these interesting memoirs, should deem their subject a model to be practically adopted, with a view to attain the same moral results, would commit an egregious error. The truth is, the essence of Dr. Channing's life appears in his writings. There he emitted the vital aura of his few days of health. There he embodied the energy of feeling which other and less distinguished men give to the offices of friendship and love. He found, at an early age, that he must decide between the free exercise of social habits and feelings, and a sphere of utility based essentially upon contemplation. Had he possessed a greater mobility of character, power of adaptation, and facility of intercourse; especially had the affections of his nature been as individual as his intellectual processes, he would instinctively have cultivated the social duties and sentiments, and recognized in them, no small part of the grace and benignity of life. But his ill-health, the stern influences of his early life, the habit so remarkable in New England of regarding character at the two extremes of right and wrong; and suspecting all zest of life as intrinsically evil, led him to cherish will beyond sentiment, to feel with singular force, the responsibility incident to the right of choice in action; and hence to lean towards stoicism and penance. It is true, that as years advanced, the overstrained chords were a little relaxed, and he began to realize how much innocent delight is attainable through a receptive, truthful, genial spirit. He observed to one of his most intimate companions, as this softer experience dawned upon his mellow faculties,—that perhaps he had made a grand mistake—perhaps the most happy and satisfactory life was one passed in the free and earnest exercise of the affections and sympathies.

Egotism was a striking trait in Dr. Channing. He was jealous of the least encroachment upon his own individuality. The first person singular constantly appears on every page of his writings; and we learn from the letters now first published, that his views of mental philosophy corresponded with this egotistical instinct. There is a curious subject of speculation and one which we believe has not yet been satisfactorily discussed—the relation of egotism to genius and virtue. A peculiar self-confidence, in a certain sphere, uniformly characterizes great men in every department. Indeed, an ingenious writer* almost makes it appear, that decision of character is the essence of all superiority—and this is but the result of personal conviction—or faith in the results of one's own thoughts. Where this quality predominates—if united with any real moral or intellectual ability, it renders its possessor, in a measure, oracular. His opinions are rather announced as truths than suggested as possibilities. His calm trust in himself communicates itself to his writings and acts, and hence the authority they exert over the multitude. We deem this vivid sense of personality—this disposition to view all subjects in the light of conscious reflection, as the trait which gives nerve and clearness to Dr. Channing's diction, and impressiveness to his style. He had the serious, collected air of one who had enjoyed special revelations; who occupied a higher platform than his fellows, and like the mystics of the east,—by a singular discipline and seclusion, had attained clearer glimpses of the unseen and the eternal. Egotism, if it

* John Foster.

does not betray itself offensively, is a vast source of influence. We forgive even its disagreeable manifestations, when united with genius or character. As a man of action, Napoleon was the greatest egotist that ever lived; and how much his success was enhanced and secured by the unwavering confidence this quality inspires! The boorishness of Dr. Johnson was forgiven because of the sense which underlaid his dogmatism. Dr. Channing's egotism was that of a moralist. He enunciated his views of man's nature and duties in the same authoritative style that the bard of Rydal interprets the revelations of nature, or Davy expounds a scientific discovery.

There is a fresh-water spring that gushes up through the sea on the Genoese coast, and by the force of its jet reaches the surface untinctured with the brine around it. Dr. Channing's ideal of virtue was apparently to preserve an inward force whereby his nature could penetrate and rise above adjacent life without imbibing its qualities;—intact, free and sustained. His loyalty to this principle undoubtedly is one cause of his clearness, force and persuasive rhetoric. Perhaps it was the only course for such a man to pursue; and its results sufficiently prove its efficiency. Yet it would be a great error to urge its universal adoption. As a moralist Dr. Channing chiefly erred by deriving nearly all truth from his own consciousness. He was eminently fitted to attain harmony through meditation. His genius was essentially monastic. But the greater number of human beings can only improve through a sympathetic culture. They assimilate the means of growth and inward felicity through love rather than will. They advance in proportion as they forget themselves in "an idea dearer than self," and instead of purposing individual good as an ultimate end to be consciously sought, they instinctively yield themselves up to nature, truth and affection to work what results they may. It has been thus with great men. It was so with Shakespeare and Burns. It is so with the adventurous, the poetical and the heroic character. To fall back upon consciousness, to isolate life, to seek a superhuman alliance with truth, would be to mar and enfeeble both their usefulness and virtue. It is surely possible to fraternize without losing identity, to accept the graceful, the wise and the kindly agencies of life, without compromising any private right. Yet, according to the school of which Dr. Channing is the most eminent exponent, there is something dangerous and fearful in the social order instituted by God. Emerson thinks we should "sit like gods on separate peaks." In the spirit of this philosophy there is a certain degree of truth. Poets and sages have emphatically indicated the office of solitude, as holy, mysterious and desirable; but when the exclusive principle is suffered to overlay elements equally important, we protest against it as false, irrational and inhuman.

One problem, therefore, irresistibly suggests itself in the contemplation of such a life and its results—the comparative worth of individualism and sympathy. Dr. Channing embodied a principle that lies at the foundation of modern philosophy and constitutes the distinctive feature of German literature. He esteemed intuition far above observation; he looked chiefly within and seldom around for truth; in a word, he fortified his own moral nature and dwelt therein, scarcely ever yielding himself to the outward, the distant or the familiar. This is the tone of his writings and the spirit of his character; and to this we cannot but refer much that was peculiar and enduring in his agency. In a general point of view and in regard to the majority of human beings, perhaps it is neither feasible nor desirable that individualism should be so completely realized. Yet it seems the characteristic which almost universally belongs to the functions of genius and conscience; and in this age of multitudinous experiment, and in this country of broad and varied external activity, no lesson can be brought home with more needful advantage. It is deeply interesting to trace its gradual and concentrated influence, its distinguished fruits and limitless associations as unfolded in these pages.

To produce an adequate impression either in literature or art two conditions are indispensable—a command of the materials and an effective subject. Language is the medium of the rhetorician, ideas his vantage ground. Over the latter Channing obtained a characteristic mastery. Without the subtle tact of the poet, he possessed a grasp of expression whereby he effectually made words the vehicle of truth—rapid, direct and significant. In opposition to the hopeless theories of life and destiny nourished by the gloomy theology which prevailed originally in his native region, he seized upon certain expansive and encouraging thoughts based on the latent powers of the soul; and these he strenuously developed as motives of action and pledges of growth. The existence of conscience, will and moral sensibility in man, few have the perverseness to deny; and from these he deduced high conceptions of the ability and rights of our common nature. To aspiring, gentle and lofty souls such appeals came as divine auguries. Upon such, the influence of his discourses fell with a cheering import. They awoke a faith in the recuperative energy of the moral instincts. They sounded like the summons of a clarion amid the desolate gloom of remorseful meditation. They quickened into new life the repressed elasticity of the mind; and by

imparting a consciousness of power, called into action hopes, aims and sentiments, which, unenvoked, might have long slumbered in impotent despair. This was a high service. Let it be duly honored. We believe it to be the only process by which a class of men, among the noblest of their kind, can be effectually roused and comforted; and in view of the sphere of utility thus realized, it is scarcely grateful to criticise the example which these memoirs reveal. Yet, there is a vast difference between character and thought, opinion and life, habit and genius. For the truths to which Channing attached such inestimable value, we refer to his writings; for a portrait of the man, we are indebted to his biographer, and that suggests many inferences which serve to throw new light upon the actual relation between personality and faith. One great principle we everywhere see displayed is that the generation of an inward force is the great end of all that deserves the name of education. Not in scholarship, readiness, tact or discipline—but in the capacity to think wisely, to feel truly, to act justly, lies the absolute greatness of man. It is in vain to evade or conceal this primal fact. In Channing's own words, "to get a disposable strength of intellect," is after all the one thing needful in all genuine mental culture. Doubtless this is to be attained in various ways, according to the tendencies and gifts of the individual; in his case it was by meditative rather than external intentness that the boon was sought and found. And to enforce this law, as the requisite of similarly constituted beings, seems to us the essential truth to be gleaned from these volumes. It is only partially recognized in our systems of education and individual theories. Lamb says a man may lose himself in another's ideas as easily as in a neighbor's grounds. We may be so diverted from all singleness of purpose and individuality of life, as to defeat the very object sought abroad, even among the richest fields of experience. "To thine own self be true" was a maxim of the sagacious and prudent courtier; more nobly interpreted, it is also the doctrine of moral insight, and one which Channing has most admirably illustrated.

The French Directory, in a letter to the Spanish Admiral Massaredo, thus alluded to England:—"From a small corner of the earth, *which the sun seems to light with regret*, England *pretends* exclusively to the sovereignty of the seas."

THE PLEASURES OF THOUGHT.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

I.

For what was man designed? to live and die?
To mingle back to dust and be forgot?
To feel the ills of life and then to lie
In drear oblivion in the grave and rot?
O, cruel fate! were this his hopeless lot;
'Twere better far that life be ne'er should know,
Than thus to be, and wish that he were not;
To long for pleasure's stream, yet mid the flow
Of sorrow's turbid wave to sink in deepest woe.

II.

He wears an upright form of heavenly make,
With soul and sense mysteriously combined;
Which oft, like well-tuned harp-strings, doth awake
A thrill of rapturous pleasure in the mind.
But sense alone ne'er yields the bliss designed,
When into man was breathed the deathless soul;
By heavenly skill for purer joys refined,
And upward taught to look from earth's control,
And pant to soar beyond where farthest planets roll.

III.

"HOPE'S" fond delights one tuneful bard* hath sung,
Whose fame Apollo might have wished to share,
Bright star-eyed Hope, when his wild numbers rung,
Born once again to earth, divinely fair,—
"Enchanted smiled and waved her golden hair,"
But still her promised good is far away,
For when at last brought near, most oft despair
Is found to dwell and rule with iron sway
Where she had promised most and cast her brightest ray.

IV.

The pleasing joys that "MEMORY'S" voice recalls
Have oft been sung, and late by one† whose strain
Upon the ear in softened cadence falls,
But memory's song awakes, with each refrain,
Those deep-toned chords that bring up tears again,
We linger o'er the past with sad regret,
Where lie our blighted hopes on time's dark plain,
Each happy interval review, and yet
Would all its bliss forego could we its pains forget.

V.

With nobler aim and far sublimer flight,
An elder bard‡ awoke the tuneful shell,
And to "IMAGINATION'S" realms of light
Mounted on viewless wing, and caught the swell
Of angel choirs, as gently rose and fell
Their votive praise on high. Though strong its sway,
Imagination's but a passing spell—
An Ignis Fatuus, whose delusive ray
Lights up unreal worlds, and glows but to betray.

VI.

Not such the theme which now inspires our Muse,
Its pleasures aye are present, pure and free,
Like April's early blossoms, which diffuse
A fragrance round our path where'er it be.

* Campbell. † Rogers. ‡ Akenside.

Thought spreads for all a deep and boundless sea,
Where billows of delight incessant roll,
Each glowing with the light of DEITY,
While wrapt in thought's sweet reverie, the soul
Enjoys a meed of bliss that earth can ne'er control.

VII.

The power of thought alone gives man the sway
And right to rule as lord o'er earth's domain,
It makes the forest-king his will obey,
And lightning's vengeful bolt admit his reign.
The noble river, coursing to the main,
Diverted from its bed, his mastery feels,
E'en Ocean's self is made to wear his chain,
And on his surge to bear a thousand keels,
Till 'neath their ponderous weight old Neptune groans and reels.

VIII.

It is the ruling power of every age,
The monarch crowns or tears him from the throne,—
Writes its own characters on history's page,
And makes the wonders of its Mission known—
With stately march it moves from zone to zone,
The star of hope to man; the beacon blaze
Which erst along his darkened pathway shone,
When he a serf was held in ancient days,
And on the future poured the light of Freedom's rays!

IX.

Each age has felt its power—each bears its seal:
On that bright morn when Adam first awoke,
And heard the vocal stars chant their loud peal
Of rapturous joy, as full the chorus broke
From their wide spheres, it felt its first life-stroke
Begin. Man held at first a sinless reign,
And wore with willing zeal his Lord's mild yoke:
Well pleased to dress the flower-enamelled plain,
And join the sons of God in their seraphic strain.

X.

But soon by show of good, deceived, he fell,
And by that rueful act obscured the light
He first received from Heaven; then came a spell
Which o'er his pathway threw the pall of night.
Yet Mercy left one star to glad his sight,
And bade him trust and hope, though crushed and riven.
Thus cheered, he rose, and sought in toil delight,
And when to wisdom's ways his thoughts are given,
He tastes of Pleasure's stream meandering pure from Heaven!

XI.

'Tis not from books alone Thought's pleasures flow—
They are but aqueducts which serve to bring
The stream direct, (meandering else and slow,)
As fresh it wells from the Pierian spring;
But who would taste it pure, at times must fling
His books aside, and turn to Nature's page,
Open alike to peasant, prince and king,
To men untaught as well as learnéd sage,
And mid its lessons deep his ardent thoughts engage.

XII.

How pure the thoughts which Nature's truths inspire!
How swells the raptured soul beneath their power!
'Till upward borne, it plucks celestial fire,
And pours o'er earth a scintillating shower;
They guide the erring soul through darkest hour,
In wisdom's way, where heavenly fountains well;
Oft yield to poverty the richest dower,
Disperse the gloom which fills the dungeon cell,
And earth as Eden glows beneath their magic spell.

XIII.

Now let us range abroad and take our fill
From this rich source of thought, where pleasure gleams
As morning sunlight on the slanting hill,
Or, as upon the wave it laughing seems
To sport and play and watch its wrinkling beams.
The joys we gather here will never tire,
Nor flit like empty forms of idle dreams,
But fill the soul's enlarged and chaste desire,
Its heavenly powers expand and noblest thoughts inspire!

XIV.

How wide the range where'er the thoughts may turn!
At every point a world before us lies—
From grains of sand to far off orbs which burn,
And roll in blazing splendor through the skies;
From wandering comet, which erratic flies,
And trails a cloudy light along its way,
To smallest insect, which at morning's rise
Is born, but faints when falls the sun's full ray,
And dies, its being's end fulfilled e'er noon of day.

XV.

How vast are Nature's stores! and various too,
And rich as vast, to all who prize their worth;
Though thousands oft have ranged her fields, yet new
They ever seem as at creation's birth.
Oh beautiful and bright is the fair earth!
Its hills and dales, its skies and crystal streams,
Its blooming groves, and birds of sportive mirth,
Its flowery meads, where Beauty smiling seems
Reclined on Nature's breast in most delicious dreams!

XVI.

And when the circling year from winter's chill
The spring awakes again with wonted fire;
With vernal beams makes bare the snow-capped hill,
And earth responsive to the warm desire,
Arrays her leafless form in rich attire;
When sun and shower revive the dormant land,
And fresh the meadow grass shoots up its spire;
When Flora, borne on zephyrs soft and bland,
Strews all her blooming wealth around with lavish hand:

XVII.

Oh! then 'tis sweet to seek the scented grove,
Alone to muse, reclined beneath the shade;
Or through its festooned walks delighted rove,
And pluck the flowers which gem the emerald glade;
Or 'neath the waving boughs, anew arrayed
In brightest green, inhale the fragrant air,
Delighting soul and sense. Thus oft I've strayed
In meditation deep, till earth and care
Were both alike forgot, for God himself was there!

XVIII.

But oft is seen the groveling son of earth,
Whose sluggish soul no theme can e'er inspire;
The stately oak to him is thus much worth—
'Twill serve to build his fence or light his fire!
That aught was e'er designed for purpose higher,

Ne'er once appears to him—he sees no good
  In searching Nature only to admire
Her wondrous art, and thus in thoughtful mood
To roam her mazes through and muse in solitude.

XIX.

O, gross insensate one! thus to degrade
  The peerless semblance of the Deity,
And that abuse for holiest purpose made!
  The flowing stream, meandering to the sea,
  The whispering breeze which floats along the lea,
The humblest flower that parts the yielding sod,
  The Ocean's rolling wave, unchained and free,
The waving trees which bend with graceful nod,
And every glittering star—all point the thoughts to God!

XX.

To God—the soul's high source and final rest!
  The highest theme to men or angels known;
Who know of Him the most are highest blest,
  Who know Him not, though on the world's high throne,
  In darkness still are left to sigh and groan.
THOUGHT to the soul must be the loosened dove,
  Out o'er the deluged world to go alone,
And back return with the sweet pledge of love,
That when the floods subside our Ark shall rest above.

XXI.

The mouldering heaps which curious eyes explore,
  Of fluted shaft or broken architrave,
From Egypt's quarries wrought in days of yore,
  When kings in servile chains did all enslave,
  And thousands died to build each sovereign's grave;
The rock-hewn cities long from traveller's eye
  Concealed, where owlets shriek and satyrs rave;
The Sphinx, and Pyramids which prop the sky,
Are waymarks left by Thought in ages long gone by.

XXII.

And there were those in time's most early day,
  Who saw in marble Beauty's glowing trace,
The magic chisel seized and struck away
  The rock, and forth she stood instinct with grace;
  While others sought by Helicon a place,
And with the choral Nine awoke the strain;
  And foremost he, who won immortal bays,
And sang of conquering Greece and Ilion's pain,
Of fierce Achilles' wrath and noble Hector slain.

XXIII.

Each varying mind a theme congenial finds,
  In Nature's boundless range of wondrous things.
Some note the laws which sphere in sphere confines,
  And number every star, as science flings
  Light on their path revealing all their springs;
While others read portrayed upon the rock,
  Each phase of earth, e'er Time with new-fledged wings,
Had soared in its first flight: the earthquake's shock
To them, is Nature's door, at which for truth they knock.

XXIV.

The Swedish sage oft sought the dewy mead;
  And plucked the opening flowers with wrapt delight;
Their petals told, their leaves and shining seed,
  Their blooms of iris hues and spotless white,
  Limned by a skill divine to charm the sight.
To him each bird, each leaf or blooming flower,
  Which smiles by day or drinks the dew by night,
Was a wide universe, in life's brief hour
His mind could never grasp though stretched to utmost power!

XXV.

The blood-stained hero, fresh from conquered fields,
  In triumph borne along, to be admired,
Amid the dazzling pageantry ne'er feels
  A tithe of that rich joy, which once inspired
  The sage of olden time, who sought untired
For latent truths, and oft his problem tried.
  When thought at last had grasped the prize, it fixed
His inmost soul, and swift as bursting tide
He rushed the streets along and loud "EUREKA!" cried.

XXVI.

No tongue can tell the joy COLUMBUS felt,
  When first the thought sublime flashed o'er his soul
Of undiscovered worlds; for as he dwelt
  Upon the rapturous theme, thought spurned control,
  And leaped the rolling surge and reached the goal,
Long e'er the winds had filled his loosened sail.
  Though unexplored the waves expansive roll
Across his way, where bides no lingering trail,
His bark is on the deep and drives before the gale.

XXVII.

Kings had refused when he for aid did sue,
  And courtly fools would taunt with laugh and jeer;
But still unmoved, he kept the prize in view;
  And oft in vision rapt, like holy seer,
  He saw Hesperia's land approaching near,
Proud to receive his name. He paused no more,
  But ventured on when others shrunk with fear,
And bliss enjoyed as none enjoyed before,
When morning's early light revealed the welcome shore!

XXVIII.

The lightning's flash the admiring FRANKLIN saw,
  As through the azure vault with undimmed eye,
He soared on Thought's strong wing, and traced the law
  Which rolled its thundering wheels along the sky;
  Anon he raised his daring hand on high,
And grasped the quivering bolt and quenched its ire;
  Then bade it pause, or harmless onward fly,
And thus gave wings to thought of heavenly fire,
And won a brilliant fame whose rays shall ne'er expire!

XXIX.

The man who thus could brave the lightning's shock,
  Was never born to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or stoop with servile bow, but like the rock
  Which laughs at wind and storm and raging main,
  To stand unmoved, with heaven-exalted mein,
And thus he stood and vowed his country free
  From haughty lordling's rule and kingly reign,
And bade her sons no more with suppliant knee,
Bow down to fellow dust and beg for liberty!

XXX.

Hail Liberty! thou boon which all men crave,
  More precious far than life or crowns of gold;
Thou ne'er on earth hadst found an early grave,
  If Thought's free range had not been first controlled.
  But thou art free again! and who can hold
Thee now, or stay thy march? No sceptred foe,
  Nor mitred priest, with heart to Satan sold,
For man has caught anew the kindling glow,
And on his march shall be till Earth shall Freedom know!

XXXI.

Let Gallia's traitor kings a warning be
To thrones and powers—ay, let them henceforth know
That man has power to act, and dare be free;
That he was born to think, and thought shall flow
Free as the air we breathe, the winds that blow.
Who dares again oppress with traitorous scheme,
Shall by a freeman's arm be stricken low;
The age of Kings has passed—a vanished dream—
FREEDOM ascends the throne, and THOUGHT shall reign supreme!

XXXII.

The PRESS, which strives Thought's power to extend,
Gives "local habitation and a name"
To what the mind conceives. Its force shall end
Grim Error's reign, and blast to endless shame
The foes of human kind, but spread the fame
The good man seeks to earth's remotest bound.
Against its freedom only those exclaim,
Who dread the dazzling light it sheds around,
Exposing deeds they seek to shroud in gloom profound.

XXXIII.

What! seek the Press omnipotent to stay?
First in thy grasp the viewless winds enchain,
And hurl the comet from its chosen way;
Go bind the waves, dark-heaving o'er the main,
And bid the sun stand still o'er yonder plain;
Make darkness come—turn noon-day into night,
Arrest the shafts of Death, and end his reign—
Then hope the Press to bind, and quench its light
By force of human law and arm of human might!

XXXIV.

A few wise men have lived in every age,
Who ne'er by vice obscured their mental sight,
As SOCRATES, or PAUL the Christian sage,
Whose words went forth as beams of heavenly light,
And rolled from earth the seven-fold pall of night;
As WASHINGTON, for god-like actions sent,
Or Quincy's sage whose "life was in the right,"
Who, falling when his powers at last were spent,
Exclaimed, "*this is the last of earth, I am content.*"

XXXV.

The mind aroused as ne'er in former years,
Majestic, like the sun, moves on its way
Of light from clime to clime, and earth appears
To glow e'en now with bright immortal ray!
Old things with olden times have passed away,
And man no more with plodding step is found
In search of joys which ne'er his toil repay,
But like the wingéd light, with one rebound,
Leaps to the goal of thought, and circles earth around!

XXXVI.

The forest melts at his advancing stride,
And up, like magic, towns and cities spring;
The subtle elements his will abide,
And serve his wish as subjects serve their king.
Each day reveals some new, unheard-of thing,
Till Wonder long has ceased to feel surprise—
THOUGHT now goes forth upon the lightning's wing,
Which, round the circling earth obedient flies
At man's command, as swift it speeds along the skies!

XXXVII.

Thus THOUGHT goes forth and holds the world in awe,
Subservient makes each seen and latent power,
(Led to their springs by truth's unerring law,)
Bedecks the desert wild with fruit and flower,
And gleans from barren fields a princely dower;
Amid confusion, perfect order finds,
A radiant sun, where clouds of darkness lower;
Culls rarest gems from long neglected mines,
And purest bliss enjoys where ignorance repines!

XXXVIII.

O'er Earth ere long a fearful change shall pass,
Hurled back to chaos whence at first it came,
Its beauty changed to one unshapen mass,
As round it spreads the fierce devouring flame,
Which leaves no lingering trace of place or fame;
Then o'er the scene shall THOUGHT arise and shine,
With radiant beams the noonday sun shall shame,
And from the smouldering wrecks of Earth and Time,
In triumph mount to God *Immortal* and DIVINE!

Louisville, Ky.

Shakspeare, the Earl of Southampton and "The Tempest."

Shakspeare after, and probably on account of the deer-stealing affair, went from Stratford to London about the year 1587. Here finding Richard Burbidge, who was from the immediate neighborhood of Stratford, engaged in the calling of a stage-player, he likewise betook himself to the stage, and acted at the Globe theatre, (the Earl of Leicester's or the Queen's,) and afterwards at the Blackfriars. Two years later he appears to have become a stockholder in the latter establishment, and from this source he afterwards derived a very considerable income. After taking up his abode in London, he won the friendship of young Henry Wriothesley, the generous, the romantic Earl of Southampton, who was destined to enjoy the double honor of being the patron of Shakspeare, and of the Colony of Virginia. In 1593 the poet, aged 29, dedicated "Venus and Adonis," his first production, to the Earl, who was then only 19, and in the following year, "The Rape of Lucrece," his second poem. The Earl of Southampton was a great favorite of the Earl of Essex, who appointed him General of the horse in Ireland, contrary to the known wishes of the Queen; by whose repeated orders he was displaced. In 1597 he accompanied Essex as a volunteer in an unfortunate expedition against the Spanish in the West Indies. And during a temporary loss of the Queen's favor, owing to the circumstances of

his marriage, he spent some time in a sort of exile in France, accompanying Secretary Cecil at the time of the negotiation of the treaty of Vervins. In 1601 the Earl of Southampton was implicated with Essex in a conspiracy to seize the person of Queen Elizabeth. While Essex, for the treasonable temerity of this hair-brained attempt, lost his life on the scaffold, Southampton suffered the penalties of attainder during the Queen's life. However, upon the accession of James, he was released from confinement, his attainder was reversed, and his title and estates restored to him. There appears to have been a very close intimacy and devoted friendship between this nobleman and Shakspeare. It is said that the Earl at one time made the poet the munificent present of £1,000. Some, however, have refused to credit that so large a sum was *given*, and have supposed that it was probably no more than *a loan*. On the other hand, however, it is alleged that the Earl was liberal to an extravagant degree, in so much as eventually to prove the ruin of his private fortune, and it is suggested that the sum of £10,000 has been given by an English nobleman in modern times to a celebrated actor. Whatever may have been the real character of the pecuniary favor shown by Southampton to Shakspeare, whether a donation or a loan, it probably took place not long after the latter came to reside at London, for it is certain that he was then poor, and yet we find that in two years he became a share-holder in theatrical stock, and it is quite improbable that he could in so short a period have acquired money for this purpose from the profits of his acting.

Shakspeare, according to some, retired from the stage before 1605; according to others, and more probably, it was not till 1607 or 1608. However, it is certain that he was after 1608, a candidate for the place of "master of the revels"—but he did not receive the appointment. The following letter, written by the Earl of Southampton, about 1608, to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, has been discovered of late years among the MSS. of that nobleman, preserved at Bridgewater House, and is taken from a work entitled "New Facts relating to the life of Shakspeare," prefixed to the Boston edition, 1847, of his dramatic works. The interest of this letter is enhanced to Virginians, by the consideration, that the writer was not only the patron of Shakspeare, but also afterwards of Virginia. "My verie honored Lord, the manie good offices I have received at your Lordship's hands, which ought to make me backward in asking farther favors, only imbouldens me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt me anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship in all you can to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call themselves by authoritie the Servants of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most graceous Maister and Sovereigne in this the tyme of their troble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their meanes of livelyhood, by the putting downe of their plaie-house, which is a private theatre, and hath never given occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordship's kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitye, industry and good behaviour, he hath become possessed of the Black Fryers playhouse which hath bene imployed for players sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeres agone.* The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the Companie, now a sharer in the same and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth, when the Companie was called upon to performe before her Ma'tie at Court, at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Ma'tie King James alsoe, since his coming to the Crowne, hath extended his royall favour to the Companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie and indeed almost of one towne; both are right famous in their qualityes, though it longeth not to your Lo. gravitie and wisedom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publique care. Their trust and sute nowe is, not to be molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine themselves and their wives and families, (being both married and of good reputations,) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellowes.

Your. Lo. most bounden at com.

H. S.

Should we in our fancy accompany this couple of "poore players of the Black Fryers," the one "a man famous as our English Roscius," the other who "hath to name William Shakespeare," the "writer of some of our best English playes," as they repair to the presence of the Lord Chancellor and present the letter of the generous Earl, we cannot doubt but that the two

* [A mistake. It was not more than 32 years.]

petitioners made a strong appeal to his lordship, "fitting the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably." How short-lived the fame of the actor compared with that of the writer? To how very few people in the world comparatively is even the *name* of Richard Burbidge known, and what a small fraction of those few would have ever heard of him, had not his name been connected with that of the world-renowned Shakspeare. Yet Burbidge was in his own day at the least as distinguished as an actor, as Shakspeare was as a dramatic writer—Burbidge was the Garrick of his age.

The Earl of Southampton, so long the friend and patron of Shakspeare, survived him about eight years. In 1618 this nobleman became a member of the Privy Council. Brave and generous, but haughty and impetuous, he was by no means adapted for the court and cabinet of James, where servility and base intrigue were the ordinary stepping-stones of political advancement. About the year 1619 the Earl was imprisoned through the influence of Buckingham, "whom he rebuked with some passion, for speaking often to the same thing in the house, and out of order." In 1620 the Earl was chosen, contrary to the wishes of the King, Treasurer (equivalent to Governor) of the Virginia company, which office he held till the charter was vacated in 1624. He and Sir Edwin Sandys, the leaders, together with the bulk of the members of the Company, shared largely in the spirit of civil and religious freedom which was then manifesting itself so strongly in England. The Earl exhibited himself a firm opponent of the measures of the court, both in his place in parliament, and in his station of Treasurer of the Virginia Company. Having gone over and taken command of an English regiment in the Dutch service, he died in the Netherlands, in 1624—the year of the dissolution of the Virginia Company. He was grandson of Wriothesley, Chancellor of Edward VI., father to the excellent Treasurer Southampton, and grandfather to Rachel, Lady Russel.

Shakspeare after abandoning the stage in 1607 or 1608, about the time of the first landing at Jamestown, remained in London for some four or five years. Smith and the early colonists of Virginia had, many of them, probably witnessed the theatrical performances at the Globe or Black Fryars,* and Shakspeare was no doubt familiar with the more remarkable incidents of the first settlement of the colony—the early voyages, the first discovery, the landing, Smith's rencontres with the Indians,—his rescue by Pocahontas, the starving time, &c. Smith indeed complains of his exploits and adventures having been misrepresented on the stage in London. That Shakspeare makes few or no allusions to these incidents, is because they occurred *after* nearly all of his plays had been composed. "The Tempest," however, was written several years after the landing at Jamestown, and it derives its name, and a good many of its incidents, from a striking episode in the history of the Virginia Colony, the wreck of the Sea-Adventure on the coast of Bermuda island. It is an instance of the mighty witchery of genius, that a Virginian should feel a sort of pride in knowing that Shakspeare had selected some events connected with the early history of his country, as "good stuff to make poetry out of," and that he has done this in his master-piece, "The Tempest," one of his latest productions—a creation of his maturest intellect—composed after the lapse of upwards of twenty years from the time of the production of what is supposed to have been his first play—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in 1591.

When the new charter of Virginia was obtained, the council and company equipped a fleet to carry with the new commission, supplies of men and women, with provisions and other stores for the colony. The following is a list of the vessels and their commanders: the Sea-Adventure or Sea-Venture, admiral Sir George Somers with Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Christopher Newport; the Diamond, Captain Ratcliffe and Captain King; the Falcon, Captain Martin and Master Nelson; the Blessing, Gabriel Archer and Captain Adams; the Unity, Captain Wood and Master Pett; the Lion, Captain Webb; the Swallow, Captain Moon and Master Somers. There were also in company two smaller craft, a ketch and a pinnace. The fleet sailed from Plymouth in May, 1609, and going contrary to instructions by the old circuitous route, via. the Canaries and the West Indies, on the 24th of July, when in latitude 30 degrees north, and as was supposed within eight days' sail of Virginia, they were caught "in the tayle of a Hericano" blowing from the North East, accompanied by a horrid darkness that continued for forty-four hours. Some of the vessels lost their masts, some their sails blown from the yards, "the seas over-raking our ships."

> "When ratling thunder ran along the clouds,
> Did not the Saylers poore and Masters proud
> A terror feele, as struck with feare of God!"

The admiral's ship, the Sea-Adventure, separated from the rest of the fleet, and racked by the fury of the sea, sprang a leak, and the water soon rose in the hold above two tiers of hogsheads that stood over the ballast, and the crew

* "Beggar's Bush," (now Jordan's Point,) an early plantation on the James river, derived its name from a comedy of Fletcher's.

had to stand up to their middles in the water and bail out with buckets, baricos and kettles. Thus they continued bailing and pumping for three days and nights without intermission, yet the water appeared rather to gain upon them than decrease, so that all hands being at length utterly exhausted, came to the desperate resolution to shut down the hatches and resign themselves to their fate, and some having "some good and comfortable waters, fetched them and dranke one to another as taking their last leaves." During all this time the aged Sir George Somers, sitting upon the quarter-deck, scarce taking time to eat or to sleep, "couing* the ship to keep her as upright as he could," but for which she must long ere that have foundered—at last descried land. At this time many of the unhappy crew were asleep, and when the voice of Sir George was heard announcing land, it seemed as if it was a voice from heaven and they hurried up above the hatches to look for what they scarcely could credit. And on finding the intelligence true, and that they were indeed within sight of land, although it was a coast that all men tried to avoid,—yet they now spread all sail to reach it. Soon the vessel struck upon a rock, till a surge of the sea dashed her from thence, and so from one to another, till at length fortunately she lodged upright between two rocks as if she was in the stocks. Till this, at every lurch, they had expected death. But now, all at once, the storm gives place to a calm, and the billows which, at each successive dash, had threatened instant destruction, now were stilled, and quickly taking to their boats they reached the shore, distant upwards of a league, without the loss of a man out of one hundred and fifty. Their joy at an escape so unexpected and almost miraculous, arose to the pitch of amazement. Yet their escape was not more wonderful in their eyes than their preservation after they had landed on the island. For the Spaniards had always looked upon it as more frightful than purgatory itself, and all seamen had counted it as no better than an enchanted den of Furies and Devils, the most dangerous, desolate and forlorn place in the world; instead of which it turned out to be healthful, fertile and charming. The wreck of the Sea-Adventure suggested to Shakspeare several incidents in the plot of "The Tempest," and several passages of this play were evidently taken from the contemporary accounts of that disaster, as published by Jordan and by the council of the Virginia Company.

"Boatswain down with the top-most, yare
lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course."

Captain Smith in his Sea Grammar 1627, 4to, under the article how to handle a ship in a storm, says:—"let us lie as trie with our main course, that is to hald the tacke aboord, the sheet close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboord." Again the Boatswain says:—"Lay her a-hold a-hold; Set her two courses." The two courses are the main sail and foresail. To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can. These and other nautical orders are such as the brave old Somers, "the lamb on shore, the lion at sea," might have given when "couing the ship to keep her as upright as he could."

"We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards."

This was probably suggested to the poet by the recorded incident of part of the crew of the Sea Venture having undertaken to drown their despair in drunkenness.

"Farewell my wife and children!
Farewell brother."

Ant. "Let's all sink with the king."
Leb. "Let's take leave of him."

These answer to the leave-taking of the crew of the Sea-Venture. Jordan, in his pamphlet, says, "it is reported that this land of Bermudas, with the islands about it, are enchanted and kept by evil and wicked spirits," &c. Shakspeare employs Prospero and Ariel to personate this fabled enchantment of the island. Her task is at the bidding of Prospero

——— "To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds."

The tempest in which the ship was wrecked is thus described by Ariel:

"I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin
I flamed amazement; sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join; Jove's lightnings the precursors
Of the dreadful thunder-claps—more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble—
Yea his dread trident shake."

Again:

"Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation."

The almost miraculous escape of all from the very jaws of impending death, is thus alluded to by Ariel in her report to Prospero:

"Not a hair perished,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

* 'Couing,' qu. conning.

But fresher than before and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle."

The particular circumstances of the wreck are given quite exactly in the familiar verses:

"Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes—there she's hid."

Bermoothes, the Spanish pronunciation of Bermudas, or Bermudez, the original name. Another real incident is referred to in the following line, the time only being transposed:

"The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom with a charm joined to their suffered labor
I have left asleep."

The return of the other seven vessels of the fleet, the ketch being lost, is described with a change, however, of the sea, in which they sailed, and in their place of destination.

"And for the rest of the fleet
Which I dispersed—they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish."

For nearly a year after the wreck and the Sea-Venture's separation from the fleet, it was believed in Virginia and in England that she and her company were lost. Other coincidences might be pointed out, but enough have been given to show how much reference the poet had to the circumstances of the Sea-Adventure's wreck, in the composition of "The Tempest."

C. C.

THE COMPLAINT OF LAIS.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

"Je ne saurais me voir dans ce miroir fidele
Ni telle que j'etais, ni telle que je suis."
Ausonius. Traduction de Voltaire.

The song had hushed its murmurs,
And the lyre its chords restrained,
Where the proudest nymph in Corinth
To her mirror thus complained:

"Oh! ruthless, ruthless mirror!
How can I look on thee,
Nor mourn the fatal ruin
That time hath wrought in me!
Like the sculptured stone of Paros,
Soft-tinged with morning's rose,
Was my cheek, where 'mid the dimples
The Loves no more repose—
And a glowing charm encircled
The graces that were mine,
Like the passion-kindling cestus
Of Venus all divine.
The victor left his olive crown
For my entrancing wile,
And the sage forsook his wisdom cold
To linger in my smile—
But alas! alas! my mirror!
The hearts that owned my sway,
With my false and fleeting beauty
Have passed from me away.
Oh! dark and fearful River!
Would I had crossed thy shore,
Ere I lived to mourn the beauty
Mine, mine alas! no more!
Ere the envious nymphs of Corinth
Exultingly could say,
The conquering charms of Lais,
Had passed from her away.
Oh! evermore beside me
The dread Alecto stands—
The Fury with the brazen feet,
And the viper in her hands—
With her serpent-scourge awakening
The memories of yore;
Of beauty all departed,
And triumphs, mine no more!"

And thus the nymph's complaining
Through the gorgeous chamber stole—
But ah! the wreck of beauty
Reflected in her soul!

OUTLINES.

The "Universal Yankee Nation,"—West Point Military Academy,—Communication with the Pacific,—The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company,—Highwaymen,—Climate of Florida.

I.

Time has its different measurements, just as the propensities of men incline them to note its flight either by the periodical succession of stated intervals or the more impressive occurrence of important *events*. He that passes from "youth to hoary age," pursuing the even tenor of his way, fulfilling the duties of his station unvaried, perhaps, from year to year, will look back upon the past as the traveller who, having nearly accomplished a long journey, is unable to recall any incident connected therewith other than such as attended each day's routine. And he whose fate seems to have cast him under an "inauspicious star," is no sooner launched upon the sea of life than fortune marks him as her sportive child. Such, however, is the spirit of the age, the craving for adventure and novelty, that the mass of men prefer the tumult and excitement of eventful life to the tranquillity of sober existence.

Is it the "manifest destiny" of the Anglo-Saxon race to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm?" or is it an acquired taste for feverish excitement that pervades our youth and impels them to seek adventure by flood and field?

Whatever the cause, the fact is positive, that education very rarely, in our country, determines the bent of the man. Relieved from schools and paternal restraint, our young men now-a-days disdain the plodding pursuits of their ancestors and are eager to plunge into the turmoils of political, military, or naval life; or if debarred access to these professions, they wander about the world in search of something as unattainable as the philosopher's stone, or perhaps as irrational.

We *are* the "universal Yankee nation"—at home or abroad the variety is *infinite*. We have furnished and we can furnish philosophers, artists, engineers, mechanics, &c., &c., to Europe and South America. We send missionaries and merchants to the East Indies, and have planted a colony upon the coast of Africa.

We supply the natives of the South Seas with "notions," and our whalers are found in every sea upon the globe.

With us, science, the fine arts, commerce, manufactures, all save agriculture, have their votaries. The cultivation of the earth is too dull for our "go-ahead people." Nevertheless, there are in many portions of our country what are termed "retired gentlemen," who not only write articles for the "renovation of exhausted lands," but devote their energies and means to the dull pursuits of agriculture.

But the enthusiasm of our people has recently taken a military bias, and whether an *obliquity*, or the natural result of circumstances, remains to be seen. Our next Congress will have a field-officer upon each committee, and "generals" will supersede "honorables."

II.

A proper history of the recent military operations against Mexico would be the best eulogium upon the army. Without the usual reference to battles, wherein prodigies of valor and skill were so conspicuous, it will suffice for the present to remark upon the extraordinary facility with which masses of undisciplined militia were suddenly converted into steady and effective forces. The matter is explained to the minds of some in the excellence of the materiel used, as if the standard of soldiership, so far as the physical man is concerned, is more easily attainable in this country than elsewhere; others, who care not for the "thews and sinews," think the "spirit of the man" more generally infused into our population than any other of the universe. A third class, with more discrimination, ascribe our success to the admirable qualifications of our officers, believing that in military affairs, as well as most others, science and art must vindicate their utility, not to say necessity.

Certainly no institution in our country, and few, if any, in Europe, has done so much to disseminate useful knowledge in so brief a period as the academy at West Point. Its élèves are ushered into the world with an education, to say the least, which is a most substantial foundation for the prosecution of any of the scientific pursuits. Of late years it has become more practical and perhaps more strictly military, but it has lost none of that thorough character instituted by its illustrious author.*

The graduates of that institution are scattered over the length and breadth of the country, and wherever found, in professional or civil pursuits, they are known as "reliable men."

Indeed, the universities of every State and the great works of Internal Improvement throughout the land, attest the value of the graduates of West Point. Nor are these gentlemen less distinguished by their decorum in private life. But we are about to show, without disparagement to others, that the conduct and result of the war in Mexico, is mainly to be ascribed to the system of organization and discipline introduced and carried out by the staff of the army.

We think the fate of Mexico was sealed by the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Perhaps no general ever commanded a more effective force of the same numbers than the twenty-one hundred men under General Taylor, in the opening of the campaign.

The officers of this column were the very men for the emergency, and the long camp at Corpus Christi had furnished ample time to perfect the drill and discipline. Hence it was that they were enabled to endure the severest trial that troops can experience, inactivity under a cannonade, and that too in the commencement of a campaign. This had its influence upon the enemy, and the *prestige* inspired by the two first battles was potential in every subsequent combat.

The *results* of this war may furnish the subject of another chapter—this much we may add, it has revealed to the nation a class of men of whom previously it was comparatively ignorant.

III.

Engineers have confirmed the reports of travellers as to the practicability of oceanic communication through Central America. They agree that a ship canal *can be* constructed through three different sections of the great Isthmus.

The first from Panama to the Chagres river,

* Lt. Col. Thayer, corps of Engineers.

requiring only thirty miles of excavation, with locks at the termini, and artificial harbors to admit vessels of large size.

The second through the river Sanjuan and the Lake Nicaragua, and thence by a cut of sixteen miles to the Gulf of Papagayo.

The third through the river Coatzacoalcos, with an excavation of thirty-one miles to the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

Geographically, the distance from one ocean to the other by the first route is only forty miles. By the second ninety-four, and by the third one hundred and forty.

Strange to say, however, the practicability of such a work is in the inverse ratio of the shortness of the distances. The estimates of the Spanish and English engineers, though not accurate, are sufficiently exact to warrant the belief that works of far greater magnitude and cost have been constructed in various regions of Europe and America. But the obstacles to this enterprise are not so much the cost of material and labor as the circumstances of the country and the insalubrity of the climate.

Suppose this oceanic communication established, and that vessels for the Pacific and the East Indies took this instead of the perilous passages of the Capes, would the tolls through such a highway pay for the capital expended in its construction? We think not—but this is conjectural.

When it is remembered that not more than one in three hundred vessels that double Cape Horn experience disaster, and that the navigation through the tropics and especially in the bays of Panama and Tehuantepec are attended with calms, and occasionally tempests of the most terrific character, it seems hardly probable that merchants will pay high for the privilege of shortening a voyage only a few weeks.

This subject, however, has recently received additional importance by the immense territorial acquisitions of the United States in the Pacific, not to mention the enormous American capital embarked in the whale-fisheries of that ocean.

But we are inclined to think that a railroad will be constructed across the Continent, and in a much higher latitude, long before a canal will be cut through any part of the Isthmus.

IV.

The "Royal Mail Steam Packet Company" owns eleven steamers, of eighteen hundred tons burthen, and five hundred horse power each, to say nothing of such small affairs as the "Great Western" and four others of 300 horse power each, besides packet schooners and sail vessels. These ships are available for armed service whenever the British government may require such a formidable flotilla for warlike purposes.

They are named principally after the rivers of Scotland and run regularly between Southampton and the West Indies, and thence to North, Central and South America.

The Company receives a million and three hundred thousand dollars annually for the transportation of her Majesty's mails, and the immense revenue derived from passengers and freights renders it perhaps, (with the exception of the East India Company,) the most opulent establishment in the world.

These vessels are perhaps as thoroughly equipped and as admirably managed as any not entirely under the "rules and regulations" for the Navy. Each ship of the larger class carries, besides the captain and crew (amounting to nearly ninety men,) a surgeon, purser, four engineers, four watch officers, acting midshipmen and petty officers, and an admiralty agent, generally an officer of the royal navy, whose sole duty consists in superintending the transportation of the mails.

The Company's agents are handsomely paid, and of course selected with an eye to their special qualifications. On board ship a degree of etiquette, both professional and personal, is observed, which closely approximates the naval service. Regulations are prescribed for all concerned, and the author of the "Guide Book" has very judiciously given them a conspicuous place in his volume. We subjoin a few as specimens of the whole: "All personal preference or partiality in the assignment of accommodations is forbidden, priority of claim being given according to the dates on which passengers are originally booked."

"The captain will frequently make enquiry of every passenger on board, whether they have been made as comfortable as circumstances will admit, and should there be any cause for complaint, he will at once endeavor to remedy it."

"All passengers who are not unwell, are expected to take their meals at the public table and to appear respectably dressed."

"On Sundays divine service will be performed by the captain when the weather permits."

"The captain is instructed on commencing the voyage, to intimate to the passengers, that they are at liberty, if they wish, to select from among their number three gentlemen as a committee for the purpose of inspecting daily or weekly and approving the bill of fare."

Every body knows that John Bull has a great penchant for the good things of this world, and that whether at home or abroad, on shore or afloat, he is not apt to neglect the "obedientia ventri." Accordingly the steward's department on board these steamers is replete with the most

recherché wines, liquors, &c., &c. Passengers who appreciate such luxuries are supplied at prices which, compared to those usual in our best hotels, are exceedingly low; and that no deception may be practised in the *article* furnished, the corks are drawn, if required, in the presence of the purchaser.

But in no respect is the good management more apparent than in the care and control of the mails. As remarked, they are under the charge of the admiralty agent, who is responsible that the laws appertaining to his trust are duly observed. On reaching port, he is furnished with a cutter and men for the exclusive purpose of landing the mail bags, and whilst in the course of transfer and transportation, he is bound to give them his personal attention.

These steamers have apparatus for the conversion of salt water into fresh, and for all purposes except drinking, it is found to be satisfactory.

V.

The exploits of highwaymen have latterly lost the romantic interest which they formerly possessed, and indeed the theatres of such performances have been changed from Europe to Mexico and South America.

Englishmen who were thought expert in such matters, were content with emptying the pockets of travellers without knocking out their brains, whilst "across the channel" the "argumentum ad hominem" was generally in the shape of a blunderbuss or a stiletto. But in these matters, as in all others, fashion is capricious. The profession has dwindled into knavery. Chevaliers d' Industrie have superseded "Knights of the road." Secret villainy and sanguinary murder have succeeded open robbery and daring enterprise.

In former times clever things were said and even gallant deeds performed by *gentlemen* of the highway—*they* "reduced the superfluities of the rich in order to alleviate the necessities of the poor"—*now-a-days*, philanthropy is disavowed and every graceless villain pleads unblushingly the lack of moral principle, or the malign influence of the devil in the shape of alcohol.

It is not then to be wondered at that the system of robbery has become more diabolical as it has become more summary.

But of all countries Mexico seems to have most suffered by the atrocities of highwaymen. There it is impossible to pass many consecutive miles of a public road, without seeing the carcasses of victims, and it is even doubtful whether that country has lost, in the late war, as many citizens as have fallen on the highways, by the hands of their own countrymen since the government of the Viceroys.

They "order those matters" better, however, in Peru. That beautiful country, the last to relinquish allegiance to the Spanish crown, is still the land of the *ancient* highwayman. Achievements worthy the narrative of Le Sage are yet performed even within sight of the capital, the city of Kings. The Peruvian strives to accomplish his purpose by practising upon the terror, without violating the person of his victim. Indeed, it is now generally understood in that country, that robbers will be very courteous if their demands are cheerfully granted.

Many anecdotes are told of adventures on the road from Callao to Lima, which, though only six miles long, is to this day haunted by robbers. Some years ago, it is said that two Englishmen travelled it after dark, and were, of course, waylaid and stripped of every thing, even to their clothing. Whilst parleying, however, with the robbers upon their unreasonable demands, sounds of approaching footsteps attracted the party in a different direction. Leaving a guard with the prisoners and booty, they hurried to meet the new comers, but were scarcely out of sight when the guard was seized and gagged, and the two gentlemen not only recovered their own property, but the entire plunder which was left in the custody of the robber.

An American gentleman, many years a resident of that country, and latterly connected with the Consulate, was tempted last autumn by his fondness for field sports, to an excursion on horseback in quest of game. After a ride of several hours, he returned to the vicinity of this road and dismounted for the purpose of breaking his fast. Whilst in the act of unfolding his haversack, a rustling of the adjacent bushes attracted his notice, and looking in the direction of the noise, his eye met the muzzle of his own double-barrelled gun pointed directly at his heart. With admirable presence of mind and a bonhommie for which our countryman is remarkable, he instantly shouted "Señor mio, muy buenos dias." Much pleasantry followed, and the conversation closed by the robber regretting that his business required a despatch which would not allow him the pleasure of a prolonged interview. Our countryman was divested of his purse, watch, gun, and clothing, and even breakfast. But his misfortunes were not ended for the day—they bound him hand and foot to prevent information to the police and left him, wishing him "better luck next time."

VI.

Few persons are aware of the vast superiority of the climate of Florida. Ill-fated since the

very discovery of the continent, that beautiful peninsula has been slow to develop its inherent and peculiar advantages. In reputation at the north, it stands, perhaps, in every respect, below any portion of the southern country; and in no particular has it been more unjustly denounced, than in regard to climate—and yet, there are living in every state north of Maryland, individuals who are indebted to the climate of Florida for the prolonged existence which they now enjoy. These persons either undervalue the "blessings of health," or are criminally remiss in withholding from their fellow creatures the information which they may have acquired by a winter in Florida. It is true that newspapers in every section of the Union have published statements in relation to the climate, productions, &c., of Florida, and this was especially the case during the late Seminole war, but so contradictory were these statements, that they have lost all credence with the intelligent community. It is for this reason, independent of others, that the votaries of science, no less than the friends of humanity, should deplore the untimely fate of Leitner and Perrine; either of whom had he lived, might have given to the world information as valuable as any derived from the researches of botanists.

It is somewhat remarkable that both of these gentlemen, (the only really scientific individuals who explored that region of country after its annexation to the United States,) should have perished in the sanguinary retribution inflicted by the Seminoles upon their perfidious invaders. The former whilst prosecuting his researches, under the protection of an exploring party of the U. S. Navy, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the Indians, who ascertaining the nature of his vocation, were disposed to spare his life, and for several days actually bestowed every attention upon his case. But this good fortune was speedily terminated by the ferocity of a savage, who in strict compliance with Indian law, revenged upon Leitner the death of one of his tribe.

Dr. Perrine, after travelling through every portion of the United States and Mexico, passed the last few years of his life on the coast of Florida. The liberality of Congress had granted him a thousand acres of land in the vicinity of the seaboard, for the purpose of cultivating tropical plants and fruits. With this view he had cleared one or two of those luxuriant little islands denominated keys, and had formed extensive nurseries of rare and valuable plants, many of which were known only to himself. Thus retired from the world and devoted to the quiet pursuits of botanical science, he accumulated a fund of interesting facts, and but waited an opportunity to give them to the world, when one of those tragic events characteristic of the Indian war, terminated his existence—and with it the labors of years. It was, we believe, in the summer of 1840, that the Seminoles, after scattering desolation and distress throughout the length and breadth of Florida, actually left their fastnesses in the Everglades, and trying their fortune upon a new and hitherto forbidden element, with canoes for their transports, paddled fifteen miles from the main land, and at the dead hour of night sacked and burnt Indian Key. This island had been unmolested during the whole war, and being the rendezvous of vessels along the coast and within cannon shot of a detachment of seamen on an adjacent key, was the residence of Dr. Perrine and many of the enterprising navigators of these waters. Alas! for human calculations—this little island reposing in fancied security upon the bosom of the ocean and decorated with beautiful cottages and gardens, became a smouldering heap of ruins and the funeral pile of the devoted Perrine. As usual, the savages showed no mercy, and every human being, save some few who escaped in boats, perished either in sanguinary conflict, or by the flames of his own house.

Since that period few, if any persons qualified for the purpose have undertaken the botanical examination of Florida, and it is now generally regarded as the spot of all others best adapted to the haunts of Indians and runaway negroes.

So far, however, as the health of the human race may be influenced by the character of climate, there are abundant proofs in support of the salubrity of the sea-board of Florida. Meteorological tables carefully compiled by the medical staff of the army, show that the temperature of the southern seaboard is more uniform and less subject to violent changes than any portion of the Atlantic coast within the latitudes of the "variables." During the summer months, the collateral zephyrs of the "trades" make their diurnal visits, and they may be expected with as much regularity as the ebb and flow of the tides. Nor is the winter season accompanied by the piercing blasts and chilling rains which characterize a more northern region. Tempered by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, the easterly winds are divested of their harshness, and as the configuration of the land presents no formidable barrier to the direction of different currents of air, the rigors of the weather are readily interpreted by those familiar with such observations.

One peculiarity of the climate is the short duration of cloudy or misty weather. Not as on the Pacific coast where uniformity seems interminable, and where fogs and clouds envelop the earth for weeks and months; nor yet resembling "those northern climes obscurely bright," whose gloomy skies are seldom lighted by the smiles of

"living light"—nor yet resembling those favored regions which poets speak of, "where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine."

Differing from all these, the climate of Florida is ever attended with an agreeable succession of sunshine and shade. We say nothing of spicy breezes, aromatic odors, and balmy zephyrs, which regale the traveller through the inland country, nor dilate upon the vegetation and gorgeous foliage of the prairies and groves which are scattered in wild and magnificent profusion through the length and breadth of the peninsula—all these are unsuited to our practical race and this matter-of-fact age.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Paraphrased from the French of Béranger.

Christian! the weary wanderer give,
Some slight refreshment at your door,
And bid the fainting spirit live,
Whose hours of Hope and Peace are o'er.
I am a wretch, no arm may save,
But His—whose kingdom is on high,—
Mountain, and valley, waste, and wave,
The rushing whirlwind bears me by,
Years in their ceaseless circles roll,
I am not whelmed by Time's dark sea,
For me life's journey hath no goal,—
My one last hope—Eternity.

When day's departing glories fade,
And faintly glows th' empurpled West,
One glimmering spark from hopes decay'd,
Springs up to gladness in my breast.
Yet ah! that dazzling orb of light,
Again bids Night's dark shades depart,
But ne'er dispels the darker blight,
That rests, like mildew, on my heart.

Time o'er the Nation's power, and pride,
Hath sadly spread his shadowing wings,
And down the stream of ages glide,
Earth's greatest and most glorious things,
But still, the proud, imperial grave,
Where pomp and glory buried lie,
Mountain, and valley, waste and wave,
The rushing whirlwind bears me by:
I've mark'd the good man's bright hopes fade,
I've seen the wreck of youth and worth,
And Sorrow cast her brooding shade,
Like sackcloth, o'er a mourning earth,—
This giant frame the storm defies,
That Empire's power hath laid to rest,
Till now, still mightier empires rise,
Beyond the waters of the West.

A mighty change has o'er me past,
A sad, sad change, for former crime—
With Death, and Misery, am I class'd
A blasted monument through time.
When some sweet voice a kindly word,
Would whisper with a pitying sigh,
Scarce may those soothing tones be heard,
The rushing whirlwind bears me by—
And when the child of pale distress,
Feebly implores some trifling boon,
His withered hand I may not press,
The parting moment comes too soon.

While 'neath the shade of blooming bowers,
With green herbs spread on every side—
Where waters lave the drooping flowers,
That graceful bend above the tide—
If 'mid a scene so calm and fair,
My heart one moment cease to sigh,
The next the avenger finds me there,
The rushing whirlwind bears me by.

Why may not Grief restrain her tears—
These cruel pangs an instant cease—
Where Nature's fairest face appears,
Made radiant by the smile of peace!
Oh! can it be I still must weep,
And water freely earth's dark breast.
Oh! shall the Wanderer never sleep,
Till entering on eternal rest!

When sweet young faces lit with glee,
Like sunbeams cross my lonely way—
And Memory brings once more to me,
My own loved ones, as bright as they—
If I but pause to mark them well,
And gaze into each hopeful eye—
The whirlwind, like a funeral knell,
Sullen and mournful bears me by.

Dare ye! old men, at every cost,
To envy me my long career—
When all earth's hopes and pleasures lost,
My soul is dark with deep despair?
Those fair young ones, on whom I smile,
So full of life, and love, and trust,
Will tread the world's brief path awhile—
My foot shall trample on their dust!

LONGFELLOW AND EVANGELINE.

I have lately been reading this poem, and have been thus led into some reflections upon its author, his other works, and his general merits. If you think them likely to interest or amuse your readers, they are at your service.

Mr. Longfellow has realized the usual fortune of every writer, who belongs to a "school," in literature. He has been over-praised by his co-workers and his disciples. He has been as much underrated by unfriendly criticism. The mannerisms, (if that word be legitimate,) which, in the eyes of the former, are peculiar beauties, offend the sight of those, who have not the acquired taste for their appreciation. Both classes of critics fix upon these salient points: the one party to attack, the other to defend, with equal obsti-

nacy. Both, as it seems to me, overlook, or notice less than they deserve, his true excellencies.

I shall not attempt to assign to Mr. Longfellow his exact place among poets—even among American poets. Our Western Parnassus has not escaped the democratic tendencies of the clime. The right of every "native" to aspire to the highest honors in poesy, as in politics, is asserted and proven by the countless "*originals*" which are met with in all our papers and periodicals, from the "Slab-town Genius of Liberty," up to the imposing pages of the established Reviews. Far be it from me, to plot any treason against "the spirit of our free institutions." I desire not to elevate any man to throne or principality—still less to degrade any unfettered son of the Muses below his brethren. I will only suggest some arrangement, analogous to that of our Federal Government—a temporary organization, to be renewed and altered every two or three years. And in that view, I do not hesitate to say, I would vote for William Cullen Bryant to be the first President of our Literary Republic, and Henry W. Longfellow should certainly have a seat in the Senate.

The latter gentleman, however, would receive my support, much more on account of his former efforts, than his recent ones. He seems, like Carlyle, to have perverted a good natural taste, into one that is artificial and morbid. The language of his earlier productions is easy and expressive, the measure well chosen and familiar. In the later poems, he has been led away by that *ignis fatuus*, which pedants call *rhythm*, and goes halting and stumbling, over outlandish ground, with constant *inversions* and *transpositions*, among dactyls and spondees, trochees and iambuses, anapæsts and what not—whose intricate *feet* will trip and overthrow any plain English biped, at every step of his progress.

Nor is this his only deterioration. He has gone sadly astray in his search after simplicity. He has adopted the Wordsworthian dogma, that one object in nature or art is as poetical as another: and, in illustrating this theory, he has, like his great contemporary, fallen into some very puerile and absurd platitudes. It is true that a sword, and the coulter of a plough, are both pieces of iron; and that the interest of a combat depends on the tragic issue, that may await one or both of the parties. But is the reader of Scott's romances conscious of the same feelings—when he watches, with 'bated breath, the encounter of Richard and Saladin, by the Diamond of the Desert—and when he bursts into a hearty "guffaw," as he beholds Bailie Nicol Jarvie, singeing the plaid of the dismayed Highlander? The true office of the poet is to select the materials fit for his purpose, and to combine them in a fitting manner. Not that he is to seek them only in high places—but that, in the low, he is to choose what is natural, not *vulgar* merely. I feel, however, that I am fast getting beyond my depth in this direction, and, with your leave, I will make for shallow water.

In the best poems of our author, we are often delighted with beautiful thoughts, pure sentiments, and warm emotions, poured out with an eloquence and pathos, which make their way to our inmost heart. His "Autumn," and his "Spirit of Poetry," are worthy of Bryant, and indeed of any body else. His "Flowers" almost, or perhaps quite, equal that exquisite "Hymn to the Flowers" of Horace Smith. In the "Footsteps of Angels," there is so perfect an example of that which I am trying to describe, that I cannot do better than quote a few stanzas of it—

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

* * * *

"And, with them, the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in Heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine,

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint like,
Looking downward from the skies."

But it would be impossible—and I rejoice that it is impossible—in the limits of a desultory sketch like this, even to name all of his productions, which deserve to live. From the Spanish Student, in which occur many such, I quote one beautiful passage, which shall be the last—

——"She lies asleep,
And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath
Comes, like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored."

Reader! if you ever saw a picture like that, you must recognize its fidelity in verse. If you never did—rely upon the word of those who have seen it.

It is time now to adduce some proofs of the faults which I have laid to our poet's charge. I almost regret that they are so easily to be procured: for I shall go no further than this late poem, Evangeline.

The story itself is well enough, though perhaps the "sentimental journeys" of the damsel-errant, who is the heroine, might as well have been circumscribed within narrower limits, both as to geography and moral probability. From Nova Scotia to Bayou Plaquemine, thence to "the Walleway and the Owyhee"—the Ozark Mountains—the wilds of Michigan—and wherever else the foot of man or woman might tread—poor Evangeline wanders, year after year, in search of a lover, from whom she has been parted, by cruel fate—and the British. At last, after narrowly missing him several times, (and his escapes almost lead one to suspect him of some design to elude,) the baffled pursuer gives up the chase, and becomes a Sister of Charity in Philadelphia—

"And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers."

There she devotes herself to the care of the sick in the Hospitals, and in the abodes of poverty, until the advent of a certain pestilence, which came—

"Presaged by wondrous signs; and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,*
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws, but an acorn."

This pestilence, whether Cholera or Yellow Fever does not appear, made fearful ravages among the population of the Quaker City, and Evangeline, with untiring patience and fortitude, gave herself up to the service of the afflicted. At last, in one of the wards, she encounters the long lost Gabriel, in the last stage of the disease. He recognizes her, dies in her arms, and she soon after follows him to the silent repose of the tomb.

The poem abounds with passages of beautiful poetry and sentiment, but travestied in such a grotesque costume of hexameter verse, as to disguise all their natural loveliness. And, moreover, the inflections and inversions, necessary to fit our vernacular tongue to the unaccustomed metres of heroic verse, often result in most deplorable combinations. These blemishes, added to many of the homespun images, for which we are indebted to the "simplicity" theory, make the whole work distasteful to an ear even tolerably fastidious, and must consign it to a very humble place among Mr. Longfellow's productions.

But I proceed to the examples. The benign influence of Evangeline, upon crops and population, is thus (erroneously) foreshadowed:

"'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children."

The sympathy between mankind and the brute creation receives a new illustration—

"Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, *as if conscious of human affection!*"

We submit, that if a "slow coach" be significant of "consciousness of human affection," a land terrapin should be henceforth the very type of sensibility.

"Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud, and in regular cadence
Into the *sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended!*"

A perfect cataract of milk! Buttermilk Falls are nothing to it! "How do the waters come down at Lodore?"

Mr. Longfellow evidently respects the rule, that "the sound should be an echo to the sense," thus he says,

"So in each pause of the song, with measured motion the *clock clicked!*"

It is with reluctance we accuse Mr. Longfellow of plagiarism: but the last of the three following lines is plainly borrowed from Moore's—"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," &c.

"Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict *knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith!*"

There is also another instance—

"Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the *gayest of hearts and of waistcoats!*"

Which of us can forget old Grimes, who

"Had no malice in his mind,
Nor ruffles on his shirt!"

In relation to one statement, I sincerely desire an explanation—

* These pigeons can hardly fail to remind the reader of Mother Goose's Melodies of another great prodigy—

"There was an old woman, and, what do you think,
She lived upon nothing—but victuals and drink."

"Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As, o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, *and the weary feet of their children!*"

Does the poet really mean that these primitive children of Grand Pré urged their mothers home with their weary feet—kicking them along the road? If so, we must conclude that old "Father Felician" was remiss in teaching them the fifth commandment. It was certainly very undutiful behavior.

After selecting so many unfavorable specimens of the poem, it would not be fair to omit some of an opposite character. Those which follow, will recommend themselves, I think, without a word of praise.

"In doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.

* * *

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards."

A venerable old man is thus described—

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age"—

Here are two very pretty, though somewhat quaint fancies—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the Angels."

* * *

"And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As, out of Abraham's tent, young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!"

Evangeline's desolation, and fortitude, are touchingly expressed in these lines, with which our quotations shall conclude—

"Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things—
Fair was she and young; but alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway,
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her.

* * *

Something there was in her life, incomplete, imperfect, unfinished,
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the East again, from whence it late had arisen."

And now, patient reader, for patient you have proved yourself, if you have read so far as this, I propose to sum up all that I have been writing, in some hexameters of my own: in respect of which, I have only to say, with "rare Ben Jonson," that, if they be not *poetry*, they at least are *truth!*

—'Way down east, there lives one Long-fellow, odd and fantastic,
Who writes poetry, which many people are fond of perusing.
I like much of it—nevertheless, in my critical judgment,
Wordsworth following, his simplicity borders on flatness.
But my quarrel is, for the most part, with his metrical notions,
Which do appear to me sometimes fanciful, quaint and pedantic.
There is "Evangeline," who is a lovely one, if she was drest well;
But she masquerades in an old suit of hexameter verses,
Which seem stolen from some theatrical, classical, pawnshop.
Longfellow might as well strut about, in an old *toga virilis*,
Or put a helmet on his little head, take a spear in his right hand,
And play the part of a Cicero, Pompey, or Coriolanus.
'Tis not a new thing to see poets fail in an effort of this kind—
Southey attempted it, till Anti Jacobins tore him to fragments—
And Henry W. would act judiciously, if he would turn back,
And trot his Pegasus, in the same gait that "the masters" have taught him.

THE CRIME OF ANDREW BLAIR.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

On a small lot of ground, fenced off from a corner of a large and valuable estate, stood many years ago, a mean log cabin. It fronted upon a highway, which, like many others in Virginia, was a river of mud in winter, and a strip transplanted from Zahara, in summer. In this cabin lived Molly Herries, an old witch of a woman, and Jack Herries her son. The mother was hideously ugly, ill-natured and querulous. The son was a heavy, round-shouldered fellow, with high cheek bones, cunning black eyes, a dark oily skin, and damp looking black hair. One day—at that ripe season when the haze of the Indian summer obscures our landscapes—Molly Herries and Jack conversed:

"Mother," said Jack, "I see the rich men go by on their snorting horses: are they any better than I am? I see the rich ladies go by in their grand carriages: when you go out it is on foot, with a stick in your hand. God made all of us. There is a great injustice in some being up so high, and others just as good being down so low."

"Work you rascal—work," answered the old woman. This good advice seemed to fall like a fagot upon the embers of Jack's meditations.

"Work!" he retorted—"its very easy to say *work*. Words come glib. But when I am straining my back, which is weakly because I have been growing too fast; and when I lose my wind, which has never been good since I was down with the measles, it's little comfort I get from thinking of what's to be made by my working. I might work for thirty years, and the best would be be a coat of plaster, and a new stone chimney to the old rat-trap of a cabin. Mother, I am a rascal—am I! Well, I'm going out to seek my fortune."

"You are—are you?" said Molly Herries. "And what's to be done with me?"

"That's your look out," answered the affectionate son. "When birds get their wings, mother, they fly away. The old hen shifts for herself."

"But Jack," said the mother, softening under the first growth of alarm, "we can may-be fix things without your going away. It's not the bird that flies furthest that finds the greenest tree, or the fattest stubble to light in."

"Mr. Blair promised to inquire for an overseer's place for me," replied Jack. "I am going to see him. But if he can't do anything for me, I'm off. I'm very fond of you—I am positively. But every tub on its own bottom. Of course, in this country, which is so enlightened, nobody's going to burn you for a witch."

Molly Herries made a blow at the head of her son. He avoided it with a leap which put him outside of the cabin.

"Throw my coat out, mother," he said coaxingly. "You don't suppose I was in earnest. You don't suppose I would leave my respected parent." Jack, at this effective stroke, put a knuckle into first one eye then the other. "Throw my coat out. I'll be back from the great man's in a little while. Throw my coat out, mother."

The old woman slammed the door in his face; then, grimacing angrily, threw a shabby coat out at a little loop-hole of a window. Jack Herries put the garment on, smoothed down the cuffs, roached his hair with several applications of his beefy fingers and set off at a lazy gait. His destination was the house of Andrew Blair—the master of the estate, on a corner of which stood his mother's cabin. We must go before him to this house.

Andrew Blair, a man of wealth, talent, political training, and a fair degree of distinction, had built a palace on his patrimonial estate. It stood on the broad top of a towering hill—some foundling of mountain origin, put down far away among the lowlands. He called this residence, which his pride had established in place of the old rambling homestead of his father, by a fine name—Lindores.

Andrew Blair sat in a superb room, at dinner, with his neighbor, Colonel Arthur Pellew. As the wine does its work of development, you may perhaps read the two gentlemen. The host is a man of singularly quick senses. His eyes watch and discover every thing. He hears a faint whisper at a remarkable distance. His mind is subtil and winds to its object. He is not dishonest, or even crafty, in the evil sense of the word. It is but the mind's constitution to do by graceful indirection, and with an intense enjoyment of its own dexterity, what a bold mind does better at a direct bound. His passions are swift and dangerous, but rather those of a woman than masculine. When he seems to be controlling them, he is only directing them: the calmness which looks like forbearance is only the cool search for the weak point of attack.

His guest is blunt, frank, and choleric.

As Jack Herries trudged up from the cabin to the palace, these gentlemen conversed over their dessert.

"You wronged me in that business," said Pellew, "and the more I think of it the less I am satisfied with it."

"Pellew," Blair answered, "I have more than once assured you that you misunderstood my agency in the affair. I explained to you in great detail, not a week ago—I thought at the time, quite to your satisfaction."

"So you did. You explained until devil the bit could I understand a simple matter. A dirty wall requires a great deal of white-washing."

Blair looked quickly to his guest, but answered with a smile:

"Pardon me; but the clearest truth, where facts are minute and crowded, is unintelligible if one has a very single impatient mind to bring to judge of it."

"I understand you," answered the choleric colonel. "You talk about my impatient mind. You mean my stupid mind. May be I am a jack ass. But by —— you wronged me in the business, in spite of your fine excuses."

Blair answered with a paling cheek, and a low, clear tone:

"Excuses? excuses did you say?" But he

checked himself, and added coldly—"Finish your wine, and let us go into the open air."

The gentlemen left the table and walked out. Pellew lived at no great distance, over some fields, beyond a skirt of woodland, at an old barracks of a place, which his bachelor life and bad temper made desolate enough. He had walked to Lindores, and now expressed his determination to go home. Andrew Blair quietly insisted upon walking a part of the way with him. One of the servants heard his master mutter—"a cut-throat evening it is, to be sure." Guest and host—the ox and the panther—walked away together.

The comment which Blair had made on the weather was well enough merited. It was abominable. The air was dry and hot. The sky was dull with a haze exaggerated, from a delicate veil to an oppressive blanket of smoke—or of something like smoke. The wind made melancholy sounds. No deciduous tree, except the white oak, retained its leaves; and these were as dead as the beauty and youth of the world of a thousand years ago. The sun looked as it does when seen through smoked glass—orbed, rayless, and blood-red. The Indian summer, when it just a little touches our country scenes, is good and welcome; but when it shrouds us, and melancholy winds rise, I know nothing in the ill looks of honest winter half so dismal.

Andrew Blair and Colonel Pellew had been sometime gone, when Jack Herries reached the house. The negro is generally an affectionate creature, but he possesses very little generosity of sentiment, and deals hardly with his inferiors. Freeborn Jack Herries in such a coat, with black oily face, and vulgar manners, excited the positive indignation of a composed-looking old negro gentleman, in breeches and long hose, whose bushy grey hair spread to his shoulders like an ample and well-powdered wig. But Jack was not to be driven off until his questions were fully answered. When they were, he cocked his (substitute for a) beaver, clenched his fists in his pockets, and renewed his lazy gait in pursuit of the gentlemen, whom he could see drawing toward the skirt of woodland.

The next hour of that dismal day saw a fatal deed done.

Andrew Blair came home after night-fall. He was disordered in dress, and as wan as the messenger who pulled Priam's curtain.

Jack Herries about the same time got back to his cabin. He seemed, beneath his weight of thought, to forget the foolish quarrel with his mother. He entered, sat down without a word, and with elbows on his knees, and face between his hands, meditated under a volley of questions. At last, as if thought had done its work, and the inexorable will was armed—on foot—and ready to advance—he looked up firmly and said boldly:

"Mother, we must make a bon-fire of the old rat-trap. I have the great man in my power. The old witch shall have a coach for her crab stick yet. Money—money—makes all the difference between people, mother."

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CHAPTER II.

The chapter just ended is but the prologue to my story. We must pass, at a bound, over a space of time greater than the interval which brought gentle Perdita from the wreck to the dance of the shepherds.

Five and twenty years have passed away. The rough bachelor's establishment, which once belonged to Colonel Arthur Pellew, has undergone great changes. A cupola surmounts the roof—so burnished a cupola that, in sunlight or moonlight, it blazes like a bale-fire. Pigeon-houses, imitated from the pagodas which we see on blue India china, pierce the foliage of willows, and shine with glossy birds that chase each other on the steep roofs, making war or love. The portico of an Athenian temple towers in front of the renovated edifice. Close, cramped avenues, walks edged with box, little gods and goddesses with cracked legs and weather-stained shoulders, tulip beds under forest trees, and numerous other evidences of the introduction of a very refined taste, confound, if they do not delight, the visitor. The interior of the house, whose surroundings are so elaborate, is quite splendid. I can, however, be only particular enough to say that one apartment, the dining-room, is adorned with paintings, and prints of a singular character. Amongst the paintings, a series illustrates Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." The execution of these is, in general, bad enough, but the painter has seized a ghastly conception ably and the face of Aram, repeated in the different pictures, is something to haunt one. There are again some wild scenes, highly colored, and with a fantastic horror in their details, of man-killing on the Spanish main. Two Shakspeare prints—"The death of Desdemona," and "The murder of the Princes"—are amongst these proofs of a strange singleness of idea in the pictorial adornment of the room.

It was a sunny evening of late autumn. Along a cramped avenue—up to the Athenian portico—rolled a carriage. Out of it got a well-dressed man, of middle age, with black hair, dark skin, and shrewd eyes. He looked about him, and gave directions, with the manner of a master. Such, indeed, he was. Jack Herries had become John Herries, Esq., a man of influence and large possessions, and rode in the coach which even

his old mother—now some years dead—had lived to be trundled grandly about in, in fulfilment of his bold promise. After him a lady, very small, very meek-looking, with a prim cap border visible under her bonnet, and a rich dress remarkable for a sort of tidy simplicity in its fashion, also descended from the carriage. It was clear, from the fact that Herries merely stood to one side, and turned his tobacco in his cheek, leaving her to get out or tumble out as might happen, that the lady was his wife. And she did bear to him this relation which seems to justify every sort of affectionate negligence. The poor boy, very soon after his escape from poverty to brighter hopes, had married this lady, then a comely and well-educated country girl, as much above him as her honest and simple tastes reduced her, in his false opinion, below his present grand position.

Man and wife were presently talking earnestly in the long dining-room hung with the pictures of murder. The conversation would seem to have been a continuation of one begun in the carriage.

"These schemes," said Herries, with a slow emphatic utterance, "whether honest or wicked, must at least now be perfected for our security. Our son must marry the niece of Andrew Blair. I have broached the subject to Blair."

"And how did he meet it?" the wife asked.

"That matters very little," Herries answered evasively. "Pride must bend in this world. You groan, and say that I have borne hard on this man. Now I tell you that those who come after him, if he should die without a safe conclusion of matters between us, would bear harder upon us—yes—ruin us utterly—even to the second generation. One day I found my hands on a round of the ladder of life. I have climbed well since that day, but always with a danger pulling at my hands and feet, and threatening to drag me suddenly from the extreme height if I should win it."

Herries strode to and fro, his face inclining toward his breast, his brow darker than the swart hues which anger produces could have rendered it; despondency had, for the moment, seized upon him.

"Husband," said the wife, "if we keep our truth and purity, the rest is but dreams."

"From the day—the day—which brought me up from the poverty which I may be dragged back to, I have used Andrew Blair," Herries continued as if talking to himself. "I began by borrowing a sum of money from him, which, coming so freshly out of poverty, I thought quite a fortune. The use of this money enlarged my ideas. I borrowed again—and again—and again—year after year. I bought lands, I speculated in many ways, losing and winning, and now what is the result? Against the property which I have got together is a monstrous debt. The man who has built up my fortunes holds my bonds to so great an amount, that the carpet I tread on would not be left to me if I were compelled to pay them. It was a weakness to *borrow* from him, when I might have compelled him to *give*. I wanted boldness to say *give*."

"Not so—I hope—not so: it was honor, and the sense of right that prevented you from saying *give*"—stole in the fine clear voice of the prim little wife.

Herries turned with a sudden step. His face assumed a resolute expression; but it was not because the good fairy of his household had strung his nature with better thoughts, for he said bluntly:

"The safe ending must now be this. Our son must marry this girl, who, besides my bonds, will bring him the fine Lindores property. Blair of course will give every thing to the girl. He *must*. This will be a safe and honest conclusion to my dealings with him: every way better than my original scheme, which was—keeping a keen watch on his health—to strike in at the earliest failing symptom, and extort a surrender of my bonds. Tom must marry the girl, or I must at once adopt this original plan. Do you know that Blair has lately had a very singular attack? He may die suddenly any day."

"When we begin to scheme," answered Mrs. Herries—clear-minded and unyielding—"we begin to make cares and troubles for ourselves."

"You must admit," said Herries impatiently, that I have schemed into all that we possess—property, influence, and good position. Indeed you never would have been my wife but for those first steps of my scheming which brought me up to an equality with your family."

Mrs. Herries, being anything but one of those caustic wives who avail themselves of opportunities such as this to suggest the possibility that wedlock has proved a one-sided blessing, only said with honest energy:

"Our property is not really ours—your influence is but caused by the weakness of human nature which pays court to the appearance of wealth—and our position, not being natural to us, is not truly so comfortable as the middle station. An industrious perseverance would have brought you to the middle station. These things being true, in seeming to gain, what after all have you gained?"

"Nothing," says Herries, "unless I get rid of my bonds."

"Ah! even accomplish that end, and apart from the remorse which may afflict you for the use of bad means, you will inevitably find the

emptiness of the human baubles which your schemings have secured to you."

"My dear Mrs. Herries," replied the husband, "you have very profound reflections. You have read your Bible until you are sufficiently impressed with the idea that the possession which follows human desire is vain and unsufficing. But if Solomon, my dear, declared this for an inexorable truth, you must remember that he nevertheless held on to his throne and power. I have played the game of life with some effect. I shall not, from any motive of that despairing wisdom, give up the game quite yet, and consent to be blown away like a dead leaf from a tree. However, we are wasting words. We must act, not preach. Some first steps must be taken. It was with this idea that I invited my friend Blair and his charming niece to dine with us to-morrow. There will be a mixed company to meet them—but we can do no better. We must have Tom polish himself a little."

I am afraid that a feature in the character of good Mrs. Herries was obstinacy. Instead of dropping the conversation here, she fastened a pair of very gentle grey eyes upon John Herries, and said:

"Husband, it is not often that you honor me by talking to me about your important concerns. I must say a few words now, because I may not have another opportunity until too late. If Minny Blair will marry our son from love, or liking, let them marry, and end your troubles. But if you have some secret knowledge of some dark deed of that unhappy man, her uncle—and I long ago suspected as much—and mean to use what you know to drive these great people to the match, why, in the name of God, do not continue in the project."

Herries looked to his wife with an expression of gloomy apathy. She continued:

"You borrowed sums of money. Well, honest men borrow sums of money. Let these debts remain debts, either to be paid or to be left unpaid as your means may or may not enable you to pay them. Let your concealment, of what you may know to the harm of poor Mr. Blair, be a friend's concealment of a friend's misdoings. I have not a heart to wish justice brought down where it brings misery. We can be happy if, losing our property, we keep our honesty. We must have a wretched old age; no cheerfulness, no self-respect, no peace in this world or hope of happiness hereafter, if we are dishonest, false, extortionate, and cruel, in order to keep together our riches."

The comeliness of Mrs. Herries became decided beauty, so warmly did her countenance express truth and honesty.

"The marriage will end all safely and well," said John Herries, with a nervous, but persuasive accent. "We need not take trouble on interest. Tom will make himself agreeable. Blair will aid us. We must use a little innocent adroitness—that is all. Minny will no doubt consent. We will all be happy—Tom will be supremely so. Wife, we will go down the hill of life, you and I, loving each other, hand in hand, without a care."

"It will be a proud, grand match for our boy," said the good mother, impressed, in spite of her cool reason, by the hopeful picture which her husband drew. Presently the maternal heart made her add:

"But Tom is kind-natured, and an honest lad, and, when he comes rid of his young nonsense, will make a good husband."

Shortly after this conversation between man and wife had come to such an end, Tom Herries, the son, came home from a visit to a neighbor. As he rode into the grounds near the house, the smooth broad road of a circle invited him to feats of horsemanship. He put his horse, a strong sorrel, with long flapping ears, and a heavy tail lying close to his quarters, into a quick gallop. Flap-ear, in making the round, shied from a statue of Mercury. The God held his caduceus, with its twining snakes, horizontally at arm's length. "When we come around again," thought Tom, "we'll try a jump at the little fellow's walking-stick."

At the next round, Tom rode his horse at Mercury, drove in the spurs, and succeeded quite badly: he carried away the God's wand, his winged cap, and the head under this latter, with Flap-ear's heels.

"What in the world are you doing, my son?" said Mrs. Herries from the portico.

Tom dismounted without answering; and gave his horse to a groom. As he came upon the portico, his gait was somewhat unsteady, and the expression of his eyes peculiar.

"Ah!" muttered the mother, "you are tipsy, my poor son. Come to your room. Your father is in one of his black humors."

Tom, a short, straight fellow, with aquiline nose, a receding forehead, and prominent eyes, pinched as close together as the muzzles of a double-barrel, took his mother's arm, and entered the house, saying with a groan:

"I have a severe rheumatism in my heel, mother, which accounts for my manner of walking."

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CHAPTER III.

John Herries gave a great dinner, and invited many persons to it. The principal of these were

Andrew Blair and his niece. Five and twenty years had made Andrew Blair a ruin. A poor, sad, old man he looked now, with an expression of desolate distress in his eyes, and the pinch of pain in his sharp features. Mary Blair, his niece, called by every one Minny, was a girl of twenty—tall, well developed in person, and generally considered a commanding and superb beauty in spite of extremely light hair, and eyes of much too pale a blue. Her demeanor was reserved, her expression cold but observant. What wealth of thought and feeling lay, like a mine, under the unbetraying surface, even her friends could but guess. She was physically agile, and an accomplished horsewoman. Her uncle, left a widower, without children early in life, had never married again; and she, taken very young under his roof, was the heiress presumptive to his large fortune.

In addition to these two guests, a jolly old foxhunter, one Major Wright, came to the table of John Herries. There were many others, but they must make a mere cloud of heads in the back-ground of our picture.

It was with the coming on of the dessert, that Major Wright, avoiding wine, and drinking brandy and water out of a silver cup, became very genial and amusing.

"I hear, my young lady," said the Major to Miss Blair, "that you can carry your horse over a rough country, like an angel."

"I ride very well," said Minny.

"There are no such horses, or men, now as we had in old times," sighed Major Wright.

Tom Herries had an extraordinary reverence for the jolly foxhunter: he was awed beyond putting in a defence of himself, or his sorrel Flap-ear. Minny Blair had no vanity, and said nothing of her noble mare Flight. One of the cloud of heads, however, opened its indefinite mouth, and contradicted the Major. The Major, the copper of whose face gleamed ferociously, put in a killing retort; the head disappeared again in the cloud. The Major, quickened by this daring opposition, entertained the company with a riding adventure which he had witnessed in his youth. His narrative, episodical as it may seem, must make a part of my history. The reader, in the end, will discover why.

"I never told you the story of Rattlesnake Bob Wormley's ride," said Major Wright, after applying to his silver cup. "That was a performance to talk about. Rattlesnake Bob—the country called him so because Rattlesnake was the name of his place, and there were several other Bob Wormleys—was a tiptop housekeeper, a fine specimen of a country-gentleman, never went abroad without a half dozen body servants at his back, and died at last with his debts twisted up in such a manner that he ruined his heirs, executors, and assigns—every mother's son of them—and every body that came within forty miles of Rattlesnake. I believe the Yankee that bought the estate gave out in the long run, and went by the universal board also. If so, it shows the liberalizing and humanizing effects of our climate, institutions, and society upon northern character. But I am growing philosophical. Rattlesnake Bob was one day full of wine—other drink, of course, must be taken into the count—when Jack Brooke, a very fine fellow, bragged a little of a recent performance of his. 'I rode as the crow flies,' said Jack, 'from Hallowel's to the old Fort, taking the river as I went.' 'That was nothing,' said Rattlesnake Bob. 'You are not the man to do more,' said Jack. 'I'll ruin myself or do twice as much,' said Bob. 'You can get a chance at a bet,' said Jack. 'From Hallowell's to the Fort,' said Bob, 'is five miles. From here to the Fort is ten. The ground is pretty much the same for roughness. I can start from my door here, and ride, as the crow flies, to the sign-post at the old Fort. I'll go my estate on it.' 'I take that bet, and count acre against acre of better land,' said Jack Brooke. So the gentlemen bet their estates on the ride. One of the company, a little lawyer from the old Fort, a bit of a town, remonstrated; but we made him drunk in a few minutes, and had him as uproarious as the rest for the business. Well the day was fixed for the ride, terms were settled on, judges were appointed, the county surveyor was employed to run a bee-line from Bob's front door to the coming out post. It was to be marked off with blazed posts a couple of hundred yards apart. Bob had ten feet on each side of the row of posts. If he went further out he lost. He was to have three horses. The surveyor went to work. Now what should happen? The line brought him plump up against old Toney Smith's new brick house. Here was a poser. A gentleman, of course, would have blown his house to the devil with a keg or two of gunpowder, under the exciting circumstances. But Toney was not a gentleman. The blackguard talked about appraisers, and all that. I gave him a bit of my mind. It had no effect on him whatever. At last it was agreed. For about the price of his house out and out, Toney consented to let a hole be cut through it, nine feet high and four feet wide. The young attorney from the Fort got particular on this head, as an infraction of an article in the bet which forbade the removal of '*fences, natural obstructions, &c.*' I just inquired if he took a house to be a fence, or a natural obstruction; he refined a little, but was pretty strong on the '&c.' I told him that if he put his law books between gentlemen and

their amusements, he and I should be obliged to call in a friend apiece to aid in clarifying the argument. He understood the suggestion, and found an authority to show that he had been altogether wrong about the '&c.' So the hole was cut in Toney's house."

Tom Herries, at this stage of Major Wright's narrative, gave symptoms of being both delighted and drunk. The Major, gratified by Tom's evident admiration, went on:

"The day fixed for the ride came. If any member of the grown male population, for thirty miles round, was absent on the exhilirating occasion, I am ignorant of the fact. A great many ladies, my dear Miss Minny, also, were present. The garden was a wild—till woman smiled. I give the tails of some lines which I forget, but which are as elegant as true. But you doubtless recal them, my dear young lady—I think they occur in Pope's Iliad. Rattlesnake Bob, inflamed by woman's eyes, and big with the magnitude of the job before him, looked red and heroic. His horses were wonderful creatures, perfect sons of thunder—except one which was an Alderman mare. Syphax was the name of the best of the horses. He was a tremendous red bay. He was steady and still always before starting—still as a cannon loaded to the muzzle, and just the beast to go off like one at the touch of the match. On this occasion his tail and mane were tied with ribands, and his coat looked like the most beautiful mahogany with the mottles and curls of the wood all brought out and polished. 'I'll make a side-bet,' said Bob, 'that I go the whole distance on Syphax.' A bet was made on that to a large amount. Bob mounted, and with a very gentlemanly waving of his cap to the spectators, moved away at a pretty gallop. I forgot to say that time was not an item in the bet; it was against the doing of the thing at all that Jack Brooke felt himself safe in betting; he didn't limit Bob as to time. As Syphax moved away, 'He's a horse in ten thousand,' said one—'and it's a man that rides him,' put in another; and then, Bob, having got a little clear of the crowd, there was a hurrah that made Syphax strike forward as if a whip had cracked at his haunches. We went on just promiscuously, some pulling down fences, some going over them, some already on foot screeching after their horses that ran away with stirrups striking, and heads and tails up. It was a great sight. Bob rode just through seven fences, for Syphax took the bit in his teeth and couldn't be gathered. Jack Brooke's judge, myself, and the umpire, went close after and had a clear way of it. At fence No. 8, Bob got a telling hold, and lifted the beast over. We took it behind him. Next we came to a gully eighteen feet across and as many deep. Syphax took it with three feet to spare. We economised inches, and also got over, when, after some as bad ground as I ever saw, we got to Toney Smith's, his wife—who was a well-bred woman to be married to a blackguard like Toney—had herself and her daughters dressed out and ready to do the honours. Bob stopped Syphax in the tunnel, which had been cut through the house, and which had been hung with cedar and lilac and hollyhocks; he took a cup to refresh him, kissed right and left, and complimented the ladies for ten minutes. 'I feel certain I shall get through,' said he to Mrs. Smith. 'I'll be proud to hear it,' said Mrs. Smith back again; 'and if, you do, the hole in the house shall stay as it is just to keep such a grand performance in memory.' My dear Miss Minny, that heroic woman was an honour to her sex. It was not her fault that Toney aftewards built up the hole to keep out the nor-wester, and to save the walls. The family were down with rheumatism, and the roof was coming in, before she capitulated. From Toney's to the old Fort was a gullied country. Bob got over a dozen of the gullies, some of which invited us to go a little about. He came to number 13. 'If you clear that,' said I, 'Syphax beats the world. It's thirty feet if it's ten.' Bob drew up, and looked in and over. 'Give me a drink,' said he. Of course we had the conveniences. He took a strong pull, and then plashed a little into his horse's mouth. He rode back about a hundred yards, and then putting his teeth together, raised a gallop. He made it faster as he came on. His eyes looked wicked. It was beautiful to see how Syphax planted his feet from the strokes of the gallop, just on the edge, and let himself be lifted. Bob drove in the spurs. 'Go it,' we screeched. Go it he did, but the bank gave way under the hoofs. There was a struggle as if the beast had wings; but he went down to the bottom of the gully like a locomotive. We scrambled down on foot. Bob had a shoulder out of place. Syphax got up, holding out a foreleg, and puffing like a brewer groggy with the steam from his vats. You could see by the beast's countenance that the courage was knocked out of him. 'Pull my arm in,' said Bob, 'and then go back for the Alderman mare. Ride her in at the lower end of the gully, and get her here. I can ride her up that bank by taking a slant. We have twenty feet wide to do it in.' We pulled the arm in. The Alderman mare was brought. Bob mounted and tried the slant. It would have been no go, but we shouldered the mare up, and got her out. Jack Brooke's judge, a tiptop fellow, helped; his blood was up, and he had no idea of such a ride being stopped. Bob looked like Julius Cæsar when he got out, except that he was a dirty image of that elegant

Roman. Away he went with a yell, and by the time we came near him again, he was in a gentleman's garden, and trying to get out. It was a six-foot brick wall that was before him, but he had jumped it to get in, and why shouldn't he jump it to get out? We were obliged to leave our horses and climb over to see about matters. 'Brandy and fire will do it,' said the umpire. Bob took the brandy, and I tied a bundle of straw to a pea-stick. 'Back to the centre walk,' said I. Bob backed. The mare was already furious, and the blood spirting from one of her flanks. 'Put her head well to it—we'll spoil her looks, but we'll get her over.' I lit the straw with a match, and clapped the blaze to her tail. She went at the wall like a charge of shot. She made her leap too quick, and lit on the top, but she rolled to the other side instead of falling back. Bob never gave us a shout to show that his neck was safe, but we presently saw him get away with his mare strong under him. We went on after. A mile further we saw the old Fort on a hill over the river. Bob took to water, scrambling down a muddy bank; he got over with a straight swim, climbed the bank with his mare looking sleek in the legs, and whip-tailed, and rode straight to the sign-post. Most of the company, by fast riding and driving on the high roads, had already got there. Wasn't there a roar when Bob came out! The breaking of a mill-dam in a freshet is nothing to it. We got to the place as soon as possible. Bob was saying nothing. I found something was the matter, and got close to him. 'The roll out of the garden flattened me,' he said, in a weakly way, 'the mare rolled over me twice. I'm hurt inside.' This, my friends, is the story of a remarkable ride. I defy the present times to produce a Rattlesnake Bob or a Syphax. My opinion is that the breed has run out—I mean both as to men and horses."

Major Wright sighed, and drank brandy and water. As he did so several of the indefinites of the party said to each other:

"The Major bores us confoundedly. Not a soul has said a word for thirty minutes except himself."

Tom Herries, with a good deal of fervour, begged to know "if the whole-souled gentleman, who rode so well, got over the inside hurt?"

"Yes," answered the Major.

"And won the bet?"

"Certainly. But, upon my word, he won a loss. Jack Brooke's estate, it naturally turned out, was covered with mortgages. Bob came near calling Jack out when he made the discovery; but reflecting that Rattlesnake had been in the same condition, and that he had acquired a great deal of glory by his performance, he forgave Jack, and left him to mortgages, lawyers, &c. They made a clean sweep of it. As for positive losses, Bob had to pay the bet that he made on riding no horse but Syphax; then he had to owe Toney Smith for damage to his house. I assure you the winner lost in the business."

"It was a great ride," said Tom; "what became of Rattlesnake Bob?"

"Tom, my boy, you seem to be interested," said the gracious Major. "Bob went out of the world shabbily for a fine gentleman. At a convivial party, some bets passed as to the time one could stand on his head. Rattlesnake Bob, in the midst of the best society in Virginia, made a bet, and undertook to win it. He was to stand on his head twenty minutes. He was so unfortunate as to smother at the end of three."

Andrew Blair had listened to the narrative of the ride, with an inattention, which his host construed into a rebuke of the Major's coarseness. Minny had listened with a good deal of interest. Perfectly refined people are not so fastidious as those who are climbing into "society" are apt to imagine; and this fair girl, moreover, had a weakness on the subject of horses and bold horsemanship. Whilst Minny said a kindly word to the Major, Tom Herries, ignorant of the rebuke of his father's looks, drank a brimmer to the memory of Rattlesnake Bob. Then Tom mused. Presently he said in a loud voice, from a distance of several seats:

"Miss Minny, could you stand on your head twenty minutes?"

There was a dead silence. Minny slowly lifted her eyes, and, like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, would have killed him with a stare, if Tom had been capable of being killed. Andrew Blair, quickened out of some absorbing meditations, looked surprised and shocked. John Herries bit his lips and was about to speak, when his wife left her seat, and inviting Minny to accompany her, withdrew. Major Wright laughed enjoyingly. Tom, as soon as the ladies were gone, became quite boisterous. The Major humored him. Black looks are nothing, where full cups have done their work; those of John Herries were impotent. Tom got from his chair, and coming to a wall, attempted to stand on his head.

"I'll bet fifty I can do it—for twenty minutes—if the wall's allowed," said Tom Herries.

"Come—come—my fine lad," said the Major. "Do you think that nobody's drunk but yourself?"

"Take Tom to his room," said the host controlling his rage, which yet gave a hissing sound to his voice. The servants, going about this task quietly, succeeded. Tom lost his bet: but no one had taken it.

John Herries saw that a great shock had been given to his project of a marriage between his

son and the neice of his guest. Andrew Blair's countenance displayed this clearly enough. It was time to resort to a remedy. He called a servant.

"Give me that middle picture," he said quietly.

The servant brought it. It was one of the series illustrative of the Dream of Eugene Aram. Aram, with the ghastly face, which I have spoken of already in noticing these paintings, bore on his back a dead man. A few drops of blood on the hair of the corpse, were so naturally painted that they seemed to be in reality drops of blood.

"The obscure artist who imagined that face," said Herries, holding the picture before Andrew Blair, "must indeed have been full of genius, and yet he died without the least fame."

"Terrible—terrible"—muttered Blair with a growing pallour.

"And this," said Herries, with words as clearly toned as they were deadly in their purpose, "this must positively be blood. Let us see."

Slowly he drew from a pocket a long knife, of an old fashion. He opened with deliberation the single blade—rubbed at some spots which seemed to have been rusted into it near the haft—and began scraping at the blood drops on the picture. The eyes of Andrew Blair protruded. They were no longer fixed on Eugene Aram and the dead man. They saw nothing but the knife. Presently their lids quivered, some faint streaks ran in zig-zags between them and the blanched cheeks, and the old man sank in his chair.

"I have gone too far," muttered Herries, springing from his seat.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE SKYLARKS.

AIR—"*The Two Birds.*"

A maiden sat at her cottage door,
And watched the skylark upward soar,
And "ah!" she sighed, "were I but free,
To rise to heaven sweet bird like thee!

"For o'er my heart a sadness comes,
And all my swelling soul benumbs,
It brings the tear-drop to mine eye,
And from my bosom wrings a sigh!

"Bright bird of morn! on airy wings,
And filled with sweet imaginings,
He cleaves the cloudland to return,
Where low his nest lies in the fern.

"Ah, happy bird! could I like thee,
But have one heart to beat for me,
I'd chase my sadness and be gay,
With joyous songs the livelong day!"

THE EPIGRAM.

We assure our readers that we are not particularly covetous of the *jus trium liberorum*; but as they have been pleased to receive very graciously our former contributions, and as we have "a few more left of the same sort," we shall make another draft upon our stock of epigrams, promising, most religiously, not to trouble them any further, during the current month.

We begin with our illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin, and the Powder Magazine at Purfleet; whence originated the famous controversy as to *pointed* and *blunt* conductors, in which His Royal Highness, George III. personally engaged, and in respect to which—to use Franklin's own words—the disputants became "as much heated about this *one point*, as the Jansenists and Molinists were about the *five*." The circumstance gave origin to the witty epigram which has been ascribed to Chatham:

While great George does knowledge hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
  His empire's out of joint;
But Franklin a wiser course pursues,
And George's thunder fearless views,
  By *sticking to the point.*

This jeu d'esprit reminds us of the line which was written by Turgot, comptroller-general of finance to Louis XVI, for the portrait of Franklin.

Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

He stripped the lightning of its fiery wings,
And wrung the sceptre from unrighteous kings.

That is a fine conception—it ought to be—for it was borrowed from Milton's epigram "in inventorem Bombardae":

Japetionidem laudavit caeca vetustas,
  Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
  Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Prometheus' art, the ancients praised,
  Who filched from Jove a coal of fire,
The wight who hooked his thunderbolts,
  Deserves to rank some notches higher.

Our next citation leads us into the domain of theology, where we encounter the venerable name of Paraeus, who is said to have been "the Alpha of the Calvinists," as Hutterus was "the Beta of the Lutherans." We find the following description of him, under his portrait.

Augustinus eras calamo, Chrysostomus ore,
  Verbi aperire potens mystica sensa Dei.
Fulmen eras Latiae turbae, quae Numen adorat
  Romanum, et lapides, lignaque muta colit.

A Chrysostom in eloquence, an Austin with his pen,
He pierced the most mysterious truths with superhuman ken.
A flaming thunderbolt he was, empowered with all to cope
Who worshipped virgins, stocks, or stones, the devil, or the pope.

We commend the following to the musical fraternity—an epigram by Coleridge "on a volunteer singer:"

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

The sixteenth century gloried in the fame of three poets named Amaltheo, who were brothers. They published a joint collection of poems. The following was written on seeing two children of rare beauty, each of whom had lost an eye.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro:
Et poterat forma vincere uterque deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori;
Sic tu caecus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Acon n'a pas l'œil droit, ni Léonille l'autre:
Leur beauté sur les Dieux, las! eût gagné le prix.
En faveur d'une sœur, beau gars, cédez le vôtre;
Pres de l'aveugle Amour nous reverrons Cypris.

Fair Acon and Leonille, blind of one eye,
With gods in the charms of their beauty may vie;
Could Acon but give his bright eye to the other,
He Cupid would be, and she Venus his mother.

Barreux, who spent most of his life as a voluptuary, reformed towards its close. A wag, who doubted the sincerity of his conversion, offered congratulations in an epigram.

Des Barreux, ce vieux debauché
Affecte une réforme austére;
Il ne s'est pourtant retranché
Que ce qu'il ne sçaurait plus faire.

Des Barreux, that old debauchee,
Affects to be converted,
Pretends that he deserts his sins,
When they have him deserted.

Dr. Barrow was a zealous loyalist, and labored most strenuously to effect the restoration of the Stuarts. When Charles II. ascended the throne it was confidently expected that Barrow would be made a bishop; but he was disappointed—as the following lines from his own pen will show:

Te magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo;
Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

None more than I thy call from exile sought,
Nor shared so little in the bliss it brought.

An incident is related of this divine, which may interest the reader. He preached, on a certain occasion, in Westminster Abbey. "Here I must inform the reader," says Dr. Pope, "that it is a custom for the servants of the church upon all holydays, Sunday excepted, betwixt the sermon and evening prayers, to show the tombs and effigies of the kings and queens in wax to the meaner sort of people, who then flock thither from all quarters of the town. These perceiving Dr. Barrow in the pulpit after the hour was past, and fearing to lose that time in hearing, which they thought they could more profitably employ in receiving; these, I say, became impatient, and caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had *blowed him down*." It ought to be mentioned in palliation of this *emeute* on the part of the servants, that the doctor, on one occasion, preached three hours and a half; and when asked whether he was not tired, replied, "Yes indeed, I began to be weary with *standing so long*."

Bellay, better known as Langey, who lived during the reign of Francis I., was equally distinguished as a writer and a warrior. Here is his epitaph:

Ci gît Langey, qui de plume et d'épée,
A surmonté Cicéron et Pompée.

Here Langey lies, whose martial skill
Great Pompey's fame surpassed,—
An author, too, whose writings will
All Cicero's outlast.

A better one has been attributed to Joachim du Bellay.

Hic situs est Langaeus! nil ultra quaere, viator;
Nil melius dici, nil potuit brevius.

Stop, traveller, and drop a tear
O'er Langey's bones that moulder here.
He needs no verse to tell his fame,
His best eulogium is—his name.

Charles Lamb, among his other facetiae, attempted to identify the Chinese with the Celtes, (Sell-Teas,) on etymological principles, and to prove that the Manchou, (Man-chew,) Tartars were cannibals. This reminds us of the school of etymologists, whose fanciful derivations provoked the satire of Cailly.

Alfana vient d'*equus* sans doubte;
Mais il avouer aussi,
Qu'en venant de-là jusq'ici,
Il a bien changé sur la route.

Alfana—Mare—from equus came,
The fact you seem to doubt.
But hold, good sir, her former name
Was changed upon the route.

Campistron, to whose misfortunes we have already referred, united with Colasse, musician to the King of France, in the preparation of an opera—the Achille—of which the former composed the words, and the latter the music. The

opera proved a failure, for which, of course, the authors blamed each other.

Entre Campistron et Colasse
Grand débat s'émut au Parnasse,
Sur ce que l'Opera n'eut pas un sort heureux;
De son mauvais succès nul ne se crut coupable.
L'un dit que la musique est plate et misérable,
L'autre que la conduite et les vers sont affreux;
Et le grand Apollon, toujours juge équitable,
Trouve qu'ils ont raison tous deux.

'Twixt Campistron and old Colasse
Affairs had come to such a pass,
They roused Apollo with their clatter,
And brought him down to try the matter.
"This Campistron, the fool," cries one,
Has all my precious work undone,
Apollo's lyre could not exempt
His wretched nonsense from contempt."
"Hold there, Colasse!" cries Campistron,
"I'm not to blame—the fault's your own,
Your horrid music (woe's the day!)
Jarred with my lines and spoilt the play."

"Enough, good friends," the God replied,
"The facts are proved on either side;
Such music and such lines, alone or joined together,
Your opera would damn, in spite of wind or weather."

Bossuet, in an address to his clergy, happened to quote a passage from Balaam; upon which Faydit, who was no friend to the bishop, penned a squib, as follows:

Un auditeur un peu Cynique
Dit tout haut, en bâillant d'ennui,
Le Prophete Balaam est obscur aujourd' hui;
Qu'il fasse parler sa bourrique,
Elle s'expliquera plus clairement que lui.

A cynic hearer goes, one day,
To listen to the great Bossuet.
For proof he cites the prophet Balaam.
"The prophet's words' obscure you say,
(The hearer cries) then cease your bray,
And let the prophet's ass explain 'em."

Henri III. of France, had, for his device, a head with three crowns, and the motto, Manet ultima cœlo. The first two were the crowns of Poland and France—and thereby hangs an epigram.

Qui dederat binas, unam abstulit; altera nutat;
Tertia tonsoris nunc facienda manu.

Who gave you two, has taken one,
The second nods to fall;
Up quick, and for the barber run,
Or soon you'll lose them all.

The cardinal, De Guise, repeated this distich to Henri, and added that he would be happy to see that last crown placed upon his head by the Capuchins—a joke for which the king never forgave him.

Cambden's Brittania furnished the first complete description of the British Islands; yet, if we may credit a contemporary epigrammatist, he did not do ample justice to the Scots and Hibernians.

Perlustras Anglos oculis, Cambdene, duobus,
Uno oculo Scotos, caecus Hibernigenas.

Cambden, avec deux yeux observe des Anglois,
Le caractére et le genie;
Quand il décrit l'Ecosse, il ressemble à Cocles,
Enfin il est aveugle, en peignant l'Hibernie.

O'er England's plains and fairy nooks
With both his eyes great Cambden looks,
Bleak Scotia's hills he sees with one,
For Erin's beauties he has none.

Campistron shared the same fate as Corneille. His last pieces, among which was *Le Triomphe d'Hercule*, were his worst. Hence the following epigram:

A force de forger, on devient forgeron;
Il n'en est pas ainsi du pauvre Campistron;
Au lieu d'avancer, il recule
Voyez Hercule!

The brawny blacksmith—forced to work for hire—
By dint of practice at his blazing fire,
Acquires the art his customers to please,
But Campistron, poor soul, his works confess
"Small by degrees and beautifully less,"
Vide his last poor job—the Hercules.

The following epitaph on Réné Chopin, a distinguished civilian of the sixteenth century, is interesting for its attempt at Latin rhyme.

Chopinus hic cubat
Memoriae thesaurus et penus legum,
Tota Gallia nunc gemit Chopinum,
Andi municipes gemunt alumnum,
Cives Parisii gemunt patronum,
Quem nunc Elisii tenent colonum.

The story of the Roman daughter has often been prettily told—never more so than in the quatrain which was affixed by a Flemish engraver to a copy of Rubens' celebrated painting.

Discite quid sit amor! Lactat pia gnata parentem,
Quem miseranda fames et fera vincla premunt.
Tantus amor fertur vitam meruisse Cimoni,
Sicque fuit patri filia facta parens.

We are almost disposed to ask pardon for introducing into this farrago an epitaph on the illustrious father of Hebrew philology.

Inclita magnum oculum amisit Germania; quando
Reuchlinus superos (morte ferente) petit.

When Reuchlin soared to heaven's eternal throne,
Fair Germany's great eye of light was gone.

We have before us another, of which we can give only the translation.

By skill in Hebrew, Greek and Latin lore,
Our Reuchlin lived as saint and sage of yore.
Pleased, yet surprised, great Jove beheld on high

A frail man solve learning's last mystery;
And sent him his diploma straight from heaven,
Such praise to triple scholarship is given, etc.

The Abbé Maury, coadjutor arch-bishop of Paris, was a man of bad private character. He died in Rome, 1817, and was carried off by a scorbutic affection, which so disfigured his features, that in laying him out, as is the custom with the bodies of dignitaries of the church, on a *lit de parade*, they were obliged to mask his face. Pasquin seized on the circumstance to write his epitaph:—

"Qui giace Maury, Gallo porporato,
Qui vivo e morto fu sempre mascherato."

"To write the truth of him who lieth here were an uncommon task,
Alike in life and death he wore and wears a mask."

But we must stop lest our readers should think that, like Dogberry, we are growing tedious, although, "for our own part, if we were as tedious as a king, we could find in our heart to bestow all our tediousness upon your worships."

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Before the following letter can be laid before our readers, they will, doubtless, have learned the result of the election in France. If Louis Napoleon be elected, as our correspondent demonstrates, it will be interesting to see the causes which led to his success; if, however, some other candidate should be the fortunate man, it will be curious to observe how the most reasonable predictions may be falsified. In either event, our correspondent's political reflections will be read with avidity.—[*Ed. Mess.*

PARIS, NOVEMBER 16, 1848.

"A master! a master! Give us a master!" is now the thought and the aim, if not the open cry of all sensible Frenchmen who take a patriotic part in the political affairs of their country.

A sad and humiliating condition this, for a leading nation of Christendom in the middle of the nineteenth century. France is a second time reduced to it, for having a second time mistaken her wants and her aptitudes: for having again committed the error of supposing that discontent with one order of things implied fitness for another, and that it must needs be a less difficult thing to maintain freedom than to win it. She willed the Republic,—she tried it, and behold, the wisest and best men are already invoking despotism to rescue France from the fangs of anarchy.

Yes, Reaction has made large strides within a few weeks. Already it well nigh scorns disguise. It almost declares itself aloud in the street, at the tribune, from the press; proclaiming its anti-republican feelings, hopes and ends. If discretion yet counsels some reserve in the announcement of these ends, they are not the less definite, nor the means to attain them less promptly seized. The republic is despaired of. It is no longer looked to as able to revive confidence, maintain order, protect society, restore prosperity and realize the wishes of the patriot. What has been the consequence? It is that, via despotism, *Constitutional Monarchy* is now the end of all who supported and despair of the moderate and honest republic. The Republic of '93 reached Constitutional Monarchy after traversing in an agony which lasted forty-seven years,

The Terror,
The Consulat,
The Empire,
The Restoration.

The hope is now that the Republic of 1848 will reach the same end through the Presidency and the Empire.

This, I have no doubt, is the reasoning of the men, who, moderate, intelligent and patriotic, have, in Paris and in all the departments of France, since the date of my last, declared themselves in favor of *Louis Napoleon Bonaparte* as Presidential candidate. I spoke of him then, I think, as almost certain to be elected. The position of candidates has changed somewhat: but his has become much stronger. His election may now be deemed certain. To the category of his supporters, formerly mentioned, may be added *nearly all* the moderate republicans who it was supposed, a few weeks ago, would vote for General Cavaignac. This personage has lost even more ground than his rival has gained. The hopes that were at one time entertained of him have vanished. I partook of them, trusting that he would prove to be the man who would conduct his country through this trying crisis, and, if such result were possible, finally establish intelligent republicanism in France. My first suspicions were expressed some three or four weeks ago. They are confirmed. A man of mere vulgar ambition, he failed as did Lamartine, to seize the glorious opportunity which events presented of placing himself in history beside our still unique Washington! The world will produce ten Napoleons ere another Washington will brighten the pages of its history. Soon after the late hopeful nominations which called Dufaure and Vivien to his councils, nominations which tended to centre upon him the hopes of the moderates, and which, had they been honestly vindicative of his own political tendencies, would have justified those hopes, Cavaignac com-

pletely falsified all expectations and alienated his friends among the moderates by a series of alarming nominations of an opposite character. He appointed to a most immortant post, upon which the tranquility of the capital mainly depended, Recurt, a confederate of *Fieschi*, the royal assassin. The inveteracy of his advanced republicanism, the insincerity and interested motive of his temporary separation from the dangerous men with whom he has ever held political communion were no longer to be doubted. It is asserted and denied in a manner that almost proves the assertion to be true, that on the eve of the political combination which placed Dufaure and Vivien in office, their places were offered to Ledru Rollin and Flocon. It is certain that the eliminated functionaries received their *congés* with remarkable equanimity of temper. They almost thanked their estimable friend, the chief the executive council, for relieving them from the burden of office, and they and their friends continue to exhibit toward him an affectionate reserve which argues a belief that, in acting as he did, their chief reluctantly obeyed a political necessity, whose empire would be thrown off as soon as circumstances should permit. To be sure, the prefect of the police, an advanced republican, resigned with an amusing *eclat* of red republicanism. The worthy prefect was either not in the secret of the Dufaure and Vivien nominations, or his conduct was a well devised *ruse* meant to persuade the moderates of the sincerity of the breach between Cavaignac and his old friends. It has failed of its effect. Cavaignac is still the only serious and formidable competitor with Louis Napoleon for the presidency. But his supporters will be few beyond the sphere of his official influence. If he would descend from office and base his claims upon his sole personal pretensions his chances would be null. *Pas si bete!* In spite of the puritanism which he professed he is using with as much unscrupulousness and more selfishness than Ledru Rollin all the means and appliances of power to secure his election. Telegraphs are in constant play. His agents scour the provinces. His friends, members of the National Assembly, public indignation having compelled him to abandon his project of sending them as official commissaries through the country, are voting themselves leave of absence and leaving Paris almost en masse, to electioneer in his favor. Promises are squandered with corrupt profusion. Prefects and other provincial functionaries are revoked and appointed with sole reference to their greater or less subserviency in favor of his candidacy. A pocket biography has been prepared under the especial supervision, it is said (not in the title page) of the General himself. This biography is *franked* in enormous numbers all over the republic. At whose expense? it is asked—Cavaignac is a poor man: and abuse of the secret funds is more than vaguely hinted it. Great, but it is believed, unavailing efforts are made to secure for him the votes of the army. Two copies of the biography are distributed to each officer, and two to the privates of each company. It is said to be publicly read in each company from eleven to one o'clock, and the soldier who fails to attend the reading incurs a penalty. But it all will not do. An unintelligent enthusiasm, daily more and more developing itself, is sweeping France to the support of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte! With the army and the uniutelligent, unreflecting, ardent mass of the population, Bonaparte and the empire is the *end*. A vague future of grandeur and military glory captivates their imagination and urges them on. French temperament cannot resist an attraction of this sort. The present is neither grand and imposing without, or tranquil and prosperous within. Change! Change! But beside this ardent and growing mass whose aspect is so threatening to the peace of the world, and marching with them, is a large portion of the country, and a powerful fraction of the national assembly, comprising perhaps the greatest part of the wealth, intelligence and honesty of the country, with whom Louis Napoleon is but the *means*, the Empire (if it needs must be accepted) but a temporary provisional state of transition to terminate as soon as events will permit in the reëstablishment of Constitutional monarchy. In the club of the Rue Poitiers composed of the moderate members of the National Assembly, comprising all the members who are deemed *reactionist*, Thiers, Molé, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Fould, Barrot, Berryer, Larochejacquelein, Remusat, &c., to the amount of more than two hundred, a warm friend of Cavaignac proposed that the club should declare itself and formally recommend to the county its favorite candidate. Thirty-seven only declared in favor of the project. Thiers took the floor and, in an able speech, dissuaded the members from thus committing themselves, and clearly developed the wily policy his friends are pursuing. He opened with declaring his own disinterestedness in the presidential question except as a private French citizen. He was not a candidate for the office, nor for a ministry under any future President. He knew neither Bonaparte or Cavaignac, felt no partiality for one or the other as individuals. But they were the only two competitors who had any chance of success. One of them must be accepted—the adoption of a third would only tend to divide the popular vote and throw the election into the Assembly. This was by all means to be avoided—the Assembly would infallibly elect General Cavaignac—but

his candidacy could not possibly be accepted by the "moderate party" unless certain engagements were had with him and guaranties exacted—this it was not proposed to do—the continued dangerous sympathy of the General with the advanced republicans was notorious—in the present state of things it was evident that moderate vote would be given almost unanimously to the prince Louis Napoleon—an irresistible *entrainement* was concentrating the votes of the country upon him. This *entrainement* is complained of—it is said we ought to resist it—but the moderates did not create it—they cannot control it. The advanced republicans must thank themselves alone if they see France throwing itself with enthusiasm from their embraces into the arms of Prince Louis. "Therefore," concluded M. Thiers," no candidate in the name of the moderates! A nomination of Cavaignac without guaranty is impossible—a third candidate would prevent many moderate voters from supporting Louis Bonaparte, and make certain the unconditional election of Covaignac by the Assembly. Let every one get out of the difficulty as best he can, and vote for President as his conscience shall dictate."

In a few days after this speech, the *Constitutionnel*, which is perhaps the most influential journal in France, known to be published under the inspiration of M. Thiers, declared itself in favor of the Prince Louis. The *Presse* had some weeks previously taken the lead, and is absolutely rabid in its attacks upon Gen. Cavaignac. But mortified vanity, personal spite, and mortal revenge dictate the articles of the *Presse*. They are read, laughed at, admired: but, their origin being known, they are utterly destitute of all moral influence. Emile de Girardin, editor of the Presse, enjoys here a reputation about as enviable as that of the editor of a certain leading New York journal. Delegates from a convention of departmental editors, assembled in Paris, have just decided unanimously to adopt the candidacy of Louis Napoleon. Marshal Bugeaud has formally withdrawn from the list, in order not to divide the moderate votes in the approaching election. He earnestly exhorts his friends to concentrate their support upon "a man to whom the general assent can give sufficient strength to control the present and consolidate the future." Doubt existed at first as to whom he alluded. It is now certain that he supports Prince Louis. Gen. Changarnier also declined running in order not to divide the moderate vote. Lamartine says he is not a candidate, but his patriotism will not permit him to refuse to serve if elected. The conscientious man! He has no chance whatever. None will throw away their votes upon him, except his faithful constituents of Macon, who wear his collar with remarkable unanimity and self complacency. To these, perhaps, will be added throughout the provinces, some personal friends and admirers of poetry. But History will tell that he was voted for. This will gratify his *amour propre*—and he hopes a little note will be added explaining how the worthy man was persecuted, and showing how undeservedly the fickle people dashed him from the giddy height of popularity. Raspail is no longer talked of, but he will doubtless parade at the polls on the 10th of next month, his horde of blood red democrats. Ledru Rollin holds out and is the avowed chief and candidate of the *Mountain*. He has no chance whatever of success. There is yet no sign of such a thing, but it would not surprise me, considering the skill of their tactics at all past elections, if the socialists, red republicans, and all who hold to the Republic, were to withdraw Raspail and Ledru Rollin, who cannot possibly succeed, and adopt Cavaignac, whose republicanism cannot be doubted. The General, I have no doubt, disgusted with his new friends, the "Moderates," would accept the nomination and sign the contract: not that he is ambitious of office—the disinterested man!—but merely to save the Republic from danger. For really I think that no sensible man can be a serious republican and give his vote to Prince Louis. A combination of this sort, resolutely executed, would give Gen. Cavaignac a much better chance of success than he has at present. But even that would, I think, fail.

The agitation of the red republicans, by means of banquets, is most actively prosecuted in the departments as at Paris. I must give you a specimen of their toasts:

"To the Red Republic! The Republic of the laboring man!"

"Vive Barbes! Vive Ledru Rollin! Hurrah for Hell!"

"Vive la Guillotine!

"Down with chateaux! Down with roads! Down with horses! Down with carriages!"

"To the abolition of Wages!"

"To the democratic and social Republic!"

"To Universal Fraternity!"

"To the strong men! To the men courageous and valiant in the cause of Humanity! Men whose names serve as guides, supports and examples to degenerated beings! To all those whom History calls Heroes! To Brutus! To Cataline! To Jesus Christ! To Julian the Apostate! To Attila! To all the thinkers of the middle age! To all thinkers in misfortune! To Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his pupil Maximilian Robespierre! To the democratic republicans of the present generation, Louis Blanc! Barbes! Raspail! Ledru Rollin! Proudhon! Thoré! To all the Brutuses of Royalty! To all the Gracchi of

Property! To General Association! To the Universal confederation of peoples!"

"To the Union of European Democrats!"

"To the Union of the Democrats and Socialists of all countries!"

On Friday last, I strolled out upon the Place de la Concorde. Planks and heaps of timber were scattered all over the square. Several hundred workmen were busy erecting the masts, altar, and scaffolding necessary for the Fete to be given on Sunday, in honor of the promulgation of the New Constitution. Thousands of idle workmen and spectators occupied the space without the lines, including the space in which the preparations were going on. But I observed numerous detachments of soldiers posted near, and the gardens of the Tuileries were occupied by several battalions. "Why this accumulation of troops?" I demanded.

"It is to protect the workmen," was the reply. "The workmen who are unemployed, have come up in large numbers and insist upon the retirement of those at work and the cessation of the work! Now they demand to be employed too: and that the other be dismissed. This has been refused, but to pacify them it has been promised that they shall have the clearing away of the arrangements of the fete on Monday."

Elle est belle ta Republique!

Were I a Frenchman, I should join in the cry,

A Master! A Master! Give us a Master!

W. W. M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A New-Year's Tete-a-Tete with our Patrons.

Most pensive public,—readers and patrons,—we claim the prerogative of the season to obtrude ourselves upon you in editorial plurality, for a little social converse, prefaced by the greeting of "a Happy New-Year!" To you, discerning and inexorable critic, whose reluctant commendations we have won during the past twelvemonth, we would say a word, in the comfortable atmosphere of your study, touching the present condition of periodical literature. To you, tried and fast friend of our magazine for many lustrums, whose kind encouragement has inspired our efforts and whose name is enrolled not upon the dark list of our delinquent subscribers, we have thanks to express, *ab imo pectore*, from the bottom of our heart. And into thy ear, fair feminine patron, whose fingers have turned over our pages each month (sometimes approvingly) with mother-of-pearl, we would whisper such pleasant things things as should most commend us to thy favorable regard. To win the guerdon of thy smiles, we would invoke the gift of eloquence, which fell upon our prototype of old,—the Messenger of the ancient mythology,—who, with flying hands and feet, bore around the missives of Jupiter. We move not, perhaps, with the celerity of the god, for the *talaria* were more rapid than the U. S. Mail. We are fain to hope, however, that our caduceus,—which is a steel-pen of Gillott's manufacture,—is not without its potent influences, though it wants, we trust, one property of the twisted snakes—that of putting you quietly to sleep.

The New-Year is upon us. It awakens in all thinking persons feelings similar to those occasioned by the advent of its predecessor, only deepening them into a more impressive solemnity. A review of the intervening months will show us how little we have profited by the lessons we then drew from it, while the old man with the glass and the scythe is still as relentless as when his iron reign was lamented in the lyrics of the Roman poet, eighteen centuries ago. If we would take the trouble, such of us as have cast a half-hour's retrospect upon the year just gone by, to set down our individual reflections with even tolerable fidelity, we should write out a homily, worth our while to look over and ponder in coming time. Such, however, is not now our own design. It will be more to our taste (and we doubt not to your own) to look upon the season in its mirthful point of view, as Churchill has described it in a single distich,

> "Frore January, leader of the year,
> Minced-pies in van and calves-head in the rear,"

and to consider it in its connection with Christmas, blest season of innocent enjoyment. Let us hope then that you have all spent the holidays with temperate hilarity,—the critic forgetting his vocation to be severe, the indulgent reader with keen zest for the jokes, that "come in with the candles" on Christmas Eve, and our fair friend, in the very exuberance of her joyous nature, diffusing around her the enchantment of mirth, and filling the old house with the incalculable music of laughter, whose echoes will long linger in the parental halls! Let us hope that you have, one and all, been prodigiously happy, after the manner of your forefathers, in honorable observance of one of their wisest and most ancient customs. For we regard with especial favor all the ceremonies of the time, which they have transmitted

to us,—the interchange of presents among the members of the household, the Christmas Tree, the bowl of egg-nogg and the kindly superstition of old Santa Claus, riding in his chariot above the tops of the houses and descending the chimney at midnight to dispense *bon-bons* to all good boys and girls, who hang up their stockings to receive them. We trust these rites will never fall into desuetude, for they find their origin in the affections and serve to brighten the rugged pathway of duty. By their agency, the feelings are rendered perennially fresh, and though we are but too painfully sensible of the flight of time, as each year is consigned to the irrevocable past, yet in the sports of Christmas, we find a rejuvenizing influence and we become young again for a season. Casting the mind's eye back through the shadowy vistas of memory, we see ourselves in the dim twilight of distance, as we were in the Christmas frolics of our youth, before the cares of the world had environed us or one stain had fallen upon the tablets of our hearts, and we enter unreservedly into the amusements of the little children around our firesides, and speak and think and act even as before we had put away childish things!

But we are interrupted here by the exclamations of our patrons, who desire to take part in our *tete-a-tete*.

"Sir," says our critic, "your rhetoric is atrocious, and if you persist in mixing your figures, as in the last sentence, I'll have no more of it."

"Go on," says our indulgent reader, "go on!"

"Good Mr. Editor," interposes the silvery voice of our fair friend, "you are talking of Christmas, without reflecting that it has gone by and there's an end of it. Consider too that the subject has been treated fully by Wilson and Irving."

To the querulous objection to our rhetoric, we shall not reply. Its author is the very Iago of literature, and is "nothing if not critical."

For the encouraging plaudit of our indulgent reader, we are truly grateful.

And to you, sweet lady, we would say that your remark is not without reason, for Christmas had been most extensively "*done*" in the magazine line, before we assumed the calling of an editor. Yet in view of this and of the indisputable fact that the happy day, with all its delightful concomitants (gastronomical and otherwise) has gone to return no more, we must be pardoned for dwelling upon it a little longer. For we have no hesitation in saying that if we could adequately depict the delights of a certain Christmas we spent a few years since, if we did but lay down the outlines, as Retzsch in his delineations of the old ballads, we should produce a domestic piece that Christopher North might look upon with satisfaction and Geoffrey Crayon with envy.

— It was a country Christmas, in cismontane Virginia, where the houses are all remarkable for fine names and large hospitality. There were great roaring fires in the chimney-places, and arm-chairs with damask cushions in the parlors, which might have stood in a Pictorial Dictionary as the symbolical definition of luxury, and the cookery was so effectively managed as to recall the apostrophe made by Sidney Smith, the Apicius of the Edinburgh Review, to a dinner of the nineteenth century. The dishes were the poetry of the kitchen and they were flanked by decanters of "wine, as rich in years as Horace sings." All these were but the accessories to the enjoyment of the charming society of the family. But hold! we shall not commit such a profanation of the Lares as to "print" our most kind and generous entertainers. If their eyes should wander over these pages and they should read what we do here relate, perchance they may remember how we passed the joyous moments of that happy time. The ladies will recollect how merry we were in making the egg-nogg, and how we arranged the Christmas Tree with all manner and variety of impossible fruit and hung the festal lights in its branches, and how we danced all the week long and wrote charades and sonnets on the departing year! And when at last the year left us, amid snow and wind, we were loth to lose him, and caught at his skirts, in the spirit of Mr. Tennyson's song,

> "He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
> A jollier year we shall not see,
> But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
> And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
> He was a friend to me!
> Old year, you must not go.
> So long as you have been with us,
> Such joy as you have seen with us,
> Old year, you shall not go!"

Alas! several years have glided by into the shadowy land, since that holiday! May all future holidays prove to us and to you, gracious readers, as pleasing and delightsome!

But we must put an end to our Christmas phantasmagoria, or the light will go out in our magic-lantern before we have exhibited all our apparitions,—or, to be less figurative and more intelligible, we must hasten to speak of other matters, to which we have already casually alluded.

There could be no more interesting and instructive volume, in the range of literary *desiderata*, than a history of English periodical literature, from its origin to the present time, and we are surprised that the subject has never sugges-

ted itself to the consideration of authors. In connection with this, it would surely not be an idle task to inquire into the extent of its influence at this day, to show what offices it subserves and to set forth the duties and responsibilities that attach to its conductors. The influence of the periodical press is undoubtedly great, commensurate, perhaps, with that of the newspaper press or the hustings. It is true that the magazine does not immediately affect the action of men, in the practical working of political institutions, as the newspaper or the popular orator. But in the political wisdom which it embodies (we speak of the periodical press in its largest sense) and in the inculcation of broad views of society and of the race, it operates on minds that "move the world." It is thus, in shaping the intellect, and, to some extent, in forming the character, that its influence though unperceived, is most powerful. It is at once the conservator of public morals, and the exponent of a new and recognized philosophy, and may be said to sustain the same relation to the hustings, that the Porch and the Academy in the age of Pericles, bore to the rostrum, that "fulmined over Greece."

It is a curious fact, and one not very generally considered, that the periodical press of our day, in its manifold publications, unites in itself many offices that in former days have been kept apart. The great modern Essayist tells us that it was the crowning glory of Addison to have "reconciled wit and virtue after a long and painful separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism." This reconciliation was effected in those remarkable sheets,—the origin of our reviews and magazines,—which served up the follies of the age of Queen Anne, to be discussed with the rolls upon the breakfast-tables of the metropolitans. Since that day, the magazine has been both the teacher and the toy, the prophet and the plaything, the guide and the jester of the reading public. To us it is what the Coffee-House was to the literary man of an earlier period,—a medium through which he may commune with the best thinkers and choicest wits of his time. Instead of the Grecian and Will's, the Englishman has now Blackwood and the Edinburgh, and he receives the wisdom and pleasantry of his distinguished literary countrymen through their pages, as of yore the chosen few caught the remarks of Dryden at his accustomed evening resort.

But perhaps the most interesting purpose of the periodical press is discharged in developing the literary taste and eliciting the latent talent of the country. It may with safety be said that by far the most valuable and permanent portion of the literature of Europe and America, for many years past, has been transmitted to the public through the reviews and magazines. To sustain this position, we might refer to Hazlitt, Campbell, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Legaré, Everett, and a host of others. And we might take a step further and assert that to a certain extent the review was not only the *vehicle* but the *cause* of the intellectual effort. If this be granted, it follows that periodicals are most useful, in the highest walk of usefulness, awakening the powers of the mind to an energy, which might not otherwise be kindled, rendering more delicate the perception of intellectual beauty, inducing "an innocent homage to the sweet idols of art," and causing to be spread around us those tranquil delights that find their source only in a refined and flourishing literature.

It is in this view of the case, as connected with the growth and establishment of a wide intellectual domain among us, that we regard with so much interest the success of periodicals in the Southern States. We do profess to be zealous in behalf of Southern proficiency in all that tends to ennoble and dignify mankind. Fourteen years has the Messenger toiled with unremitting assiduity in this cause—fourteen years has it contended with circumstances the most adverse and discouraging, that through its humble instrumentality the South might produce something of enduring value in the world of letters, something worthy of its great mental resources. In looking over the field of the Messenger's labors, the present Editor is glad to think that its mission has not been altogether unregarded, and that he can discern, here and there, unerring signs of increasing attention to the cause of literature. The SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW, since its resuscitation a few years since, has put forth papers of a most meritorious character, as in the palmy days, when Charleston had grown almost Athenian in literary acumen,—our friend and contemporary, DE BOW, contrives to cultivate the exotics of poesy among the cotton plants of Louisiana and to mingle polite learning with the dry statistics of a mercantile magazine,—and within the past year, a most deserving weekly Journal, the SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE, has been started in Georgia, and bids fair to attain the highest rank of excellence. Brethren of the Southern periodical press, we are co-workers in a great design,—let us put away from us all envyings and evil-speakings, let us bear each other's burdens, and work patiently after our purpose, and when at last the South shall take her position in the rolls of literary distinction, as one by one the stars of her galaxy appear, let us hail them,

"like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."

By unity of action, we shall thus effect a splendid result, elevating the aims of the Southern intellect, allaying the agitations of party strife, and working out a high social agency by banishing from among us that bane of all improvement,—"cheap literature," "if that can be called cheap in any sense of the term, (as President Everett has so well remarked) which begins by costing a man his eyesight, and, if it have any influence, must, much of it, end in depraving his taste and subverting his morals."

People of the South! We appeal to you in behalf of your literary magazines, give them not a meagre and reluctant support,—they are your representatives in the great colleges of civilization,—by them ye are judged, and as they are entitled to critical regard, so your taste is rated. You are supporting by your patronage much the greater portion of Northern periodical literature; will you not yield to your own the same favorable notice? We ask not that your subscriptions should be withdrawn from Northern magazines to be bestowed upon us. Not at all. Many of our Northern contemporaries are most worthy of your favor, but while you are keeping them alive, do not refuse us the vital *aura* of your Five Dollars per annum!

Most pensive public, a word about the Messenger. It is now entering its Fifteenth Volume. Thanks to you, it is firmly established upon an enduring basis. The new and costly dress in which the present number appears is the surest evidence of the editor's confidence that he can maintain its reputation. He would most earnestly beg of the Messenger's friends, however, their best efforts to increase its circulation, by which means alone he can hope to make it what it should be—a magazine worthy, in all respects, of the great section of the union whose name it bears,—a mirror in which Southern taste and learning shall be faithfully and accurately reflected. This substantial assistance is the more urgently solicited from the consideration that the Editor has not deemed it proper to resort to the ordinary expedients of wholesale puffing and tawdry decorations to catch the popular eye, but has placed the work before the public *solely upon its own merits*, believing that simple excellence would sooner or later be sought after for its intrinsic value. Is it asking too much, then, of those who wish well to the Messenger, to invite them to make an effort to enlarge its list of subscribers? With proper exertions on their part, the Editor would be enabled to publish such a magazine as the South might well point to with feelings of honest pride. In the pursuance of this purpose, he entreats public favor and patronage, only promising that his best energies shall be called forth for its ultimate accomplishment.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

BRIEF APPEAL TO PUBLIC OPINION, in a series of Exceptions to the course and action of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1844 to 1848, affecting the rights and interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. By H. B. Bascom, A. L. P. Greene, and C. B. Parsons, Southern Commissioners for the settlement of the Property Question between the two Churches. Louisville, Ky. Published by John Early, Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Morton and Griswold, Printers. 1848.

Such is the cumbrous title of a pamphlet of about 200 pages, which has been on our table for sometime past. It was written, we presume, by *Doctor Bascom*. Who else could have written such a book? It seems to have grown out of a very spirited, not to say acrimonious controversy, which has raged with but little abatement, ever since the General Conference of 1844, held in the City of New York; at which time, there was, by consent of parties, a division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, into two separate and independent church organizations. This division grew out of the great Slavery Question. A Plan of Separation, as it is called, was adopted by the Conference, securing equal rights and privileges to each branch of the Church, and providing for an equitable division of all the property and funds of the Church. Commissioners were also appointed under the Plan, for both branches of the Church, who were authorized as agents of the Conference to divide the property, according to the provisions of the deed of separation. The Southern Commissioners, it seems, held themselves in readiness to proceed with the work assigned to them, but the Commissioners of the Northern branch of the church refused to act in the premises. The result was, four years elapsed without any thing having been done for the adjustment of the question at issue between the contracting parties. At the late General Conference of the Methodist E. Church, held in the city of Pittsburgh, in May last, the whole Plan of Separation adopted in 1844, was, by a formal act of the Conference declared a "nullity," because of the alleged failure of the Annual Conferences to recommend, by a three-fourths majority, the division of the funds vested in the New York Book Concern, amounting to six hundred thousand dollars. The Northern Commissioners were disbanded by this act of abrogation, and the great property question seems to have been given a sort of diplomatic go-by, so far as any action of the Conference was concerned. The course of the General Conference touching the matter, seems to have been regarded by the Southern portion of the church, as a reckless violation of good faith, and moral principle, in the infringement of a compact which could not in honor and justice be dissolved but by the mutual consent of the original contracting parties. The action of the Conference was wholy *exparte*, there being no delegation from the South in the General Conference. In this view of the subject the Southern Commissioners feel aggrieved; and abandoning all hope of justice at the hands of their Northern brethren, they raise a series of Exceptions to their course, and appeal to public opinion in support of the equity of their claims; and in the pamphlet before us, these Exceptions are sustained by the fullest and clearest documentary evidence, and the appeal made in a language that stirs one's blood, and excites the strongest indignation. We have indeed but rarely, if ever read such a publication. And if the Northern branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, does really occupy the ground, in this controversy, that is

charged upon it here, then there is indeed something to justify such language as the following, in application to it, which we find scattered pretty freely through this pamphlet—"The firmness, consistency, moderation and dignity of strong moral conviction—of fixed religious principle—are no where to be found among them; all is agitation, caprice, passion and resentment." Again,—"We rejoice that we sustain to the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) the relation we do, that of perfect independence; because we regard the entire conduct of the Northern towards the Southern Church as essentially faithless and dishonorable; and we are most happy not to be found in such company." And again—"We show by their own witnesses that they (the Northern Church) have added deception and duplicity to the denial of right; that they have denied their own language, statements, pledges and acts; that it has been done where misconception appears impossible, and will, we are inclined to think, be generally so regarded."

All this moral dereliction of duty on the part of the Northern Church, is ascribed to the influence of *abolitionism*. Speaking of Northern interference with the subject of slavery, the writer holds this language in relation to the *Northern* Methodist Church. "It has become a pander to political agitation. It is an *Abolition* Church. It is arrayed against the laws and rights of twelve or thirteen sovereign states, which their creed, as well as civil obligation, binds them to respect, and defer to. It avows the purpose of seeking to destroy institutions and interests over which they have no control, human or divine. They denounce as utterly devilish—of purely infernal origin—what God himself *approved* in the patriarchal, expressly *authorized* in the Jewish, and has seen proper to *regulate*, without any intimation of moral obliquity, in the Christian Church. They have no fixed principles or settled views. They are the victims of a mania, constantly involving them in contradiction and inconsistency." Once more, upon this subject, the writer says, "The light and darkness of heaven and hell are scarcely in more unyielding contrast than the conduct of the Northern Methodist Church and that of Christ and his apostles, in their action on the subject of slavery." These are but specimens from the work before us. The language may be too strong. And yet the conduct of the Northern branch of the Church towards the Southern, seems to have been so illiberal and unprincipled that we can scarcely censure the severity of the language employed in this pamphlet.

A suit at law has been instituted by the Southern Commissioners for the recovery of the portion of property equitably belonging to the Southern portion of the Church.

Doctor Bascom wrote a pamphlet just after the adjournment of the General Conference of 1844, on the subject of Slavery, in defence of the South, which was spoken of by the Hon. Henry Clay, and the Hon. John C. Calhoun as one of the ablest works that this country had produced on that subject. The fact that these publications are connected with a Church controversy, which gives them a sort of denominational cast, may limit their circulation to some extent; but any one who wishes to see a full defence of the course pursued by the Southern Methodist Church in their separation from the North, and a most triumphant vindication of the institution of slavery as it exists among us, would do well to read these productions. Both may be had at the new Methodist Book Concern in this city.

THE MORAL, SOCIAL, AND PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS. By Samuel Warren, Esq., F. R. S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1849.

Mr. Warren is a charming and deservedly popular writer, and, what is remarkable, his law-books are among the most agreeable of his compositions. His "Practical Introduction to Law Studies," published some years since, we regard as the very best volume of the kind that has ever fallen under our observation, and we have an excellent London edition of it upon our shelves, with which we are accustomed to fill up the intervals of our legal reading. The present work is an appropriate companion for it, and is marked by all the felicities of manner and gems of illustration, with which Mr. Warren knows so well how to brighten the abstruse study of the law. We trust that a copy of it may find its way into the library of every practitioner in the United States. The basis of the volume is a series of lectures delivered before the "Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom," during Trinity Term, 1848, and Mr. Warren was induced to undertake their publication by a highly complimentary resolution of the Council of this Society. We quite agree in the opinion therein expressed that "the Lectures are well calculated to maintain the station and character of the profession, and especially to stimulate and benefit its younger members, by aiding and directing their study of the Law, and promoting honorable practice."

The price of the work is without a precedent for cheapness in the history of legal book-making and such as to place it within the reach of all students and attorneys.

It may be obtained of Drinker & Morris.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. By Edwin P. Whipple. In two Volumes. New-York. D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is a fair and handsome publication in a collected form, of some of the best articles of the North American Review, for several years past. We remember to have read the greater part of them, at the time of their original appearance, with a keen curiosity excited as to their paternity. We are glad to meet with them again, in their present worthy style, and to recognize in the author Mr. Whipple, one of the raciest and most brilliant essayists of the day. The first thing that suggests itself to the reader, as he progresses with these reviews, is that Mr. Whipple's literary appetite is almost insatiable; he seems to have been an *omnivorous* reader, and to have masticated every thing in the whole larder of letters, from the palatable *morceaux* of the classics to the last crudities of the American press. Nor does he seem merely to have swallowed them, "with greediness and gluttony," but to have digested all his reading, to the clearer understanding of every subject that he sits down to discuss.

In Mr. Whipple's sentences, there is a certain Bostonian gait, that has called forth from some ingenious writer in the Literary World, an excellent article on the structure of period and paragraph.

For sale by Nash and Woodhouse.

BRACEBRIDGE HALL, or the Humorists. A Medley. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Author's Revised Edition. Complete in one volume. New York. George P. Putnam. 155 Broadway. 1849.

Mr. Putnam has now reached Vol. 6 of his new edition of Irving's Complete Works. We are sure we need say nothing in praise of "Bracebridge Hall," the book which made Geoffrey Crayon a household word at the firesides of two nations. It is sufficient to remind the old admirers of our great countryman, that it contains "The Student of Salamanca" and to say that its typography is quite equal to the sumptuous text of the foregoing volumes of the series.

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JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

Within three quarters of a century past, Humanity has achieved three very great triumphs over physical and mental misfortune. The teaching of the deaf and dumb to read and write, in 1773, at Edinburg, made Dr. Johnson conclude that such a conquest, over an infirmity seemingly irremediable, left nothing hopeless to human resolution. "After having seen the deaf taught arithmetic," says he, "who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?"—Yet in our own time, the lengths that had been gone in *his* day, are far transcended: so that to be deaf and dumb now forms, comparatively, a trivial obstacle to social enjoyments, and social usefulness. More recently, by the help of *raised* letters, the blind have had the inestimable pleasures of reading opened to them: and, by feeling along the page, are enabled to gather its meaning almost as rapidly as he who reads by sight. Thirdly comes the improved method of treating lunatics, invented by Pinel, and practised now in most or all of our American Lunatic Asylums; which substitutes kindness, fresh air, proper exercise, healthful diet, and a patient culture of the reason and of the moral feelings, for the chain, the dungeon, the ducking-stool, and the lash. An improvement by which the number of cures is quadrupled, and the sufferings of the incurable are unspeakably alleviated.

We have now to herald a yet greater wonder, to the Virginia public: a more striking, if not a more beneficent achievement of enlightened Humanity. It is the education of IDIOTS. The animation of clay seems hardly more incredible, than the extent to which MIND has been infused into such masses of stolidity. So hopeless has been the cure of idiots, so hopeless even any appreciable improvement of their condition by any process used in our Insane-Hospitals, that the Legislature of Virginia, eight years ago,* forbade any idiot to be received into either hospital. And such, we believe, has been the course in other States and countries.

But by the efforts of gifted men in France, new lights have lately been thrown upon the capabilities of those unfortunates. There is a school and hospital for them in Paris, where transformations are wrought, that appear almost miraculous. The expressionless face, the open mouth, the lolling and speechless tongue, all so eloquent of the vacant mind, the uncleanly habits, the tottering and powerless limbs and frame,—have been changed into looks of comparative intelligence, neatness of person and dress, a perfect command of the limbs, a capacity to talk, to read and write, to do works of usefulness, and even to earn a livelihood by labor!

No mysteries attend this great work. There are no nostrums of secret composition—no undivulged sleights of hand,—nor any of the other artifices, by which humbug and quackery commonly operate. The whole magic of those marvellous cures consists in patient care, with judicious, long and oft repeated efforts, in training the hands, the feet, the eyes, the ears, the touch, and the mind of the idiot subject. Ever since 1830, these efforts have been going on; indeed the system of observation which led to them began in 1828, or earlier. Messieurs VOISIN, LEURET, and SEGUIN, French physicians, appear to be the men to whose benevolence, ingenuity, and patience, mankind are mainly indebted for this inestimable alleviation of one among human nature's greatest calamities. Doctor *John Conolly*, of London, seems to have been foremost in making the improvement known in England: and Mr. *George Sumner*, of Boston, is the first American, so far as we know, who has brought it to the notice of his countrymen. The Westminster Review, for April, 1848, from which we derive all our knowledge of the subject, has an article on "The Bicêtre Asylum," made up chiefly of extracts from a book of Dr. Conolly, and a letter of Mr. S. to a friend in Boston. The letter is filled with particulars of the deepest interest. It was elicited by inquiries from Dr. Howe, of Boston—member of a commission appointed in 1846, to inquire into the condition of idiots in Massachusetts, "to ascertain their number, and whether any thing could be done for their relief."

The Bicêtre is the seat of the school for idiots, near Paris; and contains also a lunatic asylum. Dr. Conolly says,

"In the first part of the Bicêtre to which I was conducted was a school exclusively established for the improvement of the idiotic and of the epileptic, and nothing more extraordinary can well be imagined. No fewer than forty of these patients were assembled in a moderate-sized school-room, receiving various lessons and per-

* Acts of 1841, p. 45, ch. 15, § 34.

forming various evolutions under the direction of a very able schoolmaster, M. Seguin, himself a pupil of the celebrated Itard, and endowed with that enthusiasm respecting his occupation before which difficulties vanish. His pupils had been all taught to sing to music, and the little band of violins and other instruments by which they were accompanied, was formed of the old almsmen of the hospital. But all the *idiotic* part of this remarkable class also sang without any musical accompaniment, and kept excellent time and tune. Both the epileptic and idiotic were taught to write, and their copy-books would have done credit to any writing school for young persons. Numerous exercises were gone through, of a kind of military character, with perfect correctness and precision. The youngest of the class was a little idiot boy of five years old, and it was interesting to see him following the rest, and imitating their actions holding out his right arm, left arm, both arms, marching to the right and left at the word of command, and to the sound of a drum beaten with all the lively skill of a French drummer by another idiot, who was gratified by wearing a demi-military uniform. All these exercises were gone through by a collection of beings offering the smallest degree of intellectual promise, and usually left, in all asylums, in total indolence and apathy."

Mr. Sumner thus groups together some of the wonderful results of the new system:

"During the past six months I have watched, with eager interest, the progress which many young idiots have made, in Paris, under the direction of M. Seguin, and at Bicêtre under that of Messrs. Voisin and Vallée, and have seen, with no less gratification than astonishment, nearly one hundred fellow-beings who, but a short time since, were shut out from all communion with mankind, who were objects of loathing and disgust,—many of whom rejected every article of clothing,—others of whom, unable to stand erect, crouched themselves in corners and gave signs of life only by piteous howls,—others, in whom the faculty of speech had never been developed,—and many, whose voracious and indiscriminating gluttony satisfied itself with whatever they could lay hands upon, with the garbage thrown to swine, or with their own excrements;—these unfortunate beings—the rejected of humanity, I have seen properly clad, standing erect, walking, speaking, eating in an orderly manner at a common table, working quietly as carpenters and farmers; gaining, by their own labor, the means of existence; storing their awakened intelligence by reading one to another: exercising towards their teachers and among themselves the generous feelings of man's nature, and singing in unison songs of thanksgiving."

Our readers must not fail to read the following long extract from Mr. Sumner's letter; containing, in fact, its main substance. All that we have said was meant but to introduce and recommend this extract:

"Let us take a young idiot, in whom scarce any of the senses appear developed; who is abandoned to the lowest passions, and who is unable to walk or to execute voluntary movements. He is brought to Bicêtre, and placed at once in the class of those boys who are executing the moving power. Here, with about twenty others, who have already learned to act somewhat in unison, he is made, at first by holding and guiding his arms and feet, and afterwards by the excitement of imitation, to follow the movements of his companions. These, at the order of the teacher, go through with various steps and movements of the head, arms and feet, which at the same time that they give wholesome exercise to the animal part of the system, develope the first personal sentiment, that of rest and immobility. After this, the class is made. at the word of command, to designate various parts of the body. On the 20th of January, the number of this class was eighteen; some of whom had been several months under treatment; others of whom had been just attached to it. The teacher, 1st, indicated, with his hand, a part of the body,—as head, arm, hand, face, hair, eyes, and named it aloud; the children repeated the movement and touched the part. 2nd. The teacher designated, with the voice, a part which the idiot touched. 3rd. He designated a part by gesture, and the pupils named it aloud. There are many, of course, who are slow to do this, but the love of imitation, and the care of teachers, produce, in time, the necessary regularity of movement; the organ of speech has yet, however, to be developed in others.

"A complete series of gymnastic exercises, adapted to the various necessities which the physiological examination has established for each case, is now followed up; the result of which is, to create an equilibrium between the muscular and the over-excited nervous system, to fatigue the idiot sufficiently to procure him a sound and refreshing sleep, and to develope his general intelligence. At the same time, the hygeienic treatment, adapted to his peculiar case, is applied. He is exposed to the light of the sun, to fresh air—is made to go through frequent ablutions, and is warmly clad. In most cases a tonic diet is adopted, and he is placed at table where the monitors, by dint of industry and example, teach him to eat as do those around him.

"The next step is to educate the senses, beginning with that of feeling; and beginning with this, inasmuch as it is the sense by which the idiot acquires most readily a knowledge of external objects, long before his eye is accustomed to fix their image, or his ear to listen to sounds. Smell and taste are next cultivated; the former by presenting to the pupil various odors, which at first make no impression whatever, rose and assafœtida being received with equal favor. By degrees, and as the harmony of the functions is restored, and the intellectual activity developed, this sense is awakened, and lends again its aid to awaken others. The sense of taste is roused in the same manner, by placing in the mouth various substances, alternately, sapid and acid, bitter and sweet.

"The power of speech, so imperfect in all, is the most difficult to develope; but a method, improving upon that which Pereira practised, in

1760, and which has been since successfully followed up in Germany, has been adopted at Bicêtre, and also in the private practice of Seguin, with great success. This is, however, the part of idiot education that proceeds the slowest, and which, more than any other, except, perhaps, the moral treatment, requires, the greatest attention, patience and intelligence on the part of the teacher.

"The sight is next cultivated; and here, as indeed in every part of this miracle of instruction, great difficulties were at first encountered. The eyes of the idiot are often perfectly formed, but he sees nothing—they fix no object. The organ he possesses—but it is passive and dormant. The senses of smell and taste have been developed by direct action upon them; that of touch, by putting the hand in contact with different bodies; the stagnant eye of the idiot cannot, however, be moved by the hand of another. The method employed is due to the ingenuity of Seguin. He placed the child in a chamber, which was suddenly darkened, so as to excite his attention,—after which, a small opening in a shutter let in a single ray of light, before which various objects, agreeable to the pupil, arranged upon slides, like those of a magic lantern, were successively passed. The light, and its direction, having once attracted his attention, was then, by a change of the opening in the shutter, moved up and down, to the right and left, followed in most cases, by his heretofore motionless eyeballs. This is succeeded by exercises of gymnastics, which require the attention of the eye to avoid, not a dangerous bruise, but a disagreeable thump; games of balls and battledores are also used to excite this sense. Another means employed, is to place yourself before the idiot, fix his eye by a firm look, varying this look according to various sentiments; pursuing, for hours even, his moving but unimpressed orbit; chasing it constantly, until finally it stops, fixes itself and *begins to see*. After efforts of this kind, which require a patience and a superiority of will that few men possess, the first reward comes to the teacher himself, for his identity is recognised by other means than the touch, and he catches the first beam of intelligence that radiates from the heretofore benighted countenance.

"The number of pupils in the school has varied, for some time past, from eighty to one hundred. At 5 o'clock they rise, and pass half an hour in washing, combing and dressing; the monitors, pupils more advanced, aiding those whose instruction is but recently commenced. They then pass into the hall of classes, and range themselves in a double line—no easy task for the beginners—when they sing a simple morning prayer, repeated to them by the teacher. After this, they make their first breakfast of a simple slice of bread. The class for the education of the senses now begins and fills up the time till 8¼, A. M. In the 1st or highest division, several occupy themselves with face and landscape drawing; and others, less advanced, with geometrical drawing upon the black-board. The 3rd division, divided into sections, is of those who are exercising the senses of smell, taste, sight, and observing color and form by the method I have before described. The sense of hearing is exercised, among other means, by the pupil's learning to distinguish and name, while blindfolded, the natural sounds as produced by the cords of a bass-viol. Meanwhile, the youngest class of eighteen or twenty is going through its elementary gymnastics of the moving power.

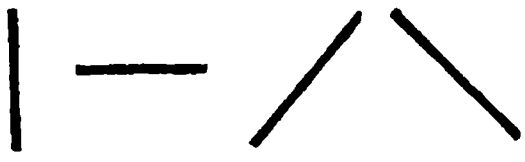
"From 8¼ to 9, A. M., is taken up by the study of *numeration* and *arithmetic*. Here the whole school is divided into frequently changing groups, according to the various capacities developed. The lowest of all is ranged in line and taught to count aloud up to thirty; a series of sticks, balls, or other material objects, being given to them at the time. This helps to ameliorate their speech, and to stimulate to imitation those who have not that faculty. Another group is set to climb upon ladders, counting the number of rounds as they go up,—and thus the muscular system and knowledge of numeration are simultaneously developed. A higher group is of those who count up to fifty with counters, and who, by means of them, get an idea of unity, plurality, subtraction, addition and equality. A higher group still has learned to count up to one hundred, and another group is learning, by means of moveable figures taken from a case, the combinations of numbers. Higher still are boys working upon their slates, or going through calculations upon the black board, with a facility and precision that any pupil of Warren Colburn might envy.

"From 9 to 9½. Breakfast of soup and a plate of meat. The pupils are here seated at table, and eat with fork and spoon—the more adroit aiding those less so.

"9¾ to 10½. Recreation in open air,—running, playing ball, driving hoop, or cultivating a small plot of ground, the hire of which, for three months, each one may gain by a certain number of tickets of good conduct.

"10½ to 11¼. Reading class, in which all take part, divided, however, into various groups, as before.

"11¼ to 12. Writing class. Here the lowest group is taught only to trace on the black board, with a ruler, these lines:—



"The next group is taught to make upon the board the rudimental curvilinear characters, making three in each line. After this they write on slates, and, when farther advanced, the monitor being ready to guide their hands, they write in ruled books. The highest class rules its own books, and writes alternately a page of large and fine hand.

"12 to 12½. Gymnastics.

"12½ to 1. Music.

"1 to 4¾. Manual labor. In this all take part; some as shoe-makers, some as carpenters, or rather cabinet-makers, and some as tillers of the ground. One of the best exercises for the body, *inasmuch as it compels the idiot to walk and balance himself unaided*, is that of wheeling a barrow, charged with a weight proportionate to his strength. The most stupid may be soon taught this. Others, more intelligent, wield spade and

pickaxe most energetically and profitably; but nowhere does their awakened intelligence appear more satisfactory than in the workshop of a cabinet maker. When one of them has sawed through a plank, or nailed together two pieces of wood, or made a box, his smile of satisfaction,—the consequence of 'something attempted, something done,'—the real result of which he can estimate,—is beautiful to see. Nor is their work, by any means, to be despised. With one cabinet-maker as teacher and monitor, they performed, last year, all the work necessary for their school-room and dormitories, as well as for a good part of the great establishment of Bicêtre. At shoe-making they show intelligence; but this is too sedentary an occupation for them. Some, however, who have quitted the school, work at it; but the greater number of them become farmers and gardeners.

"After this manual labor they dine, and after dinner play till 6¼ P. M.

"From 6¼ to 7. Grammar class; the lowest group is taught to articulate syllables,—the highest, as much as in any grammar school.

"From 7 to 8¼ is passed in reading to one another, or in conversations and explanations with the teacher, upon things which may excite the reflective power; two evenings in the week this hour is devoted to a concert and a dance.

"After this comes the evening prayer, sung by all; and then, fatigued, but happy, they retire to rest.

"Such is a day at the school of Bicêtre. Every Thursday morning the teacher takes them out to walk in the country, and then inculcates elementary notions of botany, designating by their names, and impressing by smell, taste and sight, the qualities of different flowers and useful vegetables which they see. At the same time he explains, by locality, the first elements of geography. On Saturday evening there is a distribution of tickets of good conduct, three of which pay the rent of a garden, and one of which may buy off, for another, with the consent of the teacher, the punishment adjudged for certain slight acts of negligence. You will see at once the effect which this must have upon the generous sentiments of the pupils. The sentiment of possession is developed—the rights of property taught; but its duties and its pleasures are, at the same time, impressed.

"These tickets of good conduct are given also to those who are designated, *by the pupils themselves*, as having done some kind and generous action,—as having been seen to run to the aid of one who had stumbled at play,—who had divided among his companions the *bon-bons* he may have received from a visitor, or who had helped, in any way, one weaker than himself. Thus they are constantly on the look-out for good actions in one another; but they are most positively forbidden to repeat the negligences or unkind conduct which they may observe. The *surveillance* of the monitors is sufficient to detect these; and even were it not, M. Vallée prefers that they should go unpunished, rather than that they should serve to cherish the grovelling sentiments of envy and malice which lurk in the breast of the informer and the scandal-monger."—Letter, p. 11.

The testimonies of other English travellers in France are given; but we have room only for one more short extract from Mr. Sumner, which speaks for itself:

"The fact, I have said, is now clearly established, that idiots may be educated; *that the reflective power exists within them, and may be awakened by a proper system of instruction;* that they may be raised from the filth in which they grovel to the attitude of men; that they may be taught different arts which will enable them to gain an honest livelihood; and that, although their intelligence may never, perhaps, be developed to such a point as to render them the authors of those generous ideas and great deeds which leave a stamp upon an age, yet, still, they may attain a respectable mediocrity, and surpass, in mental power, the common peasant of many European states."

The Reviewer adds a sensible admonition to those who are establishing similar schools, or hospitals, in England, not to place them in, or adjoining lunatic asylums or other retreats for the insane; because of the hurtful influence exerted by the sights and sounds of such asylums upon the nascent and tender minds of the idiot pupils.

And now, will Virginia do her duty towards the hundreds of her own sons and daughters who are in the helpless and distressing condition of idiocy? We do not *know*, but we will lay any wager—even "our dukedom to a beggarly denier"—that Massachusetts has done something decided, something generous, on this subject, before now.

M. L.

HERMANN.

BY THE BARDS WERDOMAR, KERDING AND DARMOND.

AN ODE.

(From the German of Klopstock. In the style of the ancient German bards.)

BY C. L. LOOS.

Hermann, in Latin called Arminius, was the son of Siegmar, a prince of the Cherusci. He was educated at Rome, and was raised there to the rank of a knight. But even amidst the splendors of the capital of Augustus, the fire of patriotism burned in his soul, and he returned to the forests of Germany, determined to liberate his country from the Roman yoke. By his eloquence and zeal he assembled around him the German hosts, and in a decisive and bloody battle, fought

in the Teutoburger forest, whither he had lured the enemy, and which lasted for three days, he defeated and almost annihilated an immense Roman army under the command of Quinctilius Varus. Three Roman legions were almost entirely cut to pieces, and Varus himself, in despair, fell on his sword. Seutonius records that this terrible defeat so overwhelmed Augustus, that for months he let his beard grow, and often striking his head against the wall would exclaim,

"Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"

Hermann is regarded by the Germans as the deliverer of their country, and this defeat of Varus as the great battle of their freedom, which secured to them their future independence and the purity of their language, their customs and their laws. He was victorious in many other engagements with the enemies of his country, and Caecina, a Roman general under Germanicus, son of Drusus, came near meeting the fate of Varus with his whole army. Through the jealousy of some German princes he was assassinated in his thirty-seventh year. He had carried off and married Thusnelda, daughter of Segestes, a chief of his own nation, but an ardent ally of the Romans. Thusnelda was captured by her father and was led to Rome to grace the subsequent triumph of Germanicus.

Werdomar.

On this rock of aged moss
Let us sit, O bards, and sing him!
Let no one step forward and look down o'er the thicket
That covers him—the noblest son of the fatherland!

For there he lies in his blood,
He, the secret terror of Rome,
When with the war-dance and flute-play of triumph
They led off his Thusnelda.

Look not upon him;—you would weep,
Did you see him lie in his blood!
And no tones of weeping shall the Telyn[1] sound forth
She shall sing the immortal one!

Kerding.

Bright is yet my youthful hair,
To-day the first sword was girded on me,
The first time was I armed with lance and Telyn,
And shall *I* sing Hermann?

Ask not too much of the youth, fathers!
I must dry my hot cheeks
With the golden locks,
Ere I sing the greatest of the sons of Mana[2].

Darmond.

I weep tears of rage,
And will not dry them!

[1] Lyre of the German bards.

[2] Mana and Thuiskon are deified titular heroes of Germany.

Flow, flow down the glowing cheek,
Tears of rage!

They are not mute. Thou understandest what they murmur,
It is a curse. Hear them, O Hela,[3]
Let none of the traitors of the fatherland
That slew him, die in battle!

Werdomar.

See ye the forest-stream tumble
Down into the rocky cleft?
And hurled down with it the rumbling pines
For Hermann's funeral-pyre?

Soon will he be dust, and rest
In the earth of the grave,
And in the holy dust the sword
On which he swore destruction to the conqueror!

Linger, O thou, spirit of the slain,
On thy way to Siegmar,
And hear how for thee
Burns the heart of thy people!

Kerding.

Tell it not to Thusnelda,—speak it not,—
That here in his blood her Hermann lies!
Speak it not to the noble wife, the unhappy mother
That her Thumeliko's father lies here in blood!

Tell it not to her, that has already in chains
Walked before the terrible car of the proud triumph!—
Thou hast a *Roman heart*
That coulds't tell this to the desolate one!

Darmond.

And what father begot thee,
Unhappy daughter!—Segestes too
Reddens in the dark late vengeance his sword.[4]
Curse him not! Hela has already cursed him!

Werdomar.

Let the name of Segestes not be heard in song!
Devote it silently to oblivion,
That over his ashes it may rest
With heavy wing!

The chord that trembles
Hermann's name is defiled,
If even with *one* angry tone
It doom the traitor.

Hermann, Hermann, sing to the echo,
To the secret awe of the woods as the favorite of the noblest,
The bards in full choir,—as the leader of the boldest,—
In full choir,—as the deliverer of the fatherland!

Sister of Cannae, battle of Winfeld!
I saw thee with flowing bloody hair,
With the flaming look of annihilation,
Pass over among the harps of Walhalla[5]!

The son of Drusus wished to conceal
Thy transitory monument,—

[3] The goddess that reigns over those dreary regions where those dwell after death who do not die in battle.

[4] Segestes was author of the conspiracy against Arminius.

[5] The Elysium of the heroes fallen in battle.

The white bones of the slain
In the lonely valley of the dead.[6]

We endured it not and scattered the mound.
For this monument was forever to be a witness of the great days
And hear at the dance of the spring-time flowers
The triumphal shout of the conquerors!

More sisters he wished to give to Cannae,
Companions to Varus in Elysium;—
But for the envious overruling counsel of the princes
Caecina would have become the companion of Varus.

In Hermann's burning soul had long dwelt
A greater thought.
At midnight, at the sacrifice of Thorr[7] and the war-song,
It was formed in him and moved onward to the deed!

The conqueror of the storm relates:
In the ocean of the far North is an island—mountain,[8]
That rolls forth like clouds the flame—announcing smoke,
Then sends far into the heavens the lofty fires and hurls for miles the crashing rocks;

Thus announced Hermann through his battle,
Determined to go
Over the protecting ice-mountains—to go
To the plains of Rome,

To die there, or in the proud capitol
Close by the scales of Jupiter,
To ask Tiberius and the shades of his fathers
For the justice of their war!

To do this he wished to bear the leader's sword
Among the princes; then they conspired death against him;
And now he lies in blood, in whose soul
Lived the great thought for the fatherland!

Darmond.

Hast thou heard it,—Hela?
——— My angry tear?
Hast thou heard its call,
Hela, avenger?

Kerding.

In Walhalla, beneath the shimmer of the golden branches,
The wreath of victory in his hand, surrounded by the dances of Enherion,[9]
Led by Shuiskon and Mana, Siegmar the youth!
Will welcome the youth![10]

Werdomar.

Siegmar, with silent mourning,
Will receive his Hermann.
For now he asks not Tiberius and the shades of his fathers,
At the scales of Jupiter.

[6] The army of Germanicus, passing over the battlefield of Winfeld some years afterwards buried the bones of the army of Varus that lay scattered all over this valley of slaughter. Tacitus gives a touching description of this mournful scene in his Annals, Book 1, Sec. 61.

[7] God of war.

[8] Hecla.

[9] Enherion. The heroes in Walhalla, who ([10]) are all again restored to youth.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

NO. IV.

How often do we feel, when placed in scenes for the first time that are peculiarly delightful to us, as if haunted by some dim, delicious reminiscences, that we had once before passed through the same scenes; a sort of spiritual and mysterious pleasure is thus added to our enjoyment, and we love to give ourselves up to the illusion as in a pleasant dream. It is this feeling, too, which gives such wonderful power to the strains of music over the minds of some, in whom it awakens these undefinable, yet inexpressibly delightful emotions, a feeling of the spirit within us, and a longing to penetrate the mystery of its existence. This is not a peculiar sensation indeed to scenes of enjoyment, for in seasons of affliction, how often our present sufferings are enhanced by this awful foreboding, when "coming events cast their shadows before," that we are now fulfilling some irreversible decree of fate, of which we had a former knowledge. Who has not felt in dreams a more vivid sense of reality, than in his waking moments, for then fancy wanders uncontrolled through her airy domain, and images of unearthly brightness arise, without any material perception to dim or weaken their effect. The metaphysician vainly attempts to analyze these mysteries of the spirit, they are standing miracles left in this material and mechanical age to proclaim to all, that there is a spark of Divinity within these earthly vessels.

In this strain ran Henry Livingstone's thoughts, as he sauntered forth on a fine summer morning, in that blissful state, when we give ourselves up to waking dreams, as vivid and as unreal, as those which visit us in sleep, and the only difference between the two states consists in this; that reason is only sufficiently awake in the former to conceal her own unpleasant suggestions from the excited imagination, and the will has power enough to call forth only such ideas as please the fancy. The old grove, the winding river, the surrounding scenery, but above all, the fair and gentle Fanny, seemed to him to have been shadowed forth in some former blessed and spiritual existence, and he felt like a wandering spirit now returning to the home of his soul.

In this mood he wandered along a winding path near the banks of the river, which was shaded with the luxuriant growth of the tulip tree, maple, airy birch and shivering aspen, overhung with wild grape-vines, now forming rich, dark bowers, through which the sun could scarcely penetrate, then throwing graceful festoons of fairy lightness from tree to tree. Here, too, the

trumpet flower and clematis, wreathed themselves around the trees, adding variety and beauty to the rich and varied foliage. The brilliant cardinal flower growing in large beds, glowed like precious stones, the rhexia and blue enpatorium mingled their tints together in gay profusion. No sounds were heard but an occasional bird-note, and the ceaseless flowing of the river, a sound which irresistibly disposes to meditation. He went on dreaming sweet dreams, without attempting to check the rovings of fancy, following the path unconscious where it was leading him, until it struck off into another path winding up a gentle knoll, he pursued this, which gradually led him to more elevated ground, and the murmuring of the wind in the pine forest, like a great Æolian harp, whose chords gave forth their low, sweet notes under the soft summer winds, attracted him.

As he emerged from the pine forest, he perceived through a screen of trees and vines, a cabin which presented an unusual air of neatness and comfort, and he was about to approach to view the premises more nearly, when he was arrested by the sound of a voice, the lowest tone of which he thought he could have recognised in Babel. He advanced gently and cautiously behind the screen, until he saw the cabin plainly, and the yard neatly swept before it. A very old looking negro woman, neatly dressed, and venerable in appearance, was seated beneath the shade of her own vine and fig-tree, and Fanny was sitting near her with an open book in her hands, from which she was reading aloud. It was irresistible the temptation to pause and listen, and he perceived that he could do so without danger of discovery, for he was entirely screened from observation. Fanny was reading a chapter from one of the Gospels, and the earnest solemnity of her tones, showed how deeply she realized what she was reading. As she closed the book, she made a few, simple, explanatory remarks upon what she had just read, so plain, that it was impossible not to comprehend them, and so full of genuine religious feeling, that they went directly to the heart of the hearer.

"It does do me good, Miss Fanny," said the old woman, "to hear you read the Scriptures; it sounds sweeter and more solemn-like to me than any preacher's reading I ever heard. But if you've got time, honey, will you sing me one hymn before you go?"

"What hymn do you prefer, mammy?"

"I like that one 'There is a land of pure delight;' that's a mighty good hymn, and it makes me think of that great resting-place I shall soon go to."

Fanny complied with the request, and sang the hymn with so much sweetness, simplicity and expression, that the strain affected Henry deeply, and he could not help comparing the effect produced on his feelings by this simple melody, with its touching words, to that which he had experienced in splendid churches from the brilliant sacred music, instrumental and vocal, of professional singers.

When Fanny had concluded, she arose to depart, after inquiring into all Judy's little wants, and promising to supply them.

"The Lord will reward you, my child, for all your goodness to a poor old cretur like me; but stop a minute, I want to show you the nice present of Guinea fowl eggs I've got to send to you when I can get one of the children to carry them up to the great house." So saying, she took the basket down from the shelf and showed them to Fanny.

"Oh, I'm very much obliged to you, mammy; it is a most acceptable present,—Philip likes Guinea fowl eggs so much. It is such a nice little basket, I can take it home myself without any trouble."

"No, no, Miss Fanny, 'spose any one was to meet you. It don't look proper to see a lady like you toting eggs."

Fanny laughed. "I have often heard you say a lady will be a lady, no matter what sort of work she does."

"Yes, high blood will show, but still there's some things I don't think looks well for ladies to do, it looks too much like poor folks. I can easily make Nelly run up with the eggs when she comes in from the field."

"But suppose a lady should happen to be poor, what must she do then?

"She could'nt be poor folks then, honey, for 'tis poor blood makes poor folks; and a lady born and bred will be a lady, as I always told you, no matter what sort of work she does, but you've got a plenty of servants to wait on you, and there is no use in your carrying eggs."

Fanny yielded the point and turned again to go away, when the old woman said, looking carefully around her, and lowering her voice:

"There's one thing I wanted to say to you, Miss Fanny, about that Yankee gentleman—you all had better take good notice what he does."

This was said with such an air of solemnity, that Fanny saw it would not do to make a laughing matter of it, so she replied as gravely as she could—"Why should we take notice of what he does, he will not do any harm, mammy."

"Ah, don't be too sure of that now, honey; there was that Mr. Jarvis from the North, you know, that stayed so long at Mr. Smith's, and was after courting Miss Sarah too; well, they had'nt no notion how he went about and talked

amongst their servants, putting all sorts of foolishness in their heads, and making 'em discontented. I said to Mr. Smith's Jim, when he was telling me some of them things Mr. Jarvis said, says I, what did Mr. Jarvis give you when he went away? He said, he did'nt give me nothing. Well, says I, there it is—that shows what a mighty friend he is—never even gave you a chaw of tobacco. Now, who took care of you, when you was so sick last winter, Jim; did'nt your missus give you physic with her own hands,—did'nt Miss Sarah make flannel for you—and don't your Mas Tom give you quarters and chaws of tobacco many and many's the time; and besides, who stood your friend at the time of the great to do, when Mr. Smith's barn was broken open. Ah! you've got a mon'sous good master, Jim, but some niggers are so foolish, they don't know when they are well off."

"Yes," said Fanny, "what you say is very true, if Mr. Jarvis had been a real friend to black people, he would not have taken this way of showing it."

"I know'd that, honey, and it made me so mad with Jim, to hear what foolishness he ran on, that I talked right up and down to him, for I've known him ever since he was a child; besides, he married into the estate, so we may say he is one of the family like. But don't say nothing about what I've been telling you, if you please, for I don't want to make no mischief upon Jim; but as soon as I heard that Northern gentleman was staying here, I laid off to tell you all about Mr. Jarvis, that Mas Phil might watch him, and if he goes walking about amongst the cabins, or in the field, Mas Phil can go about with him, in a careless sort of a way, you know, like he was going with him for company."

"But mammy, Mr. Livingstone is a real gentleman—he would not act so meanly."

"Ah, now, don't you trust to that; I don't reckon there's any high blood amongst them Northern folks, like there is in old Virginny. That was the way they talked about Mr. Jarvis, they said he was so high larnt, he talked all sorts of outlandish talk, and played on Miss Sarah's pianey. I has heard of gentlemen's playing on the flute and the fiddle, but I never saw men playing on the pianey, except the old music master, so I said, when I heard about it, I reckoned the man had been a music-master in his own country. Miss Sarah wouldn't hear it, and went on praising him until at last he had the impudence to court her, and I should'nt be surprised if this gentleman had the assurance to be thinking about you, Miss Fanny."

For the first time, Fanny's clear, silvery laugh, fell painfully on Henry's ear, and he shrank more closely behind the screen with mingled feelings of vexation and mortification. He heard Fanny say, "No danger of that, mammy, Mr. Livingstone has seen too many fine ladies to think of me." She went quickly away, as she said these words, and Henry could hear old Judy muttering some disparaging sentence in reply about himself. He was now quite convinced, not only that his passion was unrequited by Fanny, but that she was quite unconscious of its existence, for he was sure that there was not one spark of coquetry or insincerity in her composition. The first step was not taken, and a feeling of despondency came over him—the prize seemed every minute brighter, fairer and more unattainable. Yet it is hard to destroy hope in the hearts of those who have never experienced any severe disappointment, and Henry began again to reconstruct the glittering web, which Fanny's light laugh and careless tones had brushed away. He had heard not the most remote hint of a rival, and if her heart was unoccupied, he would not despair of winning it.

He retraced his path a part of the way, then, filled with agitating and unpleasant thoughts, struck across the fields, and passed a settlement of negro cabins. In another mood, he would have paused and talked with the children he saw playing about in the yards, for the peculiar ways of talking and thinking of this singular race of people awakened his interest and curiosity, but at present, he could not brook the idea of being suspected, even by old Judy, of the meanness of enacting the fable of the viper and the hedgehog. He observed, however, in passing, that the cabins, like the dwellings of a free population, were characterized by the peculiar turn of their possessors. The yards before most of the cabin doors were neatly swept, and large gardens attached to many of them, filled with vegetables and corn-patches, rudely, but substantially inclosed, with that species of inclosure, the existence of which, Michaux mentions in his work on forest trees as peculiar to Virginia, and almost incredible to relate, from its destructiveness of young trees, namely, a watlin, a horror with which the Eastern Virginians are so familiar, as to be unconscious of its enormity. A rose bush or two, some tall sunflowers, and bright bunches of marygolds, were seen in the gardens of the most thrifty and the neatest of this little community, but a few of the other cabins exhibited the negro character in its most genuine form; dirty yards, rags stuffed in the crevices of their houses, gardens overrun with weeds, and scarcely an attempt at an inclosure around them. In a word, they enjoyed the privilege, for such many negroes consider it, of being as uncomfortable and as unthrifty as they pleased.

Taken collectively, however, this little settle-

ment conveyed to the observer the idea of a happy community, and excited many doubts and specalations in Henry's mind, as to whether these negroes, putting aside the name of slavery and all its associations, did not really enjoy in such a situation as this, as great a degree of happiness, and even freedom, so far as they were fitted for it, as in any other situation in which they could be placed in the present state of things. An outcast population they certainly were in the States which boasted of being free States, and here in a slave State he found them existing in communities, enjoying the rude and simple pleasures for which their degree of cultivation fitted them, cared for in sickness and age, never knowing the presence of extreme want, or the care of providing subsistence for their families, and living under a sort of parental as well as absolute control.

Henry's mind was candid—his love of truth ardent—yet he revolved these new ideas with much diffidence and distrust, fearing lest the engrossing passion of his soul should give a false brilliancy of coloring to all objects associated, in any degree, with one, who embodied the types which had existed in his mind of all that is fair, bright or excellent. He determined to consider the matter deeply and impartially, and as he was walking along the fields, deep in thought, his attention was arrested by the sound of children's voices, and as he approached more nearly, he heard distinctly one of these children repeating to another some verses from the Sermon on the Mount.

"Is that right, Billy?" said the child to his companion.

"Well, t'aint exactly right: now listen to me, I'll learn it to you. Miss Fanny said I could say it all without missing a word."

Henry paused, and having spoken kindly to these children, asked the little boy who had undertaken the office of instructor, and who had indeed repeated correctly a large portion of the Sermon on the Mount, who it was that had taught him to repeat so many verses from the Bible.

"Miss Fanny, sir—she taught me, and this here boy, and all the children on the plantation."

"And what else does she teach you?"

"To say hymns and catechism, sir."

"And do you think you understand the meaning of what you repeat?"

"I reckon I does, of some of 'em. Miss Fanny always makes us tell what they mean, 'cause she says it don't do us a bit of good unless we know the meaning of it, and try to do what is in the Bible and hymns."

Henry asked the child a few leading questions from Scripture, and then questioned him as to the meaning of the portion he had just repeated. His answers were made in his own homely, but expressive language, yet showed plainly that he had been carefully instructed, and that he was acquainted with the elementary truths of the Gospel, and the true meaning and purport of the passage he had repeated from Scripture.

"What patience, what high, disinterested, religious principle—what philanthropy in the truest sense of the word, must teaching such as this require," thought Henry, "from such a being, too, as Fanny Seyton. What a sacrifice of time, too, does it involve, from one who has so many internal and external sources of enjoyment in her own bright imagination and rare intellect, and in the society of friends to whom she is warmly attached; what self-denial in exchanging pursuits congenial to her taste, and such as most young ladies would think they were doing a duty to themselves to pursue to the utmost their leisure would allow, for the task of enlightening, by the slow and tedious method of oral instruction, minds in gross, mental darkness! And yet, how improving such a mental exercise would be, to those who had the patience to impart such instruction, not only to the spiritual, but the intellectual nature of the instructor! How much might be learned in this way of intellectual prowess, by watching the first rude attempts at generalization, reasoning, deduction, when the ideas are just struggling from the chaos of thick darkness to light!"

Such warm admiration of moral excellence, divested of all the embellishments of fancy and romance, was highly honorable to the heart of a young man, who had been educated like Henry Livingstone, who possessed, too, an exquisite taste for the beautiful in all its forms, and consequently appreciated accomplishments very highly. But love in his case, instead of exerting his usual power of blinding his votaries, had, like Ithuriel's spear, awakened his mind to higher and purer perceptions of truth; and the loveliness of moral and spiritual beauty had never appeared to him so far exalted above all the outward attractions and accomplishments, which the world especially delights to honor.

He thought of Fanny's speech to old Judy, which he had so lately heard; "and is it possible," he exclaimed mentally, "she can be so unconscious of her own rare gifts and attractions, her own exquisite beauty, 'the mind, the music breathing from her soul,' as to suppose, that I could prefer, what is called a fine lady, to a being like herself. I wish," he said, half aloud, "my mother could see her;" and at these words a pang of self-reproach shot through his heart. How seldom had the idea of this kind mother, whose very life hung upon his, recurred to him for many days past, how carelessly he had perused the

letters he had received from home, after he had ascertained that his parents were well; how weary, flat, stale and unprofitable all their contents had seemed, how foreign to the new emotions which had arisen in his heart, to the enchanting state of existence, through which he was passing. "And yet," he murmured, "the lightest pang that I could suffer would inflict more pain on my mother, than my death would on Fanny Seyton." This reflection called forth a deep sigh, but again Hope whispered that the time might come when his happiness would be inexpressibly precious to Fanny, and again he pondered on the means of winning her heart.

He was so much absorbed in his own thoughts and feelings, that he was quite unconscious how far, or how long he had rambled, and it was nearly two o'clock when he returned to Oak Grove, where he found Philip looking out for him.

"Ah Hal, I am glad you have returned from your wanderings, you must have made a real exploring expedition. I was just about to set out in search of you, as Fanny suggested the possibility of your having lost yourself in our pine forests, though I quieted her apprehensions somewhat, by surmising that you were botanising, as I know that is a favorite pursuit of yours."

"You gave me more credit than I deserved," said Henry smiling, "I was not engaged in the pursuit of knowledge of any sort, but merely enjoying the sweet influences of earth, air and sky, yet some observations forced themselves upon me, the beauty and variety of your forest trees, for instance, the brilliancy of the wild flowers and the surpassing grace and beauty of the wild grape vines. I do not believe any oriental growth can exceed them in richness and beauty."

"The sweet influences of a noon day in August," said Philip laughing, are "somewhat too sultry for me; moreover, I cannot allow of your exposing yourself to them, for though I can answer for your health, if you are discreet, I cannot be responsible for your safety if you rove about in summer suns, before you are acclimated, and you know I am answerable to Mrs. Livingstone for you."

"Mrs. Maynard's Tom is waiting at the door to see you, Mas Phil," said John, entering with the important air of one who has agreeable news to communicate.

Philip returned in a minute with notes of invitation to Helen Maynard's wedding, which was to take place the next evening, and said, as he handed one of them to Henry,

"You will have now an opportunity, Livingstone, of seeing a Virginia wedding conducted in old style, a real gathering of the clans, a squeeze of aunts, uncles and cousins to the tenth degree, and marvel how one house can contain so many people; altogether you will see an entertainment most unique in its kind, and such as you will probably never witness again. Indeed they are fast passing away even with us, and disappearing before the advance of civilization."

"Altogether then," said Henry, "I consider it a piece of rare good fortune to have such an opportunity."

"You will find much to amuse you," said Fanny, "though you will, doubtless, witness things which will appear semi-barbarous, yet there will be so much ease and cordiality, and such varieties of character, that I think you will be pleased."

"I am sure I shall," replied Henry, "the mere conventionalities and embellishments of a fashionable entertainment possess very few attractions for me, but a party of the sort you describe, would be not only amusing but interesting. Whenever the workings of the heart and varieties of natural character are allowed to appear, we find something to please and improve."

"Then you will like us better and better," said Philip, "for the varieties of individual character are very strongly marked amongst us; and though we abhor display of sentiment, and are not addicted to scenes of any sort, still you find few states of society, where family and local affections are stronger and warmer than in the 'Old Dominion,' or where greater sacrifices of interest are made to the ties of kindred or of friendship."

"It shows we are rather at a low ebb, my dear brother," said Fanny laughing, "when we have to trumpet forth our own praises:—these strongly marked characters often degenerate into oddities, of which we have certainly a rare and large collection, but which do not often excite admiration, in those who have been accustomed to a polished state of society."

"These peculiarities of habit or manner," said Henry, "certainly do not excite admiration, though they often produce amusement, but individualities of character and mind are very interesting to those who love to study human nature, and are always produced, I think, by high and vigorous mental culture. In your state of society, it appears to me that the higher classes are called on at a very early age to think and decide not only for themselves but for others; this early necessity for thought and action must have a great effect in awaking and forming the mind. Here, too, they seem to read not for display, but either for the gratification of literary taste, or to gain information on some specific object intimately connected with their pursuits, such as agriculture, politics, law or medicine. This sort of culture enlarges and invigorates the mind. Yet, on the other hand," added Henry smiling, "I cannot so far abandon my char-

acter as a seeker for truth, as not to perceive that this mode of life, must necessarily produce a deficiency in those literary pursuits which require minuteness, accuracy, and polish, and which can only consist with a division of mental labor. This cannot take place but in a more artificial state of society, and among a denser population."

"I concede this to the fullest extent," replied Philip; "nay more, I will add, that these deficiencies can neither be excused, nor entirely explained by our modes of life, but arise, in a great measure, from a mixture of indolence and ambition, which is a natural trait, and lies at the bottom of most of our defects and misfortunes. We are unwilling to bestow the minute and patient labor which is so necessary to literary excellence, and not content with mediocrity even in our first efforts, unless we can fly with the eagle to the sun, would remain with our wings folded to our sides forever. We need some powerful impetus, some strong incentive to arouse us into strong mental action. If an honor is to be won at college, or a prize won in the political arena, we are never laggards in the race, but continued, patient effort, the results of which are to be gradual, we shrink from, and the consequence is, that though no one can deny us at least a fair share of native talent, we have scarcely contributed a mite to national or universal literature."

"And for State literature," said Fanny, "we are like the lion, who complained that there were no painters among the lions to commemorate the victories of their own race, so they were always represented in the pictures of men as inferior in power to themselves."

"This state of things will not long continue, I hope," said Henry; "you have all the necessary materials, a spark only is wanting to kindle the pile, and the light of your natural genius will shine forth to the astonishment and delight of the beholders."

"I trust you may prove a true prophet," replied Fanny."

"I confess I am not so sanguine as Livingstone," said Philip, "I fear there is vis inertiæ enough in the pile to extinguish a thousand sparks."

"It is strange," said Henry, "that Virginia should have found no champion, amongst the many who have shared her hospitality, and delighted in the intercourse of her high-minded sons and daughters, and formed associations in her fair land, sweet and lasting as life itself."

There was a tone of sadness mingled with this enthusiastic expression of feeling, that arrested Fanny's attention, and excited her surprise. Henry felt his color change, beneath the earnest yet kind glance of that matchless dark eye, which seemed to ask why such thoughts as these should awaken such deep and sad feeling.

"Why who would tilt against Christendom," said Philip, "we furnish too good a subject for the expenditure of philanthropy and moral reprobation to hope that any one who ventures his reputation in the moral, religious or literary world, would undertake our cause. The moral blight is upon us, and wo to the wight whose vision is so obscure as not to perceive it."

"Yet," said Henry, "the candid would at least admit that

> Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,
> Though the trail of the Serpent is over them all.

But unfortunately hundreds can see the trail of the serpent, for one who has eyes to discover the flowers of Eden. The celestial touch of truth, which opens the eyes to moral and intellectual, and even to natural beauty, has never rested upon them, and they walk in a different world from that in which those dwell, whose eyes have been opened."

Philip looked at his sister, who seemed thoughtful and serious. "Well, Fanny," said he laughing, "of what are you thinking, of how to restore the 'Old Dominion,' or how you can help Cousin Maynard about the wedding, or whether you will wear pearls or roses to-morrow evening?"

Fanny almost started, and blushed deeply as she met Henry's glance resting upon her, for she was conscious, that her meditations were chiefly of him. This blush was the herald of hope to Henry's heart, and he cast his eyes down to conceal the pleasure that sparkled in them, from the flattering auguries to which it gave rise.

"My thoughts were a tangled web," said Fanny, "which would not be worth unravelling, even if I had time for it."

Just then Mr. Seyton's voice was heard from the library calling aloud for Fanny, who quickly obeyed the summons, and returned almost immediately on her way to her own room, with a somewhat perplexed countenance, and her hands full of papers.

"What have you got there, Fanny, that makes you look so doleful,—drills, plows, harrows, no wonder you are dismayed."

"To tell the truth," said Fanny, "I do not like to acknowledge to papa the labor it will cost me to get these drawings ready for to-morrow's mail, he has such implicit reliance on my powers, that I dislike to undeceive him, and I am afraid I shall hardly be able to finish them, I have so many other things to do."

"I wish I could help you," said Philip, "but if I took a pencil in my hand to draw a plow, it would be quite as apt to turn out a cart."

"Allow me," said Henry, rising and advancing towards Fanny, "to act as your draughtsman on this occasion. I don't like to boast of my own qualifications, but Philip can testify that drawing is my peculiar forte, and it will really be a good deed to employ me about something useful. Besides," added he, smiling, "I should like to redeem my credit somewhat with Mr. Seyton, since he has discovered that I know so little of the uses of agricultural implements, by showing that I can at least make drawings of them."

Henry evinced such an earnest desire to oblige, that Fanny thought it would be ungracious to reject his offered service, indeed his kindness was peculiarly grateful and acceptable, as she had in fact a thousand and one things to do and to think about. She therefore accepted his offer with a graceful simplicity peculiarly her own, and it was so evident that Henry thought himself the obliged party in being allowed to do her bidding, that Fanny could not feel the obligation as onerous, and yet, strange to say, she drew no inference from this circumstance, favorable to her own vanity.

"How kind and clever he is," thought Fanny, as she marked the rapid and skillful touch of Henry's pencil, and how completely he seems to be overcoming his prejudices to Virginia! When we get better acquainted, I must rally him a little on his Virginia tale, of which I dare say he has already repented."

"And now for the order of the day," said Philip, "laces, ribbons, muslins and flowers, what a deplorable case is yours, Fanny, to be left to your own unassisted genius on this important day, without even a female friend to say what is becoming: as to being *comme il faut*, that is quite out of the question; but then it would be a comfort to look pretty, even if this should be accomplished in the most irregular and unfashionable way."

Fanny laughed good-humoredly and said, "I am, indeed, much to be pitied for being thrown so entirely upon my own resources in all matters, both little and great, and for this reason consider myself entitled to special indulgence. But, I must go and meditate alone, and act too, in many important matters, so I have no time to talk nonsense with you, Philip. Meantime, I charge you to amuse Mr. Livingstone, as I know by experience, that his employment is but an irksome one."

"He has taken so to reverie of late, that he has become perfectly unamusable, but I will do my best; shall I read or talk, Livingstone?"

"Read then," said Henry, "though I really require no amusement, I am quite interested in the progress of my work."

"I understand the meaning of that very well, you prefer reading that you may listen or not, just as you please; if I read, the office of listening shall be no sinecure. Instead of one of James' novels, in which you may catch up the loose threads of the story ever and anon, so as to stand a respectable examination, without having heard more than a fifth of the story, I shall read 'Past and Present' for your edification, and require you as I finish each chapter, to put it into English, and discuss it with me."

"Have mercy, Philip, I should prefer your talking."

"That is the very conclusion to which I wished to bring you, but as soon as I perceive your wits are wool-gathering, I shall have recourse to Carlyle."

And Philip ran on in the careless and exuberant gaiety of his spirits, describing to Henry an old Virginia wedding, and whimsically portraying the leading characters of the company, they should meet on the following evening at Mrs. Maynard's, while Henry bestowed just sufficient attention on his discourse to prevent his discovering that he was carrying on an under current of his own thoughts.

F*****.

THE LIGHTNING'S COMPLAINT.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

I

Alas! my ancient glory fades
Like some low earth-born thing,
For man has plucked me from the skies,
And bound my fiery wing.

II.

The nations oft at me have gazed,
And trembled with affright,
When vaulting through the azure dome,
I trailed my livid light.

III.

The angels e'en in wonder stood,
When at the high command
Of Heaven, I hurled old Satan down
Upon the burning strand.

IV.

And when man's sins called vengeance down,
Before my scathing blaze,
The stoutest heart, appalled with fear,
Shrunk back in dire amaze.

V.

When God in wrath o'erspread the earth
By waters from his hand,
I flashed around the lofty hills,
And split the solid land!

VI.

What wonders I o'er Sodom wrought,
And Nineveh of old;
And louder still on Sinai's top
My deep-mouthed thunder rolled!

VII.

And I have crushed the thick-ribbed bark,
Which braved the Ocean storm;
And prostrate laid the proudest work
The art of man could form.

VIII.

Great men and wise in olden time,
Whene'er they saw me shine,
A victim on my altar laid,
And paid the rite divine!

IX.

But now, alas! no sacrifice
Smokes on my altar-fire,
For man has caught me from the skies,
And harnessed me in wire!

X.

O! is it not a foul disgrace
That I who worlds have rent,
Should now be made a paltry clerk
To number cent, per cent?

XI.

Nay, this is deemed to high employ,
And I am made a mule,
To pack from town to town the thoughts
Of every prating fool!

XII.

I should not feel dishonored much
To lend my wings of fire,
To trace in burning words the song
Breathed from the Poet's lyre.

XIII.

For this would still be heavenly work,
In which I should unite,
Although the Poet's radiant thoughts
Might half obscure my light.

XIV.

But thus to quote the worth of stocks,
And current market prices;
And ply the common tattler's trade
To publish human vices;

XV.

To tell each day how cotton sells,
Each night of balls and revels,
And in the morning copy give
To all the printers' devils—

XVI.

O! this my soul has humbled quite—
I am no more a wonder,
Since man first caught me by the mane,
And silenced all my thunder!

On the Importance of the Social Sciences in the present day.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

* * * All knowledge has been divided into two great classes of Science—Physical and Ethical.* These two great families of human learning have met with very fluctuating and dissimilar fortunes in the various eras of the world's progress. They have seldom been both pursued in the same age with equal assiduity or like success: but the one has ever been comparatively neglected, while the other has been almost exclusively cultivated.† During the more illustrious periods of antiquity, and throughout the Middle Ages, Ethical sciences enjoyed an unchallenged preëminence. In modern times, since Copernicus and Galileo, and, more especially, since the Great Instauration of Bacon, the higher distinction of Physical science is obvious.‡ By this disjunction it has happened that the two mighty provinces of human knowledge have rarely advanced with equal steps. In the present day, Natural Science, in all its forms, and under all its applications, has been so widely expanded, and so illustrated by the glorious array of talent enlisted in its ranks, that it now constitutes the proudest monument of human genius, industry and perseverance. Hence, it has long absorbed the energies of most of those great minds which have devoted themselves to contemplation; for it is in learning as in our bodies—the vital humors will press towards that point where any local excitement may prevail. Thus the direction, originally impressed upon the intellect of the world by the profound wisdom of Lord Bacon, is perpetuated by the brilliance of the triumphs that have been gained in that career. It is decreed, however, by the wise ordination of

* Even Comte in his Cours de Philosophie Positive, and Ampère in his Essai de Philosophie recognize this grand division of the Sciences into two classes—the former by stating that all our knowledge is relative either to the world or to man, (tome iii. Biologie. chap. i)—the latter by dividing all science into the two kingdoms of sciences Cosmologiques and sciences Nöologiques. See also Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy In Lord Bacon's Classification of human knowledge, the divisions are rendered confused and unsatisfactory by the neglect of this leading distinction.

† The Age of Aristotle in Greece makes almost the solitary exception,—and this in consequence of his own wonderful genius in both Physics and Ethics:—for Locke and Clarke will not counterbalance Newton, nor will Leibnitz as a Metaphysician rank with Leibnitz as a Mathematician in the history of the progress of the Human Mind.

‡ The Vortices of Des Cartes, and the Integral and Differential Calculus of Leibnitz are more celebrated than the idealism and metaphysical system of the former, or the prëestablished harmony and sufficient reason of the latter.

Providence, that the exclusive or overweening devotion to any particular subject shall invariably be productive in the end of injurious effects, notwithstanding the delusive brightness of the flowers that strew the path around us. The chill and the fever follow each other in alternate succession in order to re-establish the equilibrium of heat in the human frame. This takes place likewise in human learning—one excess is counteracted by another—otherwise every path would lead the dance of death. But the wholesome change rarely supervenes until we are sensibly affected by the perils resulting from an inordinate devotion to one branch of study. The Physical sciences have by their discoveries multiplied incalculably our powers, our resources, our knowledge, our comforts, and our wealth—they have rendered us independent of the elements, and have made us superior to the ordinary restrictions of time and space. But notwithstanding these proud achievements, there are urgent questions of the gravest importance, which no light from Physical science will enable us to solve. Nay, Natural Philosophy has pressed its own conquests so far, that it has come into immediate contact with Metaphysics, and seeks from that source the answer to its own highest difficulties. For proof of this I need only refer to the works of Whewell and Ampère. In addition to this the Sphynx stands in our path, mumbling her dark oracles, propounding the great enigmas of life, the mysteries of social organization, which can only hope a response from the more profound study of Sociological science.*

That response we are unable to give, because we have neglected to prosecute with due diligence the sciences which explain the phenomena, and establish the laws of human society. Yet, on this reply depend the conservation of States—the permanence of governments—the sustenance of human life—the security of property and institutions—the preservation of morals—and the general welfare of men. Such is the nature of the questions which are now vehemently, but obscurely agitating the intellect of the world. Few, indeed, are cognizant of the causes, or of the exact character of the difficulties before them, but all are more or less affected by the danger and uncertainty around. Carlyle, hearing the rumbling of approaching eruptions, but, like the Prophets of old, blind to the remedy, stands in the midst of the apparent serenity, exclaiming, Woe! woe! "like the voice of one crying in the wilderness." But his warnings meet with the fate of the oracles of Cassandra, and are cursed with neglect. We have been imbibing and inhaling one only of the elements that constitute the atmosphere of knowledge—the other is ready to ignite and explode. Even those who do not perceive the derangement, are oppressed by the sultry weight of the air that augurs the impending storm. We must restore the healthy combination of the constituent elements of our intellectual atmosphere, or perish by its disorganization. No speculations or discoveries in Natural science will enable us to do this—our sole therapeutics are contained in the Social sciences. By the observance and enforcement of the true maxims of International Justice we must produce greater harmony among nations; but how can we observe and enforce that which we neglect to learn, and deign not to improve? By a more profound study of the laws and mechanism of communities, we must probe the wounds of society and discover medicaments; and we must bring the past face to face with the present; for History like the magic mirror of the necromancer, recalls the absent or unknown in all its living forms and native colours. The balm that may minister to our wants or diseases can be found in this Gilead alone: and we have either neglected to search for it there, or have sought it with such negligent and indifferent eyes that it has eluded our gaze and frustrated our hopes.

But the tide is now turning, though in the mingling of the eddies produced by the conflicting currents, we cannot at once detect which shall prevail. The doubt, however, which exists in all topics of general social interest—the internal disintegration of the fabric of political institutions—the loosening of the bonds which hold together communities—the clogging of the

* The present condition of England is forcibly exhibited by the Westminster Review. "Over millions of the working classes, several of the lamp-post orators that we could name, wield an influence far greater than that of the Throne and the Parliament. Not the parochial churches, but the lowly Ranters' chapels, or those of the unendowed and often letterless sectaries, win the very small church-going portion of the operatives of England. The laws are submitted to rather than approved: the other institutions are tolerated, instead of exciting admiration and gratitude. Capital is regarded as the robber of labour, instead of its patron and brother. Parochial relief is no longer dreaded as a badge. The police are treated as spies, instead of being regarded as defenders. Classes are in hostile array. The religious sects are at the red heat of the feud warfare. The tavern has become the Englishman's half-home: secret orders are on the increase: and meanwhile the great majority of England's workmen can neither read these pages with profitable facility, nor write an ordinary letter of business, with the least regard to the proprieties of expression or the laws of grammar. No wonder that crime has outsped the proportion of population by a fearful ratio; and that we are now expending nine millions a year, ($45,000,000,) to defend society from its own hands," &c., &c.—Westm. Rev., Jan., 1848, art. viii, p. 427. Eng. Ed. The whole article will well reward perusal. What remedy for this state of things can be anticipated from the cultivation or advancement of the Physical sciences alone?

wheels in the great mechanism of society, and their languid and spasmodic movements—all show where the danger resides, and suggest the nature of the requisite inquiry into the morbid action of the system. The singular revival of historic literature, surpassing in activity its condition in all former time, constituting an honorable distinction of the present generation, and promising to form the principal characteristic of the next—this is alone sufficient to manifest that, however vague be the impression of the necessities imposed, or the assistance required, mankind are disposed to seek aid in a renewed acquaintance with the experience and phenomena of human society in by-gone ages: and by tracing its progress and discovering its laws, to extract from the alembic, an elixir of life for the revivification of the paralyzed members.* The experiment of Medea to rejuvenate the aged Æson by hewing him in pieces, and throwing the bleeding limbs into the seething cauldron, is a very rude and unscientific, as well as dangerous process. The advancement of society by revolutions is, however, exactly analogous to it. To this it must come by the law of decomposition, if we cannot check disease: it is the last, worst crisis of decay; and though Providence does deduce good out of evil, yet we should endeavor to anticipate the necessity of killing life in order to preserve its material constituents. In Europe we hear at all times the low murmurs of approaching Revolution†—it is no longer the whizzing of the safety-valve, but the straining of the boiler, that reaches our ears from beyond the Atlantic. We may be in no immediate danger ourselves, but we cannot be indifferent when our neighbor Ucalegon's house is in flames. The miasma of social corruption is infectious;* and it is our interest to study the prognostics of disease, and to guard against the production and extension of contiguous influences. But, if any Moses is to stand between the living and the dead, and to stay the plague, he must derive his power from no quack nostrums of empirical pharmacy, but seek for the prescriptions of his State therapeutics in the profound study of social phenomena.† For these reasons, History and the Sociological sciences are eminently the studies denounced by the necessities of the times; and their zealous cultivation is required imperatively at our hands, as the great duty imposed upon the living generation.

These observations are necessarily very general, and consequently vague; but if I were to embark upon the wide sea of details, I know not where I should stop, or within what limits I should be able to compress them. There is one point, however, which is hourly growing in importance at the North, and is of vital significance in the most civilized countries of Europe. I allude to the question of wages, with its dependent topics, sustenance of the laborer, population, poor-laws, &c. Treatises on Political Economy inform us that wages cannot be depressed below

* "That of this science and art, (speculative sociology founded upon history,) the foundations are but beginning to be laid is sufficiently evident. But the most powerful and accomplished minds of the present age are fairly turning themselves towards that object, and it is the point towards which the speculative tendencies of mankind have now for some time been converging. For the first time it has become the aim of the greatest scientific thinkers to connect by theories the facts of universal history," &c. &c.—Mill's Logic. B. vi. c. x. p. 587. I quote from Mill rather than from his original, M. Comte, because the remarks of Comte are scattered throughout the whole of the last three volumes of his Cours de Philosophie Positive. See however tome iv. p. 48, 157, 526—tome vi. p. 713. &c. 781.

† The MS., from which this extract is taken, was prepared six months before the news of the February Revolution in France reached this country—much of it was written three months before that time. In an Address delivered in the Spring of 1845, the same views however were expressed. "Should the people of Europe overshoot the mark, and, like the French during their Revolution fall into the licence of turbulent anarchy, where is your security for the permanence of your institutions, but in that love for them which grows from long experience of their blessings, &c. In Europe, Agrarianism threatens revolution, and the struggle with which that Continent will burst from its trammels will necessarily give a jar to all other nations." * * * "Is there then no hope? Is there no remedy? Are nations to be struck down in the midst of their civilization, like cattle smitten with the plague? to die uttering groans to which the ears of their fellows are stopped? to fall victims without the hope of cure to that very civilization from which all their glories have sprung? The present phenomena might almost lead us to anticipate such a termination for the career of illustrious States," &c. Similar opinions were published by me also in the summer of 1842. The most remarkable instance of such prophecy is to be found in Comte, Cours, &c., tome i, 1830.

* The suddenness and virulence of this anarchical infection were fully exemplified in the spring elections at Norfolk, 1847, and were strikingly exhibited in the tone of the newspaper press throughout the country. So far as I am aware the National Intelligencer, (probably in consequence of the sound moral principle and political sagacity of Edward Wm. Johnston, Esq.,) was the only paper that was not hurried into insane applause by the rush of shallow revolutionary delusions.

† In the close of his long remarks upon Sociology. M. Comte observes, "C'est en effet, à un prochain avenir qu' appartient nécessairement le désastreux esser des grandes luttes intestines inhérentes à notre anarchie mentale et morale, dont les graves conséquences matérielle commencent déjà à devenir partout imminentes, d'abord au sujest des rélations elémentaires entre les entrepreneurs et les travailleurs, et méme ensuite, par une influence moins aperçue, qui sera seulement un peu plus tardive, pour l'attitude mutuelle des villes et des campagnes." * * "Dans cette orageuse situation, la philosophie positive," (by the application of the historical method to the application of social phenomena,) "devra trouver la première épreuve décisive de son efficacité politique," &c. &c. Comte Cours de Philosophie Positive. Leçon lx. tome. vi. p. 87

the rate necessary to support the laborer and his family, or to keep life in them. This is at once a truism and a mockery: for human wants are as compressible as they are elastic—and degradation, which is more to be apprehended than death, is many degrees above starvation in the scale. For the past three years* there have been plague, pestilence and famine, operating in concert to desolate Ireland; and throughout Europe there have been want, desolation and misery. The remedies applied have been swallowed up like a drop of rain upon thirsty ground, and have scarcely left a trace behind. Nothing has been proposed which would bring more than temporary relief:† the danger and difficulty are augmented every day: the abyss which threatens to engulph the myriads of the earth yawns wider and wider: and there is no Curtius to close the chasm by devoting his life for the safety of his fellows. Where can we look for any healing aid in this threatening and heart-sickening condition of nations, except to a more profound and diligent study of the kindred sciences of History and Social Economics? The former will furnish us with our instances—it will explain the causes, the consequences and the succession of events—and it will reveal the secret of their connection. The latter will afford us those laws of interpretation and those conclusions which may be applied to the industrial life of nations, and the improvement of the condition of the masses. Until we find a complete solution of these mysteries we can none of us be safe. However secure we may think ourselves, we are slumbering upon the ashes of a volcano, which may at any time break forth again and overwhelm us.

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*There was an almost total failure of the Potatoe Crop in Ireland in the years 1822, 1831, 1845, 1846, 1847,—and shall we not have to add 1848. v. Edinb. Rev., Jan. 1848, Art. vi, p. 233.

† M. Comte continually points out the provisional and temporary character of all the expedients for the relief of existing social evils. In Mr. John S. Mill's political Economy, published during the present year, (1848,) some remedies are proposed for the distresses of Ireland, which might possibly prove effectual. All hitherto tried have been wholly ineffectual. V. Ed. Rev. Jan., 1848.

The North British Review gives the following clever translation of the old French epigram on Piron.

Ci git Piron; qui ne fut rien;
Pas même académicien.

Here lies Piron; who was—nothing; or, if that could be, was less:
How!—nothing? Yes, nothing: not so much as F. K. S.

SUMMER IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

And all these wayward pleasures of my youth
Are simple pictures drawn from simple truth.—*Crabbe.*

It was common, in old times, for Lowlanders in Virginia to spend the summer in the mountains. Bath, in Berkeley, was a place of great resort, and its wild and glossy cedars made it highly romantic—especially at the going down of the sun. But all along the mountains it was customary for families who had wealth, to receive inmates on somewhat protracted visits. They often staid till Jack Frost drove them back to James River, or to the banks of the York or the Appomattox.

The writer remembers how, many years ago, he was domesticated at Forest Inn to the West of the Ridge, and what an agreeable summer he spent. Woman had not then so spread out her charms as to entangle him in the sundry perplexities of life. I had marked out a kind of cosmopolite plan, which of course involved single-blessedness. An inn like the one described by old Walton on the Dove was about the acme of my wishes, and I anticipated the flow of life just as if the seasons were painted on a wheel.

What shall prevent my describing a spot where some few flowers at least were planted in the paradise of the memory? The inn stood about forty yards from the public road, which had been opened through what was once a denser forest than Sherwood or Ettrick. A clump of cool and stately oaks fringed the opposite side of the highway, which presented to the eye a series of round and beautiful wastes. In the rear of these oaks flowed a stream, known in the neighborhood by the name of Mossy Creek, in which were several natural, but slight cascades, and not seriously affecting the tranquillity of the water. There was an air of comfort about the premises, particularly the inn, which was a kind of roomy box with some paper trees planted quite near the verandah. On the sign-post was swung a board, upon which some rustic artist had painted a traveller on horseback arriving about twilight. Our garden was not highly ornamented, but was laid off in agreeable walks—and it bore tulips, pinks and sun-flowers; to which may be added a lonely holly tree, which produced vermillion berries, and stood not far from a spring in which my hostess kept her bottles of milk. My locality for a summer is before the reader; and it was a summer in which radiant suns and green forests conspired to make me happy.

My hostess was a shrewd, sensible widow, who had reached the degree of forty-seven and some minutes over, in the circle of her life. She was

neither penny-wise nor pound-foolish; but kept in a happy medium—and by uniting generosity and frugality had prospered. She had added rood after rood to her little domain, and owed *nothing* either at home or abroad. Formerly she had kept school and taught a great many little urchins: but good humor had kept her from a free use of the birch.

"Did you ever read," said she, "the School Mistress, written by William Shenstone?"

"At least twenty times," I replied.

"That Poem," she rejoined, "first put me in the notion of teaching, and made me ambitious of being remembered by my pupils."

"Boys or girls?" said I.

"Both," she replied; "and some of my little girls have become respectable matrons."

"No doubt," I answered, "you have done good, and some one of your pupils may one day make you renowned. Milton's daughters, Bunyan's blind Mary, Sir Walter Scott's nurse, Byron's page, and Don Quixote's squire, are all safely lodged in the Temple of Fame."

The widow had picked up a good deal of historical knowledge; and I noticed that her information was remarkably minute. If, by way of example, she mentioned Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, she was sure to describe Babylon, the breadth of its walls, the height of its gates, and the structure of its hanging-gardens. And then her queen-like imagination would promenade in the parks of the Assyrian city and stop at mulberry trees and look up to the top of the fan leaf palm, or admire the gazelles. The same is true of the Egyptian Pyramids. She had conned over Rollin with vast attention: surprising woman to be keeping a rustic inn.

"My respected hostess," said I, "what induces you to keep a house of entertainment, when you possess such an abundance of goods and chattels?"

"That question," she replied, "has been often asked, and as often resolved."

"Resolve it then once more," I rejoined.

"Before beginning this way of life," she answered, "my feelings were selfish; but now they are expanded and cosmopolitan. Strangers call and we hear from the big world. The diversity enlivens attention, and occasionally it gives me power to perform an act of kindness to the wayfaring man. It is my purpose to give *you* my best room, free of cost, provided you will keep my accounts, help me to open the mail, and promise to write something about this tavern before you die."

"Should my life be spared to the usual span," I replied, "and when the wheel of time shall have scattered a few sprigs of moss on its roof, it is my intention to scribble something about your inn."

June was now fully set in, and from its censer a multitude of tints were constantly falling. What could have been more transporting than the area which filled the vision! Though the prospect was somewhat bounded by the Ridge, the sight could reach in other directions over a valley that wore the aspect of an immense rural sea, which was green and shaded with blue. Meditation might slowly walk its waves, or fancy stretch her magnetic wires to undefined distance, and receive intelligence from a thousand round and green hills—from azure summits on which wild roses were burning in the sun—from clumps that looked like islands—from bands of reapers—from flocks and herds. The landscape pencil of Gainsborough or Morland's Rural Sketchbook, would have fallen away from the grasp of the master before such a prospect. No sentimentalist can help loving either the heaven or earth, which June always reveals in the valley of the Shenandoah.

The writer was much at his ease, in his slippers and rustic gown, and turning over Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, when his hostess inquired,

"What book?—what book?"

"'Tis Chaucer," I replied. "I am trying to pull a little bark from this old cinnamon tree. Let me tell you the plan of it;" and my hostess waited till she got a sight of Tabard Inn and its hostelrie and the caravan of Pilgrims.

"Where were the Pilgrims going?" she enquired.

"To Canterbury," I replied, "a city in Kent, seated on the river Stour, fifty-five miles from London. It held the shrine of Becket, a turbulent priest, who was killed in the twelfth century by four knights; and when Chaucer lived, superstition was rife both in Italy and England."

"And have you come here," said she, "to watch for Pilgrims?"

"Not exactly," I replied, "though doubtless many trudge along this road. As Schiller says in his Wilhelm Tell—

> 'Here goes the anxious Merchant and the light
> Unmonied pilgrim—the pale, pious monk,
> The gloomy robber—and the mirthful shewman—
> The carrier with his heavy laden horse
> Who comes from far-off lands'—

and should a few such pass, it would please me to talk awhile with them about things in general."

"Fine crested carriages stop here at times," remarked my hostess; "and young ladies ride through the hot summer out to the cool springs."

"When such arrive," I replied, "do not call me. I cannot be an aristocrat: but send some one to tap at my door when people come along who look rather lowly."

There are times when my heart is visited with a feeling of philanthropy that amounts to a kind of passion. My philanthropy, however, does not take the turn of Howard's. He travelled the circumference of the globe; but my indolence prevents locomotion. To keep still and look out for the wayfaring man has been to me a source of happiness which I would not exchange for the imperial robe of the Cæsars. The writer is but one of eight hundred millions, who breathe a common atmosphere, and he would like, if possible, to hear each individual of the race tell his story. What an eventful volume would be the consequence! How many touching incidents—what changes of fortune, as it is called—what endless varieties—what a complex web, continually ravelled and unravelling by a celestial hand,—what myriad paths all slowly winding into a circle, from the centre of which the race must finally lift up one universal anthem to Divine benignity! By such reflections, I almost annihilated distance and space, and my imagination was wrought up to a kind of half-persuasion that some Eastern merchant might come along on his camel laden with spicery, or that some Arabian knight might dash up on his mettlesome steed. We longed to talk with Ledyard about tropical garlands—and with Sir Joseph Banks about bread fruit trees—and with Buffon about birds—and with the Autocrat of all the Russias about his Siberian exiles.

Our garden had a summer-house, somewhat larger than the one which Cowper has described, as an appendage to his domicile in Olney. It was covered with vines, which promised grapes, and with honeysuckle, which in the evening drew humming-birds. It was a pleasant retreat from the fervours of June. I was seated in it one morning, in a state of rumination, when my landlady called me from a window of the inn: and upon opening the garden gate, she told me that a stranger had arrived. Knowing myself to be master of ceremonies, I lost no time in repairing to the apartment in which the person was seated.

"My name is Emmons," he remarked, upon my entering, "from Rutland in Vermont."

"Is not that town," I answered, "on Otter Creek, and does not the scenery remind one of Catmose vale in Rutlandshire, England?"

"Not knowing, I cannot say," he replied, "as to the last part of your question; but the green hue of our spruce and pine mountains contrasts well with the blue edging that hangs off from your Virginia summits."

"And do you like azure better than emerald?" I asked, "that you should have perigrinated to a place where prejudice is indulged against New Englanders."

"I did not know," he rejoined, "that prejudice would be felt anywhere against a teacher of music, f that's my vocation."

"That is," I continued, "you wish to get a singing-school in this neighborhood. If so, you must follow my counsel, which is to see Pastor Morrison, who lives several miles off, and who is a most amiable man and a Shepherd-king among his people. You will find him in his harvest field—for he owns a fine farm—though not quite so highly ornamented as Woburn farm near Weybridge in the Shire of Surry." At that, I took out my pencil and wrote him a line of introduction, and he started with all that promptness characteristic of Northeastern people.

I cannot account for it, but it is so, that I never could understand what is called Music by note, and yet I am quite sensitive to musical sounds. Without even a ear for harmony, Dr. Johnson entertained high respect for Burney, though he rowed Piozzi up Salt river. Nothing fires my imagination quicker than to read of a Scotch piper or a minstrel reaching baronial halls of a cold wintry night. What powerful use has McKenzie made of those simple airs, which diversify Alpine life and the sounds, which call in goats from their clamberings. Byron drew concord from the pines and rocks of the Jungfrau. But the writer, a few mornings after the call of the Vermonter, forgot all artificial music, and all made by men and women in the rare melody of the birds. The concert was better than a thousand German flutes, combined with the great Hærlem organ. I do not know that I would have turned my heel on the green sward to have heard Handel, or Mozart, or a full choir of Italian exquisites. It came from the oaks which fronted the Inn. My kind hostess had loaned me some fishing-tackle and I had struck the path which led through the grove to the banks of Mossy creek. The rim of the creek was alive with beams, and the water looked as if held in a vase of gold, and the birds were absolutely frantic, dashing from limb to limb, and all their mouths were open at one and the same time. My red cork was immediately drowned, when turning, a perch happened on the hook: but I permitted it to escape back to its appropriate element. Brief was the time spent in angling, for my attention was drawn to a youth seemingly about twenty-three, who was approaching me through the spaces which divided between the oaks.

"A charming day," he remarked. "One finer never spent its rays on the Valley of Wyoming."

"And what," "I replied, "brought you so far West from a valley celebrated by the Muse of Campbell, and where there are better cascades than any which fall from the Persian mountains?"

"There is a power," he rejoined, "in the eye

of the imagination of being satiated united with an insatiableness perfectly ravenous. You might blindfold me and I could still cross every brook or bridge and climb every hill and mountain in the Pennsylvania valley. My boyish blood has been cooled scores of times in its grottoes."

"Wyoming," I observed, "needs no commendation. Come, let's go back to the inn," and, as he proceeded, he gave me some particulars of himself quite interesting, and not long after noon we sat down to a repast, which, from its simplicity, was pleasing to my guest." Would you not like," said I, "to hear some musician at play in the distance?"

"Not half so well," he replied, "as to hear the warbling of those forest birds."

"Then you are an Ornithologist."

"A piece of a one," he remarked, "and it is my ambition to get on the trail of Audubon: but he is at present abroad."

"The best way then," said I, "to catch him, is to cross the water."

"Not at all," he observed, "for by that time he will be back in Louisiana. He shoots to and fro like some impassioned bird, and he bills and coos at every thing in the shape of a tree. His stay in Scotland will be short, for he can soon tap all its firs, and as to the clumps of Enggland, what are they but pigeon boxes compared to the bird saloons of our wilderness?"

"It is my wish," said I, "that you may find him at home, if he have a home: but Ornithology seems to insert a multitude of plumes into a man's scallop without lining his pocket."

"The pocket," rejoined my guest, "who cares for the pocket when a man leads a single life. Can he not sleep on the ground, or in the hollow of a tree and drink the mountain brook and feed on the wild berry or the plum?"

"But then," said I, "bird-killing is something not to my taste."

"Nor to mine," he replied; "it is my habit to take along with me traps and nets, and upon netting the beautiful creatures, to let them go after an examination had scientifically."

"You are then," I rejoined, "the man to please me, for we do not want the blessed birds diminished. We wish Heaven had made millions in addition to those that now cleave the air and that swarm in the woods. I do not doubt that you will couple your name with that of Cuvier, or Buffon, or any other renowned lover of natural science."

"That would be a high distinction, indeed, to the name of Mifflin: but my only ambition after immense explorations is to return into Wyoming, my native valley, and spend the residuum of life and then let its birds sing my requiem."

"You have been," I rejoined, "at the old Swedish Church in Philadelphia."

"I made an express pilgrimage to it," he observed, "for the express purpose of paying my express homage to the tomb of Wilson, the founder of American ornithology."

At that he rose and brought me a sketch of the church, the tomb and the premises, which he had taken, and also some specimens of birds neatly executed. My feelings were much interested for this apparently ingenious youth, and next morning, notwithstanding his fondness for bills, my influence prevailed with my landlady to shorten his even to annihilation. But my hostess made herself quite merry at my expense, when he turned out a Yankee, who had played off on my romance.

"Do not laugh," said I, "for every impostor is to be pitied."

"But," said she, "you must be more cautious another time and study human nature, and keep an especial look out on the Yankees."

"But New England," I rejoined, "is a part of our country, and has given us poets, statesmen and heroes."

My mortification was extreme at having been outwitted. I had almost resolved upon becoming moody to any other pedestrian who might seek my acquaintance or my good offices. In fact, I permitted several to pass and maintained a dogged silence. There was no want of rustic objects to engage my attention. The sweet brier was climbing to the roof of the inn—the Kentucky rose was in bloom and the summer house was arrayed in blossoms, and, in the distance, reapers were effectively wielding the sickle. My mind fell quite into a reverie about Rousseau's theory of savage and civilized life. Civilized man is often duped, but then stratagem and duplicity prevail among Indians, and thieves are plenty as blackberries in the Pagan islands. Captain Cook lost his life in consequence of a theft, and Mungo Park was probably put to death by savages. Sustained by a number of such facts my love of man began to return, and my landlady was delighted to see the mists disperse which had been hovering over her guest for several days.

"It has struck me," said she, "that you never get the blues when you scribble."

"Never," I replied. "The friends of Cowper set him at his translation of Homer whenever he became sombre: but it would have been better, methinks, to have put him at writing another John Gilpin."

"John Gilpin," she answered, "is not that in Scott's Lessons? I used to make my little pupils say it by heart. And was that written by a

hypocondriac ? If so he must at times have been right merry."

"He was at times," I replied, "but his sadness outweighed that gossamer kind of spirits to which he was an occasional heir. Poor man! He had his enjoyments in the moist atmosphere of England. He loved hares so well that he hated hounds."

"But Scott's Lessons," continued she, "had the Country Ale House and an account of the Rustic Preacher by Goldsmith. He must have got his name from being a smith who worked in gold and not in iron. His preacher always put me in mind of pastor Morrison, who says you must call at the manse when you ride by his farm. Mercy on us, mercy on us," she exclaimed, and then flew off like a ruffled bird.

This interview had happened in a dim twilight, and, on turning round, what was my astonishment, to see nineteen Indians filing up the porch of the inn. They looked tall and strapping, and, with their rings, tomahawks and red blankets, presented a frightful aspect.

"Is this the Forest Inn?" said a man who seemed to act as interpreter.

"'Tis so called," I observed.

"My Indians," he rejoined, "have had a long stretch to day."

"No doubt," I replied, "you might be accommodated here, but the landlady is excessively alarmed."

"Alarmed indeed," he remarked, "she might as well be alarmed at nineteen spring lambs, or at as many Lilliputians."

"Permit me then," I rejoined, "to see our hostess."

At that I took myself off to where she lay in a kind of hysterical spasm. Her domestics were fanning her and her heart was beating audibly.

"What puts you," said I, "into this dishevelled state?"

"Drive 'em away," she replied, "drive off those monsters."

"'Tis impossible," said I, "they are too strong, though the interpreter says they are Lilliputians."

"Lilliputians," said my hostess, "I read the account of those Tom Thumbs when a little girl and could have whipped 'em by the hundred, but these seven feet men—"

"They are," said I, "but six and a half. Consider, uncle Sam pays for interpreter and all, and the interpreter makes twenty."

"Your words," said she, "fall like dew on the agitated wing of a dove, and it may be well for me to carry an olive leaf among the horrid creatures: but I'll not smoke their pipes."

At this it gave me pleasure to lead in the lady, who had surmounted somewhat, though not entirely, the agitation into which she had been thrown.

"Friend Anderson," said I to the interpreter, "this is our hostess, and she begs that you'll present her good will to those children of the forest. She will have a repast made ready as soon as practicable."

The interpreter expressed his thanks, and in a few minutes every thing was alive in the kitchen. Much of our happiness results from looking in upon culinary scenes, and to Cowper, the steam of the kettle must have given exquisite gratification. It has to the writer a thousand times, though he does not pretend to be more than one fourth, or, if the reader please, one twentieth of a poet.

I do not know why our race has been broken up into tribes and clans. This is a secret which Heaven keeps among its own archives. But it is a mystery still greater, why different clans should go to war. A man marches from among the thistles of Scotland, and another from among the vines of France, who never looked at each other before, and at the signal for battle, begin to shed each other's blood and then stop and make friends. What consummate folly! Oh love of country! What iniquities have been enacted in thy name. This whole planet is my country, and so would Jupiter be, had my destiny been fixed in that orb. Let me never forget that the Moor, the Arab, the Jew and the Indian are members of the human family. Such were my brief reflections in beholding the pedestrians who had just arrived at our inn. Each of them was like myself in this, that he had two eyes, and though they looked tawny and had disfigured themselves, they were noble in stature.

"Our repast is set," said I to the interpreter, and he sounded something like a Chinese gong, when they all came round the table and cast up a look towards the Great Spirit, who feeds the wildman caught in the forests of Germany, as well as the Prince of Wales or the Dauphin of France. My attention was profoundly fixed, and my silence arose partly from the taciturnity of the company. The Indians seemed to place implicit reliance on their interpreter, and some of them laughed when he pointed them to any thing in the repast that was especially palatable. When they rose, I observed to the interpreter, "your wild men do not speak our language."

"If you wish," rejoined he, "you can use me as the channel of communication."

"It would please me then to take a smoke with the chief," said I.

"As to that," he replied, "you can smoke with them all. They love to exchange the wampum belt and send up the curl from the pipe of peace."

In making arrangements to lodge such a cara-

van of guests we were soon driven to the porch, on which the moon was pouring out the richest rays that ever danced in her round saloon. A lone whippoorwill was singing, though that bird is very rare on the West of the Ridge. The Indians had been stalking about and looking suspiciously at every thing, until, by our pipes, they were brought like myself into a state of delicious repose. We looked like a company of Dutchmen on Manhattan island, except that, in the light of the moon, the Indian peculiarities were so distinct. The lunar rays shed alternate gleams on their bracelets, their beaded sandals and the fantastic knots into which the hair on their heads was cut.

"To what tribe," said I to the interpreter, "do these Indians belong, for they are stouter than usual?"

"To the Osage nation," he replied, "and we chose the tallest, as we had business with Uncle Sam."

"When a boy," I remarked, "I remember reading of that tribe or nation in the explorations of Lewis and Clarke, but Prairies and Prairie dogs were the sum and substance of their journals. Still my imagination was fed on the large desert flowers which skirted the Missouri, and on the honey extracted by the Prairie bees. But these Indians are well dressed."

"True," he rejoined, "Uncle Sam has bled rather freely of late, after making them bleed at every pore."

"Glad to hear that," I replied, "for the Indians once owned this Shenandoah valley, now burdened with crops of wheat and flowers that more than rival the roses which spring on the island of Rhodes, and where the birds sing more sweetly than the colibri of Brazil. But at present they own not an inch of this rural sea, on whose margin their sires culled wampum shells, and from whose chrystal caves they pulled the spar and bead. But," continued I, "are these Indians all of the same rank?"

"The one," he replied, "who sits there is a chief, and the one next him is the prophet. They are both men of influence."

The interpreter gave me a mass of information about the Indian country, and the next morning, after shooting at a few pieces of silver which were set up as targets, they filed off by a short cut through the woods. In the name of the chief the interpreter gave me a calumet, which had a large bowl, and he also gave me a wampum belt, for which my thanks were conveyed in the following lines from Gertrude of Wyoming;

> Peace be to thee; my words this belt approve,
> The paths of peace my steps have always led.

Our hostess had peeped at the shocking creatures, as she called them, and she seemed glad enough when they had gone.

"How far off," said she, "will they get to-day?"

"I do not know," said I, "but they will take a long tramp before night-fall."

"I did not sleep a wink," she remarked, "the whole night; and if but a mouse moved, it made me tremble from head to foot."

"Really," answered I, "your nerves are too feeble to keep an inn. Your philanthropy does not seem to bear you out. You must expect such things,

> For at this wayside lodge the angler calls,
> The rambling sportsman, and the travelling Jew,
> And Indians sleep within these rustic walls,
> Whilst Blue Ridge flowers drink in the nightly dew."

"But," said she, "your taste is so singular. You make up to every body that comes here, whether Jew, or Greek, or Turk, and yet you never go near pastor Morrison, who is a christian man."

"Has the pastor complained," inquired I, "of any want of attention on my part?"

"He complains heavily," she replied, "that you do not spend a night at the manse. He raises his daughters not to dance and reel: but to enlarge their minds and improve their taste. A five minutes talk with Norah Morrison is worth a long talk with those horrid beasts of prey, in whom you took such vast delight."

"A stop," said I, "shall soon be put to the complaints of the pastor, for it is my intention in the morning to ride over to the manse."

At this my landlady was pleased, and she promised to meet me at the kirk the day after, when we would return in company. Accordingly, the writer set out next day and ambled over the intervening space to the abode of a man highly revered by his flock.

"What a fine country," we involuntarily exclaimed on riding up to the gate of the manse. What mountains visible too from the door of the parsonage!—a wide, open, panoramic view with which the eye of the imagination played in protracted dalliance. The eye seemed to caress the prospect and the prospect returned the fondness, and this billing and cooing went on till night closed the panorama.

"Are you fond of books?" said Norah Morrison, and she seemed disposed to fall into easy conversation.

"I did not come here," said I, "to study books, but to think."

"We were in hopes," she rejoined, "that you had come among us to take off the tameness of our mountain scenery by pen or pencil."

"You cannot mean," said I, "to detract from this glorious manifestation of themselves, made by your mountains, by calling them ame."

"My meaning is," she replied, "that description would augment by association this lovely vale not surpassed by any in Italy, but then it looks drowsy because no Raffaelle has ever collected its lights and colors, and no poet comes at the head of the pilgrims who pass through it in caravans,

> When summer, with a matron grace,
> Retreats to cool and woodland shades."

"But," rejoined I, "my powers with the pencil are very circumscribed, and as to poetry, my hopes of being a poet are extremely dim."

"Poetry," said she, "however it may be decried, adds much to our enjoyments. It has created a sea equal to the circumference of the world. One it seems to me would like to dash about this sea forever, using the imagination for a skiff, and looking down to its mosaic grottoes, or upward to those orbs which turn over and over again in its heavenly vaults."

"But its islands," I remarked. "Would you not like to visit its islands?"

"By all means," she replied, "for they are so green, or rather they are evergreens which have risen, and new ones are still rising on the face of that sea. How many old abbeys, castles and chateaux may be found even in one voyage to the English, Scotch, or Swiss, or Italian parts of this immense ocean."

"You talk," said I, "very much like an ornithologist who called at our inn some weeks ago."

"We heard of him," said she, "and could not help laughing immoderately at the success of the Yankee, in palming himself off as a lover of that science which drew forth such constant and brilliant eloquence from Buffon, and which has quickened into a pedestrian race the footsteps of Wilson, and which has spread out ten thousand silver, and purple, and orange wings to the ever-moving pencil of Audubon."

By this time I began to think that the commendation which my hostess had bestowed on the talk of Norah Morrison was not extravagant. She was about twenty-two, and had a very open and benevolent expression of countenance. She had never seen a city, but yet her manners were soft, and prepossessing, and sprightly. Our talk, however, was interrupted by the entrance of the pastor and of my friend Emmons.

"Did you succeed," said I to the latter, "in getting a school?"

"Several," he replied, "and my thanks are due for that introductory note you gave me to pastor Morrison. It is my purpose, too, in four weeks to hold a concert at the Forest Inn."

"Would it not suit better at the church?" enquired the pastor.

"It would not," answered the New Englander. "The building is too large, and the roof too high for the lark-like voices which are to take part in the concert."

"Be it just as you please," answered the pastor, who was a man remarkably mild. He carried below its brow a soft blue eye, and he was very lowly and unpretending in his demeanor. He had not even a touch of self-complacency, and the next morning he mounted not a showy horse and rode off with us to his church. The church was like those which prevail in the valley. It was large and commodious, and filled to overflowing. Horses in great numbers were tied in the woods. Some were grey and others sorrel, chesnut and mouse-colored. Among the arrivals we noticed that of my landlady, who rode up to a block, and the writer, after helping her off, fastened her steed to the bough of an oak. Just then we heard the sound of music in the church, and our pastor, after going through the preliminary services, delivered a discourse which would have done honor to Fenelon, the bishop of Clermont. His eloquence was mild and persuasive. It put me in mind of the town called Scarborough, in the shire of York, which is built on an elevation, and the hill is overspread by a green plain, and in the centre is a well covered with velvet moss, from which the thirsty inhabitants are supplied. To his flock the mouth of pastor Morrison was at least a kind of oriental well, and after church he asked me to return with him, but my obligations to my hostess were paramount. It turned out a quiet Sabbath evening, and never had our Inn a more pleasant look among the larkspurs and sun flowers which were set out on its premises.

Our little establishment, for several days, assumed an air of unusual tranquillity. The writer was left in full command of his time. Scarcely a team enlivened the road, several of which slowly passed along every day; the horses ornamented with jingling bells and red winkers. In the mean time the attentions of my hostess were redoubled to make me comfortable. The cherry season had passed away, but we had peaches in abundance and apricots of delicious flavor. The weather had become extremely hot, and cool buttermilk was a beverage quite grateful. Much of my time was spent in the summer-house. It was pleasant to hide one's self beneath its crowded leaves among the fierce heats of July.

"Pilgrimage," said I, to our hostess, "seems to slacken."

"It is something," she said, "like a brook—that dries up in very hot weather; but after awhile its murmur will recommence."

"The dust," said I, "is enough to blind man and horse and prevent intercourse."

"But there is a cloud rising," observed my landlady—and sure enough, upon examining the horizon, we found every indication of a rain.

It proved to be a lavish one for the time it lasted. It refreshed every thing, and when passed, the sun rolled over the valley a bow of uncommon tints; and it made me think of Tom Campbell's lines to that superb arch which so often adorns the sky. But the coolness, as contrasted with the previous heat, was superb. All the woods seemed to unlock delightful grottoes, and the birds escaped from their nests to the glades, and the melody lasted till evening led in its pioneer star. After enjoying the night till a reasonable hour, I was about retiring, when three arrivals put a temporary stop to my purpose. They were disposed of in the best way possible, considering the time at which they had come. The morning revealed their faces: but they appeared to be more concerned about business and money, than about holding colloquies.

"Friend Clemmons," said I, "you seem to be somewhat fidgety. What's your will?"

"My will is, he replied," "to sell a Map of the World, and one of the United States, and an engraved plate of all our Presidents."

"Let us look at your goods."

At that, he unrolled several finely-colored maps.

"My purse," said I, "is extremely low, but our hostess is a friend to learning, and a first-rate geographer, and your articles are worth what you ask—that is, ten dollars for the large map, and two dollars and fifty cents for the smaller, and thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for the heads of our rulers. They will make pretty and useful ornaments for our inn. Let your charges always be fair, for Cowper says in his Tyrocinium,

> 'Truth is not local—God alike pervades
> The world of traffic and the quiet shades.'"

But just at that moment, our landlady made her appearance.

"You must," said I, "shell out twelve dollars and eighty-seven-and-a-half cents for these chattels. Examine them, for they are worth the money. The vender is in a hurry," and at that, she went to her drawer and produced the silver.

"And now, friend Pritchett, let us hear something from you."

"My vocation," said he, "is to lecture on Modern Astronomy, and to show off birds and animals by the Magic Lantern."

"It is my opinion," said I, "that you had better go on to Buchanan, or Fincastle, where there are men of science. This inn is so lonely. The blacksmith might come in, or a dairy-maid, or a harvester—but each of them would be bewildered among planets and constellations and comets, though doubtless the dairy-maid would be a good deal interested in the *Milky Way*."

"I bow," said the astronomer, "to your superior judgment; but will thank you for a note to the next town."

"That shall be freely given," I replied, "for it is the duty of all to help on a man of expanded intellect; and especially where all his views are celestial."

"And now, friend Levon, we must attend to your claims."

"A chest of curiosities," he observed.

"For the sight of which you wish to be paid. Nature has marked you for a Jew: but from your partaking with us in our meal, we doubt not that you have been engrafted into the stock of Christianity. Where were you born?"

"In Poland," he replied.

"And where did you become a Christian?"

"In England," he rejoined.

"And of what is this curiosity-shop composed?"

"Some pebbles," he replied, "from the brook Kedron—a bottle of water from the Jordan—some leaves from the Mount of Olives—some spars from Mount Tab —some sprigs from the plain of Sharon—and sundry other things too numerous to be mentioned."

"*Credat Judæus*," said I. "Are they genuine, for much money has been made out of the relics of Palestine. If I thought so, I should esteem a guinea but a small compensation for the sight."

"You are quite skeptical," he remarked, "but these things were collected by my own hand. My feet have stood in the dust of Jerusalem, and on the margin of Gennesareth, and among the crags of Olivet, and on the summit of Tabor. This eye has roved over the fallen glories of the land that once flowed with milk and honey, and watched the smoke that curled from the pipes of turbaned Turks."

"Enough," said I; "let others call your people dogs, usurers, Shylocks; but such a sin shall not be laid to my charge. Unlock your chest:" and my hostess, and her domestics, and a few neighbors came in to see; after which the three pilgrims went on their way.

We needed now several more passers-by to swell our coterie to the same number that assembled in Southwark, and among whom Chaucer employed his comic pencil. For this reason the writer was disconcerted to see our next traveller arriving alone. He was far as possible from being communicative, for he either was, or pretended to be dumb. There was no ingenuity by which we could extort from him even a word.

"Have you no tongue?" said I to the man; but he looked with a vacant stare. We imme-

diately supposed that his taciturnity resulted from want of acquaintance with our language, and we tried various expedients with him to ascertain whether this were the fact. There was a copy of Petrarch's Sonnets at the inn, and as he seemed to be an Italian, we showed them to him, supposing he would utter articulate sounds in that melodious language. But he maintained a dogged silence. Finding my patience exhausted, he drew from his pocket an old, worn-out paper, being a printed certificate that the individual had once lived near the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and that his cottage had been overwhelmed by a late commotion in Mount Vesuvius, and of course that he was an object of charity. This great travelling story was palpably false, and we immediately denounced him as an impostor.

"I am glad," said my landlady, "to find you so knowing."

"But," said I to the man, "it is my wish to talk about Naples, Mount Pausilippo, the tomb of Virgil, and the ruins of those cities overwhelmed in the year 79. I will agree to give you all the silver contained in the circumference of this dollar. Birds that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing." Still this Italian stranger refused to talk. My dollar was then returned to my purse and he beckoned to go; but all of a sudden, he fell into quite an agreeable garrulity and answered all my inquiries.

After this he decamped, and had the telegraph been invented at that time, it would have been very well to have published him along the line of his travels as a dumb man, whom six Virginia shillings could make loquacious.

But my apprehensions were at this time quite excited by the fact that my hostess insisted that she had heard the Banshee, or some cry that betokened her death.

"Are you of Irish extraction?" I remarked.

"Not at all," she replied; "but much of this valley was settled by the Scotch Irish, and they proselyted me to their creed even in my girlhood. Our dogs have been whining for several nights."

Upon reflection, however, this piece of superstition gave me no concern, till one day a covered cart, drawn by a poor tottering horse, drove up to the door of the inn. The horse was glad enough to stop, for he was fairly staggering under his burden. The crazy vehicle was owned by a poor man and his wife, who begged our help to lift from the cart a feverish daughter about, as they said, eleven years of age.

"Whither were you going?" said I to the man.

"Any where," he answered, "to escape starvation. The oil of whales, or stunted roots, would be sweet. My hut took fire, and this cart is my all."

By this time we had lifted out the child.

"Oh lay me down," she said, "where I can give thanks and die."

"Poor child," thought I, "it would please me to heal you;" but my emotions were far too deep for utterance.

My landlady was weeping bitterly. "The child," said she, "is dying. Send for Pastor Morrison."

"Would he come?" I enquired.

"He would in a moment," she replied. "He lives in obscurity, but he can tell by intuition whenever there is a cloud over a house, just as a blind man, like Professor Sanderson, who could tell by touching the ground."

"And of what service can he be to the child?"

"Service," said she; "he has rolled the Star of Bethlehem into a thousand clouds."

My sensibility was now all alive, and in about an hour and twenty minutes, Pastor Morrison alighted at the inn. He was much affected when he entered and saw that the child was dying.

"My dear little child," he said, as he felt her pulse, "I was just reading an account, when called to you, of a medicinal spring discovered in a gold mine. Religion then, like the gold, can make you rich, and like the spring, it can heal you to enter into the bloom of Heaven."

"It is mine, already," replied the child, as she opened her blue eyes above her cheeks, which were feverish and red as the French rose. "Good minister," she continued, "I want to be baptized."

"Pastor Morrison," said I, "a Christian Jew passed here some weeks ago, who, as a great favour, gave me a vial full of genuine water from the river of Jordan."

"Let it be brought out then," said the pastor. And he used it in the celebration of the rite, and soon after her body went into a sleep as sound as death and her spirit into Paradise. We buried her at the foot of the garden, and her bereaved parents passed on to the West, but not till Pastor Morrison's influence had filled the old man's cart and put a new horse into gear for his use.

In beginning this paper, it was my intention to give some account of the concert held at our inn, by the Vermonter mentioned at its opening. But a recurrence to the demise of that little child has made me sad. The concert happened but a few days before my leaving, towards the close of the summer, and went off very well. Norah Morrison was at it, and outsung all the rest. The mugs on the mantel-piece were all filled with pinks and hyacinths. Soon after it was enacted,

my intention of leaving was communicated to my kind hostess.

"Can't you stay? Must you go?" she enquired.

"Certainly must," I replied. "The great world calls me, and though I expect to act in it but a small part, that small part must be acted. We have talked with travellers; but it's time for me to become a homeward pedestrian. Accept my best thanks, and my souvenirs will always return to your quiet home when summer is uttering its deep and loud voices."

"Adieu, then," she said. "Adieu—but come again."

"I will," was my reply, "*si vita supersit.*"

And now, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh—

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon—
My scrip of joy—immortal diet—
My bottle of salvation.
My hope of glory—Hope's true gage,
And thus I take my Pilgrimage."

Ringwood, Va.

SPIRIT OF SLEEP.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Oh gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse;—
How have I frighted thee, that thou no more
Wilt steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Shakespeare.

I

Spirit that hidest 'neath thy brooding wing
The many-million woes and cares that spring
In man's harsh path by day,—
Thou who dost fold Earth's tired ones to thy breast,
And on their heavy eyelids softly rest,
Chasing their cares away:—
Thou whose sweet ministry o'er the silent world
Is felt—where'er thy pinion is unfurled,
Oh! unseen spirit! say,
By what enchanted spell—what magic sign
I, too, may hope to make thy blessings mine?—

II.

Spirit of universal Nature's rest—
Refresher of the frame by toil oppress,—
Or lingering illness bow'd.
Sweet influence that is ever, ever woo'd
Both for the restless mind, and languid mood,
For the hopes and fears that crowd
Into our little life, and through the day
Prompt us to rise, or struggle as we may,—
How shall the weary-bow'd
And weary-hearted win thy bland caress,
O, thou! that hast such holy power to bless?

III.

Spirit! I seek thee in the solemn night—
Through the long watches, till the morning light,
I seek thee, but in vain!
The clear calm stars and moonbeams on me shine,
They bring no calmness to this heart of mine—
No quiet to this brain;
But pale and anxious, by sad thoughts oppress,
I turn and toss, 'till morn (O! welcome guest,)
Bringeth the light again:
And *then*, once more I close my drooping lids,
But memory still thy soothing reign forbids!

IV.

Spirit invoked, oh! vainly: thou hast not
The power to chase the shadows from my lot;
The gift is not with *thee!*
But *one*, who hath been called thine *elder-brother*,
Who soon or late all human woe doth smother—
Will be more kind to me.
He will not scorn this sinking heart's appeal—
Which hath no sorrow but his touch can heal
Most sure and lastingly.
Spirit! no more *thy* presence I compel,
But turn beneath *his* shadowy wing to dwell!

New York.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It would be a rich fruit indeed of spells and enchantments, a noble crown of mystical lore, could we call up the men of the olden time, whose spirits should give us living light upon the grand old cities, their arts, their poetry, their every-day thoughts and ways of life. Could we evoke, for instance, some man who had lived at Athens in her grandest days, who should appear not awaking from three and twenty centuries of dreamless slumber, but knowing the present, remembering the past, and bearing in his one spirit the scenes, and events, and thoughts, which man evolved in the intervening years, it would be truly a glorious shade. The real shades of the men of Athens, like those of other men, have entered into that immortality not of earth, of which their half-inspired Plato dreamed. But there is also an earthly immortality of which men speak, not altogether in a figure; and shades which, whether in fact or in figure, inhabit those earthly immortalities. And even here, "farther west than his sires' islands of the Blest," such an one may not disrespectfully be invited to give us at least the shadow of light upon things of old.

"I come. You shall hear me if you will hear. Let your spirit fly far backwards in the long journey of the marching years. Of a distant age, of

times when a different light lay on the spirit of man from that which I now see upon it, and of a distant land, you shall hear if you will hear. At Athens I was Theophastus. My birth was in Lesbos, the land of Sappho. I first saw Athens just after the day of Mantinea, when Epaminondas fell in the greatest glory of all the Greeks. The Athenian warriors had fought against the Theban that day; but the Theban had beaten the Spartan wing, not the Athenian wing; and as the news of the fight spread in the marble city, its mercurial men highly extolled the great dead Theban as comparable even to thei own Pericles, inquired briefly of the battle, gave a few words of pity and regret to their own dead who had fallen there, and rushed to a drama of Euripides' at the theatre. Pericles had been dead nearly seventy years. Since he was taken away, the disastrous close of the Peloponessian war, the reign of the Thirty, and the liberation by Thrasybulus had come and gone. Ihicrates and Chabrias were the leaders of the State in its new freedom; but they were not sons, hardly were they effigies, of Pericles. Had you compared them to him in the Agora, some aged man with his braided hair surmounted by the Golden Cicada, mingling in his tones, sadness, reproof and a sense of triumph in the old times, would have shown you Pericles in the field; would have told you how the eloquence of Pericles inspired thoughts so lofty and heroic, that the people called it Olympian, and said it thundered; would have described to you the scene when the throneless and now childless old statesman came one day into the Pnyx into the public Assembly, where the fickle Demos had a little while before fined him fifty talents; how the crowd saluted him with deeper reverence than ever, and sobs of contrition burst from the whole Assembly; how they all earnestly entreated his forgiveness, and by one sweeping vote re-invested him with all authority in the State. 'That,' he would have said, 'was indeed a man.' Zeuxis and Parrhasius were men when Pericles was a boy. Phidias, the sculptor, was near the same age as his great patron, and died less than one Olympiad before him. And of about the same age was also Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. I myself, in the latter years of my life, saw Praxiteles, who came from Italy and wrought in Parian marble instead of the Pentelican which had been chiefly used before. These were the men of Athens of that grand day, which was just before my day, in the arts which shed glory upon outward life. I saw their works about the city—the canvass of Zeuxis and the marble of Praxiteles at the portico of the Poecile, which caused one to feel on entering and looking around, as if he had entered Jove's richest hall on Olympus, and found a conclave of the brightest gods and goddesses sitting together consulting or enjoying in their tranquil blessedness—the Propylea with the widely beautiful temples on its wings—the statue of Minerva Promachos within the enclosure of the Acropolis, lifting her tall crest and spear-point so high as to be visible to sailors at sea farther off than Sunium—and to crown all the works of glory, as it crowned the Acropolis, there stood the Parthenon itself, and within it the gold-and-ivory statue of Minerva by Phidias. There was a robe of beauty about these things, a seeming life and meaning and language which spoke to the soul as you gazed, and most clearly to the highest soul, which nothing but the sudden breaking out of a vernal sunbeam on an Attic landscape could illustrate. It was a city then in which an hour's walk in the common haunts of the citizens, sent dreams of ideal loveliness into the soul fairer than men of all other ages and climes have since attained to form or to conceive.

"Such beauty in the outer world singing its daily song to the eye and to the imagination,—almost indeed singing to the ear—was sure to breed its kindred things in the inner world of man. It is true, indeed, that Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, had all passed away. But though dead, yet they were still speaking to the Athenians in the theatre. And by feeding the spirits of men with the intellectual beauties they were prepared to taste, the tragedies were preparing them, by the mystic and prophetic strains of the choruses, for higher things yet to come. From such a cradle, in such an age, PLATO came; and none less than Plato would have been a worthy offspring. I, a schoolboy, was sent from Lesbos to be his pupil; and I saw him first seated in the grove of the Academy, venerable with more than sixty years of age, surrounded by a crowd of the young nobles of all Greece, modestly professing to teach them merely the philosophy of the murdered Socrates, yet bearing away his auditors, their heads inclining to him and their countenances lighted with rapture, in the flights of a genius which all felt to be of far more nervous wing, and higher soaring and keener eye than that of Socrates. Some years after my coming, there came also, one day, from the city of Stagyra to school there, young ARISTOTLE, a gentleman of the most accomplished manners, scrupulously elegant in his dress, contrary to the maxims of the first Academy, and of a sort of inexorable justness of thought, which led him often to scruple at the loftier visions of the poet-sage. This finally made his house a rallying point to those members of the Academy in whose minds the rational and reflective understanding was stronger than the poetic faculty; and was the nucleus of the

school on the other side of the city in the grove of the Lyceum:—but not until after the death of Plato. For twenty years Aristotle lived with his master, beloved by him, and by him called "*the mind of the school.*" I became a member of that school in the Lyceum called Peripatetic; and finally succeeded Aristotle as its head. From this new location, between the city walls and Mount Hymettus, on the South-eastern side of the city, being not far from the theatre of Bacchus, we could hear every night the plaudits of the people, and the soft wild chorus of flutes, causing us to feel that Athens was learning rapidly to speak to the ear in music, and clothe in sound the mystic joy, and love, and aspiration of mortal life, as she had before spoken to the eye and the imagination, and the reason, by sculpture, and poetry, and philosophy. Then it seemed to us that the beam of light was perfect, having all its prismatic rays, and was pure and clear white. But it was not yet so; there was yet another earthly ray to be added; another yet different from that beam from the Higher God which was to shine on another city, far eastward of Athens, and which Plato foresaw and longed to see with open vision, and which he said some greater Socrates, descending from a city above, even higher than that of the Olympian deities, was to visit the earth to bring down.* There was yet another ray to come beside that. A young orator whom I had known a short while as a senior school-fellow at the Academy was the next year hissed from the Bema of Athens. For some years he had been lost from public sight. Few cared to inquire what had become of him. Of those who spoke of him at all, some said he was taking private lessons from an actor who professed to see a jewel in him; and others that he was living in a cave by the sea-shore, declaiming in greater anger to the angry waves. But suddenly one day there came a tremendous shout from the Public Assembly. It was the day on which the repeal of Leptines' law came up for discussion. This man, making an invidious distinction in favor of the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogiton, had proposed and carried a heavy tax on every other citizen of Athens. Young Demosthenes had reappeared that day; and seizing on the occasion which gave full scope to his favorite passion, as well as the favorite passion of his audience, the pride of Athenian glory, he overwhelmed Leptines in an oration "on the Immunities of Athenian citizens." With such an orator as he proved himself to be on this and on other occasions, when even the schools of philosophy went to hear him, not excepting the snarlers of the Cynosarges themselves, we *felt* that the beam of the intellectual light of Athens was complete.

"Yet fair as was that shining city, it is not the mere preception of its wonders which chiefly returns to me now of the reminiscenses of that Athenian life of mine. Although I have stood in the Propylea when some grand procession of citizens of all classes and ranks, clad in mystic or triumphal dress in honor of Minerva, was about to pass through, and seeing the bronze valves of the five gates fly suddenly open, have felt the force of the exultation of Aristophanes:

'Shout, shout aloud of the view which appears of the old time-honored Athenae,
Wondrous in sight and famous in song where the noble Demos abideth,'

when the grandeur of the Parthenon burst upon my view;—although from one of the hills of Hymettus, I have looked upon the city in distant view, on a fair day, when it seemed as if a bevy of the Spirits of the Blest had descended to nestle and abide there;—although I have gazed and wondered for hours at the Poecile and in other porticoes of the artists;—although in listening to legends of Pericles or in hearing an oration of Demosthenes, I have had visions of civil grandeur brought before me of great magnificence; even although I have gone along with some chorus of Euripides in the theatre, or some rhapsody of Plato in the grove, to the highest reach of their soaring powers of invention, yet it is the response to these things in the depths of my own soul which now arises to my view rather than the bare memory of the things themselves. The arts of Athens sprang from certain primitive fountains of the love of beauty in the human soul. They did not create those fountains, as some suppose; but were born of them. And as offspring is like parent, as face answers to face in a glass, as the sky which appeared beneath the waters at Sunium was the image of the sky which glided over Attica, so were the arts of Athens the images of the love and the dreams of ideal beauty in the souls of men. And our souls respond in flashes of inward light and glory to their own image in their own offspring. It is those flashes of light which now return upon me in connection with the grandeur of Grecian life, rather than the memory of the scenes and perceptions themselves which were but the connecting chains by which the inward and the outward world held communion. And flying from life to life, those gleams of inward light pass down the stream of life in devious and wonderful ways. As a poet of the race which is, in the modern

* Plato's Alcibides, lib. 2.

world, what the Greeks were in the ancient, has said:

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come."

[*Wordsworth.*

*

STANZAS.

I looked on the sun as he sank in the west—
  Not a cloud overshadowed his beam;
But calmly he shone from the place of his rest,
  And brightly expired with a gleam.

And, while 'neath the curtain of eve his last ray
  Was still on the far-rolling wave,
He fled like a spirit when passing away
  Beyond the sad gloom of the grave.

As calmly he poised on his pinions of light—
  And left, as he faded from view,
Such smile as a heaven-bound spirit would write
  On his clay when he whispers—adieu!

There came o'er the earth and along the blue sky
  A beauty as tranquil as sleep,
And the soft, balmy dews on the breeze that moaned by
  Seemed hovering angels to weep!

How calm was that hour! as calm as if Death
  Had reigned o'er the land and the sea—
For the dash of each wave, and the moan of each breath
  Spoke but of repose unto me.

The green earth around me was yet smiling on,
  Though its luminous spirit had fled,—
And soft from the sky the evening-star shone,
  Like the hope that remains for the dead!

The hues of his glory soon vanished away,
  Pursuing the Sun in his flight,
While, swift on the track of the fast-fading day,
  Flew darkly the shadow of night.

The reign of deep silence came still o'er the scene—
  Scarce aught save a murmur arose,
Of the faint-breathing zephyr, that told how serene—
  How pure the untroubled repose.

It seemed that the angel of peace had descended,
  And all with his spirit had blessed;—
The thoughts that rushed darkly within me were blended
  With hopes of a heaven of rest!

Soon thus—did I think—will the cares of this life
  In the stillness of death be no more,
And the storms, that attend us with tumult and strife,
  Forever be hushed in their roar.

The sorrows that gather so dark shall be past,
  The cares that our pleasures would drown—
And all shall be peaceful—be tranquil at last,
  When brightly the sun shall go down!

F., D. & H.

Bolivar, Tenn.

THE RECOLLECTIONS
Of another Elderly Gentleman.

BY LAUNCELOT WAGSTAFF.

When the Countess of Blessington's very agreeable book first appeared, a number of good people determined not to be amazed, because the variety of her hero's entanglements seemed to them both unnatural and improper. I, on the contrary, belonged to that small and unhappy class, who fancied that she had not done entire justice to the capacity of the human heart. Looking back from my mellow autumn, through a sweet summer, to a pleasant spring, I recalled more adventures of that sort, than her amiable hero had encountered. Not all indeed were as successful. It is my misfortune to remember having chased several butterflies, which, after keeping me breathless with haste, anxiety and expectation, left me, cap in hand, a sad spectacle of their triumphant escape from the projected capture. But yet, on the whole, I have had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success; and as the pleasing delusion of being dearly loved, has never in my case been purchased by the misery of the fair lady who did me that honor, my reflections have not been disturbed by any phantoms of remorse for a little innocent amusement.

The instance that I am about to relate is of that kind which derives its chief character from the intention of the man who plays the part of tempter. As I certainly had no satanic design in view, nor dreamed of expelling the fair Eve, at whose ear I sat, from that position which through sheer necessity she was constrained to regard as a paradise, I bespeak the silence of all good people as to the heinous character of my offence. If the tranquillity of my conscience, reflecting at this day upon the whole affair, be regarded as any proof of innocent intention, my conduct must be looked upon as lamb-like in the retrospect.

In the year—, no matter what, I found myself

in the town of Havre, waiting for some ship that would carry me back to the United States. I was at that period near the mature age of twenty-three years: a time of life at which a man may be considered to have been perfectly capable of appreciating many of those enjoyments which the continent of Europe and the French capital offer to the idle mind. And it may be well to observe in passing, that during the season which I had spent abroad, I had not suffered my spirits, inclined as they naturally were to despondency, to wear one hue of the sombre tints of *ennui*.

I had left Paris for a reason which many of my young countrymen are able to understand. Sitting one evening in my room, I took a sudden fancy to discover the precise state of my account with the banker. It was, after an adventure which I had been unlucky enough to encounter on the preceding evening, rather a matter of agreeable surprise for me to discover, that when all my bills were paid, I should have money enough to land me upon the soil of liberty. My ties in the city were not of that sort which it required a great effort of the heart to break. So on the following morning, with no more adieux than could be waved from the open window of the coupé of a diligence, I rolled past the barriers on my route to Havre.

Arriving there, I found the ship, in which I was destined to sail, not quite ready for sea. Not, however, being in any condition to commit further extravagances, I went on board and put my house in order. It was dreary enough the first day. Havre is not a gay town, and after having dusted my boots in a walk around the ramparts and had them polished in the public square—venturously crossed to Harfleur—strolled upon the quais—roamed over the castle of Francois 1er—watched the process of opening the gates as the tide rose—and generally looked into every corner that seemed tolerably attractive, I grew profoundly weary of the place. Ship-board offered me no great attractions. I had the felicity, thanks to the care of the French police, of going to bed without a light,—this simple luxury being absolutely prohibited in those pleasant docks.

The next morning as I was pacing up and down the dead flat of the promenade deck, thinking of the Rue de Rivoli, and comparing my steady step very disadvantageously even with the rolling gait of a man at sea, I saw ascending the long plank to the gangway, two figures,—one a man and the other, to my profound delight, a woman. The man was a nervous man, it was quite evident. Small attention did he pay to the walk of the person following after him. With the rope clutched tightly in his hand, he trod gingerly along the springing plank, regaining a comparative serenity when he reached the brass railing at the gangway. Then he was polite enough to help the partner of his ascent, through the easiest portion of her journey,—handing her to where I stood, with our excellent skipper, upon the quarter deck.

There may be some need for a national costume among certain people. I thank heaven that we Americans can follow what freak of fancy we please without ever losing our national likeness. Though we dressed as Bedouins and rambled through all sorts of wadys in the desert;—lifted our slippered feet in Ispahan;—smoked the meerschaum in Heidelberg, or Gottingen,—played at Baden;—rode in England;—and did all unexceptionably;—the keen eye of a fellow countryman, alive to those native graces which survive all changes of climate, could detect the naked Jonathan, covered up in foreign fashions and by foreign manners as he might be. Had I seen the gentleman who settled his hat upon his head as he reached the spot where we were, on the top of the Pyramids; or met him as he man in Eothen did his fellow wanderer in the desert, and had done no more than observed him touch his hat and look at me, I should have murmured—*Broadway*, and known that his feet were familiar with the flag-stones of that pleasant avenue. If "a body" were to ask me why, and there are people incredulous enough to ask any thing, I should doubtless make a very lame argument about the matter. But if any man ever saw an American abroad, who had left his own country full grown, without knowing him to be from the direction of the setting-sun, we have yet to see such a case of amblyopia.

I did not very narrowly consider the exterior man of my countryman; for the face of his companion was just then turned towards me. She was a beautiful woman. There was no particular style in her figure of expression. You can almost always say of an English woman, "here is one well-bred: a person of family and fortune:" or the reverse. And if your eye is familiarized to the shades of manner, you can soon discriminate between that general sprightliness and suavity of demeanor which all Frenchwomen possess as their peculiar heritages, and the yet more refined and delicate courtesy, haughty even in its flattering concessions, which distinguishes the French lady of the old regime. But it is difficult to pronounce upon the social position of an American woman when you see her out of her own country or circle. Every observer has had the ill-fortune to behold almost as many coarse, ill-bred women filling the saloons of good society in this country, as he would be likely to find in that lower circle upon which

these people look down. While on the other hand, in some small family group, where such a treasure was not to be looked for, as if Nature in the very bounty of her gifts scorned to be circumscribed by any limits not of her own fixing, the wandering and almost unobservant eye will sometimes fall upon a woman of such surpassing refinement, gentleness and grace, that her untutored loveliness appears to be a miracle of delight.

It would be passing far beyond the bounds of that truth, to which, as a veracious historian, I am bound to adhere, for me to say that the lady who looked at me upon the quarter deck of our good ship was any such miracle. She was very beautiful, and very graceful; but she had that calm assurance of her own charms, which sets the beholder in opposition to their influence. Perhaps the cool manner with which she recognized my sense of her presence on the quarter deck, and the careless catalogue she seemed to be making in her mind of the items of my identity, may have prejudiced me against her discernment. And yet, as a judicious man, I could not quarrel with her taste. Figure to yourself, reader, (alas! how difficult it is for me, now beholding the ricketty image of what I was, in the neighboring mirror, to do likewise!) a tall youth, some twenty-three years of age, not very carefully arrayed, with untrimmed, bushy whiskers and twisted moustache, shaded by a travelling cap, the worse for wear. She was in a spotless morning dress—the ribbons evidently fresh from the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, and the exquisitely fitting gloves bespeaking No. 8, Rue Castiglione. She glanced at me from head to foot, and entered her cabin, leaving me just about commencing a nautical criticism, which I was ready to think would interest a timorous woman, about to trust her precious freight of ribbons and silks to the faithless sea.

We spent all that day on ship-board, the wind proving too unfavorable to leave the harbor. At night our fellow passengers came on board. There were no more women. There was one young American, who had, like me, been a wanderer abroad, though for a far longer time than I had journeyed, and one old American, who had toiled like a galley-slave somewhere in the western part of the State of N. York, selling potashes and pearlashes, thus accumulating a large fortune, and who, in his sixtieth year, had quitted his "snuggery" to trust his old age in foreign countries. He was returning to his own quiet home, to his cosy wife and comfortable daughters under the impression that the wide world did not show any thing half so beautiful as the falls of the Genesee, or as the flats through which the river wandera to Lake Ontario. As for my New Yorker, he had found his legs and his voice in the comfortable cabin, and as we sat in the dark, stirring the unseen sugar at the bottom of our sangarees, (still no light) he opened his full heart in complaint over all the miseries which he had undergone since he was beguiled into crossing the ocean. There were the children—

But stay, I had forgotten the children. It was not worth while to disturb a feature of female loveliness by introducing two such imps. But two, nevertheless, this delicate beauty, scarcely yet turned of twenty-four, unquestionably had—one a dumpy girl, some four years of age, another a less dumpy but more peevish boy of two summers. These were the children of whom he began pathetically to lament. He had brought them with him to Europe, thinking that in that land of civilization their young wants would be amply attended to. But such agonies as they had endured!—rooms without carpets, doors without listing, hearths without fires large enough to blacken them! With a touching pathos he told me of the sad ravages made by unnumbered cramps and coughs in the sad visages of his offspring. There was not much amusement to be had in the dark; so accommodating myself to my restricted enjoyments, and using my advantages, I strengthened his punch, when our fellow voyagers retired and we made a night of it.

His confidences were rather dull, but I gathered enough to be assured that his marriage was of no uncommon sort. Some managing mother had acted as unlicensed broker and sold her daughter's lilies and roses, her soft brown hair, dark lustrous eyes, and well-moulded figure for what they would bring. He spoke of her attractive points, as though he had a catalogue of them; and I listened, for I love to hear on what terms God's creatures are made marketable.

Early next morning the captain announced to us that we had a chance of getting out into the channel when the tide rose, and we all appeared upon deck to see the exit of our vessel. The quiet way which some of our ships at home have of getting off, such as casting loose the bow and stern ropes, and letting the foretopsail fall is not to be thought of in Havre. When our turn came to pass through the narrow gate-way of the dock, we were tugged to the appointed place by an infinitely long string of crapauds and sailors; which, when we had reached under a storm of *Sacres*, we were joined in brief bonds to a little worm of a steamer, and with it struggled out into the open channel.

Our fair friend watched all these proceedings with a sort of scornful curiosity. And really as she stood near the binnacle, with her brown hair smoothly tressed over a clear white brow, and falling down upon cheeks of exquisite smooth-

ness and coloring, I found it in my heart to forgive the supercilious look that lingered about her large dark eyes. When the bustle had subsided, I suggested to my sangaree intimate of the night before, to present me to my fair fellow voyager. He did me that honor, and she coolly inclined her head in my direction. As for my civilities, I am free to confess that she received them very cavalierly. So that, despairing of making myself at all agreeable, while I wore the travelling cap and bushy moustache, I meditated their destruction.

Solitude, however, works miracles. Infants are not wholesome company for a pretty woman. And one of that exacting class, who had been used to spend her morning in the Champs Elysées, talking to heaven knows what dulcet-toned cavalier, was not likely to be entirely amused with the innocent prattling of babes in the confined area of a ladies' cabin. Our friend, her husband too, had a delicate stomach, and when the wind freshened in the channel to a top-gallant breeze, his countenance paled to a most hideous coloring. In short, he grew sick, despite of oranges and sangarees, and was conveyed below, leaving his fair wife to promenade as she might. Thanks to some old experience of the unsteady element, the even pace at which, with some extra rigidity of muscle I will allow, I contrived to walk the deck attracted her notice. And she did me the honor to accept my arm. The campaign commenced.

Thenceforward, for sangarees were entirely unavailing, we were inseparable. The aged pearlash vender dreaded the near neighborhood of another man's wife, who had been living in Paris. He seemed to think the atmosphere of the capital singularly deleterious to the female moral constitution. And had the beautiful woman, who walked every evening with me, ventured to look askance at him, he would have received the terrors of St. Anthony. The young American was something of a bachelor in his notions of comfort, and was ever willing to sacrifice all his personal convenience to female whims; and so he did not enter the lists against me. I was the lady's sole gallant.

If any man can sit at sunset, of a May evening, on the lofty deck of a ship at sea, beside a beautiful woman, when there is just motion enough in the water to maintain the sense of motion, under a serene sky, without feeling his heart yearn towards his companion, then ought such a person, from his native constitution, to be set up as a cheap and durable figure-head for the vessel which he is occupying as a passenger. "We," at the indiscreet age of twenty-three, forgot the sick gentleman below, before that sun had seven times gone down into the ocean, and found ourselves talking worlds of nonsense. Gentle reader, if you be pious, as I hope you are, do not close this history with a profound sense of the wickedness of its author, or with a trembling vision look forward to its close. Believe me the vista is not terminated by a thin female with dishevelled hair, nor by a gentleman half distracted between remorse and dyspepsia induced by want of cheerful reflections. Nor do you, my delicate young reader, be you wife or maiden, put your curiosity or sympathies in too active order of operation. The tale that I am telling is a true tale; and, therefore, in it there is not much that will make your various tears flow from their fountains.

"Worlds of nonsense," and I talked them! It was he old story. We exhausted generalities and began to talk about ourselves. She, dear creature, told me of the many adventures which, as a maid of sixteen, she had encountered, and how she met with the gentleman below. My confidences were not very exchangeable, but I did the best I could with them. I seemed a penseroso of the most gloomy coloring. I had been disappointed a good many times,—I said only once—life is a drama requiring all the unities. By and by she fell into my view. It had been, evidently, a long time since she had heard any thing like genuine sentiment. The invalid below had not dealt much in it. She began to whisper of *her* disappointments;—her one disappointment; "it was that of her life," she said—"her whole life." And at that down drooped over her pale cheek the long fringes of her dark eyelashes. One tear, only one,—what woman of discretion sheds more,—hung impearled in the glossy net. Remember, gentle reader,—good reader, I was but twenty-three: the sun was down, and I saw her delicate beauty in the new light of a cloudless moon. Pray remember this.

Was it I,—stigmatised but yesterday by my respectable laundress in my hearing, as a "particular old codger," and only because I objected to a superfluity of starch—reminded one week since, when I complained to my tailor that his old measure did not fit me, and that his cutter was growing careless, that my figure had, within ten years, lost its fair proportions; was it I, really I, who, on that balmy evening, when her declining head loosed from its resting place, the one tear that had flowed from her inmost heart; was it I who caught it precisely upon the nape of my neck as I leaned forward and took her clasped hands (Madonna wise) between mine? *Peccavi:* it was I.

Yes, I took her hands in mine and held them, heaven knows, closely and earnestly enough. It is not for me, now grown into a cynical old man, to gibe and jeer at feelings which then stirred my young heart to its depths. She had a deep, low,

musical voice, and her own emotions, long subdued by the utter want of sympathy which she found in her help-mate, overmastered pride and resolution, and found such a voice as seldom breathes even in this world of beauty. She forgot that a hand, not joined to hers in wedlock, held her own unrebuked, while she poured out a flood of passionate mourning over her lonely and unreturning youth. She forgot that my hand pressed hers; but I did not. The hour, the silence, her beauty, the deep distress of her tearful and impassioned eyes, all helped as inspirations, and I said a vast variety of things, which were all profoundly true at the time, but yet very improper.

I was excessively in love with her that evening, and I told her as much. If any one is curious to know exactly what I said, I have only to inform him that he requires what is beyond my power to give. The reproduction of an avowal of this sort in cold blood, an attempt to imitate in language, from memory, the glow, light and warmth of coloring of a young love, would be as preposterous as an attempt at noonday to get an idea of a sun-rise by looking towards the east with tinted spectacles. Enough to say, that as I sat with that small white hand clasped in mine, murmuring impossible consolations into her ear, I utterly forgot, and I suspect she did, the gentleman below.

The watch was changed. The bustle of feet near us startled her from her trance of agony; she rose and with a pressure of my hand, which I could have just sworn to, waved me an adieu, and left me alone. The stars, bless their twinkling souls, have in their generation witnessed a great deal of folly. I do not know that they ever gleamed upon a more disordered head than mine that night. There is no check on a man's absurdities in the dark, especially at sea. All about us presents such a notion of limitless grandeur and sublimity,—a space so immense in its movements and vicissitudes, that the imagination contemns the petty, fixed barriers of social life, as unworthy of a man. I thought of impossible islands overgrown with palm-trees in some far-off summer sea—of cottages, or as Dr. Whately says—a "thatched cottage on a flowery heath on the border of a fine wood." I dreamed of a lonely glen that I had seen among the mountains of my native State. The dim mist that hovered over the pathway of the vessel, now driving faster on as the night wind freshened, shaped itself into the glorified likeness of that sweet spot. There it was—the open glade skirted about by its noble oaks; the smooth meadow rising gently on one side with a natural terrace; and on it, just beneath the spreading branches of the tree of centuries, "our pretty cot" with its "tallest rose." And, standing on the green sward, watching for a figure that hastened to receive her welcome, stood the calm, beautiful presence of the weeping woman who had just left upon my hand the faint pressure of her grasp.

Gentle reader, have you ever been in love? If you are a prudent man, as the world has it, and never yearned for any thing except what was precisely proper and advantageous, this history will not find a sympathizing reader in you. Do me the kindness to lay it down. I spent, it would be difficult to say how many hours, in such profitable reflections, as those to which I have alluded. The night waned,—the breeze freshened,—the moon went from my view behind a veil of heavy clouds,—the wind began to sing among the rigging,—the stentorian voice of our skipper, calling all hands to reduce sail, woke me from my trance,—and, thoroughly aroused by tumbling over the mizzen-topsail halyards, I retreated to my state-room, and slept, aye calmly, despite the gale and the recollection of having nursed, to expression even, a passion that could not but prove unhappy.

Next morning! If there be a panacea for human woes, it is to be found in that happy season. Some wise observer, in view, doubtless, of his altered sensations after a night's profound rest, suggested that the soul walked in sleep through the waters of some shadowy Lethe, and in it forgot the grosser troubles of the day. Be that as it may, I put it solemnly, as a curious fact for explanation, to such of my good readers as care to analyze their own sensations, whether they have not frequently gone to bed in a fever-fit of anxiety and vexation, troubled to death with something or other, and waked in the morning with no earthly reason for peace, with no new avenue from its difficulties discovered, and yet as tranquil as an infant: with no more trace of the last night's agony remaining, than amounts to that suspicion of a heart-ache, which stands between the tenement and its perfect tranquillity.

Next morning came, and as I stood balancing my body in all sorts of postures to accommodate it to the rolling vessel, the breakfast gong sounded. I turned the lattice of my state-room and looked into the cabin. The invalid, weary of waiting to be well, had accomplished his toilet at the expense of a face awfully gashed, and sat dismally over his coffee. By his side, calm, peaceful as a bright May morning could make her, sat my weeping friend of the night before. She was unexceptionably attired. I looked for the trace of tears, for some forgotten ornament which might betray a spirit ill at ease,—unable even in its greatest effort to remember all the petty ornaments which she must now view with such disdain. Every thing was in order. You might have seen your face in the gloss of her

hair. The dress was exquisitely fitted. Every ring that had pressed into my hand the night before shone upon her fingers. And to crown my mortified astonishment, she was gently helping the invalid to some condiment which would be likely to sustain his long sickened appetite.

Things were not altered when I appeared. I thought that I perceived a faint hue richer than usual upon her cheek and neck, but it was possibly the dim light gleaming through a bottle of tomato catsup which she held in her hand. Now, if she had shown great agitation—had looked at me with a rueful or distressed countenance, I am quite sure that I could have been very agreeable that morning. Nothing satisfies a man so well with himself as a sense of his influence and power. He is never so agreeable as he is to a woman of whose affection he is internally sure, but to the existence of which he has never been constrained to accord an official recognition. She was quite at her ease, and I became of course dissatisfied,—was cynical, bitter,—not to say *rude*. From the particularly haughty manner with which I declined all her politeness, she could not but argue that I was offended. Then began *her* uneasiness. Women, bless their uncertain hearts, are very like their fellow-creatures, the men. So long as they are satisfied of your love, you may consider your ill-treatment as guarantied, no matter what reasons they may have to respect the extent of your private information. The more submissive you are, the more harsh and tyrannical they grow; but once grow restive and the little courtesies recommence. But this is very serious criticism; and I return to my story.

My sweet friend grew observant. When the breakfast was over we went to the promenade deck. There I lounged apart upon a bench. She looked listlessly over the railing. The captain offered his arm. They promenaded awhile. I laid down and watched the flying scud. The time came to "take the sun," and the captain left the lady to her own meditations. She experimented on a stroll with the invalid. His first exploit was a fall over the chicken-coop, where he was ferociously picked at by those hungry voyagers. He descended below to repair his injuries. Madame boldly essayed to walk alone. A slight lurch, (I prayed for it,) sent her to leeward with most unmatronly rapidity. My arms, the occasion excusing it, caught her; and although it might be said that the release was not of that instantaneous sort which such a predicament demanded, still something must be allowed for the novelty of the situation. The reconciliation was effected. We walked longer than usual that morning. The invalid was below.

How well I remember that morning! It returns to me even now with its questions and answers.

"I had nearly fallen!"

"It is quite true."

"I should have injured myself; perhaps fallen overboard!"

"Your fall would have been severe."

(A pause.)

"The day is pleasant."

"Very."

"Is the wind fair?"

"It is."

"You are laconic to-day?"

"You seemed to think that I had said too much?"

"When?"

"Last night."

(Another pause.)

"Did I say so?"

"No, but looked it."

"I was not offended."

"No—but more."

"How?"

"Unconcerned."

(Another pause.)

"Do not let us speak of that."

"Your silence is easy."

"Why?"

"It gives you no pain."

"And yours?"—

That was an unlucky question; because I answered it. Not yet, most reverend matron,—do not yet close the volume. You have not heard what I said. Wait until I tell you, and then acknowledge that you came nigh to prejudging the case. Whatever I said, she did not say much; but she listened. And how much did she say in that? I put the question to you, most prudent lady,—how much did she say in that?

The invalid grew stout and well. He got his "sea legs" on, and insisted on playing gallant to his wife. He called her at the twilight time. She was delicate, and it was damp. The little promenades with me grew fewer. When she was making the fifth round, the baby was sure to cry out from below.

"My dear!"

"What, love."

"The baby cries."

"No—does it?"

"*Aha—aha—aha—a—a—a.*"

"There it is again."

"It is cross to-day—better let the nurse manage it."

"*Aha—aha—a—a—a.*"

"It must be sick!"

"Oh no, my love, only cross."

"Mrs. —— I think *sick*."

"I hope not, my love."

"You had better see."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

So ended one week. Before many days these perpetual interruptions put an end to our talks upon deck. The invalid had grown companionable and liked his wife beside him, even when he played chess. I sat on the opposite side. It was my amusement to draw an infinitude of absurd caricatures—what caricatures! which I explained in doggerel. These I regularly threw to Cerberus as sops. He soon grew tired of my wit, but rather encouraged its exhibition. Now and then a piece of bolder rhythm passed into his wife's hands;—once he picked such a stanza up from the floor and looked at it. I saw it in his hands. Happily it was a mild dose. But not knowing that he had got possession of it accidentally, I scribbled her a note. I have it now before me. Her answer was on the same piece of paper.

"Did you show —— that piece of rhyme?

Devotedly."

"No, I have not shown anything, or said anything. Do you not feel ashamed of imagining such a thing? You seem very much afraid of him."

That was an unlucky gibe.

The invalid did not like note-writing. The baby cried as usual. I believe he had a mesmeric influence over that child. My fair friend and I were still more estranged. One night, however, he was deep in chess. I was inquired for. The deluded captain, innocent of evil intention, announced my retirement. I was comfortably stretched upon the monkey-rail looking at the phosphorescence of the ocean. The fair captive had leave to quit her master's side. She came to the door of the saloon. I stood in the dark and talked with her. I complained of her estrangement. Poor thing! she told me with tears in her eyes,—I saw them glistening in the faint light of the stars,—that her husband had expressed a stolid disapprobation of our intimacy: he said she ought to be more attentive to him. Poor prisoner! captive for a life-time,—with but one life,—doomed to minister with her fair hands to the rude and selfish ease of a vulgar master. My heart truly yearned to her as she stood weeping silently,—listening without a word of reply to such consolation as I could give her.

"Do not weep more."

"Do not, I pray, observe me."

"I cannot help it."

"Then, I will go."

"No—stay. You shall not be displeased."

"We shall be observed."

"He is at chess."

"This is useless. We should not meet in secret."

"He is to blame. It is his foolish jealousy."

"Has he no cause?"

"From you,—none."

"But I also am in error."

"How?"

"I should not have allowed it."

"You have permitted nothing."

"But you have said much."

"You could not have kept me silent."

"We are near land—are we not?"

"Yes."

"Well, we part then."

"Are you glad that it is so?"

"I should have been better pleased if we had not met."

"But as it is?"—

"This must not be. Good-night!"

"Stay—but as it is? Answer."

"No—I cannot. Good-night."

And yet it was answered.

The next day we again met. She was as calm and composed as ever. I could not approach her. I retired sad and dispirited to my state-room. The captain announced that we were near the land. I had grown in love. Touched by her beauty, a warmer feeling than any that I had known in my intercourse with her sprang up in my heart. I wrote the following stanzas. I thought them poetry then. I was but twenty-three.

I know that thou canst love me not;
And soon my name will be forgot:
And all that I have uttered seem
The fragment of a morning dream.

But still thy steps I linger near,
And every word in gladness hear,
As if to be where'er thou art,
Were place within thy secret heart.

But thou perchance canst inly smile,
To see me thus my life beguile;
And care not if our parting day
In grief or gladness pass away.

But fare thee well: I'll ne'er regret
That I must leave thee as we met;
But to remembrance fondly give
Thy lovely image, while I live,

As that which in an earlier day
A moment beamed upon my way;
Although my life of thee bereft,
Seem ever more to darkness left.

Rather enthusiastic to me reading it at fifty: but I have no doubt it seemed icy to me at the ripe age of twenty-three. I was sick that night, or at least told the captain so, and called for my light. But in a little while I again ensconced among the ropes coiled upon the monkey-rail.

I waited long, and at last fearing that she would not come, cursed in my heart the prosperous breeze that drove us on so rapidly to the shores of America. But the light that twinkled through the door-way suddenly disappeared. I stood beside the entrance. She said:

"Is it you?"

"Yes."

"The captain said that you were sick."

"I have not yet retired."

"We are almost within soundings, are we not?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"You should be glad."

"But I am not."

"I have been preparing to depart."

"Doubtless well satisfied to be so near your home."

"They expect me."

"I have not a married life to look forward to. I cannot congratulate myself upon leaving you."

"You have friends?"

"They ill supply the happiness of married life."

"You are bitter"—

"And just."

"But not to me. You should spare me your satire."

"Satire? Your are too happy in your husband's companionship to regard this as satire."

"Good night."

"Why do you go?"

"Will you not bid me good night?"

"No, for we then would part in anger."

"I am not angry."

"Then it is well. You know we shall reach the harbor to-morrow."

"I know it."

"Ours has been a sad companionship."

"More than sad, I fear."

"Do you think that we shall meet soon again?"

"I trust not. We should both avoid such a meeting."

"I wrote to you this morning."

"Do not ask me to receive it."

"It is not a letter."

"What then."

"Only this."

I gave her the lines, and she retired to the cabin and read them. She rejoined me.

"You must take these again, I cannot keep them."

"Why not keep them?"

"It would be wrong."

"Why?"

"You surely know."

"I do not."

"They breathe what I should not hear."

"It is what you knew."

"What would you think if I kept them?"

"That you pitied me."

"I fear I am wrong."

"No—keep them—listen to your heart."

"Well—be it so—it is not much. To-morrow we part."

"But not forever."

"Yes, forever. This weakness must end here. Have pity on me and do not make me regret what has passed more than I do."

The tears again fell freely. I could not see her sorrow unmoved. With such strength of purpose and utterance as I could command, I gave her my promise. I held her hand long in mine without speaking. Without a word she turned away and left me. Next morning our vessel lay at anchor, and by noon we were at the city. Emigrants crowded the deck. Custom-house officers ran to and fro. Strangers came on board to see relatives and friends. The invalid, now a bustling pompous man of business, hurried my six weeks' companion past me. As she went by I took her hand in mine for one instant, waved her a last adieu as she turned towards me on entering her carriage, and so parted from her—forever.

I might as well say forever, for although I have not heard that she is dead, I do not think I could now be tempted with an interview, and we have not met since we parted on the deck of the good ship. What a long time it is since then! Ten years ago I saw the name of that vessel in the list of maritime disasters. She had gone ashore somewhere in the North Pacific, having degenerated from her noble uses into a base whaler. It would be intolerable to meet an elderly lady without teeth, and it would be no less intolerable for this same elderly person to descry changes in me. I have before me a blooming picture of what she was, and it shall never be changed into a caricature by any sight of what she now may be.

I have no doubt that somebody is curious enough to conjecture whether, after the sad parting scene to which I have alluded, I did not make some attempt afterwards to see her. Human vanity is, in general, stronger than human virtue, and I do not know that I have any right to announce myself as an exception to this mortal weakness. It was true that on my return home the passion that had well nigh consumed me on ship-board, gradually went out, burning less and less brightly, and finally disappearing. Still, however, I had the folly to imagine her pining in her splendid home; a nightingale with her breast against the bars of her gilded cage, carolling sad melodies for a dream that haunted her lonely life. And I longed to see her again. The longing grew into a fever. Accident threw

in my way one who knew her. He was about to pass through the city where she dwelt, and I, inventing some long story as an excuse to satisfy his friendly curiosity, commissioned him to call upon her. He was instructed to paint me as remembering her tenderly: not as though this secret had been entrusted to him, but as the discovery of his observant eye.

When he returned he told me that he had called upon her. Three years had ripened her beauty, and added another link to the chain which bound her to old associations. She was living in great luxury and splendor, and seemed, my informant told me, to be as happy as she could be with a reasonable contempt for her weak lord and master. He spoke incidentally of me, and she inquired kindly after me. She hoped I had married or was about to, and that I would marry well. She said she recollected me as rather romantic, but supposed that I had recovered from that youthful fancy. In fine, she desired to be kindly remembered to me, and hoped that I would some day pay her a visit.

I was quite wounded when I heard of this unexpected tranquillity. To tell the honest truth, the certainty of her peace of mind being entirely free from all danger on my account made me very indignant. I never was more in love with her than I was when I found out she was living quite happily. Consigning the whole sex to an evil name for frivolity and heartlessness, I made myself agreeable to the very next woman I encountered.

THOUGHTS,

Suggested by Powers' Proserpine,—a beautiful work of art in the possession of H. D. Maxwell, Esq., of Pennsylvania.

BY M. J.

Hail, western world! our own fair Attica!
Already is thy brow with honors crowned,
And yet they thicken round thee. Thou hast sons,
Who have thy glory at their inmost heart,
And who in every path of light are found,
Competing with the foremost:—not to win
Distinctions high wherewith to clothe *themselves*;
But for a nobler purpose;—to compel
From half-reluctant lips the hard-earned praise,
And only feel it precious when 'tis laid,
With true devotion, at their country's feet.
A wanderer from the far Atlantic shore,
Becomes a dweller by the classic side
Of Arno,—threads the pictur'd galleries,
And sculptur'd halls and storied palaces
Of queenly Florence;—muses, studies long;
Converses closely with the mighty Past;
Marks Nature's loveliest developments,—
Learns how her muscles play, and pulses beat;—
Discourses thus with all that is sublime,
And lofty and ennobling, till his mind
Filled to o'erflowing can receive no more.

He seeks expression for his thronging thoughts,
And writes them out in marble. Day by day,
Beneath his plastic touch, the stone receives
Intenser life; the spirit breathes within;
His dreams have found their richest utterance;
And Proserpine,—impersonation bright,
Of art and beauty, dwells on earth again!

By starry night and in the broad, clear day,
'Mid crowded streets, and thro' his lonely hours,
She still has followed, sweet and shadow-like,
A breathing presence near him. Were it strange,—
Since he hath watched those lineaments so long,
If to his eye the human countenance
Should lose its remnant of divinity?
That half-averted face—how passing fair!
The smile that lingers round the curving mouth
With mournful meaning filled; the pensive brow
So beautifully calm and passionless;
The rounded cheek that seems as it would yield
Beneath a finger's weight; the wavy hair
About the imperial head; and more than all,
The chasten'd woman's look of tenderness,
That pleads in every line, and longs to break
The trembling silence of those breathing lips!
—What marvel if this varied loveliness,
Should captive lead the sculptor's heart for years!

Ascend, successful master! farther still,
The path that lies before thee: take the torch,
Than Ceres' brighter, which thy genius lights
At its own Etna-fire, to guide thee on,
And go, a spirit-traveller o'er the world,
In tireless search of faultless excellence.
Outstrip the Grecian in his wondrous fame,—
Shake in the grasp of Angelo the palm,—
Receive the chisel from Canova's hand,
And catch Thorwalsden's mantle as it falls;—
Then to complete thy triumph, turn from all
The grand magnificence of earthly art,—
Confessing that its most transcendent skill
Is less than nothing laid beside *His* power,
Who fashioned with a word a perfect man,
And breathed into the clay *a living soul!*

Lexington, Va.

THE CRIME OF ANDREW BLAIR.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER IV.

The Greeks believed that their Achaian temple, dedicated to the "dread Eumenides," could try, by some influence of its cold walls or sombre airs, the purity of those who entered it. If a man entered it with a crime lying secret at his heart, he betrayed himself by bodily tremors and the loss of reason. The house of John Herries, with its murder-pictures, and its thronging reminiscences of a former master, had been such a temple of the Furies to Andrew Blair.

He continued for many days in a state of mental imbecility and bodily prostration. During this time Herries hung about the sick man, with a misery and dread in his looks which excited the remark of all who saw him. When, at last, he learned, watching in a room adjoining the chamber in which Andrew Blair lay, that the unhappy man had awaked from a long sleep better in body, and with a restored intelligence, he placed a hand upon his brows, and drew a breath so long and so loud, that one might have fancied he had been fished up from a lake of brimstone just at the last gasp. And indeed the catching at hope, of which that hard-drawn inspiration was the outward sign, was the catching at life. When he spoke it was but to say—"now we will do well again."

"Yes," replied Dr. Gaunt, the physician in attendance, an old gentleman of much simplicity, who saw a great deal of sweet affection and sympathy in the emotion of Herries—"yes; he will do well now. These attacks are peculiar. Indeed I may say that my patient is already fully himself again."

And, in confirmation of Dr. Gaunt's decisive opinion, Andrew Blair immediately prepared to return to his own house. Persuasion against his doing so too suddenly only threw him into nervous agitation, and Herries willingly saw him depart. The old man went away in his carriage, with Minny at his side. Erect, pale, with feeble hands clutching for a support, and the resolution of his features making all the sadder their strange expression of distress, the uncle deeply moved the heart of the niece on this melancholy return to Lindores. Minny had learned a profound lesson of devotion.

As soon as he could safely do so, Herries went to Lindores to arrange his important affairs. He chose for his visit one of those miraculous mornings, of glorious sunshine and cheering airs, which we sometimes find in the budget of December—like a leaf of Ariosto misplaced into Young's Night Thoughts. Andrew Blair sat by an open window, which, facing the south, caught obliquely a gentle south-west wind. The rays of the sun, coming also obliquely from the morning quarter, began to touch him. A pair of blue birds interchanged merry speeches, in a lilac clump, the buds of which were bursting. About a dwarfed cedar, misshapen and crouching, and looking like a Caliban among the straight brotherhood of lindens and beeches, some jays were engaged in a battle. The din was prodigious, and occasionally a pinch of feathers was whisked away, and scattered on the air. The jay is irritable and punctilious, and prefers war to peace, in any weather. Far away, down the slopes of the great hill, cattle browsed, or economised the unseasonable sunshine in motionless attitudes. At times, the shadow of a soaring hawk fell upon the grass, still green, below the open window, and silenced for a moment the pugnacious jays, leaving the blue-birds—those little winged violets which peep from under the fringes of winter, and are safe in their humility—to prate away as if not a care hovered in the skies above them. Refreshed by the scene—enjoying the south-wind—cheered by the sunshine—Andrew Blair had not for a long time escaped so far from unhappiness. But suddenly the jays retreated from the cedar; the blue-birds passed twittering round a corner of the house; the calm currents beginning to keep even tone at the old man's ruined heart became again troubled. The arrival of John Herries made the change.

Herries, entering, greeted his host with politeness, and apparently with kindness. He congratulated him, pressing his hand at the same time, upon appearances of improved health. After a time he approached the point, and said:

"I have come, sir, to renew a business which your unfortunate illness interrupted."

Andrew Blair waved his hands and became troubled in countenance.

"I think we understand each other," continued Herries; "and I shall touch the subject now without cutting to the quick. I content myself with repeating that my son is a suitor for the hand of your niece. I presume that you will use your influence in his behalf?"

Herries paused upon this last sentence, which, worded so as to express a fact taken for granted, was yet sounded as a question.

"This is a sad proposition," said Andrew Blair feebly.

"How a sad proposition?" Herries became sinister in his looks. "You think it a degradation to mingle the common blood of my family with the pure blood of your own. Such is your thought; is it not?"

"I have no thought. I am incapable of thought, my good Herries," Blair replied. "Give me rest, Herries—give me rest."

"Willingly would I do so," said Herries, with a show of feeling too natural for hypocrisy; "but rest to you will be fatal to me."

"I do not understand you, Herries. Why are you bent upon this marriage? How can it effect you so deeply?"

Herries drew his chair close to his listener. "Hear me," said he, "and do not be unmanned by a fear that I shall tear open old wounds. I have a great object in view. I attain it by this marriage. It is unnecessary to enter into details. We *must* bring about this marriage."

"Then bring it about, Herries. I am shaken by disease and cares, and can aid very little in these struggles."

"Why should there be struggles?"

"Surely you cannot believe," said Andrew Blair, "that poor Minny will become willingly the wife of your son?"

"Why should I not believe so?" Herries replied, with bended brows. "You make a mistake. You have seen the surface of this wild boy of mine. Perhaps it is ridiculous. But I tell you that we—you, sir, and I—have nothing so good or so great in us as this apparent simpleton possesses under his absurd appearances."

"He may be worthy enough—and yet, Herries, he scarcely seems to be a match for my niece."

"Here is again your prejudice of blood," said Herries. "Blood—blood—when it flows under the lancet we see no difference between the currents of the high and of the low; when it spirts out under the knife, and boils into the ground, it cries with the same voice to God, whether the arteries from which it springs belong to a gentleman or to the poorest devil that ever dug for his bread."

"You are killing me," moaned Andrew Blair.

Herries paused. "I forget my resolution," he muttered, and held his peace for some minutes. The sunshine, the light wind, the glitter of the grassy slopes, restored the old man; as certain remedies restore the patient who sinks under the knife of the surgeon. "We must deal gently," said Herries, and then in a louder tone spoke on: "My friend there is a secret between us. Be firm, I beg of you; let us forever drown the recollection of it. Let us bury it in a community of interests—in a fatherly affection centering on the same objects. My son once the husband of your niece, we will stand together, united, with no room for doubts, suspicions, *betrayals*, between us. Urge your neice—even give her a glimpse of the danger of your position, if you fail to move her by other means. You understand me when I say *the danger of your position;* and truly these are not empty words. Your disgrace—your destruction—will be the result of your failure; for I shall be desperate, and *will speak*. I temper my words to your weakness. You take their meaning fully, however. Now decide: will you or will you not urge the girl to this marriage?"

The lips of Andrew Blair moved, but no language came from them. Presently he succeeded, with a feeble struggle of his thin hands, in opening a case attached to his chair. He took from it a small bottle, and a wine-glass. He drank, with tremulous haste, a black looking draught.

"Send Minny to me," he said, "and wait below until I can give you an answer."

Herries, with a quick step, left the room. In a few moments Miss Blair entered it.

"You have sent for me, uncle," said Minny, as she drew a chair to the old man's side.

"Yes, my child; but give me a little time to collect my poor old intellects."

"How pleasant the wind is, uncle."

"Yes—yes—pleasant."

"This balmy weather brings up the violets; here is a bunch of them. You see how I have tied them up with berries of the strawberry tree. It makes something quite pretty. The little blue flowers are relieved by the scarlet wax of the berries."

"My child," said the old man—beginning to assume an energetic expression, which perhaps his recourse to the bottle with the dark-coloured liquid had something to do in producing—"my child, what we shall have to say may prove a bitter sequel to this pretty nonsense of yours."

"I listen, sir."

"To come to the point then. Mr. John Herries has this morning proposed for your hand in the name of his son."

Minny stared.

"Is it so?"

"Even so," said Andrew Blair.

Minny threw her head back and laughed. It was a vibrating, metallic laugh, that. The ceilings pealed it back as though her white pulsing throat had been like that of Arcite, which Dryden tells us was "a trumpet with a silver sound." She presently controlled her merriment and said:

"And what answer did you make to this proposal which flatters me excessively."

The old man seemed to be pained by the levity of his niece. It was with a manner of nervous irritation that he said:

"Be graver. If you reject the young gentleman, do it with a decent composure. Regard his feelings."

"Ah, sir," Minny answered, no longer laugh-

ing,—"he will find me grave and gentle when, face to face, I deny him. Do I wound human hearts wantonly? But you rebuke me for a slight fault as if there was more in this thing than you discover to me." As she spoke her glances became quick and apprehensive.

The old man answered:

"There is indeed a stern necessity that you should give to this proposal a serious consideration; indeed that you should school your inclinations, and give even a favorable answer."

"Uncle—uncle!" cried Minny Blair, with eyes round with their wonder, and her mouth contracted to a ruby ring; "Do you say that I must become the wife of silly Tom Herries? You are in one of your dreams."

The uncle shook his head. Presently he replied: "Minny, this young person is quite respectable,—honest and kind-hearted, I think,—and not ill-looking. His property will be considerable—and although I shall make your own considerable enough to render this argument of no great force, perhaps you will attach some importance to it.

"None whatever, uncle. Hear me sir. You seem *to* be serious. I hardly understand that you can be so. But I must be so. I am then with a solemn face to answer *yes* or *no* to this singular proposal. Well I answer *no*—a thousand times *no*."

There was spirit enough in this answer to rouse the old man to a peevish and direct assault.

"My dear," he said, "our preface has been long enough. You must marry this Tom Herries."

The girl rose in strange amazement—paused a moment—then putting the palm of a soft hand on each of her uncle's sallow cheeks, brought her lips near to his, and replied:

"No—inexorably no."

And she kissed his lips many times to prevent his answer. Perhaps she imagined that dull, ill-omened, denying monosyllable—a wave of the Dead Sea to draggle and drown poor Cupid at any time—made an end of the matter. But the answer, delayed by her gentle arts, came at last.

"Then, my child, you to whom I have looked for happiness in this miserable world will betray me to ruin, disgrace, perhaps *death*."

"You are dreaming uncle!"

"Dreaming? not so. This decision of yours will surely destroy me."

"Explain sir—make your meaning clear to me."

"No—there can be no explanation. But I speak the truth." He presently added "know this much: years—many miserable years ago—I lost the great game of life in the temptations of one awful hour. I committed a terrible crime. There was a witness to it. I am the slave of that witness."

The girl stood speechless. As she stared, the eyes of her uncle seemed to protrude from their sockets, his hair to rise with electric life, and moisture gathered upon his forehead and upper lip in distinct drops.

"The vision is coming," the old man murmured. But the pale and nervous girl cast her arms about his neck, drew his cheek to her warm maiden bosom and said:

"Then there is a terrible truth, uncle. It is remorse, and not merely a disordered imagination that has shaken you for years. Poor uncle! Do you think that your Minny could love you less? You have fed me—loved me—saved me from the world that has but a cold heart for poor little parentless children. I have grown up to be of some importance. How proud I am! Uncle I am to save you. Worse than this absurd marriage would be possible to my love for you. I do not say 'I consent'—that would be rash. It may be avoided with safety to you. We must see. Man yourself. There is nothing to frighten us. We are here in the blessed sunshine. These are Minny's arms that you feel on your neck."

"Our hearts must break"—said the old man in tones infinitely mournful—for his spiritual terrors had subsided into mere grief. "Our hearts must break. How often high natures come to despair! Ah, we are creatures of fire when we are young; it is quicksilver that courses in our veins then. We are proud and swift, and do many unwise things. Well, we cure the unwise deeds with after wisdom. In our youth too we break dear ties, estrange those that love us; for we are self-sufficient, and say we are strong, able, chosen lords of the world, made in God's image; and the fires which we kindle within us for self-worship, we think should dazzle our fellows also and bring them to bow down. Even of this age tames us. Time sweeps the nature bare of its vain glory. We heal the wounded self-love of others; we reunite the broken ties; we win back the lost friendship. Our errors break under us and are trampled into dust as we pass on. The road of life may glitter darkly with them under the onward feet—and yet the bright goal may be won. But crime—crime—ah! that is fatal. When in our swift pride we *strike*—when we shed the blood of man upon the betraying ground—then is there no cure—no cure. We pass then, living, the inexorable gates, with the fiery blazon 'hope passes not here.' We are given over to the fire that is not quenched, and the worm that never dieth."

"Uncle," said Minny, when these wild lauda-

num-kindled sentences had blazed to an end, "there is always hope. Our Saviour died that he might win that touching title. Let us pray to him."

The old man bowed his head; he did not answer the invitation to prayer. He presently spoke on:

"I am a poor old man—worn, weary and desolate. I have been sinful. Have I not been punished enough—punished enough? And yet around my closing years, in accumulation upon these dreadful sufferings, are crowding real dangers. Child, did you never discover that I was a—*coward*. Yes—men—the very brutes—have always quelled me. I have been subtle, never bold. Minny, if the true temper of a courageous nature which I have seen flash out from your girl's face had been mine I would have been to-day on the summits of man's ambition, renowned, able, and iron-braced. I did not possess it. I quailed—took life like a crouching beast that springs on a sure prey—and have grown old, remorseful and trembling. I quake now with real fears. Forgive me, brave little child, I am a *coward*."

Minny Blair answered:

"Uncle, I grope in the dark. I will not ask you to enlighten me. I catch, perhaps, a true guidance from the wild gleams which you have thrown on my path. I fear to have more light. We speak no more of your deeds, or of the inexplicable power which another seems to possess over you, and over my poor self. Just now I told you that I should postpone my consent to the proposed marriage until I discovered that it could not be avoided. Your manner and words drive me on. Perhaps I err; but for life or death, happiness or misery, I choose my lot promptly. I consent to the marriage which, a little while ago, I abhorred. Truly I am changed; I no longer abhor it."

Hope struggled with surprise in the weak visage of the old man.

"Say you so, my dear child? But you will again abhor it, when you fall from your higher feelings, and then you will renounce this decision."

"Uncle, I have come to a resolution, I will remain constant in it. Send for this gentleman who comes to us as a messenger. I will presently answer him."

The old man drew his niece to his bosom; no female emotion disturbed her; a smile more like the quivering gleam of blue steel, than any more cheerful radiance flitted over her cheerful face. She kissed him with hard lips, so strictly were they compressed, and said:

"Who knows, uncle, but we may be a very happy couple. A good heart does much to make a home happy."

Presently the elder Herries was summoned.

"My niece assents to the proposal with which she has been honored," said Andrew Blair with a slight haughtiness in his manner.

"I willingly consent to become the wife of your son," Minny added.

Herries answered these supremely pleasant words with mute action. Pressing Minny's white hand, he bowed very low.

The scene was at an end.

The stately girl, with head a little drooped, and a step as noiseless as the fall of snow on a winter lake, passed to the door, and disappeared.

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CHAPTER V.

"Wife, wife," said John Herries, "we have triumphed, and now life really begins to us. I feel like a Cæsar fresh from a Pharsalia. That magnificent swindler you know, Mrs. Herries, extricated himself very honorably from his debts by that success. Now I may say that the past is purified, and our future secured."

"We should thank God, and not be too presumptuous in our anticipations," answered the wife.

"There it is," said Herries. "You and I never seem to hope together. Put your hand into the bend of my arm. Now look up. Don't we look very much like a candlestick and its extinguisher. Madam, you are my extinguisher. But to-day my blaze is too strong for you. Dropping figures, Mrs. Herries, you are a conceited little person; you imagine yourself to be temperate, calm, and very wise. The truth is you are only not ardent, your frigidity has sometimes seen dull results which, in my sanguine temper I would not see; the consequence is you fancy your frigidity to be infallibility. You are conceited—more, you are wrong. Even if you were infallible it would be one of those cursed gifts which make life barren. What the deuce would life be without its delusions? Are you happy now, looking into the future as you do—like a little plain statue, cut out of cold gray marble, looking out over a waste tract, with two fixed frigid eyes? Madam, you take a great deal of trouble to make yourself disagreeable to me."

"I have no enthusiasm, my dear husband. But am I really disagreeable to you? I thought, if this grand match was made, we were to go down the hill of life happily together. I think you said that."

"If we have a partnership in happiness, you must contribute to the common fund. And yet after all, wife, I think I have enough for both. You are a good kind creature. God bless you with your demure airs. I feel like a lad of

twenty. Positively I have not a care on earth."

"When will we have the wedding?" asked the wife, with a smile which discovered something of the hopeful cheerfulness of the husband.

"I did not forget that. Time defeats us too often to trust over much. A month from to-day the wedding will take place. What a lucky dog Tom is, to be sure. Thank you, my little fairy of the primp cap, for this son who secures so much to us. We must send for Georgiana. She must come from school to her brother's wedding."

With such talk Herries cheered himself after his successful visit to Lindores. His cares seemed to have been broken up and blown away, like a bank of cloud which a March wind assails, and lashes, huddling, beyond the horizon. His welkin was blue again, and flooded with a sunstream.

Meantime, as the days flew by, Minny Blair became less and less braced for the sacrifice, to which, in a moment of extreme emotion, she had devoted herself. The first visit of poor Tom Herries gave a beginning to this unnerving process. She spent a wretched night after enduring the interview with her intended bridegroom, whose *mis*fortune it was to conceal many genuine qualities, of which the reader will become cognizant, under a mask of awkward folly. What an end did this marriage seem to those beautiful dreams which the imaginative girl had treasured, and which the young and pure of her sex, even where the instinct of love is yet objectless, "the maiden meditation fancy free," always pour upon the future! Poor Minny concealed, as well as could be, the despondency into which she sank deeper and deeper. Her nature had an unusual degree of force, and those controlling grasps with which the strong of soul hold down their feelings and hide their sufferings were possible to her; she could put self down, and cheer the old man who had devoted her to wretchedness, with a brave ease and quite a genuine appearance of contentment with her fate. But this noble hypocrisy, exacting so much of her, was a stifling mask which might be assumed for a time, not worn constantly. She found her best escape from it in those out-of-door exercises to which she had always been accustomed, wandering walks to the woodlands, or gallops over the breezy slopes.

The beautiful weather of which I have spoken continued, with only some temporary interruptions. On a day as bright as that which saw her consent yielded to the approaching marriage, Minny Blair rode her swift mare Flight at a restrained gallop over a firm road at the foot of the Lindores' hill. A servant followed her at a short distance. She rode to a rendezvous. Our friend, Major Wright, and his daughters, two magnificent young monsters of a family of Centaurs, had given her an invitation to a fox chase; an invitation which, making an experiment with the "*atra cura post equitem*," she readily accepted. Animated by the exercise, and gathering that confidence in self which the swift but controlled motion of a free horse creates in the rider, Minny came in a resolute humor to the rendezvous.

Major Wright, his daughters and a number of other persons were assembled in an open field when Miss Blair arrived. Dogs were howling, whining and yelping, horses were snorting and pawing, young gentlemen were laughing, elderly gentlemen were directing and swearing.

"My dear young lady," cried Major Wright, who had come to the ground in a sulky, and seemed, by ridding himself of a superfluous coat, to be preparing to get on horseback—"my dear young lady, you are quite an acquisition, and I appoint myself your servant in the ride. But here comes that black-guard Tom Herries, to deprive me of the greatest pleasure in the world. Tom, you rascal, what are you doing in that extraordinary toggery? Do you think that you cut a creditable figure?"

"Whatever mistake there is, Major, Jerry Maddox the tailor made. But attend to your own business."

Major Wright. without deigning an answer to Tom's rebellious request, brought his long whip over his right shoulder, and then into contact with a particular portion of the body of a small boy who, doubled up behind him on the bars of the sulky, held a saddled horse by the bridle. The manœuvre displayed practice; the tip of the thong came down with precision; the little knot of a boy unrolled himself as a matter of course, got down and led the horse forward. The dogs, meantime, had been turned off into a swampy thicket near at hand; as the Major mounted they broke suddenly into full cry. Almost at the same instant a member of the party gave the view halloo. The fox had waited to be *flushed* like a woodcock, and now made a gallant dash forward at his best pace, with the pack thundering after him, all in a body, over open ground.

"He'll never get clear. They'll have him down at the first fence. We must give up all hopes of a run," sighed a rosy old gentleman, as the well-disciplined party awaited with drawn reins the moment for dashing on after fox and hounds.

"He's over. That snap of Black Bell's just missed him," cried Major Wright. "Set forward—slowly."

Thirty good horses went forward with one will. Tom Herries rode at Minny Blair's side, Flap-ear keeping an even stride with Flight. Poor Tom, generally an ardent fox-hunter, looked

moody. A minor trouble had grown out of Major Wright's critical remarks upon his coat. His tailor, perhaps a runaway English apprentice, had made it after a subdued and correct English fashion; Nimrod might have approved of it—Major Wright did not. Tom was enflamed with disgust for it.

"But," he resolved, "I will carry it with the foremost, and a tumble or two will make it plain and common enough. However, if I live, I shall beat Jerry Maddox."

But this minor annoyance was only one trivial cause of his moodiness.

The party presently came to a strong fence with a single panel half down. All took it, in turn, at the gap—all except Tom Herries. He diverged and selected a high and strong panel; he touched Flap-ear with the spurs, lifted him and went handsomely over.

"A good, and bold horseman," mused Minny Blair.

A word from the lady showed Tom that her criticism had been favorable; and this word chained him all the more surely to her side. As they rode on, Minny was forced to perceive that her lover was many times on the point of speaking, and that the subject which occupied him was quite too engrossing for his enjoyment of the chase.

"You have something to say to me, Mr. Herries," she said kindly.

"Yes," Tom answered; "but how did you know it, Miss Minny? It is kind of you to give me a chance of speaking what I have to say. I could never find courage to speak out on my legs; but on horseback it is different. I feel myself more of a man when I have a fast horse under me."

"Speak, Mr. Herries—I am listening."

"Miss Minny, the old folks have arranged that we are to be married. If any man in the world says that any man in the world—you see I hitch in what I had to say already; but I mean no man in the world ever loved a person more than I love you. Do you see the cabin there—to your left? I would give the best part of my life if you were a poor girl living there, that I might show how dearly I love you, by lifting you up to be my wife. Pardon me, Miss Minny, if I am too bold."

"We are to be man and wife, Mr. Herries," replied Minny coldly, "and, of course, you are not over-bold in saying that you love me."

"Thank you," sighed poor Tom, "but you talk so coldly, and look so sad, that I am afraid the old folks are forcing you to marry me. If so, say the word; I think I can manage the matter."

"How would you manage it, Mr. Herries?"

"By breaking my neck in this ride."

"He possesses generosity and courage," mused Minny. She smiled kindly, but gave no answer in words.

Riding side by side, the unmatched lovers took every obstacle with equal strides; the chase had kept a direct line; only Major Wright and his elder daughter, Miss Boadicea, were well up with them. The crowd came in long-drawn array behind. The chase had continued an hour at a quick pace. Miss Araminta Wright, who surely would otherwise have been with the first, loitered with a lover—a young townsman who thought a gallop a dreadfully fast gait, and was by no means comfortable in a pair of close-fitting buck-skin breeches, which the same innovating Jerry Maddox had made for him.

Major Wright, observing Tom Herries and Minny Blair, said to himself:

"I never before thought 'em matched."

Then he shouted to them. They were fifty yards before him, but his voice was sharp and practised, and they heard him very well.

"Turn to the right—bear down."

Tom and the lady made no answer, but galloped straight on.

"Bear to the right," shouted the Major again. "The Deep Cut is half a mile ahead—just before you."

"I know that very well," Tom shouted back. "I think I shall go over it, Major. Remember Rattlesnake Bob."

"Hold up—hold up," cried the old fox-hunter. "It is a real gulf—thirty feet across, and fifty feet deep. Turn you fool—turn to the right."

"Rattlesnake Bob rode at a gully thirty feet wide," answered Tom, without turning in his saddle.

"I exaggerated," screamed the Major. "Besides, he fell in. Stop—stop—for God's sake."

As he said this, Tom and Minny Blair, galloping over descending ground, came within view of the gully. It was indeed more than enough to justify Major Wright's remonstrance. The gathered waters of a wide extent of sloping country, contributed in rills, made a torrent here after every dashing rain, and had ploughed out not a mere gully but a frightful chasm.

"Do you mean to try that leap?" said Minny calmly, as she saw the gulf full in front, at a distance of some four hundred yards.

"Answer me one question," Tom Herries replied with fire in his eyes. "Do you love me, Miss Minny, or am I to marry you and break our hearts?" Tom reduced his speed as he spoke.

"Do not try the leap," said Minny. "I warn you."

"Yes or no." Tom raised his reins; the fire of his eyes burned brighter.

The mind will sometimes take in at a glance the full picture of life; condense thoughts and passions into the throb of a moment. Minny Blair, as Tom Herries spoke, sounded the present, and despaired of the future. Then a resolution, as swift as that with which Bianca Capello halved the poisoned cake and ate with her husband, took possession of her.

"Perhaps you are wise," she said. "Death is nothing."

Tom Herries saw the purpose of the gallant girl; a sudden appreciation of this sole fellowship of which she could assure him, made him furious with joy.

Major Wright, thundering on, screamed with a cracked voice:

"Stop—stop—you d—d fool."

Tom, now within a hundred yards of the chasm, answered:

"Good-bye, Major. Your fine story gave me this glorious idea."

"Be wary," almost whispered Minny Blair, with a sudden return to love of life. "It is possible to get over."

Flight and Flap-ear were within ten yards of the brink. The sharp whip of the lady stung the shoulder of the gallant mare. Flap-ear felt the grinding rowels tear his flanks. Then both bounded. Major Wright dashed a hand over his eyes to clear their vision. He saw the mare clinging to the opposite brink of the chasm, Minny bending forward in the saddle to aid her. His heart was in his mouth. But in another moment he found words. "Thank God," he said;—for he saw Flight rise with a struggle, which broke away several feet of the bank, and escape with her burthen. Tom Herries was not visible.

CHAPTER VI.

Major Wright, by a circuitous course, reached the bottom of the Deep Cut. He hurried to the spot which must have received the falling man and horse. He came near it; he gave that first eager look which we give with beating hearts, when we dash on to learn if life has become death. The horse was lying on his back, with his neck bent beneath him, and the foaming mouth *turned up* near the saddle. There could be no life with such a posture. At the distance of several feet from the dead horse lay the rider. Major Wright bent over him.

"Tom—Tom—my boy"—cried the old gentleman—"if there's any life left in you, for God's sake inform me of the fact."

Tom Herries made no answer. Major Wright called to his daughter, whose large-featured face, surrounded with superb red curls, he saw thrust forward beyond the brink above.

"Gallop down and head the crowd; bring Gaunt; you'll find him amongst the foremost; ride fast, you jade, ride fast."

As he spoke a shadow fell on the ground near him; he was kneeling with the head of Tom Herries on his arm; as he looked up from this posture he saw Minny Blair coming to join him. The red face of the immense gully was in most parts nearly precipitous, but Minny had chosen her path well, and the nimble-footed girl was presently at the bottom.

"If the boy is dead," said Major Wright, "a good rider, and a bold fellow has gone to his account."

"And a generous and true-hearted man"—added Minny Blair, with white lips, as she sought with tremulous fingers for the pulses of life.

"See how this arm falls," said the Major; "and here is a bloody cut on the head. Look at his neck. It is as white as your own, and as round as a column. And his breast here—what muscle the boy shows!"

Minny searched the wound on the head, cleansed it of the clay, and bound it up with the kerchief from her neck. Then with no feminine fastidiousness she placed her fingers upon the natural surface above poor Tom's heart.

Meanwhile Miss Boadicea, with fast riding, had overtaken Dr. Gaunt. Long, slim, sallow, high-cheeked, with hat aslant from the stress of the wind, and skirts puffed wide, loose-riding and enthusiastic, the good Doctor took his fences and snuff alternately and with equal precipitation. He reminded one, in some points, of Punch's imagination of Lord Brougham hunting the wild boar at his French chateau. Miss Boadicea, overtaking, laid violent hands on him.

"You must come, Doctor. Mr. Herries is hurt. Father sends for you."

"In five minutes—the fox will be down in four," remonstrated Dr. Gaunt.

Miss Boadicea, with a "gentle force," wrenched the old gentleman's hand from its hold on the reins, drew these over his horse's ears, and led him at a canter to a place of descent into Deep Cut. Dr. Gaunt took snuff out of his waistcoat pocket, like Napoleon.

When the Doctor had examined Tom Herries in silence, for a minute, he said:

"Life is still in him."

Major Wright snorting like one of his horses, blew off a thousand motes of trouble. But he quickly asked—

"Will life stay in him?"

"Get him up," answered Dr. Gaunt; "get him up without a rub. We may save him."

"Thank God," escaped Minny's lips, with a subdued sob.

News of the fall into the Deep Cut had reached the hunting party at various stages of the chase. Some were already at hand to aid in getting Tom Herries up. When this had been accomplished, Dr. Gaunt plied his art with judgment. In a short time plain signs of returning animation appeared. At last the lips moved, and the eyes opened.

"The left arm is broken, and the cut on the head has let out a great deal of blood," said the Doctor. "But the bleeding has saved the brain. If there is no serious internal damage, we will make him all right again. Go some of you to the next cabin and bring the door and a bed. What an escape to be sure! He must have been terribly stunned," concluded the old gentleman as he looked over, and down, into Deep Cut.

"If the boy is alive this day month," said Major Wright with a fine energy, "I'll give him such a dinner as will put the county under the table; and, Gaunt, we'll drink his health before a tip-top appreciating company as a fine, dashing, dare-devil fellow. We will. I have made up my mind. After that," added Major Wright, "never say die."

"We must bring him through," said the Doctor enthusiastically.

"And this dear young lady," the Major continued, "has positively succeeded in doing what this stout young fellow showed a glorious spirit in only attempting. The mare beats the world at a level leap. We must meet here shortly to measure the distance accurately. We must also look about for some expert writer to put the young lady and her mare into a spirited description. Gaunt—if it wouldn't disturb Tom, I should like very much to make myself comfortable with a shout or two."

By this time a door and bed had been procured; Tom, placed on these, was borne homeward. Minny Blair remained with Miss Boadicea, whilst a servant went after Flight, who browsed beyond the gully. As they waited, Miss Araminta approached with her lover. They came on, now swiftly, now cautiously—cantering and walking by turns—like the measure of Mr. Poe's Ulalume. The young gentleman from town was in a gay humor. The pair had heard nothing of the misadventure—love is so engrossing. When the owner of the uncomfortable buckskins was enlightened, and looked, craning, into the depths of Deep Cut, his whiskers stood on end, and his boots rattled in the stirrups.

Miss Blair, once more in the saddle, bade the young ladies adieu, and turned Flight's head.

"Won't you ride home with us?" suggested Miss Araminta politely.

"You must excuse me," answered the poor girl, only slowly recovering a firm tone. "I ride after Mr. Herries."

The young ladies stared.

"Well, I thought Miss Minny detested Tom Herries!" said Miss Boadicea.

"They are lovers. Love—love!" sighed Miss Araminta, looking affectionately upon the young gentleman from town.

"Do your ladies," inquired this latter, who had conceived, from her unimpressed demeanor, that Miss Blair appreciated himself too lightly—"do your ladies ride off, in this way, after their sweethearts, as a general thing? But a person who could bring herself to take such a jump as this, over such a terribly deep place, is capable of the most extravagant actions."

Minny Blair, unconscious of this censure, galloped away, saying:

"To-day has made a great change in my views."

Some hundred yards before her Dr. Gaunt and Major Wright rode, one on each side of Tom Herries.

"What are you thinking of, Gaunt?" said the Major. "Does the boy's case look worse?"

"No—he does well enough," replied Dr. Gaunt. He added after a sigh—"We lost the best end of the run. What became of the fox, gentlemen?"

[*To be Continued.*]

A VISION OF LIFE.

I heard upon the plain of life
  A strange and thrilling sound,—
And louder still the anthem grew,
  Deepening and swelling round;
A tone of hope—a tone of joy,—
  From the heart of youth it broke,
And it swelled and rolled triumphantly
  As the glad New Year awoke.

I saw a youthful throng appear,
  Like the billows of the ocean,
Swelling and heaving everywhere
  With a torrent's wild commotion;
And deeper grew the golden haze,
  And louder pealed the song,
As swiftly to the measured tune
  Their footsteps glanced along.

I saw a maiden's airy form
  As it floated softly by,
And love was on her smiling lip
  And gladness in her eye;

She moved, in festal robes arrayed,
Amid that joyous train,
And sweetest of the heart-tones there
Arose *her* sweet refrain.

And blending with those thrilling tones
In cadence soft and deep,
The heart of one beside her there
Did measured sweetness keep;
They heeded not the gladsome crowd,
But onward, hand in hand,
They walked beneath a golden bow
That brightly o'er them spanned.

The joyous train swept swiftly by,
The music died away—
And fainter grew the golden haze,
As fades the sunset ray;
There fell a darkness on mine eye,
And a stillness on my heart,
As I caught the music's dying swell,
And saw the light depart.

But again a solemn sound arose
All fitfully and low,—
'Twas a wail of disappointed hope,—
'Twas a cry of grief and woe!
Afar and faint at first it rose,
Then grew more loud and clear,
As again the train of youth came on
To hail another year.

All darkly, like a torrent's roll,
It swept before my sight—
Unheard the joyous melody,
Unseen the golden light.
And *they* who sang the song of love
Beneath the golden bow,
Sang they the blissful numbers still?—
Walked they together *now?*

I saw *him* not—but far away—
Amid the troubled throng
I heard a tone like unto his—
A light and careless song!
But deep and mournful was the wail
That *her* full spirit poured,
Like the murmur of a stricken lyre
When the tempest wrings each chord.

Undying love was in its tone,
Whence all of hope had fled;
It mingled with a mournful strain—
A wailing for the dead,
And onward atill she feebly pressed
With footsteps sad and slow,
With a drooping form, and a pale, pale cheek,
And the mourner's garb of woe.

There was the shock of a heavy knell,
And a weight of sullen gloom—
And a coffin slowly passed me by,
And before me rose a tomb.
A silence hushed the solemn throng
As noiselessly they sped,
A mist arose before my sight,—
The phantom forms were fled!

A.

Richmond.

Schiller's Correspondence with Korner.

FROM 1784 TO THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

Part First; From 1784 *to* 1788.

TRANSLATED BY S. E. BROWNELL.

THE CORRESPONDENCE between Schiller, the most widely popular, the most European of all Teutonic writers, and the lamented author of the LYRE AND SWORD, whose thrilling, patriotic songs are dear and familiar to all German ears and hearts, having recently been given to the public, we have thought that American readers would perhaps not unwillingly share in the legacy of these noble minds. This correspondence, covering nearly the whole of Schiller's life as an author, is characterized by the warmest and noblest mutual esteem and regard, and by a singular and earnest devotion to all literary, philosophical and artistic pursuits. The letters of Schiller, in particular, are marked by a hearty frankness, often by a fervid impetuosity of feeling, clearly indicating the source of many of his earlier productions. In general, this correspondence will be found to contain the freest and fullest expression of the private and personal feelings and sentiments of these gifted men, any where upon record. In this respect, these letters differ widely from the "Correspondence between Schiller and *Goethe*," a volume of which recently appeared. The heart as well as intellect, is here brought fully into play, and we read the unreserved communications of the sincerest friendship.

Many of Schiller's favorite moral and aesthetic theories, and numerous criticisms, hints and suggestions of both poets, will be found in this correspondence. Indeed, except "Goethe's Conversations with Eckerman," we know of no running commentary upon German literature by any means to be compared with this.

The origin of this correspondence is not less beautiful than characteristic. "Some days ago," says Schiller, "I met with a very flattering surprise. There came to me, out of Leipsic, from unknown hands, four parcels and as many letters, written with the highest enthusiasm towards me, and overflowing with poetical devotion. They were accompanied by four miniature portraits, two of which are of very beautiful young ladies, and by a pocket-book sewed in the finest taste. Such a present, from people who can have no interest in it, but to let me know that they wish me well, and thank me for some cheerful hours, I prize extremely; the loud-

est applause of the world could scarcely have flattered me so agreeably."

These unknown friends were at length discovered to be, the poet *Körner*, his friend *Huber*, and the fair ladies to whom they were respectively betrothed, *Minna* and *Dora Stock*. The miniatures were executed by the latter, whilst the pocket-book was the work of the former: both ladies are mentioned by Goethe as among his life-long friends, and Dora is called an excellent artist.

In conclusion, may we express the hope that the friendly words and relation of these noble and gifted beings may not be without effect upon our minds and hearts, leading us away from all unworthy aims and vain pursuits and contentions, to a life of helpful goodness, and of true, earnest endeavor.

S. E. B.

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LETTER I.

JUNE, 1784.

At a time when art is daily becoming more and more the venal slave of a rich and powerful sensualism, it is well that a great man steps forth and shows what man is still adequate to accomplish. The better portion of mankind, who have long been disgusted with their age, who, in the crowd of degenerate productions, still longed for something genuine and great, now quench their thirst, feeling within an emotion that raises them above their contemporaries, and strength imparted on their toilsome path towards each worthy aim. Gladly, therefore, would such press the hand of their benefactor, would permit him to see in their eyes the tears of joy and enthusiasm—that they might strengthen and encourage him also, should he ever be in doubt whether his contemporaries are worthy that he should labor for them. It is for this reason that I, with three others, who are not altogether unworthy to read your works, have united to express to you our thanks and grateful homage. For proof whether I understand you, I have attempted to compose music to one of your songs.* Besides the method I have chosen, two others were admissible: each strophe might have been arranged differently, or at least with the melodies; for the first and third, for the second and fourth, and for the last. But neither seemed to me well suited to a song introduced for its own sake. Variations with respect to time, movement, strength and softness, belong naturally to each verse; and those introduced are merely such as were indispensable.

* This is the song of AMELIA, in the first *Scene* of the third *Act* of the ROBBERS.

If I, although in a different field, have shown that I also belong to the salt of the earth, then may you know my name; now it could avail nothing.

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II.

MANHEIM, 7th Dec., 1784.

Never can you forgive me, my most valued friends, that to your letters so full of friendship, breathing so much enthusiasm towards myself, accompanied also by those precious tokens of your goodness,—I could remain *seven* months silent. I confess to you, it is with blushing shame, that abashes me even before myself, that I write this letter, and that, like a culprit, I cast down my eyes before your portraits, which at this instant seem to be indued with life, and to accuse me. Certainly, my excellent and fair friends, the shame and embarrassment which I now suffer is punishment enough. Do not seek to inflict any other. But allow me a few words—not to excuse this unheard of negligence, but in order to render it, in some manner, conceivable.

Your letters, which gave me unspeakable joy, and relieved in the most agreeable manner an hour in my life, found me in the saddest humor at heart, of which I can, by letter, give no account. The state of my mind at that time was not that in which one gladly and for the first time brings one's self before such persons as I conceive you to be. Your flattering opinion of me was, indeed, only an agreeable illusion, yet I was weak enough to wish that it might not all too soon pass away. Therefore, dear friends, I deferred my answer till a happier hour, to a visit of my better genius, when in a more genial mood my heart should be open to better feelings. Those quiet hours have never yet arrived, and in the sad series of vexations and disappointments, my heart at length became dried up to friendship and joy. Unhappy distractions, the thought of which still wounds, by degrees obliterated the purpose from my mind. An accident, a gloomy evening, suddenly reminds me of you, and of my own misconduct; I hasten to my writing-table to apologize to you, dear friends, for this shameful neglect, which from my heart I know not how to explain to myself. How painful must be to you the thought of having loved one who could make such a return for your generous goodness! How must you have allowed yourselves to repent of a kindness performed towards the most ungrateful of men! But no; that I have never been, and will never be. Could I believe that you still retained only a few sparks of that warmth which you formerly cherished towards me, I would demand that you should put my heart to the se-

verest test, and allow me by some means to retrieve my past neglect.

But enough of an affair in which I have played so sorry a part.

When I confess to you that your letters and presents were the most agreeable of aught that has happened to me either before or since in the whole period of my authorship, that their joyful appearance indemnified me for the many painful trials which attended me in youth, that, (I say not too much,) you may ascribe it to yourselves if I recall the curse upon my luckless calling of poet, extorted from my heart by the contradictions of my fate;—when I say this to you, I know that you will not repent of your kindness towards me. If such men, such beautiful souls, reward not the poet, who then shall reward him.

I had hoped, not without grounds, to see you this year face to face, whilst there was a prospect of my going to Berlin. The occurrence of certain circumstances must postpone this, at least for a year; yet it might come about that I shall visit Leipsic at the fair. What a joyful moment could I meet you there, and your real presence eclipse even the joyful recollection of your images!—*Minna* and *Dora* must let it pass should they surprise me amid my new poetic ideals, with a little theft upon their images.

I know not whether you, my most valued friends, will consider me, after my past conduct, as worthy of a continuation of your regards, and of a farther correspondence, yet I beg it of you with all warmth. Only a more intimate acquaintance with me and my peculiar manner of being, can restore to you some shadow of that idea which you once conceived of me. I have enjoyed few pleasures in life, but, (and this is the proudest I can say of myself,) I owe those few to my heart.

You here receive something new from my pen, the announcement of a *Journal*. It may surprise you that I should play also this part in the world, but perhaps it may yet be reconciled to your ideas. Besides, the German public compels its author to make his election not according to the aim of his genius, but the speculations of the trade. I shall bestow upon this *Thalia* all my powers; still I do not deny, could I have acted independently of pecuniary considerations, I should have employed them in another sphere.

Could I, by a few lines, be assured of your forgiveness, a second letter would follow this in quick succession. Ladies are sometimes less forgiving than men; therefore must I read the pardon subscribed also by their fair hands.

With unfailing esteem,

Yours,

SCHILLER.

CHARACTER OF "FESTUS."

"A POEM."

Who has not heard of "Festus?" It has won
Its way into the Literary World,
Spite of its faults, by the sheer force of Genius;
Till it stands side by side with "The Excursion,"
Even in Gilfillan's judgment, and above it,
As the great Poem of this century,
In the esteem of others, who still dread
Its influence for Evil. While the world
Is thus divided on it, let me speak
My own opinion in your listening ear.

It is a book sacred in its Intention—
And should for this receive our just respect,
Whatever perilous errors it contains.
Few like its author under twenty years,
Endowed with Poetry's divinest gifts,
Have aimed so high and worthily as he,
To serve GOD sacredly as "Poet Priest."
And few thus aiming, have brought such rich fruits
Of three years' toil, and offered them to GOD.
Yet should he have more sacredly remembered
The Law and Testimony of GOD's word,
In entering on a labor so august,
Above the reach of Arch-Angelic reason;
Nor offered aught to GOD in sacrifice,
But Truth from Heaven descended, and declared
Alone accepted by the GOD of Truth.
The first-born son of Adam failed in this;
And his rich offering, on GOD's altar laid,
Fruit of his toil and sweat, young Nature's pride
And clustering glory, won not Heaven's regard.

It is a book of rare Imagination—
Vast, daring, strong, rich, tender, beautiful.
Like Dante or like Milton in its range
Exploring Heaven, Earth, Air, Sea, Centre, Hell,
All visible things, and all invisible;
Inspired, creative; brightening, beautifying;
Yet dazzling sometimes and bewildering
Like a mock sun upon the lofty tops
Of snow-clad mountains, to the traveller.
Yet when it stoops to paint the living world
Of Nature, in communion with the thoughts
And sentiments of pure and noble souls,
How true its touch, how free, and yet how firm!
How all the beauties of creation rise
Fresh as the morning, delicate as dew,
Gay as the flowers, and glorious as the streams,
Rich as the music of the birds and breeze,
Solemn as Night, with shadows and with stars,
And silent thoughts of worlds beyond the grave,
And Him who dwelleth in Eternity!
How nations rise with their peculiar traits!
How pass before us all the castes of men!
How every type of feeling and of creed,
Finds its fit time and tongue of utterance!
And Woman, lovely Woman! how she smiles
Upon us in her every phase of Beauty!
Now pure as Clara, true as Angela,
Tender as Marian, passionate as Elissa,
Witty and wise and musical as Helen:
But trustful, fond, and ever faithful still,
Exalted by religious sentiment,
And loving on, in hope of love forever!

It is a book sublime in its Religion—
Treating of GOD's mysterious Providence,
In the probation of Immortal Mind;
The Ministry of Evil, and its End—
The high perfection of the Soul Elect.
In almost all its glowing sentiments
Most orthodox, most evangelical;
Yet through "philosophy and vain deceit,"
Erring with mighty Origen of old,
In love with "charitable heresies."
As if there could be aught of Charity,
In contradiction to the Truth of GOD,
And the pure Morals which his dying son
Sealed with the Sanctions of Eternity!
Yet there are bursts of eloquent love and pride,
Throughout, most true to the experience
Of saints who lived on earth the life of Heaven,
Mingling devoutly with the sweetest strains
Of Moses, David, Paul, Isaiah and John;
Broken only by a bold irreverence
At times, engendered from another source,
Of which no likeness can be found in them,
Which jars harsh discord on the Heaven-tuned heart.

It is a book of deep Philosophy—
Profound in insight, clear and luminous
In exposition. Pregnant passages
Appear on almost every page, condensed
Into a single line. Not much-tried Job,
Nor all experimenting Solomon,
Seem richer in proverbial wisdom, fit
For all the multifarious scenes of life,
Yet leading onward to eternity,
And radiant with the glory of the Lord.
And there are subtlest reasonings—first at war
With Guilty Passion in its Protean forms,
Then warmed and warped by Evils they assail,
And wrecked like some strong line of battle ship
By the explosion of a magazine,
On sudden thunder gust from day o'er hot.

It is a book whose high Dramatic power
At times approaches Shakspeare—on a theme
More sweet than Romeo and Juliet,
More spiritual than the Midsummer Dream,
Far more magnificent and tragical
Than haunted Hamlet, or forsaken Lear,
Or duped Othello, or blood-stained Macbeth.
Yet strangely turning Tragedy to Farce,
The solemn Tragedy of Human time,
The last great Judgment and its sure awards!
The highest aim of its delineations
Is not, like that of Shakspeare, to portray
Man as he is—the evil and the good,
As they are found commingled in the world,
In all diversities of character
Distinct and individual—and their end
In harmony therewith, at least hereafter,
Under the moral government of God—
But to combine all characters in one,
A soul elect of God, exalted, pure,
By the All Holy sanctified; yet proud,
Tempted, deceived, and with perverted mind,
Still doing evil, hoping good may come!
To link the Christ of God with Belial!
Mould stubborn, unassimilating facts
To this fond theory—most perilous
In lofty souls—most certain to corrupt
The baser sort to ruin—yet promise all,
Both good and bad, including Lucifer,
A common destiny in endless bliss!
What more could Satan promise, for his ends,
When, to deceive, arrayed in robes of light?

The root of all its most imposing errors
Is a "God-fixed Necessity" of Sin.
From this false postulate, advanced in form
As if self-evident, or subtly argued
Not only from the lips of Lucifer,
Or tempted Festus, but, most horrible!
From his angelic mother in the skies—
Spring the rank weeds and poisonous flowers amid
The pure blooms of a Paradise of God,
Here planted by a master Poet's hand.
This once eradicated by the power
Of Christian Wisdom, all beside is pure,
And sweet as pure, like Eden at its birth.
The morning mists of Error cleared away,
Great truths appear in Earth and in the Heavens,
Shining in sunlight with a diamond brightness,
And pure bright Truth is, and must be, immortal!

Lexington, Va. Dec. 1, 1848.

HENRY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Henry St. George Tucker, who lately died at Winchester, in the 68th year of his age, was born at Matoax, in the county of Chesterfield, on the 29th of December 1780. His father, St. George Tucker, was a native of the Island of Bermuda; and having been educated at the College of William & Mary, he remained in Virginia where he, in the course of a long life, filled several high judicial offices, as that of Professor of Law, and where he married Mrs. Randolph, the mother of John Randolph, of Roanoke, as well as of the subject of the present notice. This lady, much celebrated for her beauty, wit and force of character, died at the early age of 36.

When Judge Henry Tucker was about nine years of age his father was appointed Professor of Law in William & Mary, and consequently became a resident of Williamsburg. His son there went through a thorough course of classical instruction, first in the Grammar school attached to the college, and then in the College itself, under the Rev. Mr. Bracken, the senior Professor of Humanity.

On obtaining a license to practise law in 1802, Mr. Tucker settled in Winchester, where, in 1806, he married Miss Hunter. He was very successful in his profession; and, in 1807, he was elected to the State Legislature. In two or three speeches on important subjects at the ensuing session, he acquired a high reputation for political independence as well as ability.

In the war with great Britain, a few years afterwards, he raised a volunteer troop of cav-

alry, and was at Baltimore when the British were there repulsed in 1814. It may be inferred that his military career, though brief, was meritorious, from the facts that in the succeeding year he was elected to Congress, and in the year after was appointed by the Legislature Brigadier General.

He continued four years in Congress, where, among his intimate associates, were his brother, John Randolph, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay and Mr. Bolling Robertson of Louisiana. As chairman of a committee he made an argumentative report, in which he maintained that Congress possessed the power, under the Constitution, to construct roads and canals, *with the consent of the States they pass through.* He was also one of those republicans who voted in 1816 in favor of a Bank of the United States, then deemed indispensable by Mr. Dallas, to reëstablish a sound currency throughout the union, and to secure the collection of the national revenue.

These views of the Constitution, as frankly avowed as they were deliberately and conscientiously formed were in conflict with the opinions of the politicians then in the ascendant in his native State, and they probably decided his subsequent destiny as a public man. There is good reason to believe that they more than once prevented his election to the Senate of the United States, and his appointment to the Federal Supreme Court.

The memorable law by which members of Congress were to receive a fixed salary of $1,500 per annum, instead of a per diem allowance of six dollars, passed while he was a member. He not only voted against it, but after it passed, with a fastidious honor, he refused to receive the extra allowance which yet remains in the Treasury. In this course it is believed that he stood alone.

In 1819 he quitted Congress to return to the practice of the law, and in 1823-4 he was appointed Chancellor for the Winchester District. In the following year he established a law school, to which his reputation soon attracted students from every part of the State, and even from other States. He had afterwards the pleasure of seeing among those who had been his pupils several who took a leading part in the councils of their country.

This school was continued until 1831, when he was appointed President of the Court of Appeals. As he was now compelled to pass most of his time in Richmond, he, after a while, became a resident of that city. In the year that he received the last appointment, General Jackson offered him the place of Attorney General, which, on his refusal, was afterwards given to Mr. Taney, now the Chief Justice of the United States. Ten years afterwards he was induced to accept the professorship of law in the University of Virginia, which office he had previously refused in the life time of Mr. Jefferson. In this situation he did not long enjoy health, and in four years, the progress of his disease compelled him to resign. He lingered three years longer, and terminated his busy, well-spent life on the 28th day of August last.

To a very pleasing exterior, both in face and figure, Judge Tucker added an address and manners that are rarely equalled; for besides being a strict observer of the conventional rules of good breeding, he possessed that higher order of politeness which nothing but genuine benevolence and great delicacy of tact can give. Perhaps his most striking characteristic was an affectionate disposition; and it was his never-failing flow of kindness, and desire to see others happy, that so admirably fitted him for all the duties of fireside life. Certainly no one ever discharged those of husband, parent, master, or friend, more cordially, more faithfully, or with better grace. The love he so fervently felt, was, as is usual, cordially reciprocated, and in some instances amounted almost to idolatry.

Such was his very amiable temper as well as scrupulous propriety, that when a personal altercation arose in the House of Representatives between his brother, Mr. Randolph and Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, he maintained his friendly relations with Mr. Robertson without giving offence to the very irritable and somewhat exacting disposition of his brother.

But with all this blandness of feeling—this love of conciliation and peace—he never hesitated to differ from his political associates when his judgment told him they were wrong. It was thus that he had maintained the federal power to make roads and canals; had voted for an United States Bank; and had opposed the doctrine of nullification, though he was one of Mr. Calhoun's most devoted friends. But while he thus fearlessly differed from his party on particular occasions, agreeing with them in the main, he remained attached to them and voted with them through life.

His mind, while it was vigorous, discriminating and comprehensive, was yet more distinguished for its polish and its exquisite taste. His style was at once easy, natural and graceful. Both in speaking and writing, perspicuity, elegance and good sense were the predominant qualities. While he conducted a law school he published two volumes of commentaries on the laws of Virginia, which soon became a handbook for the practitioner in that State, and still so continues. This work, and a few of his lectures delivered at the University of Virginia, and some fugitive essays, are the only monuments he has left of his professional or literary talent. He had a very ready talent at versification, which

was often exercised for the gratification of the social circle he so adorned. His taste for classical studies continued through life. His essays at Latin composition, intended only for the eye of his friends, were very respectable. In no pursuit of life did he succeed better than as a law lecturer; and while he instructed the minds of his pupils, his courtesy and almost paternal kindness, never failed to win their hearts.

Until Judge Tucker had passed the age of sixty, his life had been unusually prosperous and happy. But his last few years were overclouded by disease, and the anxieties attending a lawsuit of a peculiarly vexatious character. His malady was a species of epilepsy, of a mild description indeed, but evidently impairing his memory, and, in some degree, the vigor of his mind. Of this he was not unconscious, and the fear of the loss of his mental faculties, forever haunted his imagination, until life became a burden to him. Sensibly declining in body and mind, he earnestly wished for death as the best of the alternatives presented to him, and he met his end with a firmness and resignation which never deserted him. He left a widow, two daughters and six sons, and it soothed his last moments to be surrounded by all those cherished objects of his affection.

Few men had as many warm personal friends; and, judging of others' charity by his own, he not long ago said to a friend, that he "flattered himself he had not an enemy in the world." Certainly the memory of no one could be more venerated by those to whom he was best known; and to them, it is feared, that this small tribute from one who loved him, will appear altogether inadequate to his merits.

THE CRUSADER'S SERENADE.

The sweet star that is beaming on evening's still sky,
To my fancy appeareth less bright than thine eye,
And thy musical tones are more pleasant to me,
Than the warbling of songsters from thicket and tree.

On thy cheek are the tints of the beautiful flower,
That blooms o'er the vine-covered sides of thy bower,
And graceful and fair as a spirit of light,
Thy form ever riseth to gladden my sight.

Sweet maid of the tower, adieu to thy charms,
For the tumult of camps and the clangor of arms;
By the side of my loved-one forever I'd stay,
But a vision of glory has called me away.

A loud summons is borne like a blast o'er the sea,
The tomb of the JUST from the Moslem to free,
O'er Jerusalem's walls where the crescent doth gleam,
The flag of the "red cross" in triumph shall stream.

Farewell to thee! maid of the tower! farewell!
There are pangs of the heart which the tongue cannot tell—
And such the deep grief of *his* bosom must be,
Who is torn in his spirit's devotion from thee.

P. H. H.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, December, 1848.

In this letter I shall not trouble you with politics. The prediction of woes yet to fall upon France from the election of Louis Napoleon, the account of the spread of democracy on the continent, its excesses, the flight of the Pope from Rome, the civil wars of Germany, the abdication of Ferdinand of Austria,—all these, I take it, will interest the generality of your readers less than a chapter from *Chateaubriand's* posthumous work, particularly concerning the United States. A few months after the death of Chateaubriand, which occurred 4th July last, the journal the *Presse* commenced the publication of his "Memoires d' outre-tombe," or "Memoirs from beyond the tomb." The reproduction of these Memoirs in any other form being forbidden by the company to which the copyright belongs, they have not yet appeared in regular volumes. The fleeting, but popular *feuilleton* of the *Presse* is eagerly resorted to by the enthusiastic admirers of the illustrious deceased. Four years ago the *Presse* purchased the right of first publishing these Memoirs, upon the condition that the publication should not be commenced till after the death of the author. The price then paid for this privilege is understood to have been 96,000 francs, (about $19,000.) Chateaubriand was never so highly thought of abroad as in France. Though for many years he has lived a perfectly retired life, taking no part, and apparently no interest, in the events transpiring around him, he was regarded with a veneration little short of worship. The *Memoirs*, if what has yet been published may be taken as a criterion for the whole, will hardly bring a great accession to his world-wide fame. A chapter devoted to the United States I am about to translate for the Messenger. It was written, as appears by the date, in 1822. It is curious as a critique upon the United States and their institutions. It is interesting as issuing from

the illustrious Chateaubriand, but possesses very little value as the result of the reflections of a sage and philosopher. It bears too evidently the mark of the political school in which the author received his early and abiding impressions. I doubt if any one can read the chapter, even remembering the date, A. D., 1822, without a smile, which the illustrious author of the "*Memoires d'outre-tombe*" would deem any thing but complimentary.

He says touching these Memoirs, in the preface written 14th April, 1846, that hard necessity, which through his whole life had kept foot upon his throat, had compelled him to sell them. "Nobody can know what I suffered in being obliged to mortgage my tomb." His design had been to leave the Memoirs to Madame de Chateaubriand; who would have used her discretion in publishing or suppressing them. If he were still master of them he would, he says, either keep them in manuscript, or forbid their publication till after the lapse of fifty years. "The Memoirs have been written," he continues, "at different epochs and in different countries. Hence the necessary prologues which describe the places where I happened to be and the thoughts which occupied me at the moment of resuming the thread of my narrative. It is thus that the changing forms of my life are mingled one with another. In my moments of prosperity I have had to speak of my days of adversity: and in deep affliction I have had to wander back to and describe my hours of happiness. My youth penetrating my old age, the grave experience of years saddening the frivolity of youth, the rays of my sun, from its aurora to its setting, crossing and mingling with each other, have produced in my recital a sort of confusion, or if you please, a sort of undefinable unity. My cradle has something of my tomb: my tomb has something of my cradle. My sufferings become pleasures, my pleasures, pains, so that after reading my Memoirs I hardly know whether they proceed from a brown or a hoary head. I know not whether this *melange* will please or displease. There was no help for it. It is the fruit of the inconstancy of my fate. The tempests have often left me no table whereon to write save the breakers which wrecked me. I have been urged to publish during my life certain portions of these *Memoirs*. I prefer to speak from my grave. My narrative will then be accompanied by those voices which are sacred, because they issue from the tomb. If I have suffered sufficiently in this world to become a blessed shade, in the next, a ray darting from the Elysian Fields, shall shed upon my last pictures a protecting light. Life becomes me ill. Perhaps death will be more graceful." M. Chateaubriand then with a volubility and want of sequence which I must think find their excuse rather in his seventy-eight years, than in the necessities under which he was writing, quotes with ostentatious humility a flattering letter from the Mayor of St. Malo, written in October, 1831, informing him that a romantic spot on the sea-shore, near that town, which he desired to have for a grave, had been finally secured for him: and he thus concludes his preface—"I shall rest then beside the sea I have so much loved! If my decease takes place out of France, I desire that my body shall not be brought back to my country till fifty years shall have elapsed from the date of my death. Let my remains be protected from sacrilegious autopsy. Let no one take the trouble to seek in my icy brain and in my extinguished heart, the mystery of my being. Death reveals not the secrets of life. The idea of a corpse travelling post is horrible to me. Bleached and light bones may be easily transported. They will be less fatigued during this last journey than when I was wearily dragging them hither and thither, laden with my sorrows."

If the above extract had formed a portion of his last will and testament, or if it had found place in a diary, the private record of current thoughts and feelings, never intended to meet the public eye, it would have legitimately claimed the sympathy and respect of the reader. But it was written only two years ago, the matter of the grave having been determined seventeen years ago. He knew that a few weeks after his death it would be published as the feuilleton of a newspaper. Was he, like Alexander Dumas and the other *feuilletonists* of the Parisian press, striving to furnish so many hundred lines in consideration of the ninety-six thousand francs received? or is it simply to be deemed the egotistic garrulity of second childhood? I adopt the latter hypothesis as the most respectful to the memory of Chateaubriand.

Before proceeding with the extract of his chapter on the United States, let me aid him in giving publicity to the correction of an error into which he had led the world respecting his name and age. Chateaubriand, it seems, was an author of world-wide reputation before he knew his own name or age. He publishes verbatim an extract from the register of births of the commune of St. Malo, where he was born, and remarks after it—"It is perceived that I have been mistaken in my published works, wherein I state myself to have been born the 14th October, instead of the 4th October, 1768. My given names are François *René*, and not François *Auguste*."

He farther gives some interesting information touching the origin of his family name. It turns out to be a much more common name in the

United States than most of us had supposed. I add a passage upon this subject:

"My name was originally written *Brien*, afterwards *Briant* and *Briand*, as French orthography changed. William of Brittany writes *Castum-Briani*. There is not a name of France which does not offer these changes of letters. The *Brien* family towards the beginning of the eleventh century, gave their name to a considerable *chateau* in Brittany, and this chateau became the chief-place of the Barony of *Chateaubriand*. The arms of Chateaubriand were originally *pommes de pin*,* with the motto, "*Je séme l'or.*† Geoffry, baron of Chateaubriand, accompanied St. Louis to the Holy Land. Made prisoner at the battle of Massoure, he returned home, and his wife Sybille died of joy and surprise upon beholding him again. St. Louis to recompense his services, granted to Geoffry and his heirs in place of his ancient coat-of-arms a shield of gules, strewed with *fleurs de lys* of gold. *Cui et ejus haeredibus*, attest the records of the priory of Bérée, *sanctus Ludovicus tum Francorum rex, propter ejus probitatem in armis flores lilii auri, loco pomorum pini auri contulit.*"

I will delay no longer the chapter on the United States. It was in 1790–91 that Chateaubriand visited our country.

W. W. M.

"Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb."

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

VOLUME II.

"*London—from April to September* 1822."

"Why is it that the solitudes of Erie and Ontario present themselves now to my imagination with a charm which the memory of the brilliant Bosphorus does not possess? The reason is, that when travelling in the United States I was yet full of illusions. The troubles of France were commencing at the same time with my own existence. Nothing was finished in me, nothing finished in my country. The memory of those days is sweet to me, because they recall associations of family and of youthful pleasures. Fifteen years later, after my travels in the Levant, the Republic, swollen with wrecks and with tears, had rushed, like a torrent of the deluge, into Despotism. I no longer amused myself with chimeras; my souvenirs, taking their origin thenceforth in society and in the passions, lost their virgin whiteness. Disappointed in my two pilgrimages to the West and to the East, I had not discovered the passage to the pole; I had not ravished glory from the banks of the Niagara, whither I had gone to seek her: and I had left her seated upon the ruins of Athens.

First a traveller in America, then a soldier in Europe, I pursued to the end neither of these careers. An Evil Genius snatched from me the staff and the sword, and placed in my hand the pen.

It was after fifteen other years had rolled by that I found myself in Sparta, gazing one night upon the heavens, and thinking of the countries which had formerly witnessed my peaceful or troubled slumbers. Amid the forests of Germany, upon the heaths of England, on the fields of Italy, in mid-ocean, and in the woods of Canada, I had hailed the same stars which I then saw burning over the country of Helen and Menelaus. But why complain to the stars, those unmoving witnesses of my wandering destiny? One day they will cease to be weary with watching me: and now, indifferent to my fate, I will not ask of these stars to shed upon it a sweeter influence, or to restore to me that portion of life which the traveller leaves in the regions which he visits.

Were I now to revisit the United States I should not recognize them. Where I left forests, I should find cultivated fields: where I cleared me a path through the bush-wood, I should travel upon high-ways. At Natchez, where stood the hut of Celuta, now stands a city of five thousand inhabitants. Chactas might be at present a member of Congress. I have recently received a pamphlet, printed among the *Cherokees*, which, in behalf of those savages, is addressed to me *as a defender of the liberty of the press*. There is among the Muscogees, the Seminoles, the Chickasaws, a City of Athens, another City of Marathon, another of Carthage, another of Memphis, another of Sparta, another of Florence. You find there a county of Columbia, a county of Marengo. The glory of all countries has placed a name in those very solitudes where I met father Aubry and the obscure Atala. Kentucky shows a Versailles, and a territory called Bourbon has a Paris for its capital. All the exiled and all the oppressed who have found refuge in America, have borne there the memory of their country.

* * * * * falsi Simoentis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache.

The United States possess, under the protection of liberty, an image and a souvenir of nearly all the celebrated places of antiquity and of modern Europe. In the garden of his country-seat near Rome, Adrian caused to be imitated all the monuments of his empire.

* This means what we call the *pine-burr*, or cone of the pine tree: not the fruit pine-apple, a species of anana.

† I sow, strew or scatter gold.

Thirty-three highways now lead from Washington, as formerly Roman roads started from the capital. They end, after numerous ramifications, at the outer limits of the Union, and trace lines of communication 25,747 miles in length. Upon a great number of these roads posts are established. One may take the stage for Ohio or for Niagara, as in my time one took a guide or an Indian interpreter. The means of transport are two fold. Lakes and rivers exist every where connected by canals. One may travel, beside the highways, in row-boats and sail-boats, or in barges drawn by horses, or in steamers. Fuel is inexhaustible, for immense forests cover mines of coal rising to the very surface of the earth.

The population of the United States has increased every ten years from 1790 to 1820 at the rate of thirty-five per cent. It is presumed that in 1830 the population will amount to 12,875,000 souls. Continuing to double itself every twenty five years, in the year 1855 it will have reached 25,750,000, and twenty-five years later, in 1880 it will exceed 50,000,000.

This human sap is making the desert to bloom in every direction. The lakes of Canada, lately without sails, are now like docks where frigates and sloops of war, cutters and barques, are continually crossing the paths of the Indian skiffs and canoes, as the ships and galleys mingle with shallops, punks and long-boats in the waters of Constantinople. The Mississippi, the Missouri and the Ohio no longer flow in solitude. Ships ascend them. More than two hundred steamboats impart animation to their banks.

This immense internal navigation, which alone would suffice to insure the prosperity of the United States, interrupts not at all their foreign commerce. Their ships traverse every sea, they are engaged in every species of adventure, bearing the star-spangled banner from the West to those shores of the East, which have never known other than the state of slavery.

To complete this surprising picture, one must figure to himself cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, lighted at night, filled with horses and carriages, adorned with Cafés, museums, libraries, dancing-rooms, theatres, and offering all the enjoyments of luxury.

Still you must not seek in the United States for that which distinguishes man from other created beings, for that which is his certificate of immortality, which is the ornament of his days. Letters are unknown in the new republic, although they are invited there by a crowd of literary institutions. The American has substituted positive for intellectual operations. But do not impute to inferiority his mediocrity in the Arts: for it is not in that quarter that he has directed his attention. Thrown by various causes upon a desert soil, agriculture and commerce have been the object of his care. One must provide the necessities of life before he can become a thinker. Before planting trees, he must fell the forest and till the earth. The original colonists, whose minds were so engrossed with religious controversies, carried, it is true, the passion for dispute into the bosom of these forests: but they had to proceed immediately, axe upon the shoulder, to the conquest of the wilds; and their only pulpit, in the intervals of labor, was the elm tree they were hewing. The Americans, as a people, have not passed through the several stages of age. They left in Europe their childhood and youth. The innocent accents of the cradle are unknown to them. They never tasted the sweets of the domestic fireside, unaccompanied with regret of a country they had never seen, which they were never to see; and whose charms, as recounted to them in stories, they sighed for in vain.

There is not in the new Continent either classic, romantic, or Indian literature. For classic literature the Americans have no models; for romantic they have no middle age; for Indian the Americans despise the savages and hold the forests in horror, as they would a prison in which it had been intended to confine them.

It is not therefore a substantive literature, a literature properly so called, that it is to be found in America. It is a literature of working-men, of merchants, of sailors, of tillers of the earth. The Americans only succeed in mechanics and the sciences, because the sciences have their material side. Franklin and Fulton seized lightning and steam for the benefit of men. It belonged to America to endow the world with the discovery, by the aid of which no continent can henceforth escape the researches of the navigator. Poetry and the imagination, cultivated by a very small number of men of leisure, are regarded in the United States as puerilities of the earliest and latest stages of life. But the Americans have never had an infancy, nor have they yet had an old age.

From this it results that the men engaged in serious studies must have necessarily taken an active part in the affairs of their country in order to obtain a knowledge of them. They must have been actors in their revolution. But it is sad to remark the prompt degeneracy of talent which has taken place from the earlier men of the American revolution to those of later days. Yet the latter immediately succeed the former. The first presidents of the republic have a religious, simple, elevated, calm character, of which is found no trace in the bloody turmoils of our own republic and revolution. The solitude wit

which the Americans were surrounded reacted upon their own nature: and they worked out their liberty in silence. Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States might have been pronounced by the gravest personages of antiquity. "How far in the discharge of my official duties," says the General "I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

"Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my many defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest."

Jefferson, in his residence at Monticello, writes, after the death of one of his two children,

"My loss is great indeed. Others may lose of their abundance, but I, of my want, have lost even the half of all I had. My evening prospects now hang on the slender thread of a single life. Perhaps I may be destined to see even this last cord of parental affection broken."

Philosophy, rarely affecting, is so here to a sovereign degree. This is not the idle plaint of recluse who had never borne his part in the strifes of life. Jefferson died 4th July, 1826, in the 84th year of his age and the fifty-fourth of his country's independence. His remains repose beneath a single stone, having for epitaph only these words,

THOMAS JEFFERSON
*Author of the Declaration of Independence.**

Pericles and Demosthenes had pronounced the funeral oration of the young Greeks who fell for a people which disappeared soon after them. Brackenridge, in 1827, celebrated the death of the young Americans from whose blood a people has started forth.

* M. Chateaubriand has not correctly quoted the inscription on Mr. Jefferson's tomb. It is as follows:

Here lies buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON

Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

There is a gallery of the portraits of distinguished Americans in four volumes octavo: and more singular still, a biography containing the lives of more than a hundred principal Indian chiefs. Logan, chief of Virginia, pronounced before Lord Dunmore these words:

"Colonel Cresap the last Spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge—I have sought it; I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never fealt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Without loving nature the Americans have applied themselves to the study of Natural History. Townsend, starting from Philadelphia, has traversed a-foot the regions which separate the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean, and committed to a diary his numerous observations. Thomas Say, a traveller in Florida, and among the Rocky Mountains, has published a work upon American entomology. Wilson, a weaver, turned author, has some tolerably finished paintings.

Coming now to literature, properly so called, though it be, indeed, but a small affair, there are nevertheless some writers to be cited in the order of novelists and poets. The son of a Quaker, Brown, is the author of *Wieland*, which Wieland is the source and model of the romances of the New School. Unlike his countrymen, "I prefer," said Brown, "wandering in the forests to threshing wheat." Wieland—the hero of the story, is a Puritan whom heaven has commanded to slay his wife.

"'I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer and destroy thee I must.' Saying this I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud and endeavored to free herself from my grasp: but her efforts were vain. 'Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it! Am I not thy wife? and wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not: and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury—resistless and horrible possesses thee—spare me—spare me—help!—help!' Till her breath was stopped she shrieked for help—for mercy!" Wieland strangles his wife and experiences unspeakable rapture beside the lifeless corpse. The horror of our modern inventions is here surpassed. Brown formed himself by the reading of Caleb Williams; and he imitated in Wieland a scene of *Othello*. At present the American novelists, Cooper and Washington Irving, are forced to betake them-

selves to Europe to find criticism and readers. The tongue of the great English writers has become *creolized*, *provincialized*, *barbarized*, and yet has acquired no energy in the midst of virgin nature. They have been obliged to compile a glossary of American expressions.

As for the American poets, their versification is agreeable, but they rise little above the common level, still the ode *To the Evening Wind—Sun-rise upon the Mountain—The Rivulet*, and some other poems are worth reading. Halleck has sung the death of Bozzaris, and George Hill has wandered among the ruins of Greece. Of Athens he sings

> "There sits the queen of temples,—gray and lone.
> She, like the last of an imperial line,
> Has seen her sister structures, one by one,
> To Time their gods and worshippers resign."

It is pleasant to me who have visited as a traveller the shores of Hellas and Atlantis to hear the independent voice of a land unknown to antiquity, mourning over the lost liberty of the ancient world.

Dangers for the United States.

Will America preserve its form of government? Will there not be a separation of the States? Has not a deputy from Virginia already advocated the system of antique liberty with slavery, the offspring of paganism, against a deputy from Massachusetts, who argued for modern liberty without slaves, such as christianity has made it? The States of the North and South, are they not opposed to each other in character and interests? Will not the States of the West, too distant from the Atlantic, desire to have a distinct government? On one side, is the Federal Government sufficiently strong to maintain the Union, and confine each State within its limits? On the other, if the Executive power be increased, will not despotism, with the guards and privileges of the dictator, be the result?

The isolation of the United States has allowed them to rise and flourish. It is doubtful whether they could have survived and grown in Europe. Federal Switzerland subsists in the midst of us. Why? Because it is small, poor, occupying a little space at the foot of the mountains, a nursery of soldiers for kings, and the rendezvous for fashionable travellers.

Separated from the old world, the population of the United States yet inhabits the solitudes. Its wilds have been its liberty. But already the conditions of its existence are being modified. The existence of the democracies of Mexico, of Columbia, of Peru, of Chili and Buenos-Ayres, troubled though they be, is a danger. So long as the United States had near them only the colonies of a trans-atlantic kingdom, no serious war was probable. But now are not rivalries to be apprehended? Let both sides rush to arms; let a military spirit take possession of the children of Washington, and some great captain may arise and mount the throne. Glory loves crowns.

I have said that the States of the North, of the South and of the West, were divided in interests. Every one knows this. If these States secede from the Union, will it be attempted to reduce them by force? Then what a ferment of hostilities is cast into the social body! Will the seceding States maintain their independence? Then what discords will burst forth among the emancipated States? These republics, beyond seas, disunited, will form but feeble unities, of no weight in the social balance. They would, one after another, be subjugated by some one of the republics. (I pass without allusion to the grave subjects of foreign alliances and interventions.) Kentucky, peopled by a more rustic, hardy, war-like race of men, would seem destined to become the conquering State. In this State, which would swallow up the rest, the power of one would not fail to erect itself upon the ruins of the power of all.

I have spoken of the dangers of war. I must also speak of the dangers of a long peace. The United States, since their independence, have, except during a few months, enjoyed the most profound peace. While a hundred battles were shaking Europe to its foundations, they were cultivating their fields in safety. Hence an overflowing of population and wealth with all the inconveniences of excess of riches and population. Suppose hostilities were committed upon an unwarlike people; can they resist? Would fortunes and habits consent to sacrifices? How forego the pleasant habitudes, the comforts, the indolent ease of life? China and India, listless in their muslin, have been ever subjected to foreign domination. The condition suited to a free society is one of peace, moderated by war, and of war tempered by peace. The Americans have already worn for too long a time, without interruption, the olive crown. The tree which furnishes it is not indigenous to their shores. The mercantile spirit begins to invade them. Interest is becoming their national vice. Already the play of the banks of the different states is producing embarrassment, and bankruptcy threatens the public fortune. So long as liberty produces gold, an industrial republic performs wonders; but when the gold is gained, or spent, then vanishes its love of independence, which was not founded upon moral sentiment, but was the product of the thirst of gain and of the passion of industry.

Moreover, it is difficult to create a feeling of *country* in states which have no community of religion and of interests, which had their origin at various epochs, from various sources, which occupy different soils and live under different suns. What connection can there be between a Frenchman of Louisiana, a Spaniard of Florida, a German of New York, an Englishman of New England, Virginia, Carolina and Georgia, who are all accounted Americans? One is frivolous and a duelist; another is Catholic, lazy and proud; another is Lutheran, cultivates his own ground and has no slaves; another is Anglican, a planter and slaveholder, and yet another is Puritan and commercial. How many centuries will it require to render these elements homogeneous? An aristocracy begotten of gold is upon the eve of appearing, greedy of distinctions and fond of titles. It is supposed that a general level exists in the United States. This is altogether a mistake. There are circles which disdain each other and hold no communication. There are saloons, the haughtiness of whose masters exceeds that of a German prince of sixteen descents. These plebeian nobles aspire to caste, in spite of the progress of intelligence which has made them equal and free. Some of them can talk of nothing else but their ancestors, haughty barons, in all probability bastards, and companions of William the Bastard. They parade the coats-of-arms of the old world, bedecked with serpents, lizards, and parroquets of the new. A younger son from Gascony, landing upon the republican shores with nothing but his cloak and umbrella, if he takes care to class *Marquis* to his name, is forthwith a man of high consideration on board the steamboats. The enormous inequality of fortunes threatens still more seriously to extinguish the spirit of equality. Certain Americans possess one or two millions income. Already the Yankee of high life can no longer consent to live like Franklin. The true gentleman, disgusted with his new country, comes to Europe in search of the old. You meet him in the hotels, making, like the English, full of extravagance and spleen, the tour of Italy. These ramblers from Carolina or Virginia purchase ruined abbeys in France, and plant English gardens with American trees at Melun. Naples sends to New York her singers and perfumers, Paris her *modistes* and opera-dancers, London her boxers and jockeys. And with all her exotic pleasures the Union is not gay. The amusement there is plunging over the cataract of Niagara with the applause of fifty thousand half savage planters, whom Death is hard put to it to make laugh.

And it is most extraordinary, that while inequality of fortune is becoming general, and an aristocracy is springing up, the great external impulse towards inequality is compelling the rich manufacturers and land-owners to mask their luxury and conceal their wealth for fear of being murdered by their neighbors. The executive authority is not recognized. The local authorities, freely chosen, are displaced at pleasure, and others substituted in their room. But all this does not disturb public order. Democracy is maintained in practice, while in theory they make fun of the laws imposed by democracy itself. The spirit of family hardly exists. No sooner is a son able to work, than, like a fledged bird, he must fly with his own wings. These generations starting forth in all the freedom of premature orphanage, their numbers swollen by emigrants from Europe, form themselves into romantic bands which, never forming for themselves fixed establishments upon the soil, clear the wild lands, dig the canals, and go wherever there is a call for labour. They commence habitations in the wilds, to be abandoned, perhaps, by their transient proprietors after an occupation of a few days.

In the cities a cold and hard selfishness reigns. Dollars, bank-notes, money, the rise and fall of stocks, are the only subjects of conversation. One might suppose himself upon change, or at the counter of an immense shop. The journals of huge size are filled with mercantile advertisements, or with the merest tittle-tattle. Are the Americans unconsciously obeying the law of climate under the influence of which vegetable nature seems to thrive at the expense of animated nature? This law has been combatted by distinguished intellects; but refutation has not yet put it utterly beyond dispute. One may well ask himself if philosophic liberty in America, as civilized despotism in Russia, has not been used too freely for the good of the people.

In fine, the United States present the idea of a colony and not of a mother-country. They have no past—manners are not formed there by the laws. The citizens of the New World took rank among nations at an epoch when political ideas were entering upon an ascending phase. This explains the fact of their transformation with such extraordinary rapidity. Permanent society would seem to be impracticable among them; because, first, of the extreme *ennui* which seizes upon individuals; and secondly, from their inability to be still; from the necessity of action which possesses them. Society can never be stable there, where the Penates are wandering. Having position upon the high-way of the oceans, at the head of progressive opinions new as his country, the American seems to have inherited from Columbus the mission to discover new worlds rather than to create them.

. . . . . CHATEAUBRIAND.

A RIDE TO GRACEHAM.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.—*Gray.*

Some years since, on the morning of Easter Sunday, I rode to the village of Graceham in the upper part of Frederick county, Maryland. I had heard of a sect of Moravians there, who had for more than eighty years, with untiring zeal, illustrated their faith to their surrounding neighbors, by holiness of life and devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. Curiosity prompted me to spend a day among this singular and philanthropic people. On the road I overtook a venerable man whose manners and appearance were very prepossessing, whose countenance betokened profound reflection and intelligence, and whom I afterwards found to possess great literary acquirements. He was a member of the Society. By him I was told, that the congregation consisted of four hundred members: that more than half a century had elapsed since a Mr. Dulaney had conveyed to the brethren several acres of land on which their church was erected, that at the dawn of the revolution he had fled to England, and his immense real estate was confiscated by an act of Assembly because he was a tory.

We arrived at the village. The church was a substantial building, and the adjacent grounds were well enclosed. The Catoctin mountain is close by on the west—a fine level country in front, variegated by many beautiful farms and dwelling-houses, and several miles off, you may see the Catholic chapel attached to Emmetsburg college, elevated to the clouds on a lofty hill, from which objects can be discerned in Pennsylvania as far as vision will extend. The sun was unobscured by a single cloud: a solemn silence reigned around, and the holy feelings excited by the anticipated pleasures of the sanctuary, subdued and tranquilized every passion of my soul.

We had hardly entered the house before the solemn tones of the organ, accompanied by the finest female voices, rivetted the attention of the audience. Every countenance was thoughtful. The pastor soon appeared with slow and solemn step. He was tall, thin and pale; his features indicating intense study and unaffected piety. He ascended the pulpit and delivered a plain discourse. As he closed, an infant was presented for baptism by its parents, in front of the chancel. Several of the most venerable members of the Society placed their right hands on the head of the child. The minister explained the nature of the ordinance and pouring water three successive times into a white china bowl, pronouncing the names of the trinity, and then that of the infant, ended with prayer.

It was now announced, that conformably to ancient custom, a procession to the grave-yard would be formed. The pastor led. After him came the musicians with trumpets and various other instruments: then the members of the congregation, and lastly the multitude. It reminded me somewhat of the march of the Israelites. At the grave-yard a hollow square was formed: a band of ladies clad in white, sung a German hymn as the stanzas were read out by the preacher. Never did I listen to such touching, melodious strains as now floated on the air. It seemed like the voice of the angelic host. We were reminded in strong, but solemn terms, of our frailty, and the necessity of preparation for the spirit-land: the pastor significantly pointed to the newly-made graves before our eyes, and read from a paper the names of those who had been laid there during the last year. Returning in the same order to the church, we were dismissed.

I sought the spot we had just left. It was surrounded by an enclosure painted black, and was laid out like a garden. The graves were not mounded, but level, and raised about four inches. In one department lay the husbands, in another the married women, and lastly the single of either sex. The few head-stones I saw, simply informed us that the person had *departed* at a particular time.

How different is this scene, I exclaimed, from the pride and pomp of Westminster Abbey, where kings, statesmen, poets and writers, notwithstanding their flattering epitaphs, are in no better condition than the tenants of these humble resting-places. "The cave of Machpelah before Mamre," was the last bed of the friend of God, and without any other monument than his faith and good deeds, his name has come down to posterity the pattern of perfect obedience to the will of Heaven.

Just at this moment, the companion of my morning ride appeared. I asked him who was the founder of this order of Christians?

"Count Zinzendorf," said he, "a nobleman of Moravia, who owned a principality of perhaps half the size of the Northern Neck of Virginia, originated our sect. He was a man of distinguished literary attainments. Deeply imbued with the spirit of his Divine Master, he devoted his immense revenue to the spread of Christianity; established the system of missions, which Wesley carried out and which yet prevails among the Methodists. After planting his standard in Europe, he crossed the ocean for the purpose of teaching the way of salvation to the down-trodden and benighted Indians, then very numerous,

but now waning away to small and dispirited bands. He founded Litiz and Bethlehem in Pennsylvania where female seminaries of learning yet flourish. He despatched the servants of the Most High to the desolate and frozen regions of the Greenlander and Esquimaux, as well as to the parched deserts of Asia and Africa. His missionaries perforated forests where no white man had ever trod; fearless of wild beasts and savages; exposed to peril and famine by day and night; passing rivers and dangerous morasses where no help could be obtained; not knowing how soon their bones might be bleaching on the snow or sand; with no shield but the Gospel, and no protector but its author, they planted many churches in the old world as well as in America. By their meek deportment, the confidence and love of the red men on either side of the Alleghany were soon won.

"So apt were these sons of the forest in learning the German language, that one of their number would translate into the Indian tongue the sermons as they were delivered. Thus a large congregation comprehended the words of the speaker with perfect facility. So they lived as sheep with a kind shepherd.

"The revolutionary war, however, retarded theirwork. The sound of arms illy accorded with the holy work of the ministry. And beyond this, early in 1781, some of the inhabitants of Western Virginia, under the command of a Colonel Williams, erroneously supposing that our settlements of friendly Indians at the mouth of Muskingum, in what is now the State of Ohio, was favorable to the British, resolved to spill their blood on bare suspicion. Their leader, like Cresap, who murdered Logan's family, will descend to the latest ages abhorred and scorned by the world. The party in open day demanded that their victims should be brought out for the sacrifice. Arranged in a line in the street of their little hamlet, and knowing that their end was at hand, they asked the privilege of singing and praying together, ere they were hurried into eternity. During this solemn scene the hearts of the white men did not relent, no sigh escaped from their bosoms; no tear moistened their eyes: revenge and cowardice hushed the voice of nature. As these friendly natives of the West arose from their knees, ninety-one men, women and children were despatched and were soon dragged into one pile of corpses. The surviving Indians were sufficiently numerous and brave to have exterminated the monsters who had perpetrated this foul murder, but were restrained by Zeisberger, the only preacher who beheld this awful spectacle. With that mild and forgiving spirit which a true christian only can manifest, he bade his weeping people follow him into their church. He prayed for the savages who had just slaked their vengeance in blood, told them to turn their eye to 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' who prayed for his foes on the cross, and that the time had arrived when they were called on to follow his example in patience and suffering.

"He calmed the storm which otherwise would have burst on the guilty heads of those ruffians, and the dead were interred with reverence and submission.

"Show me," said my companion, while the fire of enthusiasm flashed from his eye, "where, out of the Bible, can be found a scene of so much forbearance and resignation amidst such unparalleled provocation! What the end of the band was, I know not. It is to be hoped that 'repentance unto life' relieved them from the deep-toned thunders of a guilty conscience ere the final summons came which brought them into the presence of Him who will judge 'both quick and dead.' About two months after the massacre, Shabosch, one of our ministers, (whose son also fell on that disastrous day) left that country in order to memorialize Congress, which was then sitting at York, Pennsylvania, concerning the recent outrage, and claim protection from future aggression. It so happened that I met him in the ferry-boat near Pittsburgh and travelled with him for some days. The opposite bank of the river was covered with friendly Indians, who had convened to bid him farewell. His appearance was venerable, and as his dispirited and broken-hearted people crowded round him, the whole assembly was melted into tears and deep silence prevailed. They gazed after him until we were hidden in the woods. Congress did not interpose so far as I have heard."

"Pray sir," said I, "can you inform me as to the doctrines of a sect which has rendered such signal benefits to the world? I have somewhere read that yours was the first Protestant sect which sent missionaries to instruct and civilize Pagan nations, that in both hemispheres and in the isles of the ocean, your schools and religious assemblies flourish abundantly; tell me what is your peculiar creed?"

"We are distinguished," he answered, "perhaps beyond any other denomination of christians, in this—that with limited means we have spread the word farther and wider and diffused over society a greater moral influence under all circumstances than any other religious order of men. We are characterized by our peaceful habits, retirement from the world, 'its pomps and vanities,' refusal to hold civil offices, bringing no law suits, nor being concerned in strife or litigation, and enforcing upon children, strict attendance on public worship and submission to

the laws of our country. We shun all theological and political controversies—we publish no polemical works—we practise the principle of community in our villages so far as we can and cultivate peace and good will on earth. The Augsburg Confession is the acknowledged symbol of our Church, and we contend that the atonement of our Saviour is general in its extent and vicarious in its nature. We have no particular theories relative to any aspect of this doctrine but abstain from all attempts to philosophize on this subject. As to the Eucharist we differ from a majority of the Lutherans in Europe and America, in still maintaining the doctrine of the real presence as taught in the Augsburg Confession. We have bishops but claim for them no *jure divino* authority. With us free toleration is a cardinal principle. All are allowed 'to worship under their own vine and fig tree,' and in no instance did we persecute any one of our fellow creatures for any cause whatever."

The sun was now about to set. I bade the holy man adieu and reached my residence pleased with the novel and striking incidents of the day.

L.

MARTIN F. TUPPER, ESQ., M. A.

Author of Proverbial Philosophy, &c. An interesting letter from him to an American Correspondent; some allusions to his writings, character, &c.

Mr. Editor,—My attention was first directed to the writings of Tupper some years since, when the Messenger was under the control of your very esteemed predecessor, Mr. Minor. The Editor, at that time, reviewed some of the writings of this distinguished author in a highly favorable manner, and quoted some striking and interesting passages from his Proverbial Philosophy and other works. After having read Proverbial Philosophy several times, I felt an irresistible inclination to learn more of the history and character of the author, and with this view as well as for the purpose of expressing the great pleasure and benefit I had derived from his writings, I addressed to him a letter, in reply to which I received the following:

Albury, Near Guilford, England,
June 20th, 1848.

My Dear Sir and Unseen Friend,—After a long travel, evidenced by many post marks, your cordial and therefore welcome letter has at last found me out. I hasten to respond to the friendly feeling wherewith it overflows. America is to me a very Potosi of kindliness, and I am continually finding the popularity to which you allude, made manifest to myself, by letters full of love from many good people in your far-off states, to whom I can be known only in the spirit. I need not say how glad I am to add your name to the number; nor how heartily I rejoice in the rich fund of (I may really call it) gratitude, which God's blessing has added to my writings so well received among you.

It is by no means impossible that, some day or other, I may pay America a visit, for so many friends urge it, and there will be so much true pleasure in making their personal acquaintance, that I have not the stoical virtue to resist an inclination so attractive. Not but that I hate, abjure and would go any distance to avoid *lionization*, but *that* I hold to be a very different thing from the hearty good will and christian love wherewith I shall be greeted.

Praise is a good thing when it comes from good men, as honest guerdon for a good deed, and I am far from the hypocrisy of pretending not to appreciate the rich reward of commendation from his servants, wherewith our Father has already blest me, as far as I trust I shall always be from seeking praise unworthily, in any manner irrespective of His work on earth, nor without a willing eye and a covetous ear for his own "Ευ δουλη αγαθη." Thus only do I wish to reap my honors. And now, my dear sir, you ask me many questions which I really must not answer except by reference. There will shortly, I believe, be emanating from a house in New York, a complete edition of all my works, prefaced by a life of their author. My portrait—not entirely unlike, though they tell me a little flattering, is in your shop windows—and for the inner man, you have my heart and mind pretty well laid bare in my books. As to all else, I am blessed with health, wealth, wife, children and honor. I am not bald, nor gray, nor crooked, nor a fright. My inches are some 5 feet 6—you find me cordial, I have no mysteries, and number many friends. Several American gentlemen have visited my old family house at Albury, and you will find one such visit published in your Literary World, another in your Boston Atlas, and another in, (I think,) Mr. Bryant's paper. Is not all this enough to satisfy common curiosity? Still do not suppose I set lightly by your kind enquiries; as a proof of your esteem, if not of your affection, I thank you for them, and with you all like-minded at Memphis. Have you a Thebes or a Heliopolis? how strange it seems to have a Memphian friend,—however, Tennessee—strange adjunct brings one hot-foot from Old Egypt to Young Columbia. Liked you my sonnets to Co-

lumbia in "Hactenus?" Enquire for the booklet. Soon you will see my loving ballad to Brother Jonathan and will not hate me for it. My high errand as between mother and child (possibly truant-child, but there were many excuses) is peace; and I suspect I shall avail to do more this way than all our diplomatists.

Let me know whether you get this letter, which, after all contains nothing, and therefore will, I hope, be stolen by no-body. Tell me in your next all about the many unseen friends of

Your unworthy

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The following was rapidly sketched down not long since, in reference to Mr. Tupper's writings and personal character, and may, perhaps, be read with some interest by his admirers.

This excellent and distinguished gentlemen has, in a very short time, acquired great celebrity in the literary world. He has, for the last five or six years, been delighting and instructing the reading community on both sides of the Atlantic. Some of the ablest reviewers have complimented his productions as displaying great genius, learning, power and passion. His Proverbial Philosophy struck with almost electric force and effect upon the minds and hearts of a large class of American readers, and at once rendered his name and character famous and beloved in this country. Of this work, it has been said by the editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, some years since, "It abounds in gems and apt allusions, which display without an effort the deep practical views and aesthetical culture of the author. His prose writings, chiefly in the form of moral fictions, have also won for their author much credit. His 'Booklet,' Hactenus, contains some spirited and beautiful poems, indicating in the author a warm, pious, and patriotic heart, and his 'Sonnets' to Columbia contained in this volume, contain a deep and earnest love and sympathy with our country which does great credit to the head and heart of the author. We believe that there has long existed an unfortunate and unreasonable prejudice between us and the mother country. Mr. Tupper seems far above all such narrow prejudices, and in his writings, has been exerting all his influence to break down such contracted prejudices, and affect a kind and fraternal affection between two great nations, both speaking the same language and claiming the same distinguished ancestry."

As an evidence, among many others, of Mr. Tupper's kindly feelings to our country, he remarks in a letter received by the writer of this, "Next, make my affectionate salutations welcome to all who love me in my writings. I think, and hope I am no mere words-penner, no hypocrite in prose or poetry, but a man who desires and attempts to illustrate all that I say by all that I do. You therefore all know me much better than you suspect, and I find that I can get on with my American friends with a more pleasing feeling of sympathy, than with many on this side of the Atlantic; for reserve and restraint and the pompousness of empty dignity are as abhorrent from my nature as from that of the genuine Yankee."

Mr. Tupper is a young man, (about 37,) for one who has written so much. He is said to possess a fine person; his manners are described as elegant and eminently social, and he is remarkably happy in his domestic relations. He is a retired, literary gentleman of splendid acquirements and eminent piety, residing on his paternal estates and finding happiness in his home, his wife and children, books and writings. I would take him to be a man of enlarged and liberal views on all subjects—quite withdrawn from the politics and factions of his own or any other country, and free from that acerbity of temper which so often characterizes the "genus irritabile." He possesses overflowing wealth without the accompanying curse of avarice—claims every blessing the human heart can desire, and styles himself a happy man. His writings appear to be the offspring of a mind laboring for usefulness and good to his fellow men, and are designed to act upon the heart and life. You believe him always in *earnest*, and Carlyle, with much truth and eloquence, places *earnestness* at the bottom of all true greatness. Tupper seems to write both from an earnest and religious heart, and his warm and impressive teachings are imprinted with more than ordinary effect and power upon the minds and hearts of his readers.

W. J. T.

Memphis, Dec., 1848.

PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

Mr. Thompson.—In January of last year I wrote, as you will remember, a notice of Montholon's Captivity of Napoleon, which appeared in the Messenger for that month. Recent events in France induced me to look over it again, as I remembered some quotations which struck me as remarkable, and which I thought worthy of being looked at with reference to passing occurrences. I have not now before me Count Montholon's book, but I have copied one of the quotations before alluded to. The remarks were

made on the Island of St. Helena, now more than 25 years ago, by Napoleon. He was speaking with reference to the future prospects of France and said:

"My son will reign if the popular masses are permitted to act without control; the crown will belong to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) *if those who are called Liberals gain the victory over the people*; but then sooner or later the people will discover that they have been deceived—that the white are always white, the blue always blue—and *that there is no guarantee for their true interests, except under the reign of my dynasty, because it is the work of their creation.*"

No remark is necessary to make evident the truth of his prophecy. The son it is true died. The revolution of 1830 verified so much of the prediction as relates to Louis Philippe. The remarkable fact is that it was precisely in the mode indicated by Bonaparte that Louis Philippe attained the throne by a victory of the Liberals over the People.

Lafitte, the Banker, Thiers, Lafayette and some others paused before they reached a republic, checked the movement and, by a *coup d' etat*, made Louis Philippe king. The people in 1848 found themselves deceived and have returned under the reign of Napoleon's dynasty. What event was more improbable than this four or six months ago?

Your Friend,

C.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume of this long expected work has, in the course of three weeks, run through two editions, and found perhaps a larger circle of readers among a people whom the author has never seen, than it can possibly find at home, even should it be sent out in the cheapest form of publication, that has ever issued from the English press. Written in a style, which may be regarded by some as rather too familiar for history, it is yet full of instruction, derived from an infinite variety of sources, inaccessible to the general reader, and rendered, probably, the more popular by that very absence of dignity which has generally been regarded as one of the incidents essential to historical narrative. Whether it will survive the hundred years, considered by Horace as absolutely necessary to test the true merits of an author,* we regard as questionable; it is a fact not less remarkable for its singularity than for its notoriety that those works which have been thought worthy of preservation by posterity, have not always been most eagerly sought after in the life time of their authors, while, on the contrary, those which have commanded the largest share of contemporary applause, have often been least able to stand the test of Horace. Without undertaking to decide this very delicate question, we can say that we have rarely seen any book so well calculated to take the public by storm as the one now under consideration, and that too from the very circumstance that would seem to forbid it a long period of existence. The very familiarity of the style will be certain to captivate the majority of readers, who will be delighted to see the stern muse of history unbend herself, and condescend to tell her story with all the careless freedom of a friend, when he talks to his friend in his gown and slippers, by his own fireside.

Nearly the whole of the first volume is a preliminary dissertation upon the history of England, and her condition at various stages of her political existence. As the materials of knowledge become more plentiful with the advance of time, the dissertation of course takes a wider range, and acquires a greater compass. We are introduced to the Englishman of the reign of Charles II. precisely as he then was, with all his prejudices, whether Whig or Tory, town or country, fresh about him. Before entering upon the main object of his labors,—the history of England from the accession of James II. down to a period within the recollection of persons now living,—the author wishes to make us as familiar as may be, with the point from which we set out in his company. He depicts the life of the English of those days and gives us an infinite number of facts, historical and statistical, by the consideration of which we become the better prepared for what is to follow. And these facts and these statistics are replete with interest. An Englishman of the present day,—or an American who has almost as much claim in the great men of England in the olden time as the former,—naturally desires to know something of his ancestors, besides what he can read in the narratives of battles and sieges, or the skirmishes in parliament. He desires to know how they lived—how they tilled their fields—what degree of mental or moral culture they enjoyed—what was the state of learning and religion among the masses—how they spent their time—what was the fare, the drink and the amusements of the day—what was the condition of their houses—and a thousand other things, all relating to the domestic life of his ancestors. The knowledge of these matters is important, in one point of view, which is historically the most important of all. It enables us to take a general view of the progress of the world—to say whether or not the condition of man has been advancing,—to decide whether we are better off than our ancestors or the reverse, and thus to know how far we shall persevere in pressing forward, or when it will be wise to think about receding.

As we conceive this to be one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of the objects of history, we must concede to the work of Mr. Macaulay a very high character. From other works on the same subject, did we not know better, we should imagine that the whole population spent their time in plotting, in debating and in fighting. We should never suppose that there were millions, both in the towns and in the country, who kept the noiseless tenor of their way onward, and that these men unknown and unheard of are the ancestors of the great British nations. Theirs is the history, which we are most anxious to learn, and theirs is precisely the history, of which books called the "History of England" can give us no conception. Yet it *is*, in truth, the history of England; the history of the rise, progress, and condition of that vast multitude, which, progressing from age to age, constitutes at this moment the power-

* Est vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.

ful kingdom of Great Britain, whose dominions have no setting sun and

Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.*

The accounts of parliamentary intrigues—of plots in the palace—of the personal habits of this king or of that—of his quarrels with the Lords and Commons—of his wars foreign or domestic—even of revolutions, make but a small part of the history of a great nation. *That* can never be written, it is true; but when a historian undertakes to give us an account of the political changes of a country, he ought to give us some idea of the state of the society in which they occur.

In order to affect as much as possible, in this department of his historical labors, Mr. Macaulay has extended his researches into every thing which promised the least degree of light. Nothing has been to minute to escape his observation; nothing too voluminous or obscure to baffle his scrutiny. The letters of Barillon, and the editorials of Roger L'Estrange receive an equal degree of attention from him. The most obscure pamphlets, the least remembered lampoons, the slightest records of the turf, the memoranda of overseers of parishes and of roads have been carefully investigated, whenever he has thought they might shed light upon his subject.

The last chapter alone of the volume before us, can be properly said to be the beginning of his history. The rest is merely preliminary. He relates in this chapter, with many additional circumstances, the invasion of Scotland by Argyle, of England by Monmouth, the death of those two chieftains and the atrocious persecutions which followed.

We look for the second volume with great interest.

The first is for sale by A. Morris.

THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is a large volume, to match "The Poets and Poetry of America," "The Prose Authors of America," and "The Poets and Poetry of England"—previous compilations of Mr. Griswold—all of which have been eminently and justly successful. "Compilations," however, is not precisely the word; for these works have indisputable claims upon public attention as critical summaries, at least, of literary merit and demerit. Their great and most obvious value, as affording *data* or material for criticism—as mere collections of the best specimens in each department and as records of fact, in relation not more to books than to their authors—has in some measure overshadowed the more important merit of the series: for these works have often, and in fact very generally, the positive merits of discriminative criticism, and of honesty—*always* the more negative merit of strong common-sense. The best of the series is, beyond all question, "The Prose Authors of America." This is a book of which any critic in the country might well have been proud, without reference to the mere industry and research manifested in its compilation. These are truly remarkable;—but the vigor of comment and force of style are not less so; while more independence and self-reliance are manifested than in any other of the series. There is not a weak paper in the book; and some of the articles are able in all respects. The truth is that Mr. Griswold's intellect is more at home in Prose than Poetry. He is a better judge of fact than of fancy, not that he has not shown himself quite competent to the task undertaken in "The Poets and Poetry of America," or of England, or in the work now especially before us. In this latter, he has done no less credit to himself than to the numerous lady-poets whom he discusses—and many of whom he now first introduces to the public. We are glad, for Mr. Griswold's sake, as well as for the interests of our literature generally, to perceive that he has been at the pains of doing what Northern critics seem to be at great pains; *never* to do—that is to say, he has been at the trouble of doing justice, in great measure, to several poetesses who have not had the good fortune to be born in the North. The notices of the Misses Carey, of the Misses Fuller, of the sisters Mrs. Warfield and Mrs. Lee, of Mrs. Nichols, of Miss Welby, and of Miss Susan Archer Talley, reflect credit upon Mr. Griswold and show him to be a man not more of taste than—shall we say it?—of courage. Let our readers be assured that, (as matters are managed among the four or five different *cliques* who control our whole literature in controlling the larger portion of our critical journals,) it requires no small amount of *courage*, in an author whose subsistence lies in his pen, to *hint*, even, that any thing good, in a literary way, can, by any possibility, exist out of the limits of a certain narrow territory. We repeat that Mr. Griswold deserves our thanks, under such circumstances, for the cordiality with which he has recognized the poetical claims of the ladies mentioned above. He has *not*, however, done one or two of them that *full* justice which, ere long, the public will take upon itself the task of rendering them. We allude especially to the case of Miss Talley, (the "Susan" of our own Messenger.) Mr. Griswold praises her highly; and we would admit that it would be expecting of him too much, just at present, to hope for his avowing, of Miss Talley, what *we* think of her, and what one of our best known critics has distinctly avowed—that she ranks already with *the best* of American poetesses, and in time will surpass them all—that her demerits are those of inexperience and excessive sensibility, (betraying her, unconsciously, into imitation,) while her merits are those of unmistakeable *genius*. We are proud to be able to say, moreover, in respect to another of the ladies referred to above, that one of her poems is *decidedly the noblest poem in the collection*—although the most distinguished poetesses in the land have here included their most praiseworthy compositions. Our allusion is to Miss Alice Carey's "Pictures of Memory." Let our readers see it and judge for themselves. We speak deliberately:—in all the higher elements of poetry—in true imagination—in the power of exciting the only real poetical effect—elevation of *the soul*, in contradistinction from mere excitement of the intellect or heart—the poem in question is the noblest in the book.

"The Female Poets of America" includes ninety-five names—commencing with Ann Bradstreet, the contemporary of the once world-renowned Du Bartas—him of the "nonsense-verses"—the poet who was in the habit of styling the sun the "Grand Duke of Candles"—and ending with "Helen Irving"—a *nom de plume* of Miss Anna H. Phillips. Mr. Griswold gives most space to Mrs. Maria Brooks, (*Maria del Occidente*,) *not*, we hope and believe, merely because Southey has *happened* to commend her. The claims of this lady we have not yet examined so thorough-

* The introduction of this well-known couplet from Mr. Campbell's famous lyric affords us an opportunity of acknowledging a graceful compliment to America, from an English officer, at a recent banquet given by the authorities of Southampton on the occasion of the visit of the U. S. frigate St. Lawrence to that port. It is indeed a gratifying evidence of increasing good-will between the citizens of the two countries. The officer proposed the sentiment,

"*Columbia* need no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

ly as we could wish, and we will speak more fully of her hereafter, perhaps. In point of actual merit—that is to say of actual accomplishment, without reference to mere indications of the ability to accomplish—we would rank the first dozen or so in this order—(leaving out Mrs. Brooks for the present.) Mrs. Osgood—*very decidedly first*—then Mrs Welby, Miss Carey, (or the Misses Carey,) Miss Talley, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Lynch, Miss Frances Fuller, Miss Lucy Hooper, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Hewitt, Miss Clarke, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Warfield, (with her sister, Mrs. Lee,) Mrs. Eames and Mrs. Sigourney. If Miss Lynch had as much imagination as energy of expression and artistic power, we would place her next to Mrs. Osgood. The next *skilful merely*, of those just mentioned, are Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lynch and Mrs. Sigourney. The most imaginative are Miss Carey, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Talley and Miss Fuller. The most accomplished are Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Eames, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Oakes Smith. The most popular are Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Oakes Smith and Miss Hooper. The most glaring *omissions* are those of Mrs. C. F. Orne and Miss Mary Wells.

ETIQUETTE AT WASHINGTON, Together with the Customs adopted by Polite Society in the other Cities of the United States. By a Citizen of Washington. Baltimore: J. Murphy. 1848.

This is a modest little volume, purporting to be the oracle of fashion and good-breeding, in which one may learn like Sheridan's heroine, to "start by rule and blush by example"—to take wine with grace—eat with ease—enter a room with dignity—sustain one's self with all possible *sang froid* under the most trying circumstances—and finally to be buried according to the strictest notions of propriety. This book must be esteemed a valuable acquisition by those who hold a solecism in taste as worse than a crime, and more readily pardon the neglect of a bill, than a failure to answer an invitation to dinner. Nothing escapes the attention of the writer. We have every thing from the "business of a knife," (the duty of a fork, and the office of a spoon?) to the proprieties of a funeral, where we are told "furs, if in season are appropriate"—especially we suppose *sable* garments. Under the head of funerals we notice an exquisite gradation in grief in the fact that "in Washington those who go in their own carriages accompany the procession until it reaches Capitol Hill, when they leave it, or continue at their option." This reminds us of the mourning houses in London, where different degrees in distress are typified by the color of the garments sold, and the clerk who retails "sober greys" to all who "do not mourn as those without hope," sends on the members of an "inconsolable family" to the darker shades of bombazine and crape.

The author seems to have rather an amusing idea of chasteness. He says "a lady should be particular to select her dress with an eye to chasteness. *Silky and pliable materials which show the graceful contours of the female form* are more desirable than harsh unyielding ones."

We certainly agree with the writer that a lavish display of jewelry, *especially of a cheap kind*, is improper. The same objection holds also, we can tell him, against that pinchbeck morality with which forms are every thing and kneeling is religion. It was under such a code as this no doubt that a gentleman with pious politeness left his card upon the altar!

It must be peculiarly edifying to the happy owner of one suit of "seedy black" to be told that "there are dresses appropriate for the house, street and carriage," and that "gloves should always be worn at church and other public assemblies." Whether it be true, as this writer affirms, that "the tailor and milliner have less to do with the formation of society than is generally imagined," they certainly have a good deal to do with "the body, form and *pressure* of the times," and are frequently left by the "upper ten" to take the measure of an unpaid bill. In a technical sense, there are no people who have more to do with the "*formation*" of society than the tailor and the milliner—for it is their "imagination" which "*bodies* forth" to beau and belle "the *forms* of things unknown."

But we must not forget the first part of the title of this volume—Etiquette at Washington. Under this head we are instructed as to the best manner of approaching the great functionaries at the Federal Metropolis; and the humble visiter is warned not to become impatient or irritated at being left to cool his heels in the ante-room of the White House while more important personages are admitted to the presence of the President. An invitation to dine with the President must be treated as Mr. Lowndes said of the office itself, and be "neither sought nor refused"—the latter half of the maxim being more rigidly obeyed than the first. We hope no slur is intended upon the Secretary of the Treasury in the sentence, "there is no place in the United States where less attention is paid to mere money than at the seat of government." Whether this be true or not, we venture to say "there is no place in the United States" more visited for the sake of money, and the author of this work would have accommodated a very large class in the community, and have secured a better sale of his book if he had devoted a chapter to office-seekers.

ORATORS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. *By E. L. Magoon.* New York. Baker and Scribner.

PROVERBS FOR THE PEOPLE. *By E. L. Magoon.* Boston. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

Mr. Magoon is fast overstepping his well-acquired fame as a popular and eloquent, though somewhat eccentric divine, in the many literary enterprises with which he has recently been engaged. Nor do we regret that this is the case, for in widening the field of his operations, he will be able to accomplish more in the way of instruction, and surely he can address a greater number through the presses of Boston and New York, than from the desks of all the lecture-rooms in the Atlantic cities. In taking to type, however, Mr. Magoon deserts not, by any means, his ministerial duties; as a belles-lettres clergyman, of less industry than he, would have done long since.

"The Orators of the American Revolution" is a work, comprising among many original sketches several contributions which have appeared from time to time in the best magazines of the country. Those of our readers who purchase the volume (and we hope many will do so) will not fail to recognize one or two of the articles as old acquaintances, introduced to their notice through the Messenger. "Proverbs for the People" his latest production, is an unpretending, though most attractive little volume, consisting, for the most part, of illustrations of practical wisdom drawn from the Sacred Scriptures. The style of Mr. Magoon, in his more sustained and aspiring efforts, is calculated, in an eminent degree, to fix the attention of the reader, though perhaps it might be better were it less ornate, and would certainly conform more strictly to established models with fewer of those mere fripperies of rhetoric, which a writer, so thoughtful as Mr. Magoon, does not at all need for the proper transmission of his meaning.

These books are for sale by A. Morris.

RHYMES OF TRAVEL, BALLADS AND POEMS BY BAYARD TAYLOR. *New York. G. P. Putnam.*

There is genuine poetry in this tasteful volume, and this

we consider no light praise. The author won for himself the sympathy and estimation of a large class of readers by his "Views-a-Foot." His gallant feats of pedestrianism in Europe, and the powers of just observation manifested in the record of them which he gave to the world, suggest an adventurous and enthusiastic mind. In the poems now collected we have these qualities in a more deliberate and artistic form. We have read most of the volume with great satisfaction. There is a lyric flow, a continuation of tone and expression, and, above all, an earnestness of feeling in Taylor's poetry that we recognize with sincere delight. His sense of beauty is vivid, his insight, as a lover of nature and man, keen and sympathetic; and his tone of sentiment elevated and firm. Thus he possesses both aspiration and tenderness—two of the essential instincts of the poet. We are struck also with the spirited character of his verse. The "Rhymes of Travel" are beautiful memorials of the impressions of a young American on the hallowed ground of Europe. The "California Ballads" met with eminent success when first published, and will be cordially welcomed in a collected form. We are not surprised to hear that the first edition of this volume is already exhausted.

HISTORY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York. Harper & Brothers.

This is another volume of the series of historical compositions, which Mr. Abbott has been engaged in preparing. Though designed for the young, they present a vast deal of information which has slipped away from the memory of many a deep reader of history and may therefore be looked over with profit by all classes. Mr. Abbott's style is very simple and perspicuous, and on that account singularly well adapted to the narration of past events. The handsome appearance which the Harpers have given to these little volumes will commend them to an extensive sale,—good paper, large round type and spirited illustrations, with an illuminated title-page, constituting a most worthy dress for the author's composition.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: His Autobiography: With a narrative of his Public Life and Services. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. With numerous designs by J. G. Chapman. To be completed in eight Parts. Part I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Since the publication of the Pictorial Bible, we have seen no wood engravings at all comparable for softness and finish with those in the present work; and the name of Chapman as the author of the designs furnishes an ample assurance that the subsequent numbers will be quite as exquisitely embellished. The typography is also very luxurious. Of the text itself nearly one half will consist of Franklin's autobiography and the remainder (275 pages) of a narrative of his public life and services from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Weld, at one time editor of the New World, and most favorably known as a man of fine literary taste.

For sale by George M. West.

CONSTITUTION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. 1848. New York. P. Arpin, Publisher. Office of the Courier des Etats Unis. 1848.

This is a neat publication in pamphlet form, containing French and English versions of the Constitution of the new Republic of France. We have no space here, nor does it belong to our province to submit any reflections of a political nature with regard to this plan of Government, which was brought into existence under the auspices of the enlightened and sagacious De Tocqueville; our desire is simply to call attention to the fact that a cheap and convenient edition of the Constitution is within the reach of all who desire to make themselves acquainted with the peculiar features of the French Republic.

In connection with this subject it may not be amiss to say a word with reference to the Courier des Etats Unis, under the spirited management of M. Paul Arpin. We regard it as one of the most agreeable publications that we receive, embodying as it does in the best style of the *feuilleton* the latest continental gossip and putting forth in the *Semaine Litteraire* some of the most delightful specimens of French Literature, such as, with all our abhorrence for Dumas and his school, we can generally approve. Comte Alfred De Vigny's novel of Cinq Mars, which suggested to Bulwer the play of Richelieu, was published in this manner and at the present time, the sheets of Chateaubriand's great posthumous work, "Memoires d'outre Tombe," (a fragment of which our Paris correspondent so agreeably translates for the present number of the Messenger) are passing through the same press.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. January 1849.

We receive with very commendable punctuality, through Messrs. Nash and Woodhouse, the Richmond Agents, the Foreign Reviews republished by Messrs. Leonard Scott and Co. of New York. To the enterprise of these latter gentlemen, the American reader is indebted for an arrangement, by which Blackwood is sent out regularly during the early part of the month of its publication in England. To effect this, they have had to pay the most liberal sums for advance sheets by the steamers, so that the mouth of Maga itself is stopped, *pro tanto*, on the subject of Yankee piracy on the high sea of literature.

The old Reviews fully maintain the high reputation they have acquired under the *regime* of Lockhart, Brougham, Jeffrey and Mackintosh, although we incline to the opinion that the North British, (the "infant phenomenon" of criticism) is carrying off the honors of the "buff and blue" and fairly outstripping the Tory organ in polish and acumen. The number before us contains a truly delightful article on Charles Lamb, embodying a letter of humorous reminiscences concerning his social character, which is understood to be from the pen of De Quincey. There is also a curious speculation on the vexed question of the authorship of Junius. Blackwood contains, among other attractive articles, a continuation of "The Caxtons," Mr. Bulwer's novel, which has awakened such decided interest everywhere. We do not think a larger supply of excellent reading can be obtained, on the same terms, than is furnished by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.

INTERNATIONAL ART-UNION.

We have received a Prospectus of this laudable enterprise, together with a catalogue of the works of art now upon exhibition at their Gallery, No. 289 Broadway, New York. The claims of the institution upon those who would promote the Fine Arts in America are very strong, and when it is generally known that one of the objects which it contemplates, is to send one American Artist annually abroad to improve himself in the continental schools, we are satisfied that the number of subscribers will be very large. The plan otherwise is similar to that of the other excellent institutions of this character already in existence,—a handsome engraving being furnished to each subscriber and a yearly distribution of prizes being made by lot. Among the names of the "Committee of Reference," we find Mr. Washington Irving, Mr Durand, the great landscape painter, and the poet Willis. Messrs. Goupil, Vibert & Co. are the Managers.

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They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory; the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Wesminster Review" Radical. The "North British Review" is more of a religious character, having been originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order. The "Westminster," though *reprinted* under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and reprinted under separate titles. It has, therefore, the advantage by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both as heretofore issued.

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GLIMPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

The Continent of Europe in the moral and intellectual life of its nations has, with few exceptions, been an almost unknown land to the proud, insular Englishman and consequently also to us. It was one of those blessings which short-sighted human philosophy rarely perceives but when looking back upon the Past, that the Continental Wars brought for the first time armies of English soldiers and of English travellers to invade countries which, although within a few hundred miles, had been farther from London than most of the distant colonies. Since then new discoveries have been made from year to year; Italy has been annually overrun by its hundred thousand "Mylords," British Statesmen have spent their vacations in French villas, and German Philosophy and German Science have become known and respected. The History of the Germans, a people so nearly related to the Anglo-Saxon, and yet so different in all its outward forms, was found to be not without its special interest, until the great historian, judging Germany both by her central geographical position and by her historical importance, called her the Heart of Europe.

She is the heart of Europe, and as such has been most lacerated of all the fair countries of the Old World. It is here that in all times have originated those mighty movements which have swayed the destinies of Europe.

Herrman, by his victory over the proud legions of Varus, in the Westphalian forests, was the first to show to the astonished world that Roman fasces and axes were vain when employed to bend men inspired by the inflexible sense of freedom. Germany was the first great camp of those who crushed the colossus of Roman power after its spirit had passed away. From Germany Charlemagne sent forth his armies to prevent the Saracens from destroying European culture and Christianity. In the centre of Germany, on those extensive plains where the Empire of the European world has so often been decided, Henry the First withstood the attack of the Avares and Hungarians, by which, but for him, Europe must have become the prey of fierce barbarians and savage Pagans. On these same ensanguined plains the noble King of Sweden died, not only for the political but for the religious liberty of Europe; and finally, in the glare of Moscow's burning, here also was fought that great battle which liberated Europe from the universality of Napoleon's iron sway.

And once more is Germany called upon to be the great battle-field on which some of the most momentous questions of our day are to be decided. Her plains will again be crimsoned, her cities burnt, her fair fields abandoned and her sons slain, that the great principle of Liberty may rise triumphantly from the midst of the flames, as when centuries ago she paid with the blood of her children for the rich blessings which the Reformation brought to the whole Christian world. The struggle is come once more, fearful are the throes of the sufferer and sad is the prospect before us; but not in vain has the land of the Saxon ever been foremost in the strife against darkness and oppression, and the banner of true Liberty, borne by the gallant sons of Germany, will yet wave victoriously and be loudly cheered by all the nations of the earth that love Freedom and Independence.

For here also the struggle is one for Liberty—the great watch-word that has at last crossed the broad Atlantic, reached the shores of well-guarded Europe and found an echo in the hearts of its noblest nations. Germany, we must not forget, has sent nearly a million of her sons to the Land of the Free, and the enthusiasm of the young has at last aroused the old mother-country.

Germany, once a great and glorious Empire, has been slowly declining ever since the disastrous thirty-years' war. The immediate result of the Westphalian treaty was the dissolution of the national unity and the independence of the German princes of the Empire, which thenceforth presented no longer one great idea, though, in mere form, it continued to exist for nearly a hundred and fifty years after that peace. The extinction of the race of Charlemagne, the fatal effects of the elective principle, then adopted, the selfish and destructive policy of the house of Austria, the rise and independence of Prussia had all gradually reduced the once powerful Empire to such insignificance that the abdication of the last Roman Emperor in 1806 was little more than the final act—a formal recognition of an evident and uncontested fact.

Since then Germany has had but one moment when she might have become once more a united, great Empire; but only one moment, for His-

tory grants none of her favors twice, and he whom the favor of the moment finds hesitating and doubtful, loses the opportunity for ever and falls the more rapidly. Such was the case when, after the first German Revolution in 1813, the Emperor Francis entered Paris in triumph, at the head of the allied armies. If he had then placed the crown of Charlemagne in old Notre-Dame on his anointed head, Germany might have once more risen to a splendor equal to that which was hers, when, a thousand years before, her great sovereign crowned himself in St. Peter's, at Rome. Francis was at that time the most popular man in Europe; the German nation honored in him the hero of many a battle and loved in him the father of his people. Even the other sovereigns would then have eagerly consented, for the envy, hatred and jealousy of the smaller princes of Germany—that mean and yet so fearful source of that country's weakness—had been drowned in their common hatred against a common oppressor, while Prussia's modest king would for no price have exchanged for the Roman-German crown his simple foraging-cap or for the purple of the Cæsars his gray camp-cloak, in which he passed through the ranks of his army and his people, silent and unobserved, but beloved and revered as seldom prince has been. Nor would the masters of foreign countries have opposed themselves to such a regeneration of Germany. England formally assented and Alexander of Russia urged it with an enthusiasm not a little heightened by the prospect of thus gaining Poland. But Francis was found wanting when the hour came; he remained what he was, Emperor of Austria, and never became what he had been, Emperor of Germany.

Thus the first German Revolution remained a transient and episodical event, since which Germany has in reality been in a constant state of anarchy, divided as she was into a number of independent, exclusive States, which ought to have been, by their geographical position as well as by their unity of race and language, one Germany—States left without a common head, without common laws, or even a common administration of Justice, and connected by extremely ill-defined and unintelligible relations of alliance under the name of a Germanic Confederation. In a language as general as undefined, the so-called Federal Act of the 8th of June, 1815, speaks of a union of sovereign independent States by means of an international league for the purpose of maintaining the internal (!) and external security of Germany. The only outward form in which this league ever appeared was the Federal Diet, a body of *diplomats*, appointed by the thirty-four sovereigns and strictly bound by their instructions. It commonly consisted of seventeen representatives as a permanent committee for ordinary matters of business, whilst a "plenum" of sixty-nine was to be called together in cases of extraordinary emergency. This Diet, of which it seems both Sovereigns and people became thoroughly ashamed, was in fact nothing more than a mere machine to register ordinances and to carry out the resolutions of Austria or the strongest portion of the German princes, checking every free movement, disregarded and almost unknown by foreign powers, hated by the people and set aside by the Sovereigns themselves, whenever their interest demanded it, as when Prussia formed her own custom-league, thus taking the earliest step in her career towards a hegemony of Germany.

Both the Federal Act and the nature of the Diet were slightly changed in 1820 in consequence of a general dissatisfaction pervading the whole German nation, and more thoroughly altered, though little improved after the French Revolution of 1830, since which the Diet waged an inexorable warfare against the public press, the right of petition and addresses, against representative chambers and especially against tricolored cockades.

Thus an institution, originally, we think, well intended and certainly capable of being developed and improved, became a disgrace and a curse to the nation. Instead of preserving the internal security of Germany, State was arrayed against State and Austria's solemn veto put upon every liberal measure the King of Prussia might propose in one of his attacks of liberalism. Instead of seeing German interests properly represented and respected abroad, there were Bremen flags crossing the Atlantic and Bavarian *diplomats* known to the cabinets of France: but who ever heard of a German fleet or of German Politics?

And yet the people as such nourished a sense of their common nationality. For, with the exception of the Slaves in Bohemia and the Wendes in Prussia, were they not all of the same blood, thoroughly, exclusively German, less mixed than any other nation of the earth? Had not their classical language helped to cast the minds of all in one mould and their numerous and efficient universities powerfully aided in developing the national spirit? Had they not all risen like one man when they were called upon to fight for God and Liberty, and why should not they, forty-five millions of Germans, form one people and one family?

This was the question they asked each other at every great crisis in Europe. They never did more, however. For the German's mind, so powerful when once roused and the German's enthusiasm so glowing when once kindled, are

both difficult to excite. Thus when the old Ulysses in the Tuileries, the first and probably the last of the merchant-kings of Europe, was first threatened, Germany rejoiced in her heart and castles were built of wonderful hues and forms. And when old, considerate Guizot, who had been so careful in preserving and restoring that he forgot all progress, was overthrown, Germany rejoiced again and even ventured to approve of it in the seclusion of her studies and the sanctuary of her homes. But when the men of progress profited by this change of cabinet and an almost accidental street-revolution, and sent the old Ulysses away, appointing a regency, Germany was in raptures, her papers learnedly discussed the cut of the State robes of the future Regents according to models of antiquity, and incidentally spoke of a possible change in the form of the French government. More, however, was done in Paris. By a most skilful leger-de-main the regency was stolen, and with it monarchy; a small number of conspirators took hold of the central points of Paris, the Chamber of Deputies and the Hôtel de Ville, and proclaimed the Republic so suddenly and unexpectedly that even the National Guards, those genuine children of Paris, stood aghast and the provinces protested aloud against such egregious deception.

With the establishment of a Republic in France the old régime in Germany became impossible. A sudden, silent movement went through all the States of the Empire; then the tocsin sounded from city to city, bonfires sent the joyful news from mountain to mountain, and province after province rose, until Metternich fell almost as a matter of course, and the black, red and gold banner of Germany waved high above the colors of the local governments from Vistula to Rhine and from the Baltic to the Adriatic. It now became the standard of Liberty—for national unity was even then not the first thought of the people, and it was evident that Liberty was more popular than Unity. and Revolution counted more adherents than Reform. From the first, therefore, there were two distinct war-cries raised in Germany; Liberty and Equality, if possible, under a republican form of government, was the watch-word of the Revolutionizers; Liberty and National Unity, if possible, under a monarchical government, was the motto of the Reformers—a party division of vital importance, little heeded abroad and unfortunately but too much disregarded by the German Parliament.

For we must not forget that the question of German Unity had never been raised since 1813. Then, it is true, during the so-called Liberty-wars, kings and people had sworn in solemn oath to maintain a strict unity, and after the victory there had been promised to all Germans, without distinction, equal political rights and privileges in return for the blood spilt for the independence of the crowns of their sovereigns. But the nation soon found that they had freed themselves of a foreign master only to secure the rule of their own masters. Germany was gradually reconquered by her numerous sovereigns and an unremitting warfare waged against all reform and progress. For this purpose all means were considered fair and none was more powerful and none more disgraceful to the parties employing it, than the phantom of Teutonism which the monarchs conjured up to lull the restless people to sleep. A jesuitic reaction was regularly organized in Science and State against the threatening spirit of modern times; the arts were turned aside from their legitimate purpose and made instruments of oppression and the sublimely absurd idea conceived of arresting the human mind by a "romantic" school of painting and the restoration of medieval cathedrals. Whilst Louis of Bavaria thus desecrated the art of Raphael and Phidias, Prussia's fantastic king bent even the severer sciences, theology and philosophy, to the execution of his designs, and assembling the choicest spirits of the nation around his throne, endeavored to make the Past so attractive that his people might forget the Future. And for a while at least they did forget it, for his Prætorians, the élite of German scholars, poets and authors, preached the doctrine that the Law of the Future was to be found in the traditions of the middle ages alone, and that no greater blessing could be bestowed upon the nation than a restoration of the State and of the Church as they were under the action of the Feudal System and the rule of the Holy Empire. With indefatigable perseverance this "historical" school labored to resuscitate the traditions of by-gone times, and stopped not until they had gone back to the darkness of the very first centuries, until Arminius and Totila, Otho and Barbarossa became the idols of a nation which had had a Luther and a Frederick the Great. They succeeded in producing an indescribable confusion of ideas, most favorable for the cause of the princes but fatal to the people, and weakening the minds even of the strongest. Thus secured by the very weakness of their subjects, the sovereigns succeeded in holding the press in absolute subjection, and by the aid of their enormous, admirably organized armies maintained an undisputed sway. But the whole skilful scheme fell in one short month; a few weeks after the flight of Louis Philippe, Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, Hanover, Baden and Hessen were seen busily engaged in democratic reforms, and as soon as the different states had secured a partial emancipation, their minds for years filled with but one idea, returned to the long cherished plan

of forming one Germany, of creating for themselves a powerful authority, a great European Power at home and abroad.

Thus the revolution in Germany, although at first essentially political, soon partook of the character of all European revolutions of the year 1848, and by asking rights and privileges which the German populations derive from their common origin, became eminently a national movement.

It was the privilege of the most liberal State of Germany first of all to raise the banner of Liberty and Unity. In Baden, in the South-west of Germany, where the stubborn peasants discussed the rights of man long before the Republicans of France, and whence, since the time of the peasants' war that followed the Reformation, all republican movements have originated, a Representative in the Legislative Chamber, Bassermann, first moved for the formation of "a body representing the various elective Legislatures of their common country with a view to impart unity to the legislation and the institutions of Germany." This motion, taking all by surprise, was made at an auspicious time, when Bohemia was in revolt, and the Baden Press indignant at a most disgraceful treatment recently inflicted,—when the Turn-Vereins, politico-gymnastic associations dating from the Liberty-wars, claimed the right of assembling, and when Lola Montes drove the Jesuits from their last stronghold and cost Louis the Poet-king his crown. There was a general excitement prevailing through the broad land of Germany and when Heinrich von Gagern had made a similar motion in Hesse-Darmstadt, meetings were held in every city, riots broke out in all directions, Berlin was in revolution, and throughout the German States the right of popular representation and the emancipation of the press were demanded by the revolting people.

It was under such circumstances that there assembled on the first of March fifty-one Germans of high standing in the ancient capital of the Palatinate, the beautiful city of Heidelberg. They met not by appointment from their sovereigns nor by election from the people; nothing but the love of liberty and their country had brought them together. With no other authority they appointed seven of their own number a committee to prepare the draft of a National Assembly and a Constitution for Germany, and to adopt measures for assembling in Frankfurth representatives from all States as a constituent body.

Such was the spirit at that moment prevailing all over Germany, such the force of public opinion and the hold these "men of confidence," as they were called, had on the public mind, that, without a show of resistance, the minor Sovereigns yielded at once, and even Prussia and Austria were compelled to join the movement after a brief hesitation.

This call of the Heidelberg Committee was joyfully responded to by the whole nation, and on the twenty-eighth of March five hundred delegates met in the old Imperial city of Frankfurth. It was an animated scene and a strange sight to see the venerable town which had crowned the Roman Emperors of Germany for centuries, now inaugurate with a different, but not less solemn pomp, the modern era of Unity and Liberty. Once more, as of old, did the black, red and gold banner wave from the lofty steeples and towers; but in the ancient hall of the Roemer, on which a long succession of ages had imprinted lofty lessons, the symbols of a new age filled the place between the portraits of the old Emperors, and its time-honored walls, echoing once more with the voices of a deliberative assembly, saw, for the first time since the Christian era, Jew sit peaceably by Christian and humble citizen by proud nobleman. In the streets all was bustle, joy and excitement. Here stages came, filled to the very roof with old, faithful men, who had left wives and children in distant lands to help in the final realization of the ideal of their youth; fugitives from foreign shores met at the corner of the street, or recognized the care-worn face in a passing carriage and shook hands for the first time after they had parted last in prison, young and full of hope. Hither they came from France, from England, from far-off America; they had grown older and wiser; but they had grown men under a thousand various influences, and doubtingly they asked themselves—are we still the same and can we yet be one? In the streets groups of young men who had come to witness the regeneration of old Germany, stood debating grave questions, or cheering crowds of working men who, arm in arm, and half-joyful, half-threatening, sang revolutionary songs and serenaded the most liberal delegates. There was a mild spring sun shining upon the gay, excited city, in which as yet warm brotherly love was the prevailing sentiment, and but one feeling common to all was in the hearts of all—the great Future of their country.

A preparatory meeting was held on the evening of that day in the large hall of the gigantic Weidenbush-Hotel, for it was considered desirable, before entering upon the great business itself, to see the symptoms of the majority. As yet there were no divisions existing, no parties known,—in fact, nothing determined upon—not even the Diet itself. The meeting began republican enough; a red banner was seen here and there; French phrases frequently interrupted the slower German, and Socialism and Communism were openly preached. With every hour, how-

ever, the crowd became larger, and the meeting itself assumed a more German aspect: French common-places gradually disappeared, and all allusion to "father Cabet" were received with unequivocal signs of disapprobation. From sunset till late after midnight speech followed speech; the red republicans keeping in the foreground, declaring themselves most openly and most vehemently, while the more moderate reformers quietly listened, waiting for their time. No motions were as yet made, but one idea returned at the conclusion of every speech, and was equally cheered by all—that the government of Germany was bad, thoroughly bad, and that a reform was needed, a thorough reform.

Soon, however, the tournament began. An orator rose, and without any introductory word he declared that he would not admonish his countrymen to revolutionize, "for we are in the midst of the revolution now!" The applause was immense and Hecker's name shook the very house. For it was Hecker, the great champion of Baden, the idol of all republicans. First and foremost among the Apostles of Liberty, he was the representative of the youth of Southern Germany, who adore the goddess poetically and love her, but love her unrestrained and lawless. Although for years a successful advocate and a distinguished member of the Baden Chamber, he looked yet the "student" of Heidelberg, and his careless but kind manner,—his rich hair, which, with a light brown beard, encircled a manly, well-cut face—his simple dress hanging loosely round the full, streng form of the tall, muscular man—the bold and free movements of his arm when speaking, and his independent carriage made him naturally the hero of the young, and gave him, aided as he was by an uncommonly fine, deep barytone-voice, a powerful hold on the undecided. Thus cheers would greet him whenever he rose and, shaking his long hair from his face, proclaimed some of those paradoxes which are almost irresistible to the mass, or spoke with glowing enthusiasm of the greatness and fame of old Germany. There, however, his influence ended; he exhibited neither a peculiar strength of thought nor uncommon talents, much less that superiority of character so indispensable for the great leader of a nation; his ideas of the State were but half matured; his talent of speaking respectable, but not without a certain rudeness, and entirely wanting when he attempted to enter more deeply into any of the important subjects before the meeting. That he was brave, frank and honest, no one could have doubted; but even these advantages lost much by his uncontrollable impetuosity, without genuine enthusiasm or sacred faith. It was this rashness which induced him to withdraw from the Diet, when, after a most passionate discussion, his ultra-measures were rejected: let us hope it was also this rashness alone which caused the death of the old General, who was treacherously murdered at Kandern by the troops under Hecker's command. His friends absolved him, but the nation waited in vain for his own exculpation: he would not or he could not free himself, and thus he fell forever. May his residence in this country so purify his sincere patriotism as to make him yet what he deserves to be, the honored servant of a great nation.

How different in appearance was his colleague, Struve, who rose with him and failed like him when attempting to revolutionize Germany by the aid of foreign troops and foreign money! An indefatigable journalist and excellent orator, he had often been called the monk of German Republicans, a name which his dry, lean figure, his thin hair and parchment brow, his small, dull eyes and lymphatic complexion, his abstinence from animal food, and his great self-control and utter abhorrence of all luxury, even that of thought, may easily have won for him. Well trained to public speaking, he rose quietly to occupy the tribune, and waited immovable until the storm had abated: then his clear, ringing voice rose high above all other sounds and preached, with more calculation than boldness, the doctrines of Rousseau and Robespierre. Without any mental superiority, poor in thoughts and poor in imagination, he still exercised a powerful influence over the most exalted of the red republicans; his ultra views, however, soon made him no longer admissible to the Diet, and since his mad and lawless insurrectionary movement, he has been almost forgotten, even by his own followers.

These two were the principal orators that evening, and theirs were the doctrines of ultra-republicanism at any price. The more moderate party waited in silence; only two of their leaders spoke. One was Welcker, the statesman, one of the first men of Germany, renowned as a scholar, successful as a minister and beloved as a patriot. Few cheers greeted the thin, elderly man with the whitish-gray hair when he first rose, for the masses knew him not; but his large light-blue eye, as brilliant though not as piercing as that of the great Frederick, commanded attention, while his free, independent carriage, and the safe confidence playing round his half-opened lips, gained him the hearts of his audience. The other was Raveaux of Cologne, whose fine limbs and pale, delicate features, with the short, dark hair and black eyes, would have bespoken the Frenchman, but for the mild expression of his eye and the gentle heartiness in his somewhat husky voice, which are not to be found in men of Ro-

manic blood. Eloquent as few Germans are, though plain and natural in his language, he won the good opinion of the mass, not less by his amiability than by the consciousness of his intrinsic strength and firm conviction. A most distinguished member of the present Parliament, he has been less successful in his capacity as Imperial Minister, and has recently returned to his parliamentary career.

The conviction with which the assembled delegates went home that night, was one so thoroughly German, that nothing could be more characteristic of their political education at least. The general impression, repeatedly and loudly proclaimed was, that if the revolution already really existed, as they had been repeatedly told, it was perhaps as well as not; at all events *they* would not be to blame for it!

Many, however, were the speeches yet made that night—it was so new and so delightful to be allowed to speak! From the balconies and from the windows, from roofs and tables men poured out their long pent-up feelings. There was one large bay-window of the Weidenbush-Hotel open and the red light of torches, held by a dozen sturdy men, shone through the dark night upon a sea of eager uplifted faces. Within stood a small, thin man, and with a hoarse voice proclaimed that the Republic was already within and without. All the wealth of the earth was to be poured into the lap of Germany. All the magnificence of worldly splendor was to be hers; nothing but infamy was left to the sovereigns; nothing but glory waiting for the heroes of the day; wages would be high, food abundant, trade brisk and all happy! And in this strain the priest went on—for a priest he was, though he forgot that the Christian's faith is one that first demands obedience before it promises; that his religion is one of resignation and self-sacrifice, that loves to give more than to take, and lets him only win the world who loses himself. It was Johannes Ronge, the reformer of the church, now reforming the State, and this was the last time he was heard in public.

On the following day five hundred deputies met in a self-constituted Diet, without regular powers from their constituents and without official convocation, but so imposing was this manifestation of the will of the nation in its peaceful majesty, that people and sovereigns by acclamation acknowledged their authority, and by silent assent conferred upon them the supreme power in Germany. The princes made a last attempt to save at least the appearance of their authority, and instructed the Federal Diet to resolve that seventeen men who enjoyed the confidence of their fellow-citizens, should be admitted to its councils and have each one vote in the Permanent Committee. They hoped thus to allay the popular ferment, and to leave the power of reform in the hands of the Diet, or at least of a Congress appointed by themselves. But here also those ominous words were heard—It is too late! The Vor-Parliament, as the five hundred were called, declared themselves "morally" permanent; the Diet was *de facto* powerless, and dethroned by this improvised body, a force far more powerful than bayonets. The Vor-Parliament sat only for a few days in deliberation, but resolved and decided in the name of the German nation, that it belonged to a National Assembly alone to give a constitution to Germany—that this National Assembly was to be elected by universal suffrage, and that every German should be allowed to represent every part of Germany. To this first manifestation of the principle of Unity were added other resolutions, some of which referred to the position of the Federal Diet, and one of the most interesting scenes of those momentous days was the appearance of the President of the Diet of Princes before the men of the nation, handing over his authority to a simple professor, Mittermeier, the President of the Diet of the People!

The Vor-Parliament then dissolved again—delegating their power to a Committee of Fifty, who were to watch over the interests of Germany until the meeting of the National Assembly and to direct the measures for the general election of Delegates. These fifty appointed again seventeen of their own number as an executive board, among whom were found men like Dahlmann, one of the seven exiles of Goettingen, now professor at Bonn, and as renowned in the literary world by his historical writings as he is endeared to the hearts of all Germans by his early and constant efforts to advance the progress of constitutional principles in that country. At his side were Gervinus, Professor at Heidelberg, a man of great weight and authority, and Uhland the poet, than whom few are more popular among their enthusiastic countrymen. These seventeen were from March till May the supreme authority ruling all Germany—certainly an honorable trust, well bestowed and well executed.

In the meantime the sovereigns yielded with tolerably good grace, and preferred issuing themselves the orders for the election of Delegates, rather than see their own authority entirely disregarded and superseded by the will of the people. This was, however, not all they gained; following the example of Prussia's crafty politicians, they caused the elections to be made in the terms of their proclamations, "for a Diet, meeting in the name of the people and the sovereigns as a Constituent Assembly." Thus they reserved to themselves the right of seceding from

the cause of the people, whenever it would be in their power, or of withholding their consent to what the Assembly might decide—a fruitful source of difficulties and impediments in the way of the Diet.

It was on the eighteenth of May that the first German Parliament ever assembled, met in St. Paul's, with all the solemnity due to such an important event in the history of a great nation. Heinrich von Gagern, one of the noblest sons of Germany, was elected President, and at once resigned his office as Prime Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt to devote himself exclusively to the regeneration of his country. Soon after the first organization of the Diet, Dahlmann arose and laid before them his project of a constitution. One point only seemed at once and unanimously, to be agreed upon, that it would be necessary to have a provisional Central Power to regulate the relations of the Constituent Assembly to the various State-governments of the confederation, and to execute the decrees of the new Parliament. The archduke John of Austria was elected the Provisional Executive officer under the name of Vicar of the Empire; seven Delegates were sent to offer him that high but difficult position, which he accepted with the consent of the Austrian government, and in the month of July the Archduke was solemnly installed at Frankfurth, vowing obedience to the authority of the law under which he had been appointed.

He came from the distant province of the great Austrian Empire, where he had led for many years a retired, but most happy life. A good father, an exemplary master, a skilful farmer and a pleasant neighbor was the Archduke, and the people around him loved him. But beyond the mountains of Tyrol few only knew him. The Gotha calendar, it is true, stated his titles and his years, but as he had no hope of succession and sought no influence at court—what cared the world for a quiet, sober prince? But years passed, times changed, and the world changed too. And they did at last care for a quiet, sober, virtuous prince, for they wanted one. There was a festival held at the city of Cologne on the Rhine; a cathedral begun by a people, the people of Europe, was to be finished by a king, the king of Prussia! They laid a new corner-stone and drank toasts, and a dozen monarchs were there. But Austria could not send her real monarch, for Metternich was old and loved not large crowds, and the so-called Emperor was as weak in mind as the other in body; so they thought of the old prince John and he went. And when they drained their cups and drank each other's health, the good old Archduke rose, and from his heart's core he drank to the health of a "One, United Germany!" It was a new word that, and had not been heard for centuries; but it had been lying in man's bosom ready to germinate again, and whilst the princes looked aghast and a shudder crept over them, the lofty hall shook with the applause that followed these words, and they flew over the broad plains of Germany until the Slave and the Frank, the Norman and the Roman were startled by the cry of the "One united Germany."

Nor did they forget him who had sent the magic word abroad. They inquired who is he? History answered from the pages of Napoleon's wars, and spoke of him as a brave soldier and a wise captain. His friends praised his vast knowledge and his moderation, his manly independence, his modest tastes and his liberal opinions. Tyrol, all Tyrol, rose and said—he is our father! And at the word 'father,' old memories awoke. Men whispered to each other, and old papers were searched, and it was heard over all Germany—he is the prince who dared defy the Emperor and his ministers; he is the prince who preferred doing right and living a poor, but a free man, to yielding to prejudices and dwelling in palaces. He it was who, travelling through his future home, was struck by the strange appearance of his postillion. He spoke to him and received no answer. He spoke again and impatiently: the postillion was silent. He commanded, he threatened—and beheld a face blushing, suffused with tears. It was the farmer's fair daughter, who, distressed at the postillion's absence, had quickly put on his dress, and rather than disappoint the beloved prince, performed the servant's task herself. He spoke with her and thought he had found a precious pearl: it was not a romantic love-affair, nor the headlong enthusiasm of a youth; it was the sincere conviction that with her was the happiness of his heart and the peace of his soul. When she had been educated as he wished her to be, he applied to the Emperor for leave to marry her, for he had been a dutiful son and a loyal subject all his life. But the courtiers were amazed and the Imperial family full of indignation. He insisted in spite of all reasoning, prayers and threats, and finally gave up his appanage, his place at court, his right of succession, all, and married her whom he loved better than all the world. That was the secret of his residence in Tyrol; where he lived, not in imperial splendor, but in unalloyed happiness; his beloved wife by his side and his beautiful child on his knee.

And when Germany looked around for a prince in whose hands they might lay the fate of the great Empire, whom they might safely trust with the liberty of a great nation, they bethought themselves of him who had shown such true courage and such independence—of him whom the people, in whose midst he lived a private

citizen, loved as their father—of him who had spoken those great, sacred words.

There he stood now before those who had called him to the highest dignity a people can bestow, in plain citizen's dress; simple in manners and yet full of dignity; goodness of heart legibly written in every feature of his true Austrian face, from the peculiar eye to the thick, hanging under lip; but showing no trace of weakness, no want of decision, nothing but strong good sense and manly firmness of character. He pleased everybody, more by his great simplicity and the utter absence of all pretension, than by a striking superiority of mind or other brilliant qualities. He showed himself from the first as a man animated by the warmest zeal to do what he considered right; of sufficient energy to overcome ordinary difficulties, and with a tendency towards liberal institutions. His undoubted sincerity and the firmness he has shown in more than one trying emergency, have gained him the respect of even those who hate him as a prince, or look upon him as an inferior man. That he is not a man capable to govern circumstances and to lead a movement, to give a decided direction to the popular mind, or to create and carry out new ideas, is as true as that Germany has, during that whole eventful year, not produced one such man.

At his side stood Gagern; who would have been Vicar himself, had he not wanted one quality to be Germany's first man—ambition. He looked very much the American, especially in profile and when silent. The dignified calmness of his large, but regular features, the high forehead, the closed lip, the well-rounded chin, full of energy and indomitable will, give him a lofty, imposing appearance; there is the rare breadth of the brow, the German thinker's indelible stamp; there also the clear blue eye, full of faith and deep feeling; nor is the good, hearty smile wanting and the confiding frankness in all features that characterise the German among all other nations of Saxon blood. By birth an aristocrat, he had still, from his first entrance into public life, been a zealous advocate of liberal views, a warm friend of reform and progress; serving his native country with untiring perseverance, he had always been true to Germany, and when the people called him from his post, he willingly forsook all, honors, riches and even his sweet home to serve his beloved fatherland. Refusing all compensation as long as the country was yet suffering, he lived a true republican in the most retired and modest manner, and in the silent, shrinking man at the Vicar's side, few would have sought him whom all hearts called the first man of Germany.

Before them in the spacious church of St. Paul sat the Delegates of the nation. The building, both in form and size, seemed to be admirably adapted to its present use: it was round and the amphitheatrically-disposed benches allowed each member to see the orator, who spoke from a tribune immediately under the President's chair. Two aisles, diverging from the latter towards the right and left, divided the whole space into three divisions, which, from their position to the chair, have given their names to the three parties into which the Diet soon after its organization divided: the Right representing the Conservative party and advocating the principle of Legitimacy; the Left, where the Republicans are seated, including the admirer of American institutions and him who wishes for a Republic even through blood and anarchy, and the Centre, where the Moderate party unites those who are in favor of a Constitutional Monarchy and those who would be willing, at least as a *pis aller*, to consent to the establishment of a republic. Around the lower part of the church, separated by pillars from the main body, were seats for some of the members and tribunes assigned to the diplomatic corps, the ladies, stenographers and strangers. The upper gallery was filled with "the people," the strangest motley of gentlemen, jews, boys, old hucksters, red republicans, foreign emissaries and half-starved mechanics that ever graced the halls of a National Assembly. It is true these two thousand spectators infused a certain life into the august body, but their whistles were anything but harmonious, and the signs of contempt with which they regularly received any allusion to kings or monarchical institutions, were such as would not be tolerated in any other public place. They drowned in their yells the orator's voice and the President's bell, whose last resource, the armed force, had more than once to protect the Assembly. That the members of the Left but too frequently provoked the participation of the galleries in the debates and occasionally joined them in their signs of disapprobation, had done much harm to the cause of Republicanism, frightening the timid and disgusting the well-meaning.

But a strange motley also was the Diet itself, and strange neighbors found themselves side by side in the church of St. Paul. Princes sat by simple mechanics, Jews by Catholic priests, Slaves by Germans. Some few only were generally known and attracted much attention. There in the front rank, right under the tribune, a spare, stooping old man listened with difficulty to the words of the Speaker. His white hair hung carelessly around the strangely formed head, the haggard features were deeply furrowed by years and cares and were frequently buried in those trembling hands that had written immortal works. It was the great Jacob Grimm. When he heard the great

news that came from Heidelberg, he lifted his hands to heaven and thanked God that he had been allowed to see that day break when Germany would be free. But then he looked round for his brother William, who had been all in all to him, and he found him not; he could not tell him the joyous news—he could not rejoice with him. And his heart was heavy, for his brother had gone before him, and the poor old man was sinking fast under the weight of his years and the burden of his grief. For they loved each other with more than brotherly love, and beautiful was their reciprocal devotion. Once people came and told the two brothers how wrong it was and how selfish it looked, thus to live for themselves alone, and advised them to marry and be happy. Jacob listened and nodded assent; so did his brother. And Jacob turned round and said, "Yes, William, I really think you had better marry." "Ah, Jacob," replied the other, "you know that all my life, I have had to do everything for you!" And he went and married. But he could not live for his brother; God called him home and there sat Jacob, now quite alone, and mourned over his lost William.

Far on the extreme Right sat a man whom few liked and fewer still loved, for he was a strange man in his manners, and a prince. In his youthful days already, when he lived with his father and an austere tutor in his ancient castle in the Bohemian mountains, he had felt the bitterness of the curse of poverty. And bitterer yet was his disappointment when he became sensible in later years that his ambition, the ambition of a prince, was not supported by princely talents. He wished to be an author like his fellow-sufferer, Puckler-Muskau, but few read his book and little renown it brought him. He tried to become a second Talleyrand, but these odious Prussians required real knowledge and three examinations before they would make him an unpaid *attaché* in some principality of four square miles. So he bought a colonelcy in Don Carlos' army and rose to be a general and a grandee of Spain, but Don Carlos could not pay his salary, and when peace was made he was a poor prince again. Ever on the qui vive for some means to rise to eminence, he had thrown himself into political life, and there he was, of course, on the extreme Right—where else could a prince be, except on the extreme Left?—a member of all committees, and alas! the friend and admirer of all the fair ladies of Frankfurth! For a fine-looking man Prince Lichnowsky certainly was, and such a title and such a moustache, who could resist them in good old Germany? He spoke too and spoke well, for he had courage, and that was a rare virtue in those days on the Continent. They spoke of abolishing titles—the work of abolishing and destroying seemed to be very easy and wonderfully attractive—and he told them in plain words, that they might abolish as much as they chose, and call him Master Lichnowsky as long as they chose, but that a hundred years hence his sons would yet be princes again. It was a bold speech, though not a prudent one, and they liked his boldness. Poor prince! he did not know that in a few months a mother would throw herself upon his mutilated corpse and a father weep bitterly over the last of his race!

By his side sat another prominent member of the Right, Baron Vincke, who gloried in being a Prussian and abhorred Republicans. A short, stout man with a broad German face, spectacles covering his very sharp, prominent eyes, and early gray hair falling over his low, but broad forehead, he spoke most eloquently with every feature and accompanied his words with most extraordinary gestures. He was bitter and sarcastic, not without brilliant wit, but possessing neither dignity nor calmness enough to make deep impressions. When he rose he seldom failed to show an astonishing memory and most acute criticism in reviewing the speeches of his adversaries and literally cutting them to pieces. He cared not if he offended others, and the President constantly called him to order; more frequently yet the Left, whom he spared not, would interrupt him by whistling and hissing, when he would passionately turn towards them and with a most unmelodious voice cry out—"Why don't you let me speak? what good does it do you to interrupt me? I shan't stop for all that; it only delays us. Hold your tongue!" Baron Vincke was the champion of a party, not large, but influential, who were supposed to be in favor of a monarchical reaction, although not opposed to reform. They were, however, thorough Prussians and only waiting for the favorable moment when the house of Hohenzollern was once more—as a hundred years before—to humble the house of Habsburg and rise on its ruins.

The members of the Cabinet were of course little seen; their uncommonly difficult and responsible duties left them little leisure, even if they had not been mostly inexperienced in affairs of State, and however excellent as bankers, judges and barristers, but little prepared for such a task. The members of the Diet were more frequently to be met with; some at the *tables d'hôte* of the various hotels where they dined; some at the country-house near the Promenade, where they assembled every evening until the different parties chose their own places of meeting; and others, apparently anxious to display their new and ill-fitting dignity, everywhere. This gratification was, however, not without its thorns; if they belonged to the Left and were

the usual costume of their party, of which a long uncombed beard covering three-fourths of the face, and a robber-hat with tall feathers formed an indispensable part, they were apt to be carefully avoided by the well-dressed and rather laughed at by the people. If well-dressed themselves and bearing the aristocratic air of the Right, they were in constant danger of being hooted at and pelted by the amiable Frankfurth mob. Even those who had always been on the people's side did not escape ill-treatment if they attracted public curiosity by any singularity of dress. For this none had more to suffer than old father Jahn, as all Germany styles him, the father of German gymnastics, a brave soldier in the liberty-wars, and an ardent, long persecuted friend of liberty. In vain had he lingered many years in cruel imprisonment for the cause of freedom; in vain had he been brought before one court of justice after another for having first proclaimed that most dangerous doctrine of the Unity of Germany—his beard was too long, his costume too fantastic, his speeches too wild, and thus his influence diminished under the relentless scourge of ridicule. He was finally abandoned even by his own party, a party of republicans, because, with more good sense than they even showed, he would not follow them in their absurd schemes to proclaim and establish a republic made by pattern, as he said, and equally well or ill adapted for Hesse-Darmstadt and Texas, Germany and the United States. He insisted upon it that neither German history nor the peculiar defects or merits of the character of the nation ought to be disregarded in such a work.

He was, however, left alone in his creed. For it is a remarkable fact, that the more rudely oppressed a people have been, the greater has been their tendency to abuse their freedom when they at last obtain it. Man must be prepared by education for freedom, and constitutions are not made, they grow with a nation. The republican party of Germany, from the beginning, rejected all *organic* development of more liberal institutions. They set the Past entirely aside, utterly regardless of what old wise Grimm repeatedly told them, that the people who did not look to a Past did not deserve a Future. Some proposed at once to avail themselves of the heat of excitement, and republican enthusiasm prevailing at the moment, to form a Parliamentary army and with this powerful argument demonstrate the necessity of a new order of things. Quoting Cæsar's famous *omnium opinione celerius cum exercitu adfuit*, they considered this the basis of all revolution and the language most easily and readily understood by princes and nations. Their efforts, however, were unsuccessful; the only armed movements set on foot by them in South-western Germany were easily suppressed; Hecker, who raised first of all the standard of Red Republicanism at Constance, failed at the very outset, losing all *and* his honor at Kandern; Struve beginning with better success, was totally defeated at Eberlingen, and the poet Herwegh altogether despaired, after waiting for months in Alsace for allies and subsidies from abroad.

The moderate Republicans, although eagerly bent upon bringing about a thorough change, were apprehensive of a failure from too hasty measures. Forming a very numerous and important party, they counted among their number men of undoubted honesty and sincerity, but men also who knew no higher view than to choose what was most likely to succeed and to prevent a crisis. From their side of the House came words like those of Vogt, who asked the member that had spoken before him, why he talked of a God who did not exist, of a religion that nobody cared for, and of a church that was the greatest enemy of public liberty!

Thus there was nothing done by the Left, and the Centre was, by its very principle, to be a mediator between the two extremes, bound to observe that most equivocal and in this case most pernicious policy of masterly inactivity. Its members were in favor of all temporising laws, carrying the election of a Provisional Vicar and a Provisional Cabinet, and pleading that the people would be more willing to yield to provisional than to definitive measures. All that the true men of Germany, under the protective influence of a long peace, had secretly thought and planned, all that had been published in disguise or in open defiance, in monthlies and weeklies, folios and pamphlets, lectures and protocols, was by them now slowly brought into the great workshop of German Unity, carefully taken up piece by piece, examined, explained, commented upon and annotated, and finally either quietly laid to sleep for another generation, or generously and courageously preached as the *future* evangelium of Germany! They were the most zealous in fostering and encouraging the hesitation of the sovereigns who could not decide whether it was better to sacrifice at once a part of their power in favor of one Central Power, and thus to secure at least their independence, or to risk all by a passive resistance, waiting for a favorable moment to declare themselves openly. Thus the Diet was found to be engaged in everything that was least necessary; the question of a flag for the navy was discussed at great length before a single German ship of war existed; whilst Vienna was bombarded and a member of the Parliament ignominiously hung, a minister was almost impeached for having dared to use his official seal on a private letter, and months were spent in discussing

minute details before any of the most important questions were decided; until the people knew no longer who governed, and the Reaction had quietly collected all its forces, standing ready for the great crisis that is to decide on the future of Germany.

For the Reaction, represented by the Right, is the only party in Germany that has shown real, useful activity. Whilst the party of Progress lost one opportune moment after another, when Austria and Prussia were so busy at home that the new Diet might have obtained almost any concession from them, when all the various governments vied with each other in acknowledging the Central Power and the thirty-four sovereigns all sought refuge under the Imperial Mantle, the Réactionnaires alone quietly but steadily held together, giving way for the moment, but, nothing daunted, prepared for the final battle. Well and ably represented in the Parliament by old generals, experienced statesmen and able financiers, they failed not to gain a certain respect which the mass always grants, at least on second sober thought, to real worth and discreet energy. Here also were found, either belonging to the Right or at least closely connected with it, some of the members who had gained experience and earned distinction in the new world. There was one of the Secretaries, Moering, who, when quite young, had risen high in the Austrian army, and then on a mission from his government, had spent several years in the United States, where he imbibed a warm admiration for republican institutions and received seeds on a fertile soil that had since produced most valuable fruit. There he stood, a representative of Germany, chosen by the free will of the people in the very heart of absolutism and under the very eye of a Metternich, and eloquent were his words and impressive, like a circlet of precious pearls, well rounded and well strung together. He referred often to the laws and history of America, counselling his fellow-citizens not merely to imitate that free country, but to profit by her dearly bought experience. There was also Tellkampf, for years a professor in the city of New York, afterwards in the Prussian service and highly distinguished as a writer on prisons, but less successful in teaching the peculiar doctrines which he had brought home from the United States. Not a member of the Parliament, but perhaps more useful than he could have been as such, was Professor Lieber of South Carolina, whose early sufferings for the sacred cause of Liberty and well-known works on Ethics and Political Economy, together with his long experince of American public life, made him high authority for the statesmen of the day.

This inactivity of the Parliament has, it cannot be denied, deprived it of its former popularity, and the nation has no longer that enthusiastic trust in it which the "men of confidence" enjoyed. A dissolution and new elections have been proposed, but they would avail little, for all that Germany has of talent, intelligence and patriotism is now assembled in St. Paul's and the dullness of the debates, the slowness of action, the want of parliamentary routine and of statesmanship are not defects of the present members, but the sad consequences of the political history of the people. Germany has no better men. The Parliament as an active united body is a vision, because Germany, as a strong united power is a vision. But even if it were a "One united Germany" for the moment, as it undoubtedly was during the crisis of 1813, it is utterly wanting in that system of centralization which has made France so powerful. There is, on the contrary, a principle of particularization, a spirit of locality prevailing in Germany which has exercised a most fatal effect even on the Diet. These long-cherished habits of provincial or municipal existence have proved insuperable impediments in the way of a strict union, and the different governments were of course not willing, at the mere intimation of a few men, to abdicate or to give up any part of their privileges. And can we fairly expect that a State, like Prussia, with its own traditions, patronage, clientele and national genius, should wish to give up at once the command of its armies, the right of representation abroad, the possession of its fortresses, its revennes, its jurisdiction—in fact its very existence? What equivalent is there offered for such sacrifices or what benefit for the common country to be obtained by it? Do the Germans know themselves whether the majority prefer a republic or a monarchy? They know it not, if we may judge from their representatives; for even among them that spirit of particularization is stronger than their patriotism. The Russian looks with envy upon the Austrian, and the Bavarian receives with distrust all propositions of men from the North. Thus every party is again subdivided into the most minute fractions; thus there is never a real majority to be obtained, however small the minority may be, held together only by the natural instinct of all minorities. Hence the repeated threat of the republicans to leave the Diet; hence the actual withdrawal of all the Austrian delegates.

The situation of the German Parliament must then be considered as an extremely precarious one. Its very nature as a provisional Diet, elected as a constituent body and acting as a legislative assembly, places it, to a certain extent, beyond all protection of law or right. It exposes it, not to speak of more serious questions, to the inconvenience of being suddenly left without support.

In a financial, as in fact in all legislative aspects, it must *de jure* be considered as the legitimate successor and heir to the defunct Federal Diet. Like this it has hitherto been supported by the voluntary contributions of the several governments, and of late, it is said, by Prussia alone. Should this power follow the example of Austria and withdraw, the Diet would be left without supplies to pay its members or carry out its measures. But if the Parliament is weak in pecuniary resources, it is weaker yet in character. Acting as it does only provisionally and supported, nominally, at least, by an army consisting of the contingents of the different States, commanded by their officers and paid by them, it is entirely dependent on the good will of these governments. Thus left without any visible evidence of real strength, and gradually losing its moral hold on the mind of the nation, unacknowledged by foreign powers and altogether in a most equivocal position, it is opposed by both of the main parties in Germany. Republicans and Monarchists consider it an inconvenient impediment in the way of a thorough revolution or a restoration of the old order of things. The Réactionnaires especially are but too well aware that the people prefer a strong, energetic government of almost any name to an inactive, insufficient Diet, and ask for peace and order above all things. Every attempt made by the opposite party has but strengthened this feeling; the tremendous power of the loyal armies has repeatedly been felt, whilst the Anarchists have been convicted if not of cowardice, at least of incapacity; the state of siege is praised as the state of order and law, and with a little wise management and judicious compliance—as in the last Prussian constitution, *octroyée* as it is—it may well be expected, that the first red flag, planted on a barricade, will see the last day of German Liberty.

For the German Diet is the representative of German Liberty; if the Parliament falls, little is to be hoped for the cause of freedom. In Austria and Prussia the government triumphs over the people, and foreign powers will be slow, if not unable, to assist their unfortunate neighbor. Strange changes have taken place during the latter months of the past year. France is under a Napoleon; Italy left without any leader; Switzerland condemned to inactivity; Hungary beset by formidable armies on all her frontiers; Denmark preparing for a second war, and Russia ready with a nation in arms. Austria is in the hands of a youth, himself guided by the Archduchess Sophia, the actual chief of the house of Austria, and through her sister, the queen of Prussia, almost of Prussia also. Little then is left of Germany to act by itself, and the only hope of at last ending the provisional state of affairs lies in the combination of the Diet with one of the great powers. At present it seems to lean towards Prussia, which in its admirable administrative genius and its powerful, efficient and well-officered army would appear to offer a strong guarantee that, with its king as Emperor of Germany, the Central Power might once more become, what it must be to be successful, a power full of life and energy, well supported by real strength, and above all by the will of the people.

Description of the Burial-Place at Sidon.

—"The greater part of the thickly-peopled cemetery was in gloom—a gloom which the Orientals love. They do not like to come to the tombs in the glare of day; early morning and evening are their favorite times, especially the latter."

"Go forth at morn!
Ere yet upon the solemn stillness come
The distant echoes of the city's hum,
In the gray dawn,
While yet the lingering mist-wreaths hang around,
Go forth, and bow thyself on holy ground!"

"And go at eve—
Our sadness loveth not the day's broad light,
But, when around us gather shades of night
Our homes we leave,
And wander forth where, 'mid the flowers are laid
In their lone-resting-place the holy dead."

"We have lain down
The best-beloved in earth's cold embrace,
They have passed hence, and left us but the trace
Of footsteps gone
From homes where they of late in beauty sate,
But grown all cheerless now, and desolate."

"Calmly they sleep;
But we call vainly now; no answering voice
Waking glad echoes, bids the heart rejoice,
And we but weep
And watch, until we too, like them may rest
Unknown, unloving, in oblivion blest."

Oh, human love!
A holy, yet a fearful thing thou art,
That all unchanged, abiding in the heart,
Canst faithful prove,
And watch uncheered, untranquillized by Faith
Weeping, yet hopeless in the place of death!

A loftier trust
Is *ours*; we may not make the tomb
A place of nought but deepened shade and gloom,
But where our dust
Sleeps with its own, the fresh spring-flowers that wave
Whisper of life, unsaddened by the grave.

We walk in light
Which showeth to our steps the better way,
That leadeth onward unto perfect day;
It shineth bright,
That radiance, from angel wings erst shed
Where, in the garden, slept and rose the Dead!

Boston, Mass. MATILDA F. DANA.

SWIFT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The obstacle which has interfered with a just appreciation of Swift, by British writers, has been political opinion. Hence the two extremes of laudation and censure manifested in Scott's partial biography and Jeffrey's caustic review. It is, indeed, to be regretted by all lovers of literature, in its broad and artistic relations, when a great writer becomes a violent partisan. The interest of his works is thus rendered temporary and their spirit narrowed. Instead of comprehensive views fitted to charm the thinker of a distant generation, they too often yield but clever instances of special-pleading, and are intended for a day and not for all time. Although a great part of Swift's writings belongs to this class, the fact that they have survived and are still read with zest, is the best proof of his originality. What strikes us, at once, in his literary career, is its remarkable efficiency. It is common to regard the man of letters and the man of action as wholly distinct, but in Swift we have an example of their identity. The results of his pen were actual, tangible and impressive. He wrote seldom for display, occasionally for amusement, but, in general, to produce a decided end, in which he seldom failed. His life is a complete refutation of the utilitarian sneer at the vanity of authorship. Here we have a man of no estate and obscure birth, by the mere force of his diction and the energy of his thought, exercising an influence upon those possessed of executive power to such a degree as to control and direct it. We see him espouse a cause in his study and are assured of its triumph; we hear his repartee at a political dinner silence a concerted opposition; we follow the paragraph which he has indited for a journal, as it circulates through a kingdom, and diverts into a new channel the whole tide of public opinion. Pamphlets were his ammunition. With these he carried on argumentative and satirical war, and waged battles for a party or a whim. A sarcasm, or an epigram often enabled him to attain his social objects; and he inflamed the popular heart with appeals distributed by the ballad-mongers. Thus his single will was continually achieving its ends, and his thought moulding opinion. Like the renowned man-at-arms of the middle ages, his services and allegiance were eagerly sought by those in power, and his pen was to him what the sword was to the brave and skilful of an earlier day—the instrument at once of fortune, vengeance and glory.

Hence his success is to be estimated by the number of his immediate triumphs, rather than by the duration of his fame. He wrote always for a special purpose, and this accomplished, gave himself no farther trouble. His mind was essentially practical, his aims invariably definite. Few English writers have labored to such good purpose, if we deem the realization of individual desire—the impinging of one's way of thinking upon others, as the test of ability. Whether to gratify a caprice, to punish an enemy, to convert an antagonist, or to change the face of public affairs, Swift wrote with a tact, a force and a clearness that almost ensured a satisfactory issue. He selected the best weapon and used it with rare judgment. He did not seem to consider writing as an ideal, but a practical art. It was his unfailing resource. If we would appreciate his efficiency as an author,—without reckoning the influence of his pen when in the service of the English ministry, at which time it is acknowledged that he long controlled the political views of the nation;—let us remember the fact that one of his pamphlets caused the erection of fifty new churches in London; that the "predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff" besides exciting the activity of the Inquisition of Portugal, gave the primary impulse to periodical literature and originated the British essayists; that the pretended confession of Elliston actually checked street-robbery for years; that he made the fortune of Barber the printer, afterwards Lord Mayor, and that the Drapier's letters were the first and may yet be recorded as the most effectual blow ever struck for Ireland. With such fruits the pen-craft of Swift abounded. His life is a wonderful contrast to that of the meditative of the lettered race. Conflict apparently was his delight. Authorship was a single-handed fight. He was a kind of intellectual gladiator, and only in the excitement of a war of opinion, or a skirmish of wit, appears to have been able to render himself oblivious of a morbid physique and corroding passions. He long enjoyed a wide mental dictatorship, such as Boswell's idol aspired to, but only attained in a particular circle. His enterprise of mind has been rarely equalled. He was a bold opinionative adventurer; formidable in grave discussions and ingenious in trifling. No curious speculations, no aspiring visions, no exquisitely elaborated fancies adorn his page; but pungent sense, keen wit, adroit argument and vigorous judgment often lead us to respect where we can neither admire or love. Swift's power lay in his grasp of the actual. He had a clear, but not an exalted vision. He looked more frequently to the strata beneath than the stars above him; and was more anxious for a good foothold on the material present than a clear glimpse into the eternal future. He dealt mainly with the

ive, the attainable—the facts and interests
e and man—and the motives and tenden-
of the hour. He was a kind of inspired
ett, and wrote very much on the principles
which Stuart painted. Refinement, deli-
—all that we intend by the term ideal—
ed alien to his nature. He possessed emi-
y the genius of common sense. His insight
that of affairs. Of the able men of his day,
as best armed and equipped for the useful
erature. He threw the light of genuine in-
ence on many of the questions of the time,
addressed the universal mind in a way read-
nderstood. Hence both his usefulness and
larity. To a like cause we attribute that in-
ence to his literary reputation which has
noticed as a peculiarity. He had not the
ination to cherish the highest view of the
e cultivated. Its value to him was compar-
ly material. The objects he sought render-
e means employed secondary. He exerci-
uthorship as an attorney pleads—with learn-
ogic, ingenuity and eloquence, but when the
was gained, the plea was forgotten. The
iples which endear literature, as such, are
and taste, the former recognizing the sub-
e, the latter the form. Swift was so much
pied with the advocacy of particular ideas
the achievement of temporary projects, that
arcely dreamed of embodying his talents in
oduction of well-considered elegance and
g grace. Carelessness is stamped on all
vorks. Their harmony is incomplete. If
erges on sentiment, it is soon profaned by
; the brightness of his intelligence is ob-
d by vulgarity; and the subtlety of his judg-
blunted by the coarseness of his expres-
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great mental activity Swift united a singu-
orce of purpose. He was both acute and
tless, and hence admirably fitted to excel as
tisan writer. Much has been said of his in-
stency in this vocation, but when all the cir-
tances are weighed, it does not appear so
ag. He was confessedly a moderate Whig,
carried the same temper to the other stand-
Macaulay, in his recent history—after tra-
the real origin of the two great English
es to the Long Parliament, justly declares
the country could spare neither, and that
mutual action gave birth to and confirmed
appily-balanced principles of constitutional
rnment. He also recognizes a similar dis-
ion in the very nature of society—with ref-
e to art, literature and manners as well as
olitics. Such is the opinion of all liberal
enlightened men. Doubtless Swift embark-
the career of a political essayist, in part,
motives of self-interest; but his early ini-
tiation into comprehensive speculations while secretary to Sir William Temple, his knowledge of the world, and his keen perception of merits and defects both in character and in theories, justify the inference that he belonged to the clear-sighted and right-feeling class indicated by the fluent historian, who occupy the frontier ground, and, therefore, are not to be condemned as insincere for alternate skirmishes on both sides. Candor will not fail often to discern essential principles in the views he advocated however contradictory; and Jeffrey's inference that in the Drapier's Letters, his object was "not to do good to Ireland, but to vex the English ministry," is quite gratuitous. In this, as in most cases, he doubtless acted from blended motives; for throughout his life he seems to have taken a peculiar delight in exercising benevolence morosely, and giving way to malevolence urbanely,—enjoying the zest of retaliation and the consciousness of doing good at the same time. Thus we believe his sympathy with Lord Oxford was as real as his pleasure at the success of his new allies, and therefore it was not inconsistent to prefer to cheer the sad journey of the one to uniting in the triumph of the other. It is not unusual to find bitterness and charity in the same heart. Generous people are not infrequently vindictive—especially through offended pride. Swift was brutal in his satirical persecution of Tighe, Bettesworth and others who were so unfortunate as to cross his path; yet, on this account, we should not, in the least, question the genuine kindness which led him to write stories to increase the half-pay of a worthy old Captain, give the copyright of a popular ballad to a deserving widow, yield so cordially his first benefice to a poor clergyman, loan money statedly to the indigent, and found, by will, a lunatic asylum in Dublin, which yet bears witness to his philanthropy. In fact, to nomenclate character as we do plants and minerals, is absurd, and especially in a case like Swift, who exhibited unusual contradictions. He who uttered a withering sarcasm with the cruelty of an inquisitor, used to pray with meek devotion; the misanthrope who read his coming fate in the withered top of a lofty elm, went through the elaborate joke of waiting on his own servants at supper; and the greatest of libellers was made unhappy, for days, by a cold look from Temple. He was disgraced at college for frolics which he long afterwards declared, instead of originating in exuberant youthful spirits, were entered into purely from the recklessness of thwarted desires. In his dogmatism and morbid irritability Swift resembled Dr. Johnson; in his rough kindliness, Abernethy. His economy appears to have originated in a keen sense of early privation and a somewhat uncommon appreciation for a man of

letters,—of pecuniary responsibility. His melancholy and fits of temper grew out of disease and baffled hopes. Patronage galled his proud and sensitive nature, and yet it was his life-long doom,—first from relatives, then from government. The prejudice excited in Queen Anne's mind by the Archbishop of York on account of the alleged infidelity in the "Tale of a Tub," is supposed to be the reason of the "long delays" he endured, and the final inadequate appointment of Dean of St. Patrick—a title which, however undesirable in his own estimation, soon became famous enough to satisfy ordinary ambition. This "honorable exile," as he calls it, was attended by an unprecedented local consideration after Swift proved himself a successful champion of Ireland; and the oblation of her people, at his death, after three years of insanity had separated him from the associations of life, has never been surpassed for regretful sentiment and zealous honors.

Swift's most celebrated papers are of an allegorical kind, and though interspersed with judicious remarks and clever hits, to a reader whose taste has been formed on later models, cannot fail to be tedious. Thus "The Tale of a Tub" is an elaborate satire upon popery, ingenious and often correct, yet quite unintelligible without the notes, and spun out to a wearisome degree; the same may be said of the "Battle of the Books" and the "Essay on Polite Conversation." The Dialogues of the latter are an exaggerated take-off of the strained wit that prevailed in the author's day, and parts of them are quite as amusing as a good comedy. We have many specimens of this allegorical and indirect way of enforcing a truth, or illustrating a moral, to which Swift resorted, such as Telemachus, Rasselas and Sartor Resartus, which unite invention with far more earnestness and beauty. Indeed the vulgarity of Swift is sometimes unendurable. He seems to delight in low metaphors and gross allusions. His coarseness is gratuitous and his smut deliberate. He repudiates Pope's axiom, that "want of decency is want of sense," for the two are constantly mingled in his writings. Irony and paradox he developes with a prolonged relish. A very characteristic instance of both is afforded in his defence of madness, founded on the idea that—"he that can with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well-deceived; the serene, peaceful state of being a fool among knaves." The acuteness exhibited in this chapter is affecting when we remember that the mind that dallied so boldly with this most awful visitation to which humanity is subject, was destined to become its prey. The metaphors of Swift remind us occasionally of Crabbe. They are of the humblest kind; yet often significant, for instance, "Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm."

Satire has its office in literature and in the affairs of the world, but it is one so liable to abuse and so infrequently in alliance with perfect justice, that its exercise is seldom desirable. Where appeals to the reason and feelings prove insufficient, ridicule is sometimes the only available means left. No one doubts that the keen edge of criticism has lopped away excrescences and caused the sap in the tree of knowledge to evolve in fruits and blossoms. Goldoni's comedies visibly reformed Venetian practices. Again and again, in France the social tone has been modified by polished satirical attacks. In England, the first essayists gracefully laughed away many indigenous follies and the brilliant reviewers of a later day have shamed into deserved obscurity the pretensions of lettered mediocrity. In poetry, in fashion, in art, and even in personal character, we see the most wonderful improvements brought about by a discriminating use of this weapon. It is a reformer that penetrates where gentler ministrants find no admittance; and even in social intercourse its delicate and kindly introduction has a wholesome effect—restraining presumption, exciting the apathetic, and giving point and spirit to conversation. Let this be conceded to satire divorced from malignity; but in the hands of the selfish or arbitrary, there is no more dangerous facility or remorseful gift. Not for a moment can we hesitate in choosing between the gentleness which is power and the power whose only attribnte is cruelty. Hazlitt has admirably defined wit as the "eloquence of indifference." There is a certain want of heart in those who possess it as a prevailing trait. It is not surprising that Swift endorsed the maxims of Rochefoucault. The process by which the satirist vanquishes even error, is an indurating one. He must often, as a preparatory step, hush the pleadings of humanity. He wounds it may be to cure, but how seldom is it done "more in sorrow than in anger;" and how constantly does it breed animosity! We cannot lose sight of the great fact that writing is a deliberate act. The cutting word spoken in an ebullition of temper and the fatal blow struck on the instant of provocation, are far more defensible than the carefully penned lampoon or the stab of the

assassin's dagger. We envy not the midnight reveries of the man whose pen is habitually employed as an instrument of intellectual revenge; and the meanest threat we ever imagined, was that of an unprincipled man of genius in his quarrel with an honest farmer,—that he would "write him down." The dark side of Swift's career, as a writer, is its malign aspect. We speak not of the keenness of his onsets in honest controversy, when he manfully battled for his party, for the church of England, or for suffering Ireland; sarcasms may be heaped upon theories, acts of public assemblies and projects of government, without involving the peace of any human being; but the personal satire of Swift is often not only merciless, but wholly unjustifiable. His persecution of Steele who had once been his friend, is an instance. The truth is, there are points of honor taken for granted by chivalric natures in all conflicts,—and one is that it is unfair to attack an open enemy with a weapon he cannot sway, and of which his antagonist is master. Swift repeatedly made satirical war upon men utterly incapable of any retaliation except that of the duello, from which the Dean's sacred office protected him.

His hardihood, in this respect, is evinced by his cherished resentments. He detested Trinity College all his life, because it was the scene of his youthful punishment; he continued to hate those of his kindred who had displeased him as a boy; and he never forgave Queen Caroline for not sending the medals she had promised him while princess. He could use facts, the knowledge of which he gained in friendship, to the injury of his adversary after a change of feeling occurred. It is no wonder that one of his victims attempted to cut off his ears. In the intensity of his scorn he reminds the American reader of John Randolph. Literature he seemed to regard as an arena rather than a resource. It was his vantage-ground, whereon he made himself amends for the churlishness of fortune. It was to him an armory, not a bower; he sought its thorns to head arrows of revenge, not its roses to weave garlands for the banquet; its asperities rather than its amenities were his delight. In a word, Swift carried the passions which men of action develope in deeds into his intellectual life. Tasso used his pen to celebrate a holy crusade or the charms of his love, and met his enemies like a brave gentleman with his sword; Swift too often desecrated the sacred office of the one to the butchery of the other.

Even when thwarted by the indifference or incapacity of woman, his annoyance vented itself in satire. It is curious that while few intellectual men ever took more pains to develope the sex, no one more affected to despise them. He takes infinite pains to repel the idea of love as a weakness, extols the lasting happiness of genuine friendship, and describes his intercourse with the youngest of his victims as merely paternal.

> His conduct might have made him styled
> A father and the nymph his child,
> Such innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind—her book.

One would suppose, however, from the annexed passage, that he would have grown sooner weary of this charming study.

> In a dull stream which moving slow,
> You hardly see the current flow;
> If a small breeze obstruct the course,
> It whirls about for want of force,
> And in its narrow circle gathers
> Nothing but chaff, and straw, and feathers.
> The current of a female mind
> Stops thus and turns with every wind;
> Thus whirling round together draws
> Fools, fops and rakes for chaff and straws.
> Hence we conclude no woman's parts
> Are won by virtue, wit and parts
> Nor are the men of sense to blame
> For breasts incapable of flame,

There is something very beautiful in the relation of intellectual men to gifted women—a process of mutual development—the history of which, in many instances, it is delightful to trace; but the order of nature seems to have been reversed in the case before us. The desire to be loved existed chiefly on the part of those to whom he seems to have given his society, while his expressed feelings towards them were objective and independent. It is true in allusion to the death of Stella, he speaks of her as "that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving;" and yet he never recognized, while enjoying the amplest opportunity, the sympathies he constantly evoked. It is true that Vanessa ingenuously avows how much her nature is indebted for its growth and expansion to his influence, but he never inspired her with that confidence which alone renders the affections a source of true happiness.

> Still listening to his tuneful tongue
> The truths which angels might have sung,
> Divine imprest their gentle sway,
> And sweetly stole my soul away,
> My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
> Dear names, in one idea blend.

Perhaps a latent conviction of the unenviable reputation of a satirist induced him to disavow malevolence, and defend the kind of writing to which he was addicted. "There is very little satire," he says, "which has not something in it untouched before, but the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have long since been

exhausted." Originality, indeed, appears to have been a cardinal point with Swift; and to this quality almost exclusively he owes the continuance of his fame. He boasts that he was never known to steal a hint. The party questions he discussed are comparatively without interest; as an essayist he has been superseded by more graceful and versatile pens; as a rhymster, the higher level of taste condemns him to neglect; but as the author of Gulliver's Travels his renown is firmly based. Though intended as a local satire, the novelty of the conception and the verisimilitude of the execution mark this work as one of true genius, whose standard value is only diminished by the occasional blemishes of a low and perverted taste. It exhibits the same circumstantial felicity in description which Caleb Williams does in events. Besides this *capo d' opera* of satirical writing, Swift vindicated himself more explicitly elsewhere; facts, however, do not warrant the complacency of his statement.

> He spared a hump or crooked nose
> Whose owners set not up for beaux,
> True genuine dulness moved his pity
> Unless it offered to be witty.
> Those who their ignorance confessed
> He ne'er offended with a jest,
> But laughed to hear an idiot quote
> A verse from Horace learned by rote.

It is conceded that the most satisfactory part of Swift's life, at least in his own estimation, were his busy years in London, of which, spent in the service of party leaders of this epoch, we have a full account in the "Journal to Stella"—a record which confirms our preconceived notion of his character. It shows his devotion to the actual by its brief chronicle of the events of each day with few comments or fancies to enliven the summary; his egotism by the importance he attaches to the least thing that concerns himself; his want of refinement by the coarseness of the epithets; his arbitrary tendency by its tone, and his deficient ideality by the absence of beautiful sentiment or graceful expression. His relation to Stella is only to be inferred from the familiarity and confidence of its revelations; it implies intimacy rather than tenderness. To know how a man passes his time is, however, no slight assistance to the interpretation of his life and genius. According to this journal, Swift was in a constant whirl of political and social excitement and a rainy or an ill day he, therefore, found quite "apathetic." He dined with ministers, envoys, lords and duchesses,—visited Congreve in his blindness, called for his letters at Steele's office, chatted with Rowe and Prior at one coffee-house and joined Harley in anathematizing the opposition at another, supped often with Addison, wrote an occasional paper for the Tatler and daily jotted down for Stella's enlightenment the state of his health and the weather, the names of new acquaintances and the conduct of old, the dishes he had eaten, the geography of his lodgings, the nick-nacks he had purchased to bring to Ireland and the stage of his progress in a political despatch, in the advocacy of a petition, or the composition of a lampoon. He expresses violent anger towards all whose treatment dissatisfies him and frankly talks of going to bed "rolling resentments in his mind." This diary exhibits the greatest activity of mind and consciousness of ability and an extraordinary mixture of a satirical, inquiring, ambitious and convivial temper, with so little of the enthusiasm of the poet, the tenderness of the lover or the spirituality of the divine, that we can seldom realize that its author ever had any legitimate claim to either title.

Dryden's prediction that Swift would never be a poet seems to us to have been verified; and this opinion we infer not only from his versified but his prose compositions. His facility in the use of language, his "knack of rhyming," and the various odes and other metrical pieces which are found in his collected works, do not invalidate our position. The term poet has now more than a technical meaning. It is used to designate a certain species of character and tone of mind, and is often applied to those who have not written verse and, perhaps, never written at all. A deep sense of the beautiful and intimate relations with the human, the natural and the divine, arising from earnestness of feeling and spirituality of perception, are qualities now regarded as essential to the office of poet. In these Swift was singularly deficient. All that gave point to, or yet redeem his verses are their cleverness of diction and their wit. No poet could habitually write such prose. It is utterly destitute of glow; there are no kindling expressions; the flow of words never accidentally becomes rhythmical from the loftiness of the sentiment, as in Burke, or its pathetic sweetness, as in Dickens. And yet, of its kind, Swift's style is unsurpassed. For perspicuity, directness and freedom from involution or bombast, it is a model. It is exactly such a style as is desirable for the man of affairs, whose object is to address the common sense of mankind, and to be equally understood by the cultivated and the vulgar. Without ornament, and just raised above the colloquial by the arrangement of words, only the worth or the salient points of the thought lend it the least attraction. To this very absence of elegance and fervor in style, may be ascribed Swift's popularity. Queen Anne's reign has been called the age of the wits. Prior circumstances rendered

that period the reverse of an earnest one. Sentiment was at a discount and sense at a premium. Social follies prevailed; party feeling ran high. Fanaticism and debauchery had each been carried to extremes; and the reaction caused strength of mind and clearness of thought to be admired. Hence Swift, with his vigor of statement, his universally intelligible language, and, especially, his caustic irony and stinging repartee, was the very writer to effect a public, weary of lackadaisical versewrights and croaking bigots, and alike distrustful of enervating taste and morbid enthusiasm.

Unfortunately Swift was not content with intellectual empire. He sought and keenly enjoyed a sway over hearts; and to this desire, unnaturally aggravated by causes already suggested, we ascribe his conduct toward Stella and Vanessa. There is not a trace of genuine amatory feeling in his poems. Compare his love-verses with those of Petrarch, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Norton, or any other sincere votary of the tender passion, and this fact will be apparent. Every circumstance related of his intercourse with the unhappy women whose affections he won, his own allusions to them in verse and prose, and their actions and expressions with reference to him indicate that the love of power and not the delights of mutual love actuated him. He sought to wind himself, as it were, into their souls, to become a moral necessity, to call out all the recognition of which they were capable, to be the motive and the arbiter of their inward life, and the consciousness of having attained this appears to have satisfied him, while they, more soulful and human, pined, in vain, for the endearments, the entire confidence and the realized sympathies of love. It is said that Richter sought intimate association with interesting women for the express purpose of discovering materials for romantic art. Swift did the same apparently for the mere gratification of self-love. As far as he was capable of passion it was intellectual, spent itself in words, and a kind of philosophical dalliance with sentiment but torturing to its objects. Doubtless he liked the companionship of both Stella and Vanessa, and from his own peculiar nature could but feebly understand the agonizing uncertainties and wearisome suspense to which his equivocal behaviour subjected them; but these considerations are quite insufficient to excuse the positive inhumanity of his course. That his view of love was rather metaphysical than natural—a thing more of the will than the heart, and inspired by reflection instead of sentiment, is manifest not only by his conduct but in his writings. Thus in his apostrophe to love he says—

> In all I wish, how happy I should be
> Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
> So weak thou art that fools my power despise,
> And yet so strong thou triumph'st o'er the wise!
> Thy nets are laid with such peculiar art
> They catch the cautious, let the rash depart;
> Most nets are filled for want of thought and care,
> But *too much thinking* brings us to thy snare.

How, by his wit and wisdom, he built up a mental supremacy and thus attached to himself these fresh and devoted hearts, is evident in the case of Stella by the fact that he was the preceptor of her childhood, and the exclusive counsellor of her mature years; while Vanessa says of him—

> When men began to call me fair
> You interposed your timely care:
> You early taught me to despise
> The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes,
> Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
> Refined my fancy and my taste.

It will not do to gloss over the inevitable consequences of obligations like these, voluntarily conferred upon a susceptible and candid girl. He must have instinctively anticipated her confession.

> Your lessons found the weakest part,
> Aimed at the head, and reached the heart.

It is true, in the celebrated verses descriptive of this unhappy love, he says, that at the discovery, he

> —— felt within him rise
> Shame, disappointment, grief, surprise.

Yet, with heartless egotism, he goes on, year after year, fostering a hopeless attachment, concealing from one his relation with the other, until forced into a nominal marriage with Stella, and the bitter truth flashed upon the wretched Vanessa, whom he leaves to wrestle alone with her misery until death gives her a welcome release! The most exacting sentiment which ever inspired a man, could require no more complete self-dedication than these fair beings gave the object of their love. Stella existed only for him; and an humble neighbor of Vanessa describes her as passing all her time in walking in the garden, reading and writing, and never seeming happy except during the visits of Swift. Byron in one of his letters says, with an evident and characteristic appreciation of this waste of feeling: "Swift, when neither young, nor handsome, nor rich, nor even amiable, inspired the two most extraordinary passions upon record, Vanessa's and Stella's.

> Vanessa, aged scarce a score,
> Sighs for a gown of forty-four.

He requited them bitterly; for he seems to have broken the heart of the one and worn out

that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of servants."

The source both of Swift's errors and triumphs was a love of power. We are convinced that this is the key to the puzzle which, at first, seems to baffle inquiry in regard to his anomalous conduct. There is always a vindicatory principle at work in life and nature. Where any element is thwarted in one direction it will assert itself elsewhere; the root which meets a rock gnarls itself upward in fibrous convolutions; the stream, impeded in its onward flow, either gushes into a fountain or expands into a lake; the disappointed bard transforms himself into a ferocious critic, and the unsuccessful belle turns devotee. Now, the traits of humanity were incomplete in Swift. He possessed acuteness and vigor of intellect, strong will, remarkable wit and faculty of application, but he seems to have been destitute of passion. It was rarely, therefore, that a genial, homogeneous excitement warmed and fused his nature. Its capabilities acted separately. He wanted the susceptibility and the gentleness that come from an organization alive to harmonious sensations. His body and his soul did not thrill with the same conscious existence. Life was consequently objective to a great degree, and he sought to conquer its visible obstacles rather than enrich and attune its elements within. He lived in a sense of intellectual action inadequately combined with sentient enjoyment. What nature denied him he sought through mental expedients; and his relish of existence seems to have consisted in operating upon others—a process comparatively indifferent to those who are vividly sensible of enjoyable resources. This exclusive love of power is often the heritage of disappointment,—the alternative for sympathy—the chief resort of those cut off by asceticism, disease, or circumstances from any source of natural pleasure. We see it in women unfavorably constituted or ungenially married, in the deformed and in the gifted but low-born. They seem to desire to realize every thing through will. Their great demand from others is subserviency, and they manifest the greatest impatience at the least nonconformity with their caprices. Indeed coalition with them in thought and action is the only test of friendship or love, for the obvious reason that they are incapable of fully experiencing the delights of those sentiments which, to such as are more naturally constituted or situated, are their own exceeding reward. That Swift belonged to this order of character, is evident from every page of his biography and not a few of his writings. He was never satisfied in his political relations until he gained a personal influence with his distinguished allies. He desired to be necessary to them as a companion as well as useful to their cause as a writer. He managed his financial interests with precision and economy from a very clear sense of the value of money as an agent of power. He sent forth his tracts, epigrams and satirical tales anonymously, not heeding reputation, but enjoying keenly the secret pleasure of impressing himself on other minds and leading public opinion by his will. He had a fondness for patronage on the same principle, and boasted that thirty men of note owed their advancement to his personal influence; among whom were Parnell, Berkeley, Congreve, Rowe and Steele. The same disposition is apparent in his training of servants, in his dictation in regard to the household arrangements of families he visited, in the oracular terms in which he pronounced upon literature and character, in the overbearing conditions he proposed with his first offer of marriage, in the ceaseless exactions of his social life, and in the authoritative tone of his conversation and writings. To be admired, loved or feared, he demanded from all but dolts; and he did this without any consideration as to his ability to reciprocate the more sacred feeling. Those whom he failed to bully, or lure into one of these sentiments were thoroughly obnoxious to him. In all this we see the arrogance of a passionless intellectuality, the unhesitating claim of pride, the domination of a will unchecked and unsoftened by any of those noble emotions or lapses of tender feeling and earnest desire, that cause a glad surrender of opinion to truth, of individuality to assimilation, of self to a thought or being more dear, yielding a joy never realized by the love of power, even when its most detested foes or sweetest victims are completely in its remorseless grasp!

CASTLE BY THE SEA.

From the German of Uhland.

I.

Hast seen that castle olden,
That castle by the sea?
The purple clouds and golden,
Above it wander free.

II.

It sinks in gladness bending,
Into the flood below,
It soars in joy ascending,
Into the sunset glow.

III.

"Oft on the shore reclining,
Have I that castle seen,

The moon above it shining
  The misty wreaths between."

IV.

Did winds and waters softly,
  Their murmurs gay prolong,
And from the hall so lofty,
  Heard'st thou the festal song?

V.

"The winds and waves were lying
  As if in peaceful sleep,
And from the hall came sighing
  A song that made me weep."

VI.

Saw'st thou in splendor glowing,
  Walk there the king and queen,
With crimson mantles flowing,
  And crowns of lustrous sheen?

VII.

Led they not forth with pleasure,
  A youthful daughter fair,
Following with stately measure,
  Beaming with golden hair?

VIII.

"Nay, I saw those parents weeping,
  Their golden crowns forgot,
Sable robes around them sweeping,—
  The maiden saw I not."

C. C. L.

Staunton, Virginia.

THE CRIME OF ANDREW BLAIR.

BY P. P. COOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

Two weeks passed away, and the day appointed for the marriage of Tom Herries and Miss Blair came. It found the bride-groom in wretched condition. A violent fever had seized upon him soon after the dreadful fall; it had abated, leaving him very feeble and not out of danger. So the rising sun of the wedding-day brought no peace or joy to John Herries. He had labored with a stern energy to have the marriage accomplished without delay. He would have given Minny a dying husband; but his son would not permit this extreme measure. Tom retained something of the singular purpose which had urged him into the Deep Cut. On the morning of the wedding-day he mused to the following effect:

"If I die now it will be all the better. If this life is worth any thing, it is only so when we can be happy in it. We like to live because we like to enjoy ourselves; if we find it impossible to enjoy ourselves at any time, ever in the future, the best motive for living is gone. Men often come in this way to be disgusted with life, and yet are afraid of death. It scares them back; it does not scare me. But all this is only one selfish view of the case; I am to front death because I cannot be a happy man. There is the other and greatest reason why I should die; Miss Minny will be very much relieved by my death. Fever burn on."

And supplied with the fuel of such despairing reflections the fever did burn up anew. Tom Herries became delirious then, and raved for several days and nights. On one of these terrible days, the elder Herries and his wife were in a distant apartment, to which only the shrillest of the wild cries penetrated.

"We are ruined—lost—overwhelmed—I am one of the damned," groaned the black-browed father.

"It is a grievous trial to lose this my only son; but, husband, your despair is a more dreadful blow to me than the death of my first-born child."

"Wife, these cold-blooded Blairs have crushed us. That girl led the boy to his death. May the curse of Almighty God"—

A low tap at the door arrested the blind malediction of the thwarted and despairing man. The door opened, and Minny Blair entered. At the same time also entered one of those doleful cries of delirium which wandered about the passages, and galleries, and recoiling from the closed doors, rose to the ceilings and even to the hollows of the great roof above.

Herries shuddered; the cry went to his heart like a dagger. In the face of his wife was that dry anguish which craves tears, and sometimes becomes madness for want of them. Minny Blair was calm, resolute, but very pale.

Herries advanced to meet her, saying with an impetuous manner:

"You are here! You are as cold as a pillar of salt. Are these howls, which are two-edged swords to us, nothing to you? Come." He took the girl by the hand with a rude force and led her from the room, along the gloomy passages straight to the chamber of his delirious son.

"Death is nothing," Tom Herries repeated as they came into his chamber. His mind had wandered back to the moments passed in that restrained gallop up to the verge of the Deep Cut, and words then spoken were now on his lips, broken, wanting in continuity, but full of meaning to the pale girl who stood above him.

"Death is nothing," repeated Tom. "Don't take the leap; we may get over. The white queen with a yellow crown round her head com-

descends to ride with me. Her hair is like long willows. Lord! how it streams in my face. It blinds me. Death is nothing. Whip—spur—here we thunder. Screech, Major." And Tom Herries yelled. The wild Jager, who is said to traverse the German forests by night, might utter such a yell, in the closing rush of his moonlit chase.

An old servant, looking like some old noble physician of Carthage or Utica, so striking was the fine antique dignity of his face, held poor Tom upon his bed. Dr. Gaunt slept in a chair in a corner of the chamber; the cries of his patient did not rouse him.

"How deep her eyes are!"—the speech of Tom Herries went wandering on. "They are like two blue wells, with a little star glimmering in the bottom of one of them and a horned moon in the other. Take away your eyes—they are distressing because they are so sad. And so you will ride with me, beautiful lady? Flight rushes like an eagle. An eagle has a singular scream; don't you think so? I saw one, a short time ago, come down from the mountains on his way to the sea. As the wind struck him he yelled. I must let you hear how he yelled." Again Tom uttered a cry, as shrill and defiant as the osprey's.

A mind all a-glow with the wild fires of fever is often raised to be of kindred with that of the rapt poet; the "vision" seems to be as palpable, and "the faculty divine" as vigorous: only as a fatal drawback, the vision of delirium goes flitting, shifting, now some bright face, presently a fanged mouth, alternately something angelic and something demoniac; and the faculty divine of delirium, instead of persevering into fair creations, mars its work into the same incongruities of the vision—for instance, when it would finish a delicate hand to its idea of an angel, or beautiful woman, it is taken captive by a fantasy, and makes the arm stream off like a horse-tail, or end with a serpent's open mouth. Tom Herries was a-glow in this way; and his stimulated wits were busy upon such wild work. He had not been sufficiently trained in speech, or fed with the thoughts of others, to talk the delirious eloquence of a mad scholar, but his speech was yet in its way brilliant, and ran into metaphor and simile; the fever-blaze had even brought out upon the tablets of his memory, as heat brings out characters traced in sympathetic ink, certain odds and ends of old verse. Tom certainly, in his ordinary condition of wholesome dulness, could never have recalled them.

I cannot venture to tax the reader with the whole of the wandering talk of this cheerless scene. I must hurry to the end of it. After much of a like kind, Tom said—still recurring to the desperate ride:

"We got upon fast horses. The sun was shining and the ground was all in a white blaze and singing like silver under the clack of the horse-shoes. Lord! what a gait we went at!

'He mounted himself on a coal-black steed,
And her on a freckled grey—
With a bugalet horn hung at his side—
And roundly they rode away.'

"So—so. She rides like a queen of the Tartars when she hears her king's horn. She is strait as a poplar. How her curls fly! I thought one of them was a yellow snake, and snapped at me as the wind whipped it out. But it was not so. The beautiful lady has a delicious mouth with scarlet lips, and eyes cut out of blue jewels. Father, give me some wine. There is a little stream coming down a hill—what a fresh, cool stream!—bring me near it, and put my mouth to it. How careless! You have let me fall to a great depth just as I meant to drink. The fall stuns me, and I cannot look up. Ah, now I can. Reach out a hand, Miss Minny; Lord! what an arm she puts out—long, and white as the wood of a peeled maple. But it lifts me—up—up—up—to life again. You draw me up—you make me live—your merciful eyes give me unspeakable happiness."

The last sentence was spoken calmly; the eyes of the speaker were directed full to the face of Miss Blair; the deeply-moved girl answered it as though it had been the utterance of a sane man.

"Would that I could draw you up—would that I could make you live."

"What price would you pay for his safety?" the elder Herries asked with a manner of harsh scrutiny.

"My life, if necessary. You have misjudged me, sir. I am not cold and indifferent to the condition of your son."

Miss Blair passed to the chair of Dr. Gaunt, and shook him with so much force that he presently looked up with a pair of very red eyes, and said—"bless me, I must have fallen into a doze."

"Doctor—are you quite awake? Is there no means of curing this terrible delirium?"

"The delirium will go off," replied Dr. Gaunt, rubbing his eyes with the corners of his handkerchief;—"but how it will leave him is another question." Then the old gentleman blew his nose explosively; and having done so, proceeded to charge it again with an immense grasp of snuff—not a pinch.

"Now that you are quite awake, promise me this, Doctor; stay faithfully here, and when the delirium is about to subside send a fast rider for me. Whatever the hour may be, night or day, through any weather I will come at once. I have

a remedy which I wish to try as soon as your patient can receive it."

So saying Miss Blair came again to the bed—removed the elf-locks from the forehead of poor Tom Herries—looked sadly upon his face whilst her lips moved with unuttered words—and then, turning, left the room. John Herries followed; as she sped along a passage he called to her; looking back she saw him come up slowly and with a meditative countenance. He presently said:

"I have entertained hard, and now I am sure, unjust thoughts of you. Pardon my rudeness—forgive my evil thoughts."

"I do so, Mr. Herries, without reservation."

"We are overwhelmed by this domestic affliction."

"Let us hope, sir."

John Herries fixed a forgiving and even a tender regard upon Minny Blair; the community of feeling avowed in her brief 'let *us* hope sir,' swept his mind clear of all lingering doubts, and of much of its fear. This gentle and generous girl, partaking his griefs, was not an enemy to darken his future, when the power to do so should pass, by the death of her uncle, into her hands; moreover, a finer chord than this selfish one was touched.

"I confide in you," he said, "for I begin now to know your noble nature. We turn over a bright leaf, Miss Blair, when we discover a true and self-sacrificing friend—and all the brighter when we find the friendship where we looked for a scornful want of sympathy. God bless you."

Minny Blair's eyes became suffused with tears. The gentleness of a stern man is always effective.

Minny sat by her uncle's side, at Lindores, one stormy morning a few days after the visit, some scenes of which I have just given to the reader. The old man quietly enjoyed her presence and discourse. He did not perceive a frequent lapse, from the topic which seemed to engage her, into momentary silence, and thoughts of other things; for the devoted girl would quickly fly back from these broodings, and re-enter with hurried animation upon her suspended task of amusing. Breaking in upon her feverish discourse, came a summons; Dr. Gaunt had despatched the fast rider to say that Tom Herries had recovered his reason. Minny, faithful to her promise, encountered a severe storm, and was soon at the bed-side of her lover. Tom, whose face had become very much like a hatchet, held her hand placidly and welcomed her with intelligence, but without excitement. His cheeks were of an ashy white; his eyes were all the more prominent for the falling away in the adjacent parts, but they were redeemed by a soft and gentle expression; his chin and upper lip had sprouted a neglected beard, crisp, short, and of an auburn colour. This Ænobarbus with the hatchet face was certainly not very winning in his looks, but the eye of pity and generous appreciation which beamed upon him seemed to take no note of his extraordinary want of comeliness.

"You perceive," said Tom lowly, "that I am nearly gone. Have a little patience; I will be out of your way before long."

Minny stooped until her breath stole like a faint south wind over the stubble of Tom's chin, and replied—

"I perceive no such thing. You are strong and will live now. Do you know that you must *live for me?*"

"Live for you?"

"Certainly. We are to be married—are we not?"

Tom sighed, and looked up sadly and wistfully.

"Why do you sigh?"

"I must not have a wife so much above me. Of course you must always despise me; and be incessantly wretched yourself."

"You are generous, and devoted," the beautiful girl said in low tones, and with a tremor in them which is always of gentle omen. "But you want a just and manly self-appreciation. I think so nobly of you that, upon my word, I am unwilling to forego"—here Minny checked herself with a smile. She presently said—"will you keep my hand, which you hold now, if I give it to you willingly?"

Tom seemed very much surprised.

"I perceive," said Minny, "that you are incorrigible with your humble and delicate fancies; you are a singular lover. But if you are resolved not to speak, I must be so unfeminine as to do so. Mr. Herries, will you remain faithful to your engagement, and permit me to be your wife?"

The truth dawned upon Tom Herries. After a long silence, during which his countenance betrayed many varying emotions, he said:

"You are not a human creature—but one of God's beautiful angels."

"Thank you. You are very much mistaken however; you must perceive that my hand, which you have nearly broken, is substantial. You must also perceive that I have no wings." To prove this last assertion the tall and lithe girl turned her person until the graceful sweep of her shoulders became visible to Tom Herries. There were no celestial pinions; but only such shoulders as the quiver of Diana the huntress doubtless rested upon.

Her modest lover, retaining her hand, answer-

ed the speech and the pretty gesture which accompanied it.

"Your hand is substantial and warm, and you have no wings, but you are at least as good and beautiful as if you were an angel. Miss Minny—Miss Minny—do not conceal anything from me. Speak truly, from the bottom of your heart. You are perhaps pretending that you love me, in order to save my good-for-nothing life."

"I said just now, Mr. Herries, that you were incorrigible. How often do you mean to compel me to tell you that I love you? Recollect that you have not once said that you loved me. Do you wish me to explain why it is that I am willing to become your wife? Well, fellowship in high sentiment produces love; and did we not, Mr. Herries, you and I, unite ourselves in gallant fellowship, when we galloped down to that frightful gulf? I felt it possible to become your wife in that swift moment; it was because I did so that I flew back to the hope of life, and used my best means—then when the speed of our horses, on the very verge as we were, could not be restrained—to preserve it. You heard me, in that last moment, call to you to be wary."

"Speak on; your voice is so musical. What a brave heart you must have! Speak on."

"I have positively very little to say, Mr. Herries. It is not often that we find inviolable truth, generosity, extreme devotion of self for the ease of others, courage, tenderness, united in one human being. I think that I have found them in you. Whatever drawbacks you may possess with them, you will, doubtless, cure in time. Your worst faults have sprung from a want of self-respect; there can be little dignity of character where a modest but manly self-respect is wanting. Is not this a strange, grave mode of speaking to you? I repeat that I love you—if you take any pleasure in the avowal. You still hold my hand; it shall be yours forever, when you are well enough to receive it."

"Well enough to receive it? That I will be without much delay," said Tom Herries. "I have entirely given up the idea of dying. God bless you—good—beautiful—generous—lady! Do not go yet. Leave your hand in mine. So you are to be my wife? This hand—how soft, and white, and warm it is!—is to be mine forever?"

Tom drew the hand to his lips. Almost at the same moment he caught a glimpse of himself in a glass across the room. He heaved an immense sigh, and muttered—

"There never was any one so miserably ugly as I am."

Minny Blair laughed, and said:

"You are certainly not very handsome; but sick people are not generally handsome. You must be well very soon, and then you will be better looking."

—Adding quickly, "I seal our contract," she stooped and kissed his cheek.

When Dr. Gaunt came back to the chamber from which Miss Blair had for an hour banished him, he found his patient in so hopeful a state that he began to entertain sanguine expectations of the fulfilment of Major Wright's promise. This promise, the reader will recollect, was to celebrate the recovery of Tom Herries with a dinner to the "picked gentlemen" of the country; at which dinner the hospitable Major was under an obligation to toast Tom as "a fine, dare-devil, dashing fellow."

"We will get on now, I think," said Dr. Gaunt. "If there is no change for the worse by to-morrow, Wright must have notice."

And Tom Herries shook disease off. Azrael has little to do with bold, hopeful hearts. Minny Blair had poured oil into his flickering and failing lamp; it began, with the moment in which she did so, to burn up anew, and soon regained a clear and strong lustre.

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CHAPTER VIII.

When I began this history it was with the purpose of developing the progress of a nature in some respects well-gifted, from a single crime to which unrestrained passions in an evil hour propelled it, to remorse and eventual ruin. I found myself very early beguiled into a love-story, and thrown quite out from my original design. I must now leave the more pleasant theme, which should have been subordinate, to give in a final scene some necessary explanations, and an appearance of connection between the beginning and ending of my work. In hastening on to this final scene, I pass over the details of a great event—the marriage of Tom Herries with the beautiful Minny Blair; a lady whose worth, inasmuch as it was infinite—I trust the reader has long ago discovered this—could receive no increase from the splendid dowry which the love of Andrew Blair bestowed with her. It was a brave wedding; and its results have been fortunate. An unequal match can scarcely remain unequal very long, except where mutual dislike exists as a repellant, and prevents assimilation. The coarse and common must yield to the high and refined, or the converse must happen. There must be a lifting up or a pulling down. In the case before us the better result has followed. It will be remembered that the follies which Tom Herries committed in an early part of this history were after-dinner follies; he has since become somewhat marked for a gentlemanly moderation in

his cups. His intelligence is not remarkable; but his manners are sufficiently subdued, leaving a fresh, entertaining and natural gayety without coarseness; indeed I find this excellent gentleman a very agreeable companion, in the long evenings which I occasionally spend with him. When we recollect, moreover, how honorable, courageous and devoted he certainly is, we can scarcely pity his magnificent wife for the union, or deem her aristocratic hand and true heart, more than his due. Now let us pass on to a conclusion.

It was a summer evening, six months after the wedding. Death was descending upon the old and weary master of Lindores. His intellect enfeebled but not clouded measured the pace of its approach.

The windows of the chamber, in which he lay dying, were raised; their curtains, hanging before them, shut out a flood of moonlight, but let in the warm breath of an August breeze. The trees, whose long boughs rustled against the walls and eaves of the house, were alive with the sharp cries of katydids and numberless other little musicians of the summer night. Now and then a bat flitted in, as a curtain streamed with the entering breeze, and circled about the ceiling until a succeeding swell of the wind reopened a way for egress. Continually several large beetles droned in their harsh flight, beating the white walls with horny wings. Lights were burning dimly in the chamber.

At the bed-side stood Minny Blair, now Mrs. Herries, and a tall gentleman in the black dress of a clergyman. As we join this group Andrew Blair begins to speak decisively.

"Minny, the time has come for acquainting you with the dreadful secret of my life," he said with a transient energy.

"Any extraordinary communication will move you, sir, and may injure you."

"Go to the walnut cabinet; press the carving at the extreme corner next the window; you will find a drawer—it fastens with a spring. You will see a single paper—bring it to me."

His niece followed these directions—discovered and opened the secret drawer of the cabinet, and presently came back with the paper. It was folded like a law-paper, and labelled simply, "The statement of A. B."

"Bring the lights nearer; and you, Mr. Gibson, read aloud what I have there written. Minny remain and hear."

Presently Mr. Gibson, the clergyman, putting on his spectacles and arranging the lights, opened the paper and read aloud.

"I ask pardon of Almighty God for a grievous crime which I, Andrew Blair, have committed. I fear to make appeal for forgiveness to the less merciful tribunal of man; for my crime man and his laws will not pardon. I make this confession to be read by my representatives when death shall have removed me from fears of earthly justice. Why do I make it? I know not; except that my secret struggles incessantly to escape, and I imagine that some peace may be gained by providing even for its eventual release. A secret of blood ravages the heart that would utterly confine it.

"On the 20th day of November, in the year 18—, Col. Arthur Pellew, my neighbor, came to my house. I received him kindly, and induced him to remain and dine with me. Some months before, a portion of his lands had been sold under my agency; I had been made trustee in a deed of trust to secure payment of debts due from Pellew to certain persons living at a distance. The debts had slept for several years; demand of payment happened unfortunately to be made shortly after a change in Pellew's political relations with me, and upon the heel of something like a quarrel which his failure to support me in a closely contested election had produced between us. At a time subsequent to the sale of his lands I yielded so far to my desire to appease him, and regain a lost friend, as to explain fully all facts in connection with my trusteeship. He seemed then to yield up his harsh opinion that *I had brought his creditors suddenly upon him, and pressed the sale of his lands, in vindictive return for his political desertion of my cause.* I fancied that I had convinced him of the truth, i. e. that his creditors had made the demand of their own accord, and had even compelled me against my earnest remonstrances to make the sale. On the occasion of the visit to me I continued for several hours to believe that my guest had been quite satisfied by my explanations; as we dined together, however, I perceived that I had been mistaken. His complaints were renewed, and in exceedingly offensive terms. I endured them with a show of equanimity, but with an intense rage under it. He left my house; I could not remain behind; with a half-formed purpose of vengeance I joined him. My manner continued to be moderate—I uttered certain formulas of regret that my neighbor and old friend should misunderstand and so deeply wrong me. His answer was a direct charge of falsehood, and double-dealing, accompanied by an oath, and a look not only of anger but of contempt. Then the measure was filled to overflowing. Would to God that my nature had been of the common sort which resents wrong or outrage on the spot, and when reflection comes, has no pang but for the passionate blow which laws and the best wisdom of man half excuse. *Ira brevis furor est.* But the very moderation

which I could seem to assume, and which was commonly considered proof of a poised intellect and tutored nature was my terrible curse. Why should I not admit the truth? The moderation of manner under offence which I had always practised was only the result of *cowardice*. The red blaze of anger in my fellow man paled me into timidity; it was only an art of manner that made the timidity appear a temperate and wise forbearance. I was in fact a craven, with a vile and vindictive temper—more unrestrainable after its subtil sort than the more ordinary passion of a rash choleric man. I continued to walk with Col. Pellew, but now in silence; he gave me, at first, a look of contemptuous surprise, when he found that his insults had not driven me off; then he walked on as if he had been quite alone. I determined to take vengeance for his insults—direct, terrible insults, such as no man had ever before put upon me. What measure or kind of vengeance? If a spark of manly courage had quickened my nature, the course would have been clear and the task easy. What easier than to say in the fields—'turn sir; you have grossly insulted me; give me satisfaction?' But I was a coward; I could not dare so extremely; the choleric giant would have turned upon me as the Bull of the Alpujaras meets the Toreador. I yielded to a wild anger and a base cowardice; I was sold to the evil genius; I yielded to the subtil devil within me; I determined to strike my adversary at advantage—*to murder him*. When this purpose was matured I found temperate words to utter; if Pellew had shown the least return to kindly feeling my purpose might have been even then suddenly relinquished. But he strode on in sullen silence. We came to the line of the estates—a skirt of woodland lies on this side of it. A disused well was near us; the foundation walls of an old farm-house, and some straggling fruit trees of a great age will guide those who may search for this well, although it has long since been filled up quite to the grassy level.

"As we came within a few steps of the well I drew a sharp and long knife; I stood one step behind my victim; I struck. I repeated the blow—I struck many times—for there was a confounding and desperate struggle. But death came at last; the giant was quite dead at my feet. More in obedience to a predetermination than from any present prompting, I drew with a great effort the body to the edge of the well, and permitted it to fall heavily in. The depth was inconsiderable; I gathered heaps of the dried grass and weeds and threw them in upon the corpse. As I was engaged in this labor a man came running to the spot. I remember in a dull and ghostly way his looks of horror as he caught my arm. I spoke to him—what I do not recollect. We left the field of blood at last.

"The name of this man I will not give. If he has committed an offence it has been merely one of concealment—concealment of my crime. And yet he has not dealt in all things gently by me. I forgive; I have so much to be forgiven.

"The witness of my crime came to me one terrible night—the second night after the fatal evening—and said that men should have burial, and not be cast into pits like dead brutes. How awful was his proposition! It was that the dead body should be taken up and buried in consecrated ground. He seemed to pity me—and if his views have since proved selfish, I am sure that his pity was then genuine. He seemed to be full of superstitious horror—I have no doubt he felt it—at the idea of the brutal neglect of the remains of a fellow man. I gave in to his proposition; I could do no otherwise. The deserted Baptist burial-ground, by the old church in the hills, a mile from the spot of the murder, was chosen as the place of sepulture. We went to work that very night. A horse, snorting under the horrible burthen, bore the corpse. We opened an old grave where the dead tenant had returned to dust, and placed Arthur Pellew in his place. Some forest leaves and a dead thorn tree covered the marks of the fresh burial; there now lie the remains of the murdered man.

"Col. Pellew had no connections in this country. His disappearance excited surprise only until it was discovered that his fortunes were hopelessly involved. Then it was easily conjectured that he had collected his available means, and left the country.

"I ask pardon of Almighty God for my terrible crime. I have beseought His pardon for years. I do not despair of it; for His mercy is infinite; and indeed I have suffered the tortures of hell here on earth. In consideration of my poor human weakness; in consideration of endured agonies, and a ruined earthly peace; but above all, upon the blessed basis of the Good Saviour's atonement. I beseech the divine pardon."

This lamentable paper was written in a broken hand; it was also marred and confused, in a part of it, with repetitions, as if the writer dreaded to approach the principal fact. Most of the repetitions I have suppressed; I have suppressed also here and there an interjectional comment, into which feeling seems to have forced him, upon the enormity of his offence. The original narrative is frequently interrupted with such "cries of anguish."

As the good clergyman ended his task of reading, he heard a husky "Amen—Lord pardon me." It came from the lips, and the profound heart of the dying man. Then, as the exclama-

tion reached him, the minister knelt gently by the bed-side, and prayed. His prayers, accompanied by the sobs of woman, and the feeble echoes of his words from the dying, became fervent and eloquent.

It was ended. There was a lull. The breath of Andrew Blair became obstructed. It might scarcely be heard for the wind that filled the chamber with the fresh odours of the summer world out beyond it; for the music of the insects housed in the rustling foliage; for the very beating of the two good hearts so near him. Finally it could not at all be heard. Andrew Blair was dead.

Perhaps the reader will expect a few concluding words concerning the families of Herries and Wright. Major Wright still lives, and has not lost his relish for the chase, or his power of undergoing its fatigues. He has married his daughter with the name of the British queen—a name which I was quite clear upon when I formerly gave it to the reader, but which I have since forgotten from some trick of a bad memory—to a ruddy young fox-hunter with a good property. Miss Araminta Wright is still in a condition of enforced celibacy—her father having dismissed "the young gentleman from town" as too bad a horseman to marry into his family.

John Herries, soon after the death of Andrew Blair, made a bonfire upon a small scale. The pictures of his dining-room were consumed. In the ashes left in the hearth after this conflagration, a servant afterwards found the metallic skeleton of a long-bladed knife, which, as its temper was gone, he threw away, with some ordinary comment to his fellow-servants. This knife had in its time pierced human vitals. The plough has doubtless buried it long since in the fruitful soil, over which springs and summers, as they pass, make the hiding wheat wave in its green, and droop in its russet. The life of John Herries, clouded by doubtful practices but fortunately not stained by crime, became and continues serene. Prosperity has proved wholesome to him. His meek wife is a picture of sedate cheerfulness. Her daughter Georgiana, a sweet girl whom we have too much lost sight of among the crowding forms of this history, is her gentle and affectionate companion. She looks too with pride and love to Tom Herries and his beautiful wife, and is a great deal with them at Lindores.

I bid the reader adieu. Perhaps at some future time I will again impose upon his good will and courtesy.

BOCCACCIO AND HIS WRITINGS.

The fluctuations which may be observed in public taste in matters belonging to the province of literature, are no less unaccountable and remarkable than the variations which it undergoes in other respects. To endeavor to trace the change which has been gradually taking place from age to age, would be to engage in a question the developments of which would undoubtedly produce materials as numerous and varied as interesting. Were we for a few moments to glance over the pages of English literature, restricting our survey solely to the progressive mutations of style, independent of those which influence the language itself, we should find abundant food for reflection in the strange diversity of style which each successive period has given rise to, in the comparison of the literature of any period with the history and manners of the people at the time, and in the reconciling of various theories relating to the advancement of civilization. Or to be more explicit, it may be as well to enter into a more particular explanation of the revolutions to which we have reference, and illustrate them by a few concise details, and a rapid indication, of the more prominent points of this subject that present themselves to our view. At one period we shall remark a style full of conceits, qaint and grotesque humor, and a trifling play upon words, so continuous and so frequently recurring as to form almost the only features of the literature of the time. At another period we are overwhelmed with unwieldy masses of English words entangled and thrown together with all the perplexing inversions so characteristic of the ancient tongues, and which are so effective and appropriate an ornament in their native soil. Again we have writers whose only effort is to dazzle by the polished eloquence which distinguishes them. With one class of authors every thing assumes a hue of austere philosophy; with another there is an artful intermingling of pathos of the most touching and affecting description with strokes of humor occasionally of the broadest kind.

The character of a whole age is sometimes stamped with one or other of these features, and all works issued at these periods bear the impress belonging to the time. But this is not universally so, there are now and then remarkable exceptions. It sometimes happens that a single author of original genius may produce a work whose style and subject are both inimitable and unimitated, and this remark applies most particularly to English literature, containing as it does such productions as the Paradise Lost, Bunyan's

Pilgrim's Progress, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and a number of others which will suggest themselves to the recollection of the reader.

Among the valuable relics which have been handed down to us from the "olden time," there are some styles now altogether abandoned, we fear as much by readers as by writers. This we deem should not be altogether so, it is a loss of much refined instruction and agreeable entertainment. Who that has cultivated a taste for letters, at all above the ordinary standard, would not rejoice to see revived among our poets the magnificent versification of Milton, or the classical elegance of Addison? Would it not be infinitely preferable to the absurdities which every passing week produces in the way of mutilating the verse of our language, and might it not afford a consoling contrast for the perpetrations of the school of Carlyle?

The grace and delicacy which are combined with the most refreshing simplicity in the style of Boccaccio present a model every way worthy of imitation; not a servile imitation which reflects the errors as well as the beauties of its original, and too often distorts beauties till they become errors, but an enlightened reproduction of the great principles which regulate and define the limits of style. There is an ingenuousness too about the old Italian story-teller which is quite captivating, and an occasional light *morbidezza* which, though rendering his Decameron unfit to be placed indiscriminately in the hands of all, possesses, for its masterly management, high artistic value in the eye of the critic of fine writing.

The Decameron is composed of one hundred tales of various lengths and on numerous interesting topics: it is divided into a period of ten days, each of which comprises ten novels. Some are mere anecdotes, brief descriptions, or tales illustrative of traits of character peculiar to the time. Depending for the interest which invests them almost entirely upon the ingenuity of the structure of their plot, they are told by their different narrators, in an easy, graphic style, which still occasionally rises into beauty and pathos, or descends to exquisite drollery. In the brief space allotted to the Italian novella, there is of course a difficulty to overcome, not encountered by the writer who allows himself a wider field for the exercise of his ingenuity or his imagination. The fiction so shortly to be brought to a close cannot contain those multiform details, which a skilful imagination may with facility intertwine with the main plot, in the larger romance as constructed by late and living writers. Descriptions of localities or of persons—delineations of human nature—the artificial gradation of events, are all contracted and diminished, and must, to be at all perceptible, be executed with a force and brilliancy sufficient to compensate for the lack of space.

Read over those enchanting descriptions given by Boccaccio of Italian scenery and rural pleasures, or those sunrise scenes with which he ushers in each succeeding day, and it cannot but be admitted that there are few things to be found either in painting or descriptive writing to equal them. Review his portraits *delle piu belle e telle piu leggiadre che in Firenze fossero;* they are in writing, what the most perfect paintings of female beauty that the engraver has hitherto sent into every house, are in a separate branch of art. Recall the adventures of Andreuccio da Perugia and endeavor to find, if possible, in the same space more natural and yet extraordinary occurrences in any tale of the kind extant. Can a lesson in the science of the world be more elegantly and concisely given than in those two witty productions of *Cisti Fornaid* or of *Madonna Oretta*. And with respect to the invention of character, we may refer to the entertaining frolics and merry humors of Calandrino, Bruno and Buffalmacco; or to the audacious exploit of Ser Ciappelletto, a sort of Italian Falstaff, the anecdote displaying the subtile acumen of Melchisedech the Jew, the touching history of the unfortunate loves of Lorenzo and Lisabetta, or the stern and unrelenting cruelty of Tancred, Prince of Salerno. But perhaps it may prove acceptable to the lovers of romance, if we present them with one of the least exceptionable of the novels. Which shall it be? for here there is an almost infinite variety;—selection is difficult, but we will attempt

The Falcon of Federigo.

In France there was formerly a young man named, (for Boccaccio is always scrupulously particular in regard to names,) Federigo di Messer Filippo Alberighi, who was universally acknowledged to be superior to all the youth of Tuscany in every genteel and elegant accomplishment. He became enamoured with a fair lady named Monna Giovanna, who was in her time one of the most beautiful and accomplished of her sex in Florence; and that he might obtain the favor of her love, he spent his time in jousts, feats of arms, festivals and the like, and in this course of improvidence he lavished the whole of his fortune. But the lady who was no less virtuous than beautiful, appeared never to waste a care either upon all these things which were occasioned by his devotion to her beauty, or upon him who thus adored her. In this manner Federigo living beyond his means and gaining nothing, as must happen on like occasions,

his funds at length failed him and he became poor, having preserved of his all only one small estate, upon the revenue of which he supported himself in his straitened circumstances. and a falcon, one of the best to be found in the world. But more in love than ever, and it not being in his power to reside in the city as he preferred, he went into the country where his estate was, to take up his abode. There as often as he was able, he amused himself with hawking, and without receiving assistance from any one, he supported his poverty in patience. Now it happened one day, that while Federigo was in this extremity the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick, and at the approach of death made a will, and being very wealthy left all to his eldest son; and then, as he had much loved Monna Giovanna, he appointed her, if it happened that his son should die without legitimate heirs, to enter upon the possession of his property. Then he died. Monna Giovanna being thus left a widow, went, as is customary with our ladies, to spend the year of mourning in the country with her son, at an estate belonging to her in the neighborhood of that of Federigo. So it happened that her boy soon commenced a familiar intercourse with Federigo, and to take great pleasure in hawks and hounds; and having often seen Federigo's falcon fly, he was pleased with it in an extraordinary manner and desired very much to possess it. But still he did not dare to ask him for it, as he saw how highly he prized it. And now, while affairs were in this condition, it happened that the boy fell sick, at which his mother was thrown into a high state of grief and solicitude, as he was her only son, and she loved him as much as ever son was loved. She spent whole days with him; she never ceased doing all in her power to restore him to health, and moreover, she often inquired of him if he was in want of any thing, begging him to tell her what it was, promising him if it could possibly be procured she would take means to get it for him. The boy, after hearing the promise repeated many times, said—"Mother, if you can get me the falcon of Federigo, I believe I shall get well." The lady when she heard this, was silent for a few moments and commenced to think what she ought to do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, but that he had never received the least favor from her, and so she said, "how shall I send for or ask for this falcon, which is, as I hear, the best that ever flew, and moreover is that attaches him to the world. And how could I be so heartless as to deprive a noble heart, to whom but one solitary enjoyment has remained, of even that." Hesitating as this idea presented itself, although sure of obtaining her request if she should ask, and scarcely knowing what to say, she remained silently gazing at her son. Finally her maternal love gained the victory, and she concluded, to please the boy, that that which was most suitable and proper was, not to send a messenger, but to go herself on her errand and ask for the falcon, and so, said she to her son, "my son, comfort yourself and endeavor to get well, for I promise thee that the first thing that I shall do to-morrow morning will be to go for this bird, and then I shall bring it to you." This so delighted the boy, that the same day he manifested evident improvement. The next day, his mother having invited another lady to accompany her under the pretext of a walk, went to the residence now occupied by Federigo, and sent to ask to see him. Not having that day set out on a hawking expedition, he was in his garden occupied with certain minor arrangements. When he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him at the door, he hastened thither much astonished. When she saw him coming she rose with the most gracious air to meet him, and he on his part performed with the utmost reverence a dignified salutation. She then said to him, "good morning, Federigo," and added, "I have come to make reparation for the wrongs you have endured for me, loving me more than was for your good; and the reparation shall be such that I intend, with this lady who has accompanied me, to dine sociably with you to-day." To which Federigo humbly responded, "Madam, I do not recollect to have received any wrong at your hands, but on the contrary, so many benefits, that if I ever enjoyed any consideration, it is through your own estimation, and the love which I have had for you. And most certainly, this gracious visit of yours is much more dear to me than it would be if I had again to spend as much as I have spent, since you visit a poor host." Having thus spoken he received her with evident humiliation within his house, and afterwards conducted her into his garden, and there being unable to find any one else to keep her company, he said. "Madonna, since there is no other person here, this good woman, who is the wife of my farmer, will keep your company while I am gone to have the table set." Although his poverty was extreme, he had not till this day perceived to what want he had reduced himself by having spent improvidently his riches. But this morning finding nothing which might do honor to the lady for whose love he had himself been induced to honor so many other persons, he felt a pang; and in the extremity of his anguish he stood in a corner by himself, cursing his hard fate, and then began to hurry hither and thither, neither finding money nor a pledge by which he could obtain it. The hour was a late one and his desire of doing honor to the lady was excess-

sive; and, in his pride, not being willing to ask assistance from another, not even from his farmer, his eyes fell upon his good falcon, which he saw perched upon the bar which traversed his cage.

As he found himself bereft of all other resources, he took down his falcon, and finding him very fat, he thought him worthy to make a dish for such a lady. And so, without giving himself time for reflection, he wrung his neck and gave him to the cook to have him instantly picked, dressed, placed on the spit and roasted; and, having dressed the table with the whitest cloth, of which he had a few remaining, with a smiling countenance he returned to the lady in his garden and told her that such a dinner as he was able to prepare, was now awaiting her. Hearing this the lady, with her companion, arose and went to the table, and without knowing what they ate, together with Federigo, who waited upon them with the utmost gallantry, dined upon the famous falcon.

When the table was cleared, and a short time had been spent in agreeable conversation, the lady, deeming the opportunity favorable for declaring the object of her visit, thus addressed Federigo:

"Federigo, in recalling your former life, and my own indiscretion, which perhaps you regarded as harshness and cruelty, I am not permitted to entain a doubt, but that you should wonder at my presumption when you hear what has been the principal reason for my visit. But if you knew what it is to have a son, or if you ever had known, by which you would be enabled to form a conception of what strength is parental love, it appears to me not improbable that you would hold me excused. But though you have not, I, who have one, cannot for that, free myself from the common laws which are binding upon all those who are mothers, and as I must obey them, I am compelled, much against my own pleasure, and in utter disregard of all propriety and right, to ask of you a gift of an object which I know to be held dear to you, and well may it be so, since your reduced circumstances have left you no other delight, no other diversion, no other consolation; now this gift is your falcon, with which my boy is so much fascinated, that if I do not take it to him, I fear that it will aggravate his illness so much that his loss may be the consequence. I pray you, therefore, not by the love which you have professed for me, for by that I could pretend to no claim upon you, but by your noble nature, which in such evidences of generosity has displayed itself more than in any other manner, that you will give it to me, that by this gift I may assure myself of having preserved the life of my child, and thereby be eternally obliged to you."

Federigo, upon hearing what the lady asked of him and being conscious that he could not serve her, because the bird was no more, began in her presence to weep, before he was able to answer a single word. This display of grief the lady at first thought arose from regret at parting with the good falcon, rather than from any other cause, and, actuated by this idea, she was upon the point of saying that she would not receive it; but still, having controlled herself, she waited till, after his fit of weeping had subsided, Federigo should give her his answer, which he at length did in these words:

"Madonna, after it pleased God that I should direct my love to you I have found fortune adverse in many things, and I have had much to lament; but all these have been light in comparison with what she now inflicts upon me, and for which I can never be again reconciled to her, in the thought that you have deigned to come here to my humble abode, to which, while I was rich, you never would condescend to come, and ask a small gift of me, and you have so timed your request that it is not in my power to grant it; and why it is so I shall briefly inform you.

"When I heard that you had done me the honor to come and dine with me, having regard to your excellency and your worth, I deemed it incumbent upon me that I should do honor to my guest with the choicest viands in my house in preference to those which are ordinarily placed upon my table. So that calling to mind the falcon you ask of me and its excellent qualities, I reputed it a food worthy of you, and this morning you have had it roasted upon the table, all which I had done for the best; but seeing now that you wished to possess it in another manner, I am so dejected at not being able to obey you that I believe I shall never again be at peace with myself." And having said this, he threw down before her eyes the feathers, feet and beak, that had once belonged to the falcon, in testimony of what he said. When the lady saw and heard this, she at first blamed him for having killed such a noble bird to provide a meal for a woman, and then was lost in admiration within herself at that greatness of heart, which it was beyond the power of poverty ever to overcome. Then as she had no further expectation of obtaining the falcon and thus finding the safety of her son hazarded, she went away in great depression of mind, and returned to her boy, who, either from melancholy at being unable to possess the falcon or from the effects of his sickness, which possibly would of itself have had a similar termination, in the space of not many days, to the inexpressible grief of his mother, passed from this life.

After a period spent in tears and bitterness,

the lady having remained immensely wealthy, and being still young, was many times requested by her brothers to contract another marriage. On her part though she would not of her own accord have taken such a step, yet seeing herself in a manner constrained, recollecting the worth of Federigo and the last trait of his magnificence, in not having hesitated in despatching a falcon of such rare value to honor her, she said to her brothers: "I would willingly remain as I am, but if you so earnestly desire me to take another husband, be assured I shall never consent to have one if I am not permitted to have Federigo degli Alberighi." Her brothers wishing to ridicule her out of this resolve, said: "Are you mad, Giovanna, to marry a man that has not a cent in the world?" To this she replied: "my brothers, I well know the truth of what you say; but for my part I prefer a man without money to money without a man." Her brothers, when she had declared her mind, having long known Federigo, notwithstanding his present circumstances, decided to accede to her wish and gave her to him with all her possessions.

Federigo at length seeing himself in possession of a lady of her extraordinary qualities and one whom he had so extravagantly adored, and being at the same time restored to affluence, became a better economist and passed the remainder of his days in happiness with his wife.

SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM JACOBI.

Tell me where's the violet fled,
  Late so gaily blowing,
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
  Choicest sweets bestowing?
    Swain, the vernal scene is o'er
    And the violet blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
  Pride of fragrant morning,
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
  Hill and dale adorning?
    Gentle maid, the summer's fled,
    And the hopeless rose is dead.

Bear me then to yonder rill,
  Late so freely flowing,
Watering many a daffodil
  On its margin glowing.
    Sun and wind exhaust its store;
    Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bowery shade
  Late with roses flaunting,—
Loved resort of youth and maid
  Amorous ditties chaunting.
    Hail and storm with fury shower;
    Leafless mourns the rifled bower!

Say where bides the village maid?
  Late you cot adorning,
Oft I've met her in the glade,
  Fair and fresh as morning—
    Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
    Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
  Who of rural pleasures,
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
  Sung in deftest measures?
    Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
    Death has closed the Poet's eyes.

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

NO. V.

(CONCLUDED.)

Right merrily went off the expected wedding, and Henry was quite as much pleased, amused and surprised at the scene as Philip and Fanny had supposed he would be; there was, as they had foretold, a real gathering of the clans; aunts, uncles and cousins in the tenth degree. The assembly being almost entirely composed of relatives, friends and neighbors, gave it somewhat the character of a large family party, and all was mirth, fun and cordiality. There were certainly many deviations from fashion and taste in the costume of some of the guests, but the girls were generally very pretty, and with a sort of feminine instinct, seemed to have discovered in most cases how to dress in a manner very becoming to their various styles of appearance.

Amongst these fair girls, Fanny shone like the evening star, "far, far above them a'," and not only in Henry's eyes, for the general voice was unanimous in awarding her the palm for grace, beauty and attraction. Most mothers, however, in giving her the preference, made a secret reservation in favor of their own daughters. No waltzes, gallopades or polkas were admitted in the festivities, as both Mr. Seyton and Mrs. Maynard highly disapproved of these modern innovations; sprightly Scotch reels and graceful quadrilles, were the order of the night, and the old looked on with benignant pleasure at the mirth of the young, and delighted to trace in the air, manner and appearance of the youthful dancers, the family peculiarities of their ancestors. Family traditions and legends form a favorite subject of conversation amongst Virginia gentlemen of the old school, and they are frequently most accurate genealogists, though family records where they exist at all, are generally kept in the most imperfect man-

ner. A few of the old gentlemen partook so strongly of the general hilarity as to yield to the earnest solicitations of the youthful part of the community, and join in a dance or two, as moving tableaux of the last generation.

Ice-creams, jellies, cakes, syllabubs, &c., covered the supper-table in sufficient profusion to have supplied a company three times as numerous as those assembled, and these dainties were as usual fully appreciated by the elder portion of the guests. The bride looked fair, modest, pretty, and was unexceptionably dressed, but as she resembled thousands of other brides, she attracted no particular attention, after the general judgment had been pronounced that she was very pretty and very interesting.

Helen Maynard's wedding gave rise to many festivities, and Henry daily felt his heart warm beneath the genial influence of hospitality, frankness and genuine, unostentatious kindness. He became acquainted with a rich and odd variety of character, which not only amused him, but threw new lights on human nature; he saw much also to admire in the manliness, independence of thought, absence of pretension and real delicacy of feeling, which were prevailing characteristics amongst the gentlemen; much likewise to regret in the waste and misapplication of talent, and the indulgence of a sort of slovenliness of mind, which Philip thought ought to be ascribed partly to indolence, and partly to the independent and secluded mode of life led by most of these gentlemen, for each one followed his own fancy in reading, without definite aim or object, unless some political aspiration gave form and consistency to his studies.

Henry Livingstone's feelings became daily more deeply interested in Fanny, as he observed her character in the varying lights, which different circumstances presented. Her lovely singleness of mind and forgetfulness of self became more strikingly apparent, in scenes calculated to call forth any latent love of display, or kindle any smouldering spark of vanity; but it was evident that she partook of the general mirth with the gaiety and simplicity of a child, and she never seemed to act upon design, except that she systematically endeavored to bring into notice those who were neglected from bashfulness or want of attraction. Henry thought he had never seen her look more beautiful and interesting than when engaged in doing the amiable as hostess, to a poor, uncouth Yankee teacher, who was avoided as an especial bore by almost all the company.

"Look at Fanny Seyton," said Frank Forrest to Henry, but he perceived the advice was superfluous as soon as it was given, "see how patiently she is answering Mr. Sandford's interrogatories; after having satisfied his curiosity upon twenty other topics of equal importance and interest to himself, she is now informing him as to the year, month and day in which uncle Philip was born, which is the preliminary step to questioning her as to her own age."

"The martyrdoms of society are seldom sufficiently appreciated," replied Henry, "but when they are voluntarily suffered, as in the case of Miss Seyton, it would be difficult to say what goodness of heart and moral beauty they evince." Then fearing he was speaking with rather too much warmth and earnestness for the occasion, as he caught Frank's penetrating glance resting upon him, he changed the subject instantly, adding: "it is wonderful that a few months sojourn in the 'Old Dominion,' should not cure even the rawest Yankee of his question-asking habits, for I believe it would be impossible to find any people who were more exempt from all propensity to ask impertinent questions than the Virginians. From the highest to the lowest, this appears to be a strongly marked sectional trait, and I have been amused to observe the art and address, which even the servants use, to come at any information they may wish to be possessed of, concerning you or your affairs. I have often been surprised at the real delicacy and skill they evince on such occasions."

"'Like master, like man,' you know is an old proverb which has much truth in it; it is, however, not so generally understood, that the converse of the proposition is equally true. Many of us might trace our slovenly habits of thinking any expedient good enough that will answer the present emergency, and letting the morrow take care for the things of itself, to negro influence. Yet our intercourse with them, is not wholly without its beneficial effects upon ourselves."

"May I ask," said Henry smiling, "what those beneficial effects are?"

"In the first place, we learn, almost from our infancy, to enter into their feelings, and become so imbued with the views and sentiments of our mammies, aunts and playmates, that we learn to attach an importance to their approbation, and to entertain a sympathy with their feelings, which we never shake off. This enables us to know better how to promote their happiness, and the tribunal of public opinion amongst the colored population, thus obtains a considerable and enduring influence over the minds of the whites. The vices which they view with the greatest disapprobation, we learn to regard with especial abhorrence, such as cruelty and niggardliness, and strange as it may appear, our notions of what constitutes the character of a true gentleman, are somewhat derived from them; for no people reject, with greater contempt, the idea that money makes gentility than our blacks do. You are

doubtless surprised, yet what I say is literally true, and I could enumerate many more benefits which we derive from our intercourse with them, but I leave these to your sagacity to discover gradually, you will find it a curious and interesting subject of thought."

"I have already observed so many facts, in direct contradiction to my preconceived ideas, that I am prepared to admit the possibility of arriving at many more conclusions of which I never dreamed."

"If," said Mr. Seyton, who had been listening to the conversation between Frank and Henry, "we judged each other in the spirit of candor, and sought to discover truth instead of confirmation of our own views, to what different conclusions we should arrive! The members of our great confederacy would learn to appreciate so truly the beauty and glory of the great temple they have reared, that no Erostratus would be found mad or vain enough to fire the wonderful structure, which once destroyed, would bury beneath its ruins the best hopes of humanity. We should love and feel like brethren and the Northern and Southern people would mutually renounce prejudices, which they have imbibed at so early an age, as to consider them undeniable truths."

To this proposition both Frank and Henry assented, with a secret reservation, however, in favor of many of the prejudices of which Mr. Seyton spoke, yet, to do Henry justice, he possessed a great degree of candor, and he never clung to an error, if proof sufficient for conviction was presented to his understanding. He assented to Mr. Seyton's remark, with an involuntary sigh, for he thought how rapidly the golden days of opportunity were flying away, and how soon the scenes through which he was now passing would have gone with all their images of beauty and feelings of love, into the shadowy land of memory. He thought of those exquisite lines by one of the sweetest of pastoral poets:

> "I prized every hour that went by,
> Beyond all that had pleased me before;
> But now they are past, and I sigh,
> And I grieve that I prized them no more."

Henry was pleased when the festivities were fairly over, and the household at Oak Grove settled down in the calm every day routine of life. He felt every hour grow more precious as the time shortened, and he felt too, that the crisis of his fate was at hand, he could no longer abandon himself to that sweet, dream-like existence, in which we passively resign ourselves to delightful impressions, feeling as if any effort of our own would dissolve the spell. The first red leaves were already hanging on the boughs, and he bade farewell to summer with a deeper regret than he had ever before experienced. He had received lately a letter from his mother urging his return, and expressing her uneasiness at his long silence, containing, too, many details of his acquaintance, such as she thought most likely to interest and amuse him. This portion of the letter he passed over with a hasty and indifferent glance, exclaiming half aloud, "What can my mother suppose I care about what Julia Fenwick or Louisa Morris does, or how could she think I could be gratified at their complimentary speeches? As to their getting married, nothing could interest me less, except that I should be rather pleased at such an occurrence, to put an end forever to any silly jokes about either of them as it regards myself."

It was necessary, however, to return some speedy answer to his mother's kind letter, but he had not the courage to fix any time for his departure: he wrote in general terms of returning soon, expatiated on his improved health, described the scenery, the kindness and hospitality of the people, said a good deal for Mr. Seyton and Philip, and not a word about Fanny, for after pondering over a hundred things to say about her, every thing which had occurred to him seemed perfectly unsatisfactory and unsuitable.

Should I succeed, he thought, it will be time enough to tell my mother all, indeed, should she ever see Fanny, she will acknowledge that no description could convey an adequate idea of her.

Having despatched his letter, Henry went into the library, thinking he should probably meet Fanny there, and almost determined to try his fate in desperation, for though Fanny's manner daily grew kinder, and she gave him increasing marks of confidence, still even Hope scarcely whispered that she loved him. Yet any certainty, even the worst was preferable, to his present state of suspense, and in this mood of mind he entered the library, but he found no one there, and for a moment he breathed more freely.

A volume lay open on the table, and some freshly gathered rosebuds near it, which told him who had been reading there, and had just left the apartment. The volume was Undine in the original, and Henry thought no book could have been selected more emblematic of the fair reader; its fresh, graceful, and unique beauty—veiling by its own outward charms the deep and touching moral within so skilfully and so enchantingly, that the mere superficial reader dreamed not of the mine of gold over which the fair stream rolled—shadowed forth strongly Fanny's peculiar style of attraction, her witching charm of manner and moral loveliness. He turned over page after page, hoping to meet with some passage she had

marked, but his hand was suddenly arrested, as he perceived written on one of the fly leaves—Walter Travers. The print of the naked foot did not cause more dismay to Robinson Crusoe, when he first beheld it on his island, than these two words, for an irresistible conviction came over him, as strong as it appeared to be unreasonable, that with this name was linked the destruction of his fondest hopes. A withered sprig of myrtle, embalmed within the pages of the book, seemed to him strong confirmation of his fears, and suddenly laying the volume down, as if a serpent had stung him, he went quickly out of the library and joined Philip, whom he found standing in the yard.

"Will you walk with me Philip," he said in a low and hurried tone, which at once marked to his companion that he was struggling under the influence of unusual emotion.

"Certainly," said Philip, and the ready smile and jest died away upon his lips as he cast a glance upon Henry's agitated countenance, and instantly surmised that he had received some distressing intelligence from his friends.

Philip led the way to their favorite walk along the banks of the river, and Henry followed him instinctively and in silence, endeavoring so far to master his emotion as to enable him to speak with composure.

At length he said abruptly, "Tell me, I entreat you Philip, who is Walter Travers and whether—whether—he loves your sister?"

He paused, unable to utter another syllable; one glance at his friend was sufficient to tell Philip how deeply his inmost soul was moved, and quicker than lightning his mind combined various circumstances which had hitherto appeared insignificant, looks, words and tones were at once connected and interpreted and the whole truth rushed upon his mind with such painful conviction, that he uttered a deep and involuntary sigh.

Philip took his friend's hand, and pressed it warmly between his own, saying, "I could curse myself for a fool, Livingstone, for never having seen the truth before, owing to my confounded, inconsiderate turn of mind, never looking at any thing which does not lie directly before me."

"Then I am answered, Philip, you know that there is no hope for me. I knew that she did not love me, but I did not know how deeply I had cherished the hope that she might learn to do so, until the dreadful suspicion crossed my mind she loved another. Is this true, Philip? I conjure you by our long friendship to answer me unreservedly, and to tell me whether he is worthy of her." This was the first bitter disappointment Henry had ever experienced, and Philip, who knew how strong his sensibilities were, was greatly grieved, that he should have been the instrument of inflicting so deep a wound upon one for whom he felt a brother's love. He paused for a moment, ere he replied, studying how to frame his answer so as to cause the least possible pain, but Henry said:

"I understand your kind intention and appreciate it fully, but it is in vain, you cannot spare or even lessen the pain, by any manner, in which you can pronounce a sentence, which must be a death warrant to my hopes. Answer me truly, fully, and this will be the kindest course you can pursue."

"Then I will obey you, I know that Walter Travers has loved Fanny from her childhood," and he added, averting his eyes from Henry, "I am sure his love is not unreturned. Her heart was won before you ever saw her, and I cannot sufficiently execrate my own folly in not perceiving your danger, and giving you timely warning to avert it."

"No warning could have been timely, I loved your sister almost from the first day I saw her, nor do I know even now how to regret that I have seen her. You have nothing to reproach yourself with, Philip. But you have not yet answered my second question, tell me all about him," and he turned away as he spoke, as if preparing himself to hear something very painful.

"Walter Travers is a very noble-minded, very intellectual young man; his dignified demeanor and moral elevation have always been such, that even from a boy he was treated by every one as a man. This natural seriousness was increased by the circumstances in which he was placed. Only a month or two was wanting to complete the course of law lectures he was attending, when he was recalled home by the sudden death of his father. He found his mother overwhelmed with grief, and incapable of attending to any thing. Mr. Travers' affairs were discovered after his death to be in a state of extreme embarrassment, a circumstance he had carefully concealed from his family, hoping, perhaps, to retrieve them. Walter showed a degree of dignity, resolution and good sense under these adversities, of which no one had dreamed so young a man, educated in such total ignorance of business, capable. He became at once the head of the family, and applied all the energies of his mind and will to learn what had best be done, and then to carry the measures upon which he resolved into effect. Mrs. Travers did not want sense, but was deficient in resolution, Walter, however, supplied it, and she found relief in trusting to him implicitly. Her affections were as strong as her will was weak, and this enabled her to carry out reforms, and submit to a system of self-denial, which she could never otherwise have done. Walter sat the example

of self-denial, and it became so evident to all the family, that he preferred their gratification to his own, wherever any point of self-indulgence was concerned, that it roused a kindred spirit of generosity in the younger members of the family, and they willingly submitted to any retrenchments and privations that their brother thought necessary. Indeed, the gentle, yet grave kindness of his manner, and his firmness of resolution made them regard him rather as a father than an elder brother.

"That large, gray looking old building I was pointing out to your observation a few days ago, as a situation possessing great natural beauty, was then the family residence; to maintain so large an establishment, in the style of hospitality in which they had been wont to live, was impossible in the reduced state of their circumstances, and Walter persuaded his mother to remove to a small house, where they had been accustomed to reside for health, during the summer months. This place is at a short distance from Oak Grove, and has since been sold; there had always been some intimacy between our families, but this change in their circumstances, and Walter's exertions for his family, excited my father's interest very strongly in his favor, and he became his constant adviser in matters of business, or in any exigency that arose. My poor mother, too," and Philip's voice became involuntarily softer and sadder, as he mentioned a name so dearly loved and honored, "was very kind to Mrs. Travers and her daughters, but for Walter she felt an especial fondness and admiration.

"During this time, we saw each other very often, and Walter Travers became strongly attached to Fanny, while yet a child. Though habitually grave to others, he was always playful and gentle in his manner towards her, and exerted all his powers not only to gain her affections, but to exalt her character, and there is you know a sort of strange fascination possessed by grave and lofty natures over gay ones. But to make a long story short," said Philip, anxious to pass over the most painful part of his narration as quickly and lightly as possible, "they loved each other before their friends or themselves were conscious of their attachment.

"Walter struggled on, and stemmed the tide of adversity with a bold heart; by the most absolute self-denial, and by great exertion the most pressing debts were paid, and his younger brothers well educated. His sisters are now both married and residing in Louisiana, his mother died a year or two ago, and his brothers have made an advantageous settlement in the South with their slaves, and Walter is the only one of the race left in the Old Dominion, which he loves with all the enthusiasm and devotion of his nature. He is at present absent on a visit to his friends in the South."

"It would be insincerity," replied Henry in a tone of deep emotion, "to say that I rejoice at *any thing*, at present, especially at a contrast so humiliating to my own character as the picture which you have just drawn exhibits, yet I can truly say, that it will greatly lessen my own grief, that though my hopes are forever destroyed her happiness is secured. It will be happier, better for you all."

"Nay, my dear Livingstone," said Philip, "there is no man living upon earth whom I would sooner have called brother than yourself, had fate so decreed it, but are we not already brothers in heart? Walter Travers is certainly a noble fellow, and as he has been tried in the school of adversity and action, his powers of mind and energies of character are, of course, more developed than either yours or mine, but no one would pronounce him so well fitted to gain a lady's love as yourself, and to me he is certainly not so dear. I am deeply, truly grieved that you should have met with such a disappointment, when I had so much wished to have given you pleasure, yet when calmer feelings arise and your present impressions become fainter you will acknowledge that you could not have left your parents for a Southern home, and Fanny would never have been herself in a Northern one. It would have been like transplanting a water lily to some dusty thoroughfare. However truly she might have loved you, I do not think she could have been happy in a life so uncongenial to her nature and habits, for whatever lovers and poets may say to the contrary, I am convinced that the love of any one being, however beloved and gifted, is not sufficient for happiness."

Henry grasped Philip's hand and said in a somewhat unsteady tone, "I see and feel your kindness; and your friendship is even now a drop of sweetness in the cup of bitterness, yet I cannot deceive myself. I am sure now, that even without a rival, I could not have won your sister's heart. She could not love a man she did not reverence, and my life has been a summer day all song and sunshine, fitting me for the romance, not the realities of life, and I am now rudely aroused from dreams in which I have too long indulged. I have dreamed of much and performed nothing, and the sweetest of all dreams I shall never dream again, yet I may live for the great ends of life. But I pain you, and now, Philip, I must acknowledge my weakness; I have been so happy at your home, I cannot bear to linger now when every pleasure would be converted into a pang. Tell the whole truth to your sister and father, I would not seem ungrateful but I must leave Virginia at once."

Philip saw how deeply Henry was moved, was silent for a moment, and then said: "I will not urge you to do any thing which may cause you a moment's unnecessary pain. You have only to name the time you wish to leave us and I can say truly to your acquaintances that your mother urged your immediate return, and make your adieux and parting compliments; to my father and sister, if you wish it, I will say the whole truth."

"Yes, tell them all, tell your sister how deeply, how truly I love her, tell her —— but no it is vain, do as you judge best, my dear Philip, it can avail me nothing. The steamboat goes to-morrow to Baltimore and then I must leave you."

"I shall accompany you then as far as Philadelphia, at any rate. I wish to purchase some books there, and we shall be together longer. Meanwhile think before you decide. My father will be absent to day on business and you can think the matter over thoroughly."

"My resolution is unalterably fixed, I should only betray my own weakness by staying longer. No words can express, no time can efface my sense of the kindness I have received here, of the happiness I have enjoyed; but, indeed, the kindest thing now, Philip, would be to hurry my departure."

"Be it so then," said Philip sorrowfully, "I will return immediately to the house to make some necessary arrangements for our journey, and you will follow me, when you feel inclined to do so."

"Thank you, I will join you again in an hour or two" and Philip slowly turned his steps homewards, much grieved and mortified at the turn affairs had taken, while Henry being left to his own reflections and feelings, gave himself up to the bitterness of his heart. Sadly he gazed on the objects around him to bid them farewell, for with how many of those inanimate things was the image of Fanny associated! here he had plucked a wild flower for her; there she had shown him some point of view which she peculiarly admired; near this tree he had quoted lines to her from some favorite poet, and on this spot, where he lingered longest, but two evenings since, when Philip had himself been descanting on the North and South, Fanny had assured him that he deserved to be a son of the "Old Dominion," but as this could not be, she hoped to enlist him as a champion in her cause. How had his heart swelled at this speech, to what enchanting hopes had it given rise! But this was all over now. He abandoned himself for hours to that painful sort of reverie so well described by one unrivalled in portraying the dark and painful emotions of our nature,

"Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
And seek from all the refuge found in none."

But the lapse of time reminded him that he must linger no longer, he endeavored to call pride to his aid, but grief and disappointment overpowered it. "At least," he thought, "I will bear this stroke like a man, I will deserve her love though she must never be mine, it will be a consolation to feel that she might have loved me if her heart had not been won by another."

He walked onwards slowly, very slowly, pausing at almost every step and looking around, thinking how he should meet Fanny again for the last time, and when he reached Oak Grove, he scarcely knew whether pain or relief predominated. Philip then told him that on his return he had found a note lying on the table from Fanny, informing him that she had gone to Mount Forrest, at Mary's urgent entreaty, to assist her in nursing the baby who was taken extremely ill, and that she should not return that night. "Tell Mr. Livingstone," she added, "I left on the drawing room mantlepiece a bunch of wild flowers in water for him; they belong to a very rare species of orchis, and deserve a place in his Herbarium."

Philip handed the note to Henry, who after reading it over several times, turned away, and telling Philip that he must put up some books and papers, retired to his own room. Philip observed that he retained possession of the note, sighed as Henry left him, and found some relief in rating himself roundly for his own want of penetration.

Mr. Seyton did not return until night, and learned then, with much amazement, that Henry intended to leave them on the following day. He expressed kind and sincere regret at his leaving them so soon, and urged him much to visit Virginia again the following summer; he soon perceived Henry's despondency, and though it appeared deeper than was natural at such a parting, attributed it partly to unusual warmth of feeling, and to severe headache, which Philip kindly threw in to make the cause appear equal to the effect.

When Mr. Seyton retired to his own apartment for the night, Philip followed him, and after acquainting him with the real cause of Henry's sudden departure, said that he had determined on accompanying his friend as far as Philadelphia, as he thought this would in some degree lessen the pain of separation. In another mood, Philip would have laughed at the old gentleman's blank look of amazement and exclamation of concern.

"It must be confessed," said Philip, "that we Seytons are a single-minded race, and never see beyond our own noses; I ought to have seen and prevented all this."

"Bless my soul, I had no idea of it. I am really sorry it should have happened so. He is a fine young man, of rare talents, and what is better, of high moral character. I had hoped to have kept him some time longer with us. I do not, however consider a disappointment in love as a very serious matter; he will soon recover it when he returns to his friends and the bustle of the city."

It would be hard to describe the feelings with which Henry caught the last glimpse of Oak Grove, and more difficult still to depict Fanny's astonishment when she returned home the next evening and found Philip and Henry gone. Her father said nothing on the subject, and after every possible surmise had been exhausted, a complete answer was found to her conjectures, when she opened again her precious Undine. There she found a few lines from Henry to herself, containing a wild, despairing farewell, in which there was so much of grief, of passion, of deep and genuine love, that her tears fell bright and fast over the lines, and yet Walter Travers himself would have loved her better for those tears, could he have seen her heart.

Philip and Henry parted sorrowfully, with promises to write often, and to meet frequently. Though Henry could not now admit of the supposition that he would ever revisit Virginia, yet they might meet on neutral ground, and Philip promised to visit his friend in New York in the course of the next year. He would have promised almost any thing for Henry's satisfaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone both perceived immediately that Henry's spirits were greatly changed, though he endeavored to appear as usual; but when he was alone with his mother he could not refuse to answer her anxious interrogatories, as to the cause of his altered spirits. He told her all as briefly as he could, but did not dwell upon his feelings. He felt, he said, the weakness and folly of yielding to unavailing regret, and he trusted his disappointment might make him a wiser and a better man. To Fanny, he should always owe the sweetest and brightest recollections of his life, his purest and most exalted ideas of female excellence, and whatever lofty aspirations might elevate his future aims and pursuits.

It must be confessed that Mrs Livingstone, was not so far exalted above the common nature of mothers, as to be quite capable of forgiving Fanny for having so deeply, though innocently wounded the heart of her son; indeed, she was sufficiently unjust to think it would not have been very unnatural or unjustifiable to have forgotten the claims of Walter Travers, for the superior attractions and great devotion of such a young man as Henry Livingstone.

Mr. Livingstone treated the matter much more lightly; indeed, he said he doubted not that this attachment, though the source of present pain, would have an ennobling effect on his son's character, and as Henry's partialities had become so strong for Virginia, it was perhaps quite as well that he did not form an union, which might so far have strengthened them, as to make a residence in New York distasteful to him.

Henry did not again mention Fanny, or even allude to her, and there were so few of the ordinary symptons of disappointed love about him, that the young ladies declared he had lost all pretension to romance, and had become a mere matter-of-fact man. The young men of his acquaintance soon perceived that Henry's intellect was fairly aroused, and that his character had assumed a firmer and more exalted tone; if he was no longer to be dreaded as a rival in fashionable life, he would become formidable in the political and intellectual arena. He eschewed music, poetry, all that could revive dangerous feelings; and as he was searching in the library for a volume of the Wealth of Nations, and accidentally placed his hand on Undine, he gave a start of horror. Still he treasured up in his heart of hearts, Fanny's looks, words, tones, above all her passing goodness and sweetness, but with the firm conviction that they were as completely separated as if death itself had parted them, and this conviction was scarcely increased, when some months afterwards he read Philip's letter informing him briefly that Fanny had become Mrs. Walter Travers. Philip dwelt upon the kind recollections which his friends and acquaintances in the Old Dominion entertained of him, including, he said, his colored friends, who always made an exception in his favor when they spoke of Northern gentlemen. Philip concluded his letter with strong professions of affection, which sank the more deeply in Henry's heart, as it was so contrary to Philip's usual habits to express such feelings.

Time, employment, and Henry's own efforts, at length removed the despondency which long hung about him, but the recollection of the "Old Dominion" and the fair Fanny were indissolubly connected in his mind and often rose unbidden to his memory: nor did he forget his promise of becoming the champion of Virginia.

Fanny was always his standard of female beauty and excellence; and the young ladies, after many efforts to storm his heart, gave him up as a hopeless case, and pronounced his doom to be that of an old bachelor. Mrs. Livingstone, however, entertains better hopes for him, which she founds on the increasing partiality which he manifests for Ellen Gray, an orphan neice whom she has adopted, whose artless sweetness, play-

ful originality, and peculiar style of beauty forcibly remind Henry of Fanny Seyton.

F******.

STANZAS.

In many a strain of grief and joy,
  My youthful spirit sang to thee;
But I am now no more a boy,
  And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.
Time on my brow has set his seal—
  I start to find myself a man,
And know that I no more shall feel
  As only boyhood's spirit can.
And now I bid a long adieu,
  To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,
To cherished dreams of brightest hue,
  And thou—the brightest dream of all!
My footsteps rove not where they roved,
  My home is changed, and one by one,
The "old familiar" forms I loved,
  Are faded from my path—and gone.
I launch into life's stormy main,
  And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow;
That pouring thus my parting strain,
  I bid thee, as a Bride, good-morrow.
Full well thou know'st I envy not,
  The heart it is thy choice to share;
My soul dwells on thee as a thought,
  With which no earthly wishes are.
I love thee as I love the star,
  The gentle star that shines at even;
That melts into my heart from far,
  And leads my wandering thoughts to heaven.
'Twould break my soul's divinest dream,
  With meaner love to mingle thee;
'Twould dim the most unearthly beam,
  Thy form sheds o'er my memory,
It is my joy, it is my pride,
  To picture thee in bliss divine,
A happy, and an honored bride,—
  Blest by a fonder love than mine.
Be thou to *one* a holy spell,
  A bliss by day—a dream by night—
A thought on which his soul may dwell—
  A cheering and a guiding light.
This be thy heart;—but, while no other
  Disturbs *his* image at its core,
Still think of me as of a brother—
  I'd not be loved or love thee more.
For thee each feeling of my breast,
  So holy—so serene shall be,
That when thy heart to his is prest,
  'Twill be no crime to think of me.
I shall not wander forth at night,
  To breathe thy name—as lovers would;
Thy form in visions of delight,
  Not oft shall break my solitude;
But when my bosom-friends are near,
  And happy faces round me press;
The goblet to my lips, I'll rear,
  And drain it to thy happiness.
And when at morn or midnight hour,
  I commune with my God alone,
Before the throne of peace and power,
  I'll blend thy welfare with mine own.
And if with pure and fervent sighs,
  I bend before some loved-one's shrine,—
When gazing on her gentle eyes,
  I shall not blush to think of thine,—
Then, when thou meet'st thy love's caress,
  And when thy children climb thy knee,
In thy calm hour of happiness,
  Then, sometimes,—*sometimes* think of me.
In pain or health—in grief or mirth,
  Oh! may it to my prayer be given,
That we may sometimes meet on earth,
  And meet to part no more, in Heaven!—*Etonian.*

BYRON AND BURNS.

We snatched him from the sickle and the plough
To guage Ale firkins.—*Wordsworth.*

We have been somewhat offended of late at hearing it asserted that Byron was a greater poet than Burns. We do not believe this to be true, though we are willing enough to say that the Anglo-Grecian bard was a most remarkable man. Few men have had more admirers than this pair of poets. A volume might be written upon each of them,—in addition to the many already published,—but we intend no such elaborate effort; a short essay by way of comparing them, is all that it will be in our power to offer at their shrines. It is not our purpose to treat either with rudeness; but if we can help it, the Ploughboy shall not play second to the Nobleman.

One of these men was born in 1759, and died 1796, and the other in 1788, and died 1825. They lived, of course, about the same number of years. Each had accomplished his noblest achievement for a considerable period previous to his death. Byron's muse had got upon an inclined plane before he started for the stumps of Missolonghi—and Burns never could have written any thing better than his Vision. The poetical mind probably reaches its acme by the time its possessor is forty. This suggestion at least might be fortified by a host of literary facts. An aged poet is looked upon much in the same way in which we regard an aged knight who anticipates achieving nothing in addition to what he has done. For years before his death, Campbell lost ground by every effort he made to augment his popularity, and it would have been well for his reputation if he had died just after the production of Gertrude of Wyoming. We cannot regard it as a calamity of an intellectual kind that our bards died early, for they might have tapered off into something less worthy than what they had already produced. By quality, and not quantity, must poetry ever be weighed. Cowper wrote

good verse at sixty; but he did not begin till he had reached more than the meridian of life.

There are some points of resemblance between Byron and Burns which cannot escape the most casual observer. There was about each of them a striking personal independence. This trait properly displayed is to be admired: but in both it was offensive. Where it is obtruded unnecessarily, we suspect its genuineness. The bard need not solicit favors: but then he need not reject what are intended as testimonials of kindness. There is something exceedingly repulsive in several acts of Burns, and that towards his best friends. Dr. Blair gave him good advice and he rewarded the Doctor by saying that he never had a ray of genius. He rejects all attempts to keep him from expressing his Jacobinical politics at a time when the French Revolution threatened the institutions of England. He is indignant when Thompson offers to pay him for his songs, and yet he had taken seven hundred pounds from the sale of his works. Byron quarrelled with his mother and with his guardian—drew himself back upon being introduced to old Dr. Parr, because the Doctor was a pedant—and treats even his prince with incivility. These things to a sensible man are affected puerilities, since nothing can excuse a poet from the obligation of being a gentleman. They both possessed a fiery temperament. It is probable that Burns would have been at the battle of Preston Pans, had he lived in the early part of the eighteenth century, and we know that Byron went to Greece on warlike business, but we have never had much confidence in the personal courage of poets. The most of them have shown the white feather, with the exception of Korner and one or two of the Greek Tragedians. They are valiant enough with the harp, provided they can be placed out of the range of the balls. It would have been ridiculous if Burns had been at Culloden, as it was ridiculous in Byron to have interfered with the affairs of Western Greece. Mars had no laurel for the man who would not ride a spirited horse without five pair of reins. Nature is not apt to place a pen and a sword into the right hand of the same individual, and the sword had doubtless passed into the left hand of the Missolonghi hero, though he had been engaged in several frays at Venice, Pisa and Florence. In military tact and prowess they were about equal—the one answering for an awkward squad in Dumfries, and the other for a parade in a poor town half burnt by the Turks. Xenophon, Cervantes, Gibbon and Steele were soldiers: but neither was born a Poet. *Poeta nascitur—miles fit.**

But poetical individuality is the feature in which these remarkable men bore to each other the strongest resemblance. We mean by poetical individuality that their pursuits were insulated, and each spent his life in the service of the muses. It is true that Burns wrote a number of letters in prose, some of which are sufficiently vulgar for Billingsgate, and this grossness we regret to add has in several instances found place in his rhymes. But no man was ever more faithful to his vocation. To be a poet was his ambition: but he kept singularly clear of ambition to be any thing but a poet. His *beau ideal* of greatness was to travel over Scotland, to step off her battle fields—to measure her mountains and explore her vallies. His muse never crossed the Tweed, or rose above the north battlement of Caledonia's hills. To be a patriot poet was the proud distinction which he eagerly coveted; resigning to others the palm of oratory, and applause derived from successful legislation. It is equally certain that Byron kept himself true to his poetical segregation, though the proposition at first sight is somewhat startling. He made three speeches in the House of Lords, but he had not then ascertained for what he was designed. He wrote a prose letter in opposition to the theory of Bowles: but the letter was about the poetry of Pope. His letters to Murray and Moore are numerous: but they are about Manfred, Don Juan and Sardanapalus. Even after he had entered on his Quixotic expedition, and had reached the wind-mills of Missolonghi, he did not entirely break squares with the muses. The number of his metrical compositions, and the facility with which he wrote them, evinced that he was marked out for the ideal rather than for any thing practical, and that he had become quite a stray sheep when he got into the train of Mars. This individuality is of immense importance in forming a poet. No one ever associates

* We cannot permit our correspondent's imputation against the fraternity of poets to go forth without the expression of our dissent. It may be true, indeed, that great poets have rarely displayed military talent, but to question their personal courage on that account is scarcely less warranted than to deny all musical taste to one who cannot play upon the harpsichord. The position of our ingenious correspondent might be easily refuted by reference to the lives of poets, from Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen, down to Lamartine rejecting the *drapeau rouge* in the balcony of the *Hotel de Ville*. If with the Italian minstrel, as he addresses us through the translation of Lord Byron, we believe that

> "Many are poets who have never penned
> Their inspiration,"

or adopt the idea that "heroes are but poets in action," we will see at once how unfortunate is this sweeping assertion. There are also some other positions of our gifted correspondent in which we do not accord with him, but we feel assured that his striking parallel between the ploughman and the peer will be read with interest, as well from the attractiveness of the subject as from the spirited manner in which it has been treated.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

history with Homer, Virgil and Tasso any further than as tributary to their Poems. Milton, it is admitted, wrote prose: but it was prose that can hardly be distinguished from rhyme. The pursuits of Pope and Cowper were not mixed. The one sung all his life on the Thames, and the other on the Ouse. The same is true of Wordsworth, and for this reason, he has made better verses than Southey or Coleridge. Southey should have been an historian alone, and Coleridge nothing beyond a colloquial or professorial philosopher. With Shakespeare an absorption of all pursuits took place, save the one for which he was intended. It was as perfect as any modification that ever took place in rays of light, and left him like a rejoicing swan among the green fields and the woodlands of poetry. As a statesman he might have been equal perhaps to single-speech Hamilton, or as a soldier, he might have been a sort of

Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

There are some points of discrepancy between Byron and Burns which deserve a statement. Adventitious circumstances exercise no slight control over the destinies of men, and the contrast of these men is more striking than the resemblance. The one was born on the banks of the Ayr, in a dilapidated hovel, and heavy work was the lot of his sire. One poor cow was fed at the door of the tenement, and one faithful dog guarded the premises at night. There were no lawns embellished by deer, or fields enlivened by picturesque flocks. There were feudal castles in Scotland, but they held other families than the one from which the poet rose. There were parks, but he was not their possessor. And yet that hovel was a hermitage above which the muses poised themselves when Burns was born, though he was heir to nothing but the sounds of a river—to the hawthorn bush—to clumps of the larch—and to the wild heather with its purple blossom. It is not necessary to say that Byron commenced life under different circumstances. He was of noble and Norman extraction—heir to a title—and owner at least prospectively of Newstead Abbey in the shire of Nottingham. That Abbey had stood for six hundred years, and was surrounded by historical and monkish legends. Burns represented a numerous, hard-working peasantry, and Byron a luxurious nobility. It is in vain to explain away the hardships of the one, or the chartered privileges of the other, because they were realities. Byron turned his heel indeed on the House of Lords, but he was tenacious of his title and he would rather have been born on the lap of Heraldry than in the mines of Peru. Byron had much to make him happy. His woes were of his own creation, for he was invincibly determined to be miserable, notwithstanding his splendid endowments. Burns ardently desired to be happy. He experienced many gleams of cheerfulness and resolved and re-resolved against habits adverse to his interests. But with him nothing seemed to prosper. Fortune seems to have committed him to the cells of her Inquisition. Rays of light fell on him for a time in Edinburgh; and Dugald Stuart, McKenzie and Blair were among those who were held in astonishment by his colloquial powers. But his country retransmitted him to the plough, when he ought to have been invested with some intellectual employment. The rugged toils of a farm were his portion, till his removal to Dumfries, and then he rode over the hills of Nithsdale as an exciseman. Under circumstances so appalling, his muse was still propitious. His poetry was a rich assemblage of blossoms and fruits: but they seemed to gush from the summit of a tree, all the limbs of which were trained in iron rings. The admirers of Byron have been anxious to give him the crown of a poetical martyrdom. They have tried to excite sympathy even for his poverty, though he married an heiress—got immense sums for his works—gave Moore four thousand pounds—received a hundred thousand from Col. Wildman, and supplied the Greeks with money to carry on a war. He went abroad when he pleased. He smoked his Turkish or Belgian pipe—lived in Italian cities, and was regaled by the spices of the Levant.

There were points of difference in the education of these surprising men. Sir Walter Scott has said, that the education of Burns was as good as that of one-half of the Scottish nobility. This may be true, but we look in vain for such a poet among the privileged orders of Scotland. If among them that amount of education has not given rise to any celebrated minstrel, the wonder is not diminished that it should have produced such an one from the peasantry. He received the bare elements of knowledge. He could read and write—had a smattering of French, and understood calculation to a limited extent. Various books fell in his way, which his mind immediately devoured. On such a basis his imagination commenced its operations, nurtured, however, by the external scenery of his country. The fir tree, the haw, the loch, the burn, the brae, the glen, the flood, the mountain, the stars, were his preceptors. Scotland was the hall in which nature read lectures to her fond and admiring pupil, not about the Pyramids of Egypt—the Chinese wall—the siege of Troy—or the adventures of Ulysses, but about her own secluded charms. He has described his own education in his Vision. Scotland, though barren, became to him a kind of Hesperian garden. He slew every dragon

that opposed his entrance, and took off the golden fleece of poetry suspended upon the interior of her heather soil. How different was the training of the Newstead Bard. We doubt not that his education was irregular; but then he made it irregular by his own volition. He possessed every advantage which Harrow could afford* and was subsequently sent to one of the colleges in the University of Cambridge. He probably held in contempt the mental discipline to which many submit in that ancient and renowned University. Others besides Byron have spoken slightingly of Oxford and Cambridge. Milton appears never to have liked his college, and Gibbon always spoke coldly of Pembroke, but Dr. Johnson alleges that any youth who goes to either of those Universities must be inspired by the genius of the place. He spends his terms among all the associations which English Literature has it in its power to present from the days of Alfred to the present time. Their gates, and gardens—their groves, their streams and towers, are all haunted. Some cells return sound but once, but these antique grottoes of taste and letters, are always echoing back the names of a thousand illustrious men upon the ear of England. They claim the experiments of Newton—the discoveries of Lord Verulam—the investigations of Locke—the loud notes of Milton—the ethics of Johnson and the pictures of Addison. Byron must have derived advantage from Cambridge, even though he might have left it without being able to construct an equilateral triangle upon a given straight line. He could not have been indifferent to the collision of mind with mind—to the lectures of professors—to libraries, and to the classical reminiscences which rise in throngs by the Cam. A University might have ruined Burns; but it had no slight agency in creating Byron.

In looking over the poetry of the Scot, our attention is immediately struck by the home materials out of which it is wrought. He was annointed by the Muse of Coila and to that Muse his allegiance was undeviating. The vow of Hannibal was one of perpetual hostility to Rome. That of Burns was one of perpetual devotion to Scotland. He seems to have been shut up within her cardinal points—to have gazed on her eastern sun and western star, on her highland snows and her Nithdale flowers. He loved her brown clouds and misty skies, and her surface was to him a chequered floor on which he moved forward to the Mosaic temple of the muses. His subjects and imagery were local. The kirks, the moors, the bridges, the straths, the traditions, the history, the rustic customs and the harvest moons of his native land were the themes which resounded from his cymbal. Painters have followed in his wake, and engravers have reduced into the captivity of their art every object he has described. But the materials of Byron were foreign and his pictures were remote as possible from being English. He abjured his country not only by withdrawing his person from the number of her peers, but in his poetry. Other bards had depicted the scenery of the Wye, the castles of the Thames, the groves of the Trent, and the downs of the Humber. They had penetrated the dales and stood on the hills of England. They had lingered among her ruins, and watched the foam of her coast. From Forest Hill, in the Shire of Oxford, Milton had sketched one of her rural prospects—the imagination of Shakespeare had revelled among her green saloons—Pope had waked his harp among the flocks and shades of Windsor. Cowper had moralised over her gardens—Southey had mused among her lakes—Crabbe had portrayed her boroughs—Montgomery had exposed her evils—Logan had marshalled barons on her plains, and Thomson had followed round the circle of her seasons, but Byron went abroad. He planted his foot on the soil of Greece—talked with its shepherds—denounced Lord Elgin, and embalmed its classic ruins. He was in all the cities of Italy—on the field of Waterloo—in the Mediterranean and Ægean—by the lake of Geneva—in the vale of Chamouni—at the base of Mont Blanc—along the Jura—among the castled steeps of the Rhine—on the Alps, and by the swift waters of the Rhone. Had England been a valley like the one which Dr. Johnson has stocked so abundantly with the means of happiness, Byron's restiff temperament would have driven him beyond its enclosures to survey those pyramids which nature has reared around Geneva and those cities and villas where humanity appeared to him in new and picturesque forms. There appears to have been something more fascinating to him in an Algerine pirate—or in Albanian robbers—or in Ægean corsairs than in the sedate habits of his countrymen. Scotland owes to Burns a debt which marble monuments cannot repay, for he increased the attachment of every peasant to her soil; but England owes Byron nothing, for the colors of his fine pencil were lavished on the glaciers of the Alps—on the clouds of Florence, and the myrtles of Greece.

The moral sense of Burns was probably superior to that of Byron though in correct moral principle they were both sad delinquents. It is painful to dwell on this part of their history.

* The contrast here, we must allow,
Between the two was narrow,
When Burns was going to the *Plough*
And Byron went to *Harrow*.—[ED. MAGS.

Ideality is supposed always to imply a love of the fair and sublime in Nature. Why should its possessors be deficient in the sublime of morals? But both these men abused the finest powers with which two men ever were entrusted. It is disgusting to the last degree to read some of the letters of Byron, in which he deals out vulgar curses upon the quill with which they were written. His impiety was notorious. He recklessly violated many sacred obligations. He branded with opprobrium many men virtuous and enlightened. He lived in habits repulsive to all morals. He received good counsel only where it was mixed up with a due recognition of his talents. He infused scepticism into his Childe Harold, and ribaldry into his Cain. He expressed scorn for old Institutions. He wrote Hebrew Melodies, but their ultimate object was nothing more than the display of versatile talent. Burns, however, was a man comparatively innocent. He had a warm and grateful heart—he was not slow to acknowledge his faults—he is overwhelmed with grief at the death of Glencairn—he is kind as a husband, indulgent as a father, a generous brother and a constant friend. He threatens friendships with dissolution, but has no intention at the time of dissolving his social ties. He felt the charm of home, the pleasures of the fireside, and the endearments of domestic life. It is impossible that the Cotter's Saturday Night could ever have been written by a man who had never felt the propriety of devotion. An easy independence would have corrected most of his faults, and that independence Scotland ought to have bestowed. Poverty acted to him the part of a high pressure engine, and it reduced him to a wreck even on that tide of song which he made to flow on the rivers, and which had enriched the profoundest dells of his country.

As a satirist Byron was equal to Pope, but inferior to Churchill. Criticism was of great advantage to the young aspirant. His Hours of Idleness were probably a production which he had brought with him from Cambridge and having totally mistaken the politics of Byron, the Edinburgh Reviewers gave it a severe dressing. The castigation which he gave them in return was right, because there was real poetry in the work which they had criticised. Lord Brougham, Jeffrey and particularly the Rev. Sidney Smith, had become both presumptuous and conceited. There was something truly admirable in a mere stripling's coming forward to assail these formidable giants. He told them that with the leaves of their Review he should certainly light his Persian pipe, and nothing could better have expressed the depth of his scorn. Burns could not possibly have written so scorching and indignant a satire. He could not have been so dispassionately severe, nor could he so triumphantly have restored the balance of power which had been lost in the literary world. But under like circumstances he could have made his critics more ridiculous. He had a keener sense of the ludicrous than Byron. He discerned all the salient points of human character, and his humor was inimitable. Humor is one of the finest qualities a poet can possess. It was absent from Milton, for Carlyle has said with truth that all his attempts at wit and intellectual playfulness were elephantine.

Had Byron remained in England he could not possibly have done as much for South as Burns has done for North Britain. He would not have endeared the country so perfectly to its inhabitants. To have bought the best cottage in England would have promoted his happiness; but foreign sights were necessary to the enlargement of his genius. His descriptive power was immense, and could not have been confined to the dense beeches of England, its white roses, and its arboreta, nor could he have found there the grotesque objects which Burns found in the other half of the island. He could have had few sympathies in common with her shepherds, hedgers and weavers. It was well for his fame that he early fell in with an old Turkish History which operated on his mind like a talisman, and directed his views to Eastern subjects and gave rise to a succession of brilliant oriental tales. The translation of his mind, away from familiar scenes, threw a romance into his poetry which never fails to bewitch his readers. The lonely goat—the rustling herd—the church covered with moss—each Italian hermitage and each Turkish kiosk assume new hues as he lifts among them his tinted censer. And surely he was a profound ruler of the passions. He saw their operation on a much larger scale than Burns, living, as he did, where despotism was always in the ascendant. He had more breadth in his subjects than Burns, and a wider command of language; but he bordered much more on the rhetorical. The Scotch Bard was always true to Nature and passion. He never strains after words because of a love for the florid. His language is plain but as well suited to a prince as a peasant. He has had imitators; but their efforts have been relinquished as hopeless whilst the imitators of Byron are still warm with hope that they may one day rival their master.

The poems of Burns will probably be more durable than those of Byron, and permanency must always be a touchstone of merit. The Scottish dialect will make some productions of the former less popular abroad, but it cannot effect their popularity at home. The Scotch

never can forget their bard so long as their country shall endure. They carry his works to the jungles and mangroves of the East, and bring them along to our own azure vallies. Their author could not help himself, for he was forced by necessity irresistible to be a poet. But Byron seems to have doubted whether mankind would continue to appreciate his writings. He wrote to Moore that Rogers, alone of all his contemporaries, would be remembered by posterity. "We are all Claudian," said he, "except the Banker;" but though Rogers be a banker we beg leave to protest this cheque on the admiration of the world. He is destitute of all invention—his sentiments are all common-place, and there is an absence of all vigor in his composition. Literary fame is very evanescent. The Faery Queen was as popular in its day as Childe Harold, and Goldsmith has now more readers than Milton, but the dramas of Shakespeare—the songs of Burns—the Traveller of Goldsmith--and the Pennsylvania tale of Campbell must live as long as England and Scotland exist—as the Alps shall rise or the Susquehannah roll. We must take men as we find them, but this paper would have been written with far greater pleasure if Byron and Burns had been as distinguished for morals as for intellect. Could they now speak, the one from his sepulchre along the Nith, and the other from his grave at Hucknall, we feel confident they would call on their readers to blot out some expressions which they have used and even to rend whole pictures from the galleries which they opened to the world.

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR FELTON.

TURGOT'S EPIGRAM ON FRANKLIN.

Cambridge, Feb. 10, 1849.

To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

In the very agreeable paper on Epigrams, in your January number, the famous line applied by Turgot to Franklin,

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis,

is said to be borrowed from Milton's epigram "in inventorem Bombardae," the last two lines of which are

"At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi."

I doubt whether Turgot had ever read Milton's Latin Poems, and if he had, I should equally doubt whether the lines above quoted had anything to do with the Epigram on Franklin. It was undoubtedly suggested by a passage in a Roman philosophical poem, the Astronomica of M. Manilius, a writer of doubtful age, but probably, judging by the purity of his language, and several other circumstances not necessary to mention, belonging to the Augustan age. This work was not completed: it is upon Astronomy—the stars and their influence upon human destinies—and is much more likely to have been familiar to a French Philosopher of the last century, than the Latinity of Milton. The passage I allude to is in the first book, and forms part of a description of the triumphs of human genius. I copy a few lines:

Omnia conando docilis sollertia vicit:
Nec prius imposuit rebus finemque manumque,
Quam coelum ascendit ratio, cepitque profundis
Naturam rerum causis, viditque quod usquam est;
Nubila cur tanto quaterentur pulsa fragore;
Hiberna aestiva nix grandine mollior esset,
Arderent terrae, solidusque tremisceret orbis,
Cur imbres ruerent, ventos quae causa moveret,
Pervidit; solvitque animis miracula rerum:
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi.

The last line is undoubtedly the original from which Turgot copied.

Yours very respectfully,

C. C. FELTON.

SONNET.

A REMONSTRANCE.

How couldst thou, poet, in whose full rich mine
  Of lore proverbial, I have often wrought
  And been repaid with sparkling gems of thought,
That lit by truth with changeful lustre shine;—
Oft have I paused, upon the glowing line,
  Well pleased to see, with living bloom now fraught
  Blossoms, till then but embryo buds; or brought
A smouldering torch, to kindle at thy shrine—
How couldst thou, with such fancies villify
The Moon? What though scanned with too curious eye
  Her face be rude, or marred with signs of pain,
  Still on the roughest brow may goodness reign,
And her calm smile hath soothed the weary soul,
Since Eve's first grief, and will, while ages roll.

C. C. L.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, 4th January, 1849.

From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the week we have just traversed has possessed in Paris a peculiar and invariable physiognomy. It would require a revolution far more radical than that of February, a revolution changing the manners and customs of a people, to deprive the week that is past of the privilege that it enjoys of being the gayest and happiest of the year. The Republic with its frequent political crises, and its permanent financial and commercial embarrassments has left unimpaired the time-hallowed observances of *le jour de l'an*. New Year's day of 1849, like that of 1848, and like all New Year's days for centuries back, has been hailed with smiles by all ages, sexes and conditions. The universal occupation was the giving and receiving pleasure. Not in Paris only, but over all France, much more especially than with us, this season assumes the character of a great social *fête*. A beautiful idea seems to pervade and to have originally dictated all its observances—whether by accident or design will perhaps ever remain unknown—but in them may be traced, repeated in various forms, the idea of deference, respect and sympathy of the strong for the weak, of the high for the low, of the superior for the dependent. Power would seem on this occasion to forego the exercise of the privileges accorded to it, to devote itself, throughout all the departments of social life, to the benevolent office of causing weakness to forget, and for one day, even rejoice in its inferiority. It is eminently the day on which the gentler sex receives the homage of ours. Woman, of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, as wife, daughter, sister, mistress, friend, expects the prodigal profession, more or less sincere, of kindness and devotion, accompanied, according to the means and station in life of the donor, with some complimentary offering, the index of his taste, the visible expression of his regard. The gentleman who fails in this, or who fails to make his visits of felicitation, or leave his card for all the ladies of his acquaintance, is writ down as a demi-civilized boor, neglectful of the plainest *convenances*, and is punished by rigorous exclusion from the *salon* during the coming year.

Children, too, even more eagerly than with us welcome the first as the pleasantest day of the year. Bon-bons, and toys, and release from the prison of boarding-schools, to which they are condemned during the rest of the year, visiting *home* only once a month, though their parents may reside but the distance of a square, await them at this season. Father, mother, and friends of both sexes now contribute zealously to the enjoyment of children. Presents pour in upon them: and if the weather permit, the boulevards, the gardens, and all places of public amusement become radiant with their rosy faces, and noisy with their sports.

All the servants of a family, in addition to their stipulated wages, expect from their master presents upon the arrival of New Year. It is looked upon by both sides as a matter of course. It is taken into consideration before entering upon service: and places are more or less sought after by domestics according as families have reputation for generosity in the matter of periodical *étrennes*.

Nor must any inferior by whom you have been served during the past year be forgotten. Your *facteur*, (the penny-post man,) some eight or ten days before the 1st of January, will present himself to you with a printed calendar for the coming year, pasted on both sides of a bit of pasteboard. It is perhaps the only time during the year that you have seen the *facteur's* smiling face; but your letters and papers have always been left by him at the lodge of the *portier* below. His calendar is worth two or three sous. You are expected to pay for it as many francs. Then follow the persons who daily bring you water and bread and milk, the *garçons* of the restaurant where you habitually dine, the *dame du comptoir* of your reading-room, the *conducteurs* of omnibusses, and last and most important of all, your *portier* or *concierge*. This is the domestic functionary, who from his *loge*, situated usually on the ground floor, near the outer door of your house, exercises a sort of charge over the whole establishment. He watches all the outgoings and incomings, keeps the key of your rooms when you are absent, and receives letters, papers, writing cards and messages that may be left for you. It is he who, if you enter after dark, answers to your rap or ring: and if you have occasion to go out, it is he who promptly, by means of a cord communicating with the lodge, opens the street door to facilitate your egress. That is, he promptly opens the door, if, in passing the lodge, you solicit his ministry, whether he sees you or not, by the words "*Cordon! s'il vous plait.*" But beware of omitting the *s'il vous plait*, or the jealous Cerberus will punish the incivility by compelling you to wait a minute in the cold, or call in vain till the required appendix shall be added. Woe to the frightful or economical *locataire* who omits the customary New Year's offering to the *portier*. He is a power that must be propitiated. One would be tempted to believe the class, *portiers*, to be under the special protection of the gods, so manifold are

the purely accidental mishaps and annoyances which are sure to follow inattention to its members. A smiling face, a courteous phrase, with ten, fifteen or twenty francs for the *portier* is one of the most judicious investments a Parisian can make at the commencement of the year. He had better, if need be, dine scantily for a week and thus economize a fund for the discharge of this annual tribute.

Well, in spite of the Republic, of the hard times and of the dolorous faces which all classes have worn, more or less, during the year which has just closed, all customary demands upon the purses and consciences of the Parisians have been duly and satisfactorily paid. I have never seen New Year's day pass more brilliantly. For a month or six weeks previously, industry and ingenuity were taxed for the production of the various articles to serve as presents. This gave great activity to almost every branch, especially of ornamental industry. About the middle of December, the exhibition of the objects began to be noticed. The papers teemed with advertisements, and the shop windows blazed with the tempting articles, of rare beauty and rare price, arranged with a taste and an effect peculiarly French. It is one of the most popular amusements of the capital during the last two weeks of the year, to stroll, especially at night, upon the boulevards, and along the principal streets, stopping every two minutes, to gaze at the beautiful and costly objects exposed in the shop windows. On the 1st January and the three previous days, the side-walks of the boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Porte St. Denis, are occupied with the innumerable portable shops of the petty *marchands*. They are devoted chiefly to the sale of cheap objects for children, containing every imaginable trinket and toy for the amusement of both boys and girls from one to fifteen years of age. During these days, from ten in the morning till ten at night, this portion of Paris exhibits an extremely animated and interesting appearance. It is like an immense *fair*. Infant France seems all there. Conducted by their fathers, their male friends, or their *bonnes*, they surround the shops in noisy groups, and select their purchases. There marches a little fellow six years of age, holding his father's hand, and fitted out with a complete uniform of the National Guard; here comes another, or a guard Mobile. You feel something jostle your knee, and looking down, perceive a charmingly attired little girl, her face beaming with delight, tottering along beside her *bonne*, with a smartly dressed doll under each arm. Here a little trumpeter cracks your ears with his dissonant instrument, and there a little drummer amuses the beholders by the earnestness and industry with which he traverses the boulevards beating the *rappel*. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to see happy children: and no where can I be more certain of the enjoyment, than upon the boulevards of Paris during the last three and the first days of each year.

The new President of the Republic, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, continues the imperial and royal custom of grand state receptions upon New Year's day. But he dispensed upon this occasion with the usual addresses.

Before dismissing the subject of the New Year I must not fail to notice another custom which prevails here, and which for aught I know is peculiar to France. The milk-man, baker, butcher, grocer, and other tradesmen, who have furnished you with necessaries during the year, are bound by custom to make you a present at this season. The one offers butter, or a fine cheese, another a few pounds of flour, the grocer a loaf of sugar perhaps, the butcher something in his line. These presents, in families where there are servants, usually form part of their perquisites; where there are no servants, and among the lower orders, they are accepted, and enter into the family consumption. They are intended in theory as a sort of grateful acknowledgment for the preference shown to themselves over other tradesmen, and as an inducement to continuance. They may in fact be justly considered by the recipients as a partial compensation for the systematic petty cheating to which they have been subjected during the year, and from which the tradesmen have reaped profits much greater in amount than the aggregate value of their presents. I allude to the practice of adulterating coffee and wine, moistening salt, short weights, and heavy paper bags in which articles bought are placed to be weighed. These tricks are not perhaps peculiar to France; but they are practised in Paris, very generally, and to a villainous extent. During my residence here I have paid many a franc, for heavy paper bags, in which custom permits sugar, coffee, tea, &c., to be placed before weighing. Sand is often found artfully insinuated in the pasted bottom; and the abominable stuff is unfit even to kindle the fire—for it will not flame.

One of the most interesting incidents of the 1st January, out of the usual course, was the complimentary visit made to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte by the old soldiers of the *Hotel des Invalides*. Most of those who have found a retreat and quiet for their remaining days in this grand national establishment are veterans of the Empire, in whose memory the Emperor and the glories of the Empire are cherished with religious veneration. It is curious and interesting to the visiters of the *Invalides* to notice the thousand ingenious forms by which they have managed,

each in his own little dormitory and garden, to perpetuate those souvenirs with which is associated so much of their own past, in the contemplation of which is consumed nearly all their present. They have preserved, in most cases, their old uniforms and weapons; in which they love to appear, the marvel and the gaze of Paris upon one or two remarkable anniversaries connected with the Emperor. The most important of these is that of the day upon which the remains of Napoleon, brought back from St. Helena, were committed to the care of the veterans of the Imperial armies, and deposited beneath the dome of the Invalides. It was not their custom to honor Louis Philippe with a complimentary visit on New Year's day. Perhaps no other than the actual President of the Republic would have been thus honored: but how could these old crippled, mutilated, tottering remnants of Napoleon's glorious armies refrain from welcoming his nephew and heir to the chair of Chief Executive Magistrate of the State; which some believe and many hope will ere long be converted into a throne! It was not to be thought of. Many of them, therefore, uniting with others, their brothers in arms, resident in Paris, but not belonging to the *Invalides*, clothed in the brilliant, but antiquated uniforms of olden times, met and forming in order their motley ranks, proceeded along the principal thoroughfares with music at their head to the palace in the rue Faubourg St. Honoré, formerly Elysée Bourbon, (now Elysée National,) which by decree of the National Assembly has been assigned as the Presidential mansion in Paris. It caused a melancholy smile and made one moralize in spite of himself to see those shrivelled faces beneath the heavy casque, and those shrunken figures tottering in the gaudy uniforms that loosely flapped about their emaciated limbs. Forty years ago, in the flush of youth and health, how well they filled those uniforms and how proudly they bore those flashing casques over a hundred battle-fields! The veterans carried, to be offered to the President, an immense basket of flowers. A cordial reception awaited them from the President, who accepted with many thanks their New Year's offering. The Presidential mansion is a small palace in comparison with many others belonging to the State, but it is illustrated by some interesting historical souvenirs. It was built about one hundred and twenty years ago and afterwards became the property and residence of Madame de Pompadour. In 1804 it was purchased by Murat, who occupied it till his departure for Naples. It then became a favorite residence of the Emperor himself. It was his residence during the *Hundred Days* and was the *last palace* he occupied in France. In 1814 and 1815 it was inhabited by the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington. But Louis Napoleon is a bachelor, and it has been for some time past an interesting subject of speculation among *quidnuncs*, to determine who would be selected by him to do the honors of a splendid palace converted into the residence of a Republican President. The most current *on dit* upon the subject is that provisionally, until the President shall have chosen his companion for life, the favored lady is to be the Grand Duchess of Baden Stephanie, cousin of Queen Hortense, the President's mother. By the way, though we pretend to be in full republic here, it is to be remarked that the new President is never called *M. Bonaparte*. He is always alluded to in the journals, and in conversation, either simply as *Louis Napoleon*, or with the rather unrepublican adjunct of *Prince*. In the returns of the elections, published lately by the papers, he was generally called by the single name of *Napoleon*. I merely mention this as one indication of the tendency which I think politics are taking in France, and which I have sufficiently signalized in previous letters. Before dismissing the Napoleon family, let me note *en passant*, that Jerome Bonaparte, the sole surviving brother of the Emperor, has just been installed in office as Governor of the *Invalides*, in place of the illustrious Marshal Molitor, who has been appointed chief of the Legion of Honor, with the title of Grand Chancellor of that Order. The appointment of Jerome was one of the first acts of the new President. It was made at the special instance of the Council of Ministers. Napoleon Bonaparte, a young man of twenty-five, son of Jerome, already a member of the National Assembly, was generally designated as ambassador of the Republic at London, soon to be nominated in place of M. G. de Beaumont resigned. But the intention has been abandoned, and Admiral Cecille is to go. A son of Marshal Ney is to go to Russia in a similar capacity. Another Bonaparte, a mere youth, son of Lucien, and named after him, has arrived in Paris to take his seat in the Assembly as representative just chosen from Corsica. We have now in the Assembly five nephews of the Emperor—a son of Louis, a son of Jerome, two sons of Lucien and a Murat, son of his sister Caroline. The other day large crowds were stationed in front of a tailor's shop in rue Vivienne, where appeared on the sign—"P——, tailor to His Imperial Highness, Prince Louis Napoleon." The sign seemed to excite more amusement than indignation; but it was soon removed.

About two months since the friends of Literature, the Arts and Sciences in France were thrown into utter dismay by the report of the Committee of Finances in the Assembly. It re-

commended the most sweeping reductions with regard to the appropriations made under the monarchy, the empire, and even under the former Republic, for the support of the National Institutions to which France owes so much of her glory among nations. Nothing escaped the Vandalic sword of the Financial Committee. The fund for the support of promising young artists in Rome, while perfecting themselves by the study of the masterpieces contained in its illustrious museums, a fund already too small, was to be fatally cut down. This school of Rome, dated from Louis XIV. and Colbert. The famous Conservatory of Music, a grand creation of the first Republic, was menaced with a notable diminution of its annual resources. The Republic of 1796 gave 25,000 francs; that of 1848 was to give 15,000. The Public Libraries, the Theatres, the Museums, Literary pensions, various funds for the encouragement of Literature and the Arts, by the distribution of prizes and the purchase for the State of fine paintings and statues, all came in for a share. It was loudly proclaimed that the French Republic, after refusing to imitate the great American Republic in several particulars, which form the glory, the strength, and the wisdom of its political Constitution, was about fatally to imitate that Republic in its debasing devotion to mere material interests. It was about to sacrifice by one fell blow, artists, painters, musicians, *savans*, poets—in one word, all that constitutes the intellectual glory of France: and set up as a god for exclusive worship—the Dollar! A member of the Mountain in 1793, when signing the death-warrant of an illustrious *savant*, facetiously remarked, "*la Republique n'a pas besoin de savans.*" It was to be feared that there were too many in the Assembly of 1848 of the same opinion. It was time for the friends of the "Intellectual glory of France" to bestir themselves, for the budget of '49 was under discussion, and the order of the day for the reductions in question was close at hand. The Institute, the Academies, and the numerous associations of men of letters were all on the alert. The lobbies of the National Assembly swarmed with their members, and the journals teemed with their protests and *exposés*. But don't suppose, though it was a money question which produced all this excitement, a money question too upon the decision of which many of them were dependent for their daily bread, that this fact had the slightest effect in quickening their literary and scientific zeal. Could the generous, patriotic and magnanimous soul of a Frenchman give entrance for an instant to the worship of the Dollar! Was it not American breasts only which were accessible to such ignoble considerations! In the Assembly the proposed reductions were opposed by several of the most distinguished orators, especially by Mons. Dupin and Victor Hugo. The latter made what Frenchmen call *un discours magnifique*. After Lamartine, he is the finest phrase-maker of the House. "The grand error of late years," says Victor Hugo, "has been to bend men to the search of the material well-being and turn them from the pursuit of the religious and intellectual well-being. The fault is the greater, inasmuch as material well-being can never be possessed but by the few; while intellectual and religious well-being may be imparted to all. It is all important, gentlemen, to remedy this evil. The spirit of man must be made straight again. The spirit of man must be raised up, and must be turned toward God, toward conscience, toward the Beautiful, the Just, the Unselfish, the Grand." A material and practical American would suggest to M. Victor Hugo that the grand misfortune of late and former years in France has been to theorize charmingly and talk magnificently, but to practise very imperfectly. It is doubtless very fine, this raising up the spirit of man and directing it to the Beautiful, the Just, the Unselfish, the Grand—teaching it to despise vile material interests as of the earth, earthy. But a material and practical American would suggest that material well-being must precede religious and intellectual well-being. It is this which fits man to be their recipient. A man whose bowels are pinched with hunger, whose limbs are shivering with cold, is hardly in the fittest state to profit by, or relish the reading of, twenty pages of Burke's essay upon "the Sublime and Beautiful." We may venture a doubt whether a man in such a situation would not prefer a dinner and a blanket, even to an hour's loan of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," or of Chateaubriand's "*Martyrs.*" Now what is this "material well-being" the pursuit of which is so decried by the magniloquent Frenchman, but the possession and the assured possession of dinner and a blanket? Let him assure to the ill-fed and ill-clothed millions of his own countrymen a sufficiency of this despised material well-being to make existence cease to be for them a curse, and then, but not till then, may he hope that after some centuries of amelioration the mass of Frenchmen may perhaps arrive at the degree of "intellectual and religious well-being" actually enjoyed by the masses in the United States. At the conclusion of his harangue, M. V. Hugo, turning to the authors of the proposed reductions, thus addressed them: "I have but one word more to say to you. You have fallen into a most deplorable error. You supposed yourselves to be economizing money. You have economized glory. I reject these economies for the dignity of France, for the

honor of the Republic." This was an unanswerable view of the question. The generous Frenchmen cannot hesitate between glory and material well-being. In fine the reductions proposed by the grovelling committee of Finances were rejected, and the whole tribe of lately disquisted worshippers of the Beautiful, the Just, the Unselfish, and the Grand, remain in possession of undiminished salaries, sinecures and pensions.

In the belief doubtless that Louis Philippe's "material well-being" was otherwise sufficiently provided for, or if not, that he ought, as a true Frenchman, to despise it, government has determined to appropriate a portion of the Palais Royal, (now called Palais National, and forming a portion of the private property of the ex-king,) to the exhibition of the works of living artists in painting and sculpture. The necessary changes in the disposition of the apartments are to be immediately effected, so that the exhibition may be opened early in March. Tickets of admission will not be gratuitous, but they will give chances in a lottery for the works exhibited. The receipts are to be applied to the relief of distressed artists.

There are two exhibitions now open at the Palais des Beaux Arts: one is of sculptors contending for the honor of executing for the State a symbolical figure representing the Republic of 1848. There are ten competitors. The works are in plaster, colossal female figures. One only is represented sitting. Nine are standing in various positions, variously attired, with various symbolical adjuncts. My favorite is one which represents the Republic as a female of commanding form in a flowing robe. The head is slightly raised; the Grecian face is of calm, dignified, serene expression. The right hand is extended over a bee-hive and various ripe fruits at her feet, intimating that industry and agriculture are the grand interests of a State, and that the Republic should ever afford them protection. The other exhibition, opened in another part of the same Palace, is for the competitors for the honor and emolument of constructing in Notre Dame a monument in memory of the late Archbishop of Paris, slain upon the barricades of June last while in the execution of a mission of peace, endeavoring to stay the fratricidal strife. I counted forty-three competitors for the melancholy office. Thirty-seven of the models are miniature constructions in plaster—the rest are drawings. Some are servile imitations of monuments which abound in the French and Italian churches. Others evince originality, invention, and taste. Both these exhibitions are daily visited by numerous persons of both sexes.

A remarkable report of M. Malgaigne, and several deplorable cases in which the use of chloroform has been accompanied with fatal consequences, have caused recently serious doubts to arise in the minds of the faculty of Paris as to the propriety of continuing the use of this agent for facilitation of surgical operations. The Academy of Medicine is now formally discussing these questions:

Is there real danger always accompanying the use of chloroform?

What is the amount and character of this danger?

What are the means, if any, by which the danger may be removed or avoided?

I shall not fail to notice and communicate the result of this discussion so important to suffering humanity. The deliberate and formal decision of the French Academy of Medicine may be almost considered as settling the question.

Perhaps the following information extracted from a medical work, just published, upon the actual state of the profession in Paris, will not be uninteresting to your readers. The number of students actually inscribed upon the books of the Faculty in Paris is 950. Of these 272 date their first inscription from 1848: and 230 have undergone their examination for the Doctorate. The number of admissions to practice which annually increased from 1826, when it was 215, to 1837, when it was 481, has since that epoch constantly diminished, till in 1846, it had fallen to 211. This diminution is attributed to the overcharged state of the rolls of the profession.

There are in Paris 1380 doctors—166 health officers—385 midwives. The number of doctors is 53 less than in January 1847. The profession has supplied a notable share of politicians to the Republic. Among its members who have seats in the National Assembly have been found 1 President of the Assembly, M. Buchez, and 3 Ministers, MM. Recurt, Trelat and Bixio.

Among the accidental *on-dits* of the day is one averring the intended return to Paris of *M. Guizot*, the illustrious author, and the last Prime Minister of Louis Philippe. The fact would not be at all suprising. It has been determined that there were no grounds to prosecute the impeachment of himself with his colleagues, which to satisfy popular passion was ordered in the first heat of the revolution. His personal safety would not be at all jeoparded by his reappearance in Paris. His return it is said, will be simultaneous with the publication of a new work from his pen entitled *Democracy in France*. Perhaps he will reopen at the Sorbonne his course of lectures upon the *History of Civilization*. His name has been constantly published as titular occupant of that chair: though during his premiership he ceased to lecture, the course being continued by

a substitute. M. Guizot would not indeed be prevented by any rigidity of principle from giving the aid of his eminent capacity, and the light of his experience, to the actual government of France, or any other, of whatever color, which events may usher in. M. Guizot has no political prudery. During the whole of his long and active career, the promptness with which he has observed the changes of the political vane, and the alacrity with which he has put himself in movement in the direction indicated, are historical. Under the last dynasty he evinced an elasticity of conscience, a wily ability, a leaden immobility of soul and face, in front of proven charges of duplicity and corruption, that eminently qualify him to take a leading part in the political changes which are preparing in this country. The history of the Spanish marriages alone is sufficient to erase M. Guizot's name from the list of loyal, truthful, honest men. This is a severe sentence. But I write it deliberately.

One of the statistical tables published at the commencement of the year, gives the movement of the French press during the last 12 months. The number of works in all languages, dead and living, issued from the press during the year, is 7,234. Lithographic and other engravings 1,055. The most remarkable activity has been noticed in journalism. A perfect swarm of ephemeral newspapers, most pestilent productions, pounced upon and almost devoured society. French talent for caricature, never wanting to the occasion, and to which in truth the occasion is never wanting, has been wonderfully prolific this year. Every day produces its funny lithograph, the success of which is attested by the laughing crowds stationed in front of the print-shops. All parties, all principles, all classes supply the subjects. Nothing is too high, too low, or too sacred for their attacks. Caricaturing, like journalism has been carried to most mischievous excess. The law of libel should be invoked to the aid of society and individuals.

Since the date of my last, I have attended *en flaneur* several of the democratic and socialist banquets. During the last two months the concurrence of women in these political demonstrations has taken a notable extension. They exceed the men in the violence of their language and the ultraism of their measures. These meetings are usually held just outside one of the barriers or gates of the city, because, I suppose, they are less exposed to the *surveillance* of the police, and because the wine and other constituents of the banquet are there exempt from the heavy *octroi* duty levied upon all articles of consumption which pass the city gates. At these banquets every thing passes in perfect order as much, perhaps more so than in the United States. Subscription tickets usually cost from one to three francs. At the appointed hour the company begins to collect. Tickets are asked for at the door. They are examined, one corner torn off, and then they are returned to the bearers. The company, male and female, pass into a long room unfurnished, or supplied only with seats. Here animated conversation occupies the guests for an hour or two, till all who expected have arrived and the table is spread in an adjoining room. Eight or ten functionaries, distinguished by a tri-colored band about the arm, are charged with the disposition of affairs and the maintenance of order. One of them is stationed at the door and receives the tickets of the guests as they pass, when the word is given from the *salle* of meeting to that of dining. Others assign to guests as they enter the hall their seats at the table. The whole passes quietly, and in due season all are seated at the tables which occupy in three or four rows the whole length of the room. Printed in large characters and pasted up at regular intervals on the walls of the dining room appear the names of the most distinguished leaders, French and foreign, of the universal democratic and social republic—Ledru Rollin, Raspail, Blanqui, Cabet, Barbés, Louis Blanc of France: Blum, Messénhauser of Germany: Smith O'Brien, &c., of Ireland. At one end of the room is erected, about the height of the table, a stage, upon which are placed a table and chairs. This stage serves as tribune for all who speak, or who give toasts, and is occupied by the President and Secretaries of the day. None is allowed to speak or give a toast who has not previously registered his name at the bureau of the President. The President calls each in his order and introduces him to the company. The speeches and toasts are usually read; few trusting to their powers of extempore speaking. The women sit at the table promiscuously with the men and are quite as noisy in their demonstrations of approbation provoked by the speeches or toasts. These commence as soon as the banqueters are seated at the table. As for the tables themselves they are covered with clean white cloths and spread as are tables in our large hotels. The bill of fare is not very various or abundant. A bottle of wine and a loaf of bread is before each plate. In each plate is a slice of cold meat. Plates of cheese are scattered up and down the table. This is all soon disposed of. No new supplies are furnished: and the guests have nothing to do afterwards but listen to the speeches, toasts, &c., which reach them from the tribune. The performances are varied by occasional recitations of poetry written for the occasion, and songs solo, or in society. The guests join heartily in the chorus. But the women of France though they

are so manfully asserting their right to a share in the liberty, equality and fraternity proclaimed in February, do not yet feel themselves sufficiently strong to walk quite alone. So they rejoice in the leadership of a priest, one Abbé Chatel. It was this worthy priest under whose special auspices, aided by several other abbés, one of these female banquets took place. One Madame Constant concluded a half sheet of incomprehensible politico-religious jargon with the very comprehensible toast—"Vive la Republique democratic et sociale! Vive Raspail! Vive l'abbé Chatel!" and took her seat with loud applause. The worthy abbé Chatel, President, after waiting a moment asked if no one else wished to speak. "Don't be afraid," said he, "don't try to be eloquent—good sentiments come promptly from the heart." After a short apparent struggle, a fine looking young woman, seemingly about twenty-five years of age, rose and by a violent effort of the will proceeded to the tribune. This was Mdme. Come. Her discourse was short and sweet—you shall judge.

"To the brave and incorruptible Lagrange! To him whom we should all love! To the amnesty which he has demanded and is demanding so generously and perseveringly! He will obtain it! Be sure of it! They must give it to him—they must! If with all his devotion and entreaty Lagrange does not obtain the amnesty, he will demand it musket in hand!" This was a perfectly extempore effort on the part of the oratrix, and she took her seat in the midst of overwhelming applause. The pacific abbé who had provoked this eruption of "good sentiment," thought the specimen *un peu trop fort*. He therefore said in excuse of the fair speaker, that one did not always mean all one said; in the ardor of speaking Madame Come had doubtless gone a little too far. But the gentle dame did not mean to be misunderstood or misrepresented. So she again mounted the tribune: "I did not mean to say," she explained, "that Lagrange would take his musket, but that we, if after our petitions our brothers were not restored to us, we would act. I am not a man!—but no matter—I maintain, if they pay no attention to our petitions and entreaties, that we ought to resort to grand means! and I promise you that I will not be the last!"

M. Riboulet, described as minister of the French church, gave as a toast, "Universal Fraternity!" The reverend abbé who presided gave as his toast, "To Jesus Christ, the Grand Apostle of Socialism!" Another toast was, "To France, the living Christ of Nations!" But enough, and too much, of this impious blasphemy. I will not shock your readers by its continued recital. Thus much, however, was necessary in order to give an idea of the true character of this unseasonable appearance of women upon the public stage, which is one of the features of the times. The females who frequent and take part in these meetings, who have established newspapers, who have formed and still maintain political and social public clubs, are not as you may well suppose of the higher classes in society; nor are they of the lowest. Such of them as I have seen are well dressed, of good manners, and apparently in easy circumstances. The better portion of the press is unanimous in condemning their course: and the ablest man among the democratic republicans themselves, M. Proudhon, he who has immortalized himself by his famous proposition, "Property is Theft!" condemns these political women in round terms in his journal *Le Peuple*.

France has at last adopted the low uniform postage system. It went into operation on the first instant. Four sous is now the tax all over France, irrespective of distance. Postage stamps similar to those used in England for prepaying postage are sold by government in any quantity desired, only instead of Victoria's head, they bear the impress of that of Liberty. Why is not this convenient mode of paying postage introduced into the United States?*

Petitions are pressing in upon the National Assembly from all the departments, urging a dissolution of that body and a speedy convocation of the Legislative Assembly contemplated by the Constitution. Sometimes they are addressed to their own representatives and assume almost the form of a peremptory summons to resign. The Assembly will hardly be able to resist this extreme pressure. The committees are examining a resolution submitted by a member to adjourn *sine die* on the 19th March, and appoint the elections for the Legislature to take place on the 4th March. They will probably be compelled, by public opinion, daily becoming more clamorous, to leave to their successors the elaboration of what they style the organic laws.

In the mean time industry is resuming every where its spring, and confidence is reviving. The red republicans and socialists bluster, but they are no longer dangerous. The *bourgeoise* know this and are beginning to wear smiling faces again. The gaiety of the season has commenced with something like former animation. The grand hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain and the splendid modern saloons of the fashionable boulevards are nightly lighted and filled with brilliant company. The opera gives its first masked ball of the season on Saturday night next, or rather on Sunday morning, for the doors are not

* Our correspondent seems not to be aware that this mode has already been adopted in the United States.—*Ed. Mess.*

opened till the clock strikes *twelve*. I shall make the description of one of these balls form the burden of one of my future letters.

Lola Montes, the famous dancing girl, who of late years has been one of the public characters of Europe, has, it seems, been driven from the continent and taken refuge in England. While her baggage was undergoing the necessary examination in the long room of the custom-house, she entered her name as *Marie Comtesse de Landsfeld*. She took good care not to touch Paris in her passage. She would doubtless prefer this residence to any other in the world, but *circumstances* prevent it. She would have some unpleasant accounts to settle here. Marie Comtesse de Landsfeld would have to pay for certain pranks of Lola, which the former no doubt has forgotten, but of which many merchants guard upon their books the sad memorials.

Mr. Hoe has arrrived in Paris from New York with one of his new printing presses, the operation of which is anticipated with much interest by the Parisian press. It is being put up and will exhibit its powers the latter part of this month. W. W. M.

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* PARIS, *January* 25, 1849.

One of the most interesting events which have taken place in the literary world since the date of my last, has been the election of a successor to the chair of Chateaubriand in the *French Academy*. This branch of the Institute of France consists of forty members chosen for life. Vacancies are filled by ballot of the surviving members soon after the death of any of their number. But these nominations, previous to the late revolution, were subject to the approval of the king. The French Academy was instituted by Cardinal Richelieu, minister of Louis XIII. in the year 1635. Its mission was declared to be, to "establish certain rules for the language, and render the French tongue not only elegant, but capable of treating all the arts and all the sciences." Such is still its mission. It is specially charged with the composition of a French Dictionary, called "The Dictionary of the Academy," of which it causes an improved edition to be periodically published.

There were several candidates for the honor of occupying the chair No. 6 in the Academy, just vacated by the death of Chateaubriand.

M. de Balzac, the celebrated writer, aspired to the honor of adding a second of his name to the Academy's learned list. One of the original members elected in 1635 was Jean L. G. de Balzac. But the de Balzac of 1849, who was at it were the republican candidate, was not destined to succeed. He deserves to be, and, perhaps, will be more fortunate upon some future occasion. Several of the papers are very severe upon the soi-disant republican Lamartine for having preferred to the popular Balzac, M. le Duc de Noailles, ex-Peer of France and author of a "History of Madame de Maintenon." This latter personage was elected, having received 25 of the 31 votes given in.

It is threatened in view of this result to apply the democratic principle to the elections of the Academy, to proclaim universal suffrage in Literature as well as Politics, and cause their nominations to be made by the direct vote of all French writers instead of the aristocratic forty, who write themselves *members of the Academy*.

Le peuple des Lettres!

"C 'est une belle ideé!" says one.

"But is it practicable?" says a second, who retains a little common sense.

Another branch of the Institute of France, the Academy of Sciences, has recently chosen as one of its *eight foreign associates*, Dr. David Brewster of Edinburgh. Dr. Brewster well deserved this honor. From 1817, when he invented or revived the *Kaleidoscope*, to the present time, this distinguished *Savant* has contributed as much as any other man to the march of Science. The title of foreign associate of the French Academy of Sciences, is the highest and most coveted honor that can be conferred upon foreign scientific men. It is only accorded to most eminent merit, upon the recommendation of a committee of five. The eight elected are deemed the eight most distinguished scientific men of the world out of France. M. Arago was upon this occasion chairman of the committee of five: and Dr. Brewster was elected by an overwhelming majority. Among the foreign associates are Mr. Farraday and Mr. Brown. The Academy of Sciences is composed of sixty-five members, ten free academicians, and the eight foreign associates.

The members of all the five Academies composing the Institute, receive a salary of 1,500 francs ($300.)

Certain of the French *Savans* were disposed

* Owing to the irregularity of the Ocean Steamers, as seen in their recent arrivals, we are compelled in this number to assign our Paris correspondent a larger space than he usually fills, or to postpone the publication of his last letter for a month. We do not hesitate a moment to adopt the former alternative, feeling assured that our readers will be amply compensated for lack of variety in articles, in the abundant variety of agreeable news which our correspondent so pleasantly discusses. We have been gratified to perceive that his letters have excited everywhere a decided sensation, both for the justness of their political reflections and the vivacity with which they present the gossip and glitter of the French metropolis. Hereafter we hope to receive his budget with more punctuality.

[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

to reject the accounts forwarded by M. Matteucci, touching the marvellous effects produced upon the electric telegraph of Pisa by the Aurora Borealis of 17 November last. M. Leverrier has just communicated to the Academy of Sciences the following letter from Mr. Higton, telegraphic engineer of the London and North-western Railway.

"Our telegraph was affected by the Aurora Borealis of the 17 November. A telegraph passing through the Watford tunnel (a tunnel a mile long) and the wires of which are prolonged beyond a quarter of a mile on one side, and a half mile on the other, was rendered unfit for use during three hours. The magnet was constantly rejected from the same side. Such action of the Aurora Borealis is common. It is sometimes observable during the day when the Aurora is not visible: and in one instance, I was able to trace its action from Northampton, through Sheapstone and Peterborough upon the line of the Eastern telegraph to London."

The scientific and commercial world of France has been much interested recently by experiments made in England, proving the possibility of connecting London and Paris by means of an electric telegraph, the wires of which shall be extended across the channel between Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne, and lie upon the bottom of the sea. The experiments were made in the harbor of Folkestone, and are of such a nature as to put the question of practicability almost at rest. No reason can be conceived why the same results should not be obtained with a submarine wire thirty miles long, which have been obtained with one two miles long. The chief difficulty apprehended is in guaranteeing the wire against being cut by the teeth of large fish, or displaced and broken by the anchors of vessels. It is proposed to provide against these accidents, which, perhaps, cannot be prevented, by disposing several lines of wires at certain distances from each other. It is not likely that all will be out of order at the same time: and one may be used while another is being repaired.

But science will prove the possibility of placing London and Paris in instant communication with each other, long before the government of France will abandon the unworthy narrow policy of restriction and monopoly, which has characterized the Republic no less than the Monarchy.

The government has systematically opposed the establishment of the electric telegraph on the lines of the rail roads, except upon conditions so burdensome that it would be folly to undertake them. The Rouen Company, however, went to the expense, and put up its telegraph, but has been compelled to abandon the use of it.

It is strange that France, which pretends to be at the head of nations, should be so late to perceive the advantages social and commercial which flow from this invention—advantages which England and the United States are already largely enjoying. But she will have to yield sooner or later, and open to unrestricted electro-telegraphic communication all parts of her territory and all her great national interests, public and private, social, commercial, and political. The electric telegraph is one of the great acquired facts of the nineteenth century: and the next century will only differ from this in its universal and more perfect application.

Several great events—great to the pleasure-seeking population of this capital—have signalized the last ten days.

These events are, the return of Rachel to the boards of the French theatre; the first of the annual concerts of the society of the *Conservatoire*, the re-opening of the Italian opera, a new *ballet*, *Le Violon du Diable* at the French opera, and the grand concert-ball of the *Jardin d' Hiver*.

This last was a magnificent affair, the most splendid and attractive ball of the season. It was gotten up for the benefit of the poor of Paris, in the admirable *local* of the *Jardin d' Hiver* (winter garden) on the Champs Elysées. The *Jardin d' Hiver* is an immense hot-house, the roof and the sides of which are of glass. It is meant for the deposit and preservation, during the cold season, of rare flowers and plants in Paris and its vicinity. It is high enough for tall trees and spacious enough to contain in infinite number the rare and beautiful exotics, for whose accommodation it is destined. They are there in wonderful profusion, and are arranged with French taste and with magical effect.

And yet there is room.

Grass plats and banks of freshest flowers and gushing fountains, throwing high their crystal columns, gladden the eye and ear.

Wintry winds may howl without and freezing sleet beat against the roof, but within these enchanted grounds perpetual summer reigns, and winding walks conduct the luxurious Parisian amid groves of tropical fruits. Is he weary? cunningly devised seats beneath bowers of Eastern foliage invite him to repose.

And yet there is room.

Light ærial galleries, laden with flowers, stretch along the sides: and below, a large open space, sufficient to contain eight or ten hundred persons, is richly carpeted, hung with magnificent chandeliers, ornamented with classic statues, and canopied with hundreds of the tastefully grouped tri-colored flags of the republic. This space is used for concerts and balls. It is the most elegant, beautiful, tasteful and appropriate *local* for

this purpose that Paris, perhaps I might with justice say, that the world affords.

It was here that on Thursday night all that is musical, gay and pleasnre-loving in Paris had rendezvous.

It was a grand *concert-bal* in honor of the President Louis Napoleon Benaparte and for the benefit of the poor.

The programme was most attractive. Portions of some half dozen of the most popular operas were to be sung by the most popular artists, Madame Dorus-Gras, Allard, Ponchard, and the Duo from Norma by two young ladies, Mdlles. Cinti-Damoreau and Mira, who bid fair to add to the celebrity of names which their mothers have already made famous.

The concert occupied from 10 P. M. till 12 o'clock.

A collection was then taken up for the poor. This ceremony occupied another half hour and was not the least interesting portion of the evening.

Ladies, Madames Cinti-Damoreau, Rachel, Anaïs Grimm, Dorus-Gras, assisted by the most beautiful, and graceful, and famous dancing girls of the opera, Cerrito, Plunkett and Taglioni (a niece of the world known Taglioni) performed the office of collectors. These ladies, each upon the arm of a gentleman, insinuated themselves among the crowd, holding in their hands large and beautifully wrought purses. It was hard to resist their smile and quite impossible to oppose a denial to their direct personal application, as many an unlucky fellow that night learned to his cost, when the fifth, sixth or seventh of these ladies stopped in front of him and held forth her hand.

At half past 12 the ball commenced. The benches and staging used for the concert had been removed: and the music for the ball issued from a numerous band directed by Duprêne and Strauss, and stationed in one of the lofty galleries.

An American friend and myself, taking no part in the dance, amused ourselves by strolling through the crowd making our observations and criticising. We agreed that among the same number of ladies, in any portion of the United States, we would find ten pretty faces where we found one here: and that we found here twenty tastefully dressed and gracefully elegant women, where, in the United States, we would find one.

We remarked, too, the invasion of the republic notion of equality in the fashionable circles of the capital. Under the monarchy, an individual of that brilliant and captivating class of Parisian society, the *Lorette*, would not have ventured into an assembly of this sort, or if she did, she would have dressed and demeaned herself with such perfect *retenue* and decorum, that it would have been impossible to distinguish her unfavorably from the rest. Upon this occasion, however, we remarked several, whose freedom of manner evidently showed that they were the summer *habituées* of Mabille and Ranelagh.

I mentioned in one of my letters that Rachel, offended with the Director of the *Theatre de la Republique* (formerly *Theatre Francais*,) had retired from the stage. But the assurance was expressed that the retirement was only temporary.

She is necessary to the theatre. The theatre is necessary to her.

Rachel was born the 20th March, 1820, and is therefore in her 28th year.

So young!—to stop midway in so brilliant a career!—the harvest of flattery, of fame, of wealth, but half gathered! Oh no! It was not to be thought of. Every strong instinct of sex, profession and race opposed the project.

She would be coaxed—she would be flattered—she would make the want of Rachel felt in Paris. There, where she had seen till she was weary, her presence exciting every form of adulation and flattery, she would now triumph by her absence. It was but a variation of vanity. Such freaks may be pardoned in a young, talented and spoiled woman.

Yet there was, it must be admitted, a little lawsuit to be considered. At the moment of her retirement, Rachel was under an engagement not yet expired.

An engagement of Rachel is not a matter to be fulfilled or not, indifferently, as the lady pleases.

Every night is worth some thousands of francs to the lucky obligee.

"But I am too sick," says Rachel, "my health is wretched. It will kill me out-right to undergo the bodily and mental fatigue which you require of me."

"*Ah! c' est différent!*" replied the gallant director. He was "extremely sorry, but he would not for the world compromise by untimely persistance a health in which the happiness of Paris and the glory of the republic were so intimately connected."

And he bowed himself out.

The next morning, in elegant *déshabillé*, the illustrious *tragédienne* was entertaining, at late breakfast, two of the chosen few of our sex who have the privilege of informal entrance at No. 10, rue Rivoli, when a liveried domestic announced the visit of three of the most distinguished members of the faculty of Paris.

Rachel was at the moment amusing her visiters with an account of the late interview with the director.

She divined instantly the object of the visit of the medical gentlemen.

They came at the instance of the anxious director, who disquieted at the loss with which France was threatened, and perhaps with an eye too to his contract, desired to know, at once, the full extent of the danger with which both were menaced.

Quick as thought the wily invalid took her course. She ordered the *domestique* to excuse her to the doctors—their unexpected visit had found her in the midst of a pressing engagement—she was *desolée*—but it was quite impossible for her to receive them then; and she begged that they would call to-morrow at eleven.

The breakfast ended.

In ten minutes after the departure of her guests she touched the curiously wrought *sonnette* that lay upon her mantle-piece, and handed to the servant, who promptly answered its call, three notes for instant delivery.

They were written upon superfine satin note paper, and inclosed in perfumed envelopes. Each bore the address of one of the three medical gentlemen. They contained very few, and the same number of lines. She again regretted extremely not having been able to see them that morning—but in the hurry of the moment she had named a most inconvenient hour for their interview next day. At this season of the year a lady could hardly be expected to be visible at 11 o'clock—(it is said, however. to have been her breakfast hour)—would he be so kind as to call at *twelve* instead of eleven?

The notes only differed in this, that in one twelve o'clock was appointed for the morrow's interview, in another two P. M.—and in the third 4 P. M.

"Have you received notice of the change of hour for the visit to Rachel to-morrow?" said one of the physicians to the other as they accidently met that afternoon.

"Certainly! I will not fail."

Punctually at 12 the expected visitant was announced at No. 10 rue Rivoli.

Rachel received him in a charming morning *negligé*. Her air was languid and her intellectual face unusually pale.

The doctor made known the object of the visit. The lady faintly smiled and said she had supposed as much. And it was agreed they would wait awhile for the others, who the doctor said would certainly not fail to come in soon.

The *spirituelle* actress smiled again and exerted herself with such effect that thirty minutes passed ere the professional gentleman once thought to complain of the tardiness of his colleagues.

"It is very strange!" said the doctor, at last looking at the bronze clock.

"*Oui vraiment!*" said Rachel. "I wrote to both of them."

"And I saw M—— yesterday afternoon," resumed the doctor, "who told me that he had received your note, and would meet me here without fail."

"Doubtless something unexpected, which will be all explained to-morrow, has prevented their meeting you. But Monsieur le Docteur," continued the wily invalid, "I cannot think of giving you the trouble to call a third time. The assistance of these gentlemen cannot be necessary to you. Pray proceed with your examination, and draw up your report. They may make theirs upon some other occasion, if they should ever remember to honor me with their visit."

The doctor consented.

It was the lungs which were particularly affected. And the lady proceeded with a minute detail of numerous alarming symptoms well calculated to disquiet those who take an interest in the future of the Theatre Francais, and feel concern about the fulfilment of the manager's contract. The doctor listened with much attention and an air of the tenderest concern to this doleful account of his patient's health: interposing occasionally with "*ce n'est rien ça*," or "*Ah, c' est grave cela!*"—according to the nature of the symptom which the lady was at the moment describing.

When she had ceased, the doctor felt in his pockets for his stethescope.

"How provoking!" He had not brought it with him.

He forgot that he had left his instrument in its usual place, the pocket of his *coupé*, which was waiting for him at the door.

Honi soit qui mal y pense!

But auscultation was absolutely necessary.

So he applied his ear, without the intermediacy of the stethescope.

What else could he do?

The doctor's look, upon raising his head, would have been assuring to a patient even more despairing than was Rachel. He was evidently not without hope that the case was within the reach of his art.

After a little more conversation he declared himself satisfied, and drew up his report, which while it relieved the anxieties of those who feared to see the French stage speedily deprived of its brightest ornament, was upon the whole satisfactory to the artist herself. He left a copy of it with her and took his leave.

Similar scenes occurred at 2 P. M. and 4 P. M. upon the arrival of the other physicians. Only at 2 o'clock the seat of the disease with which, the lady was afflicted had changed from the lungs to the stomach, and at 4 P. M. it had mounted to

the throat. She had lost for the moment—she hoped, with care and the doctor's aid, it would prove to be only temporarily—that remarkable power of utterance which forms one of her distinguishing beauties upon the stage.

The doctor said some encouraging things and took his leave, placing in her hands a copy of his report recommending her to abstain for some time to come from exciting declamation.

Rachel congratulating herself upon the success thus far of her stratagem, gaily spent the hour before dinner in the perusal of her three reports. Armed with these she thought with reason that she could anticipate without apprehension the result of the law-suit if they should now proceed with it.

The three medical gentlemen met next day at the director's.

Mutual explanation! universal indignation! and general consent that Rachel had outwitted them, that the law-suit could not succeed, and that for their own reputation's sake the affair must be hushed up and the reappearance of the actress upon the boards of the Theatre Francais effected by an arrangement *à l' amiable*.

With what success the overtures were made appears from the following notice, taken from the *Constitutionnel* of the 9th instant.

"Mdlle. Rachel hopes, it is said, that her health will permit her reappearance at the French Theatre on Saturday next. She will appear as Camille in the *Horace* of Corneille."

On Saturday morning the gay colored placards of the Theatre Francais, posted up at the theatre itself, upon the boulevards, and all over the city announced certainly the fact. Immediately the ticket office was besieged by applicants for the places which the rules of the theatre permit to be sold beforehand; and at midday commenced the *queue** for the purchase of pit-tickets and such others as can only be had at the doors at half past seven in the evening.

Many a one stood that day for seven mortal hours near the door of the French Theatre, in order to make sure of a seat to witness the reappearance of the illustrious *tragédienne*. I was myself not among the last: and took my place in the *queue* a full hour and a half before the opening of the door.

It's very trying to one's patience and one's legs, the being compelled to stand in the same spot for so long a time. I had occasion repeatedly to try the old fashioned expedients of throwing the weight of the body first on one foot and then on the other, and then on both equally. Most of those in advance of me whiled away the time by the reading of newspapers or books, which they had taken the precaution to bring with them. Such as came in parties were engaged in conversation. I had placed a copy of Corneille in my pocket: and amused myself with reading the tragedy which I was not destined to see played that evening.

"One parterre!" said I thrusting my hand with a two-franc piece between the fingers into the small hole through which tickets were bought and passed.

"All sold, Monsieur!" was the reply. My hand was withdrawn and instead of passing in I passed out, and not in the most amiable mood.

It was not without a certain feeling of pleasure—why deny it?

"Homo sum," &c.

that I marked the long line—three or four hundred—of those who, behind me, were slowly making their way to the door and ticket-office. And I chuckled at the idea of how many of them were fated to the same disappointment with myself: for single gentlemen usually prefer a seat in the pit. Ladies are not admitted there.

Camille is one of Rachel's favorite characters. It is that in which she made her *debut* in the Theatre Francais on the 12th June, 1838.

On that evening no eager crowd thronged the doors in honor of the youthful *débutante*. It was known that a young Israelite, Rachel, was to make her first appearance: but her genius had not yet revealed itself to the world. Rachel was not yet a magnet of powerful attraction: and many were the unoccupied seats, and sad to see the vacant boxes that night in the French theatre. Not many of the lovers of French tragedy can boast that they were present at the first appearance of the now illustrious actress. Some were certainly there—old *habitués* of the theatre—who made it a matter of conscience to be present at every representation,—who knew not where else to spend the evening—and were in place every night just as surely as the lamps themselves or any other fixture of the establishment. These groaned in advance over the murder which they supposed was about to be done upon their favorite author. The critics too, mechanically as it were, and by the force of habit, were present. They had written already for the

* *La queue* (the tail) is the term applied to the long line, in rows of two by two, which is formed, under the supervision of police officers, at the doors of the theatres by persons of both sexes awaiting the opening of the doors. When a favorite actor is to appear or a favorite piece to be played, these tails, in winding folds, extend to a hundred or more yards in length. Order is strictly maintained, and the rule, *first come first served*, rigidly observed. If a late comer presumes to take too advanced a position in the line, all behind him instantly and loudly protest, shouting "*à la queue! à la queue!*" A policeman comes up, the offender is pointed out and promptly ejected. He goes off, or takes his position at the end of the *tail*.

morrow's journals their unfavorable articles, bewailing for the fiftieth time the want of worthy interpreters for the noble pages of Corneille and Racine, and striving to evince in some new form their oft repeated belief in the decline of the French Theatre.

But they did not publish their articles.

The curtain rises.

After a short scene between Sabine and Julie, *Camille* enters.

It is Rachel. The pupil of the heavy, cold, artificial Saint-Aulaire, has commenced her career as the greatest tragic actor of her day.

Her noble, calm, and truly tragic air, her pale and strongly marked oval face, earnest, thoughtful and steeped in grief till it was even painful to behold, arrested at once every gaze and held the audience in breathless suspense.

The confidence and joy inspired by the deceitful words of the oracle had vanished. Camille had passed a restless night, disturbed by frightful dreams. Rome and Alba were at war. After long continued hostilities, with various success, the day had arrived which was to decide the issue of the war. Rome or Alba was now to be finally subjugated. The armies were in presence both eager for the fight. Her brothers, the Horatii were in the Roman army—her lover one of the Curiatii in the Alban. Much that she loved as woman, all that she loved as Roman was in one camp—what she loved most as woman was in the other camp. To whichever side victory inclined, for her, unspeakable grief was the certain portion.

Sabine retires, leaving Camille alone with Julie.

She commences:

"Qu' elle a tort de vouloir que je vous entretienne!
Croit elle ma douleur moins vive que la sienne,
Et que, plus insensible à de si grands malheurs,
A mes tristes discours je mêle moins de pleurs?"

From that moment her success was certain, her triumph complete. She proceeded amid a stillness that was almost unearthly to the close of the scene. Till then—the best proof of her power—the charmed audience forgot to applaud. But then! oh then! there was not a form of extravagance in which it was possible for French enthusiasm to express itself, that was not found inadequate to the occasion!

Talma, Mars, Georges, never provoked the like. She took from that night position as an actress, which, if she still occupies, it is because she has found it impossible to get higher. It was Camille herself—the antique Camille—the very personification of the creation of Corneille.

"Then," exclaims a French eulogist, "Tragedy burst from the sepulchre in which she lay, and displayed herself triumphant to a generation which had outraged her."

It has indeed never been my lot to see a tragic actor whom I think the equal of Rachel. Her voice has a power, her tones a thrilling quality, that I have heard no where else. Her declamation is tasteful, elegant, just, unforced, void of all extravagance, but expressive as occasion requires of deepest, fiercest, tenderest passion. Her gestures, few and simple, are more eloquent even than her words, apparently the spontaneous prompting of nature, of which the actress herself is unconscious. She has a perfect conception of her parts and a rare power of identification. Her bearing and manner are replete with grace, decorum and tragic dignity—no exaggeration and foaming rant—no starts except when the occasion so calls for them, that every spectator in pit, box and gallery, is fully prepared to start with her.

Rachel is a native of Switzerland, Canton of Argon. She is born of very obscure Jewish parents. Her family name is *Felix*. Her early life, till the age of eleven years, was that of a vagabond mendicant singing-girl. There are thousands who remember to have seen her in Lyons, (France,) clothed in rags, strolling over the city, guitar in hand, singing in the Cafés and public squares, and gathering from the street the sous which contemptuous charity threw upon the pavement. This of course no sensible person would remember to her discredit, or impute to her as a disgrace. I mention it simply as a biographical fact. She early evinced an inclination for the stage; and was placed for several years under the tuition of M. Saint-Aulaire. She played in one of the minor and very obscure theatres of the capital with such promise, that several theatrical gentlemen, taking an interest in her, procured for their protegée in October, 1836, admission into the *Conservatoire*. where she profited by the lectures of the famous *Samson*, who soon distinguished her from the crowd of *médiocre* capacities by which she was surrounded.

On leaving the Conservatoire, in 1837, Rachel connected herself with the theatre of the *Gymnase* of Paris. She soon, however, left that theatre and took an engagement in the *Theatre Francais*, making her *debut*, as mentioned above, on the 12th June, 1838. There she has won her fame and her fortune. With it she is identified; and will doubtless remain connected, in spite of little differences like that with which we commenced this notice, throughout the whole of her professional career.

The family, Felix, would seem to have devoted itself entirely to the stage since the brilliant success which has crowned the efforts of one of

its members. She has a younger brother, Raphael, a member of the company of the French Theatre. He performed with her on Saturday the part of *Curiace*, lover of *Camille*. An elder sister, *Sarah*, and two younger sisters, Rebecca and Dinah, the last only twelve years of age, are also upon the boards of Paris. There are several more still younger coming on—destined all it is said to the stage. Only one of the family has as yet evinced more than mediocre talent, and will probably never merit higher praise than that of being respectable in their profession.

The Bonaparte family produced but one Napoleon. The Felix family will produce but one Rachel.

France, the world, produced but one Napoleon at a time. Fifty years hence the same will probably be said of Rachel.

Her return to the stage, after this short estrangement, was hailed on Saturday with transports of welcome hardly less enthusiastic than those which signalized her first appearance; and her representation of the various passions which by turns agitate Camille—love, patriotism, grief, despair, fury—were worthy of Rachel. The President of the Republic was present. He occupied the former royal box. His entry was hailed from pit, box and gallery with highly gratifying tokens of respect.

He was present, too, occupying the royal box at the recent opening of the Italian Opera. Various reports had, for the last six weeks, been agitating the music-loving public of Paris, with respect to the opening of the Italian Opera this season. It was asserted, till a very few days before the opening, that the difficulties in the way had been found insuperable, and that Lablache and Alboni were about to take their flight from Paris to London. This was fortunately not all true. *Ronconi*, the celebrated *baryton*, has assumed the difficult task of manager; and aided by Lablache and Alboni, he hopes to maintain the ancient reputation of the opera. The house was crowded to excess with all that Paris contains of the beautiful, brilliant and illustrious. *La Cenerentola* was the opera chosen for the occasion. It was repeated again on Thursday night.

Lablache is astounding in the *rôle* of *Don Magnifico*. The great artiste unites as singer and actor qualities the most opposite and apparently incompatible. His voice, one of the most powerful and terrible that ever thundered in a theatre, can suddenly change its tone and with equal facility emit the plaintive wailings or give utterance to the tender hopes of melting love. Now, it pours forth with overwhelming volume, roaring, rushing, crushing, like Niagara's "hell of waters:" and anon, it charms the sense, like the bubbling brook that solicits its sparkling way through the green and sunlit valley. Comic some of his *roles*, as Arnal himself, let the occasion be presented, and Lablache promptly becomes dignified, impassioned, tragic, sublime. See him in one of his comic moods, and Cervantes for his Sancho, Shakspeare for his Falstaff, would have envied that jovial face and figure: but see him in Assur, or hear the father of Desdemona vent his fearful malediction, and that comic face is clothed with terror. You tremble, shudder, shrink before his wrath.

Mdlle. *Alboni* is building worthily and rapidly the reputation of which she laid so broadly the foundation last year. Her stature and person do not accord exactly with our idea of little Cinderella; but the exquisite delicacy of her singing, particularly in the final notes, makes us soon forget that. Her voice is as clear, fresh and silvery as ever; now replete with every feminine quality, and now of almost masculine tone and strength. Her utterance is of the same marvellous facility. She sings like a bird; pouring forth the most various harmony without the slightest effort. She has but to open her mouth, and it gushes forth not as if it were sent out, but as if it *would come*, as if it *could'nt help coming*. She is cold. She does lack animation, feeling, passion, both in face and manner. It was her fault last year. I remark no change in this. There she stands uttering music; delighting, thrilling, astonishing, racking all within the sound of her voice—herself unmoved! I could not help comparing her to some wondrously constructed musical statue. She opens her mouth, (the spring is touched,) and music follows—mechanically.

But her singing is so chaste, so elegant, so classic! Why *don't* she feel! Why will she not partake, or seem to partake, the emotion she excites in her audience!

Quote Horace to her,

"si vis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia laedent,"

she mocks at your Latin and defies you to "*sleep* or to *laugh*."

La Cenerentola of Rossini is perhaps her favorite opera. She has won in it some of her most glorious triumphs, and not the least on Tuesday and Thursday nights of last week. Her marvellous execution of the difficult *rondo* in the second act produced thunders of applause. At the conclusion of the opera the theatre rang with *bravos* and the stage was covered with boquets showered upon her from the boxes.

She gratified very much her French audience, by volunteering between the acts a couplet commencing with

"Salut, oh noble France!"

from the 2nd Act of "La Fille du Regiment,"

which she sang with a remarkably correct accent. The audience were pleased with the compliment, but Alboni lacks the fire, energy and soul necessary to give full effect to that thrilling air.

Apropos de la Cenerentola! It is—a little disguised to be sure by the fashionable dress in which she presents herself—the earliest acquaintance of your own childhood, the earliest acquaintance of your grandmother's childhood, and perhaps of your great grandmother's—it is *Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper.*

This you probably knew before. But do you know the origin of Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper? and how very, very old is the story, which is known by heart, and whose repetition has so often excited the imagination and sympathies of every child in the land?

I'll tell you.

Once upon a time—but I am writing history and must specify the date—two thousand four hundred and forty years ago, there lived a young Grecian woman, a fellow slave with Æsop, (him of the fables.) at the court of the king of Samos. Her name was Rhodope.

I have said Rhodope was young. She was also gay, wild, adventurous, pleasure-loving and exceedingly beautiful. But what she was most proud of was her tiny foot. It was the marvel of Samos.

It is not surprising that Rhodope should soon cease to be the fellow slave of Æsop at the Samian Court, or that after a few years and a series of adventures the lovely and spirited girl should find herself in the capital of the distant, wealthy and luxurious kingdom of Egypt. She was very probably just such another as the Lola Montes, or Countess of Landsfeld of the present day, she who a year or two ago was playing so distinguished a part at the court of the king of Bavaria. At any rate, their histories are not altogether dissimilar. The chronicle avers that Rhodope was one day bathing in the Nile, when an eagle stooped in his flight and bore off in his talons one of her sandals which were lying on the bank. He dropped it, says the story, (one would be almost tempted to believe that her old friend Æsop were the writer of the story,) at the feet of the king Psammetichus, who was enjoying the evening breeze upon the terraces of his palace in Memphis.

The astonished king picked up the slipper, gazed, admired, loved. It was impossible that so small a slipper could fit more than one foot. He ordered instant search to be made for the owner, and caused it to be proclaimed that she whose foot that sandal would fit should become his wife and the crowned queen of Egypt. The mysterious slipper was deposited in an ante-room of the palace, where all the young women of Egypt were free to examine, envy and try it. For weeks it was the amusement of the courtiers to watch the numerous young women who daily left the palace veiled and limping. At last Rhodope was discovered. The friendly historian does not assert that she facilitated the discovery. She easily put on the tiny slipper and proved that she was the owner of it by producing its fellow.

The king kept his word, and Rhodope became his wife and the crowned queen of Egypt.

If any of your readers should be incredulous, or should desire to learn more minutely the history of Rhodope, I refer them to the works of *Ælian*, and to *Strabo*. It is recorded in the 17th book of his Geography.

But how happens it—methinks you ask—that in the lapse of ages, Rhodope's slipper has been converted into glass? That Rhodope is the prototype of Cinderella may perhaps be admitted; but only the wondering credulity of childhood can believe that either Rhodope or Cinderella ever wore a real *glass slipper*.

At the risk of destroying half the charm which, in the mind of children, invests the veritable but mysterious glass slipper, I will venture the following explanation.

Suppose, which is not at all improbable, that the story of *Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper*, was introduced into the nurseries of England, through France. The French for glass slipper, is "pantoufle de *verre*."

So far as pronunciation and the ear are concerned, "pantoufle de *verre*" and "pantoufle de *vair*" are the same.

Suppose that the latter is the correct mode of writing it, but that in process of time, partly from ignorance and partly to render the story more captivating to children, *verre* came to be generally substituted for *vair* in the popular mind and language. At this point of corruption, *La pantoufle de verre* crossed the channel and was translated of course by the word *glass slipper*.

The term *vair* in heraldry signifies one of the furs employed in blazonry. It represents the skin of a small squirrel.

Now the skin of a squirrel, properly prepared, is no very unfit thing to make a slipper of, and until some better proof than nursery traditions shall be adduced to the contrary, I must persist in believing that the proper name of the story, is *Rhodope, or the Squirrel-Skin Slipper*.

After all, if I ever have a son, I dare say, as soon as he shall be old enough to understand me, I shall be often caught with my boy upon my knee, teaching him the marvellous old story of *Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper*.

The Hospitals and Theatres of Paris, institutions which at the first blush you would

hardly suppose to meet upon the same ground and to possess clashing interests, have been since the revolution and are still at daggers' points.

It happens in this wise:

During the late reign, the various theatres were bound to pay over weekly, if not nightly, from 9 to 11 per cent. of their gross receipts for the benefit of the hospitals. The tax was cheerfully submitted to, for their receipts were then ample. The good people of Paris in those days had no processions, *émeutes*, clubs and banquets to amuse them of evenings, and were compelled to seek emotion and banish ennui in the moving scenes of the theatre. The French have no idea of domestic enjoyment as we and the English understand it. An evening at home is universally voted a horrible bore.

But the revolution of February came; and the farces, comedies and tragedies which were now daily and nightly enacted in the streets, public clubs, &c., established a ruinous rivalry with the regular theatres,—to the effect that their benches were completely deserted. In the course of the three months following February, nearly all the theatres were compelled to close their doors; the receipts frequently not paying one fourth of the expenses.

They promptly took advantage of the anarchy succeeding the proclamation of the Republic and refused payment of the onerous and now intolerable tribute levied by the hospitals. The managers and hospital committees were at open war. Violent seizures were repeatedly made. The result was a compromise by which one party agreed to pay and the other to receive 1 per cent. till 1st November last. From November to January 3 per cent. was received. Under the rule of Cavaignac, the usual street amusements and club scenes were severely restricted and the theatres began to be repeopled. Order and law seemed still more likely to have sway under Louis Napoleon. The hospital committees consequently rose in their demands and had the boldness to demand from the 1st of this month 5 of the 10 per cent. to which they were legally entitled: and expressed their determination to invoke if necessary the arm of the law to obtain payment of the same. The managers have been compelled to succumb. They now nightly pay over to the hospital-receivers the 5 per cent., but they protest and appeal to the public against their oppressors, declaring that their receipts cannot yet bear so heavy a charge.

Yet one would hardly believe that with the state of theatrical affairs indicated above, coexisted the following facts, which the Theatrical Review of 1848 proves to be true. It shows an activity among dramatic authors amid the stirring scenes of political revolution which I could not have anticipated. During the last year there were produced upon the Parisian boards 178 new Vaudevilles, 35 new Dramas, 26 Comedies, 13 Operas, 2 Tragedies, 11 Pantomimes, 1 *Mystere*, and 1 *Etude*—in all 267 new pieces. In the production of these concurred 180 authors and 15 composers. Among the authors M. Clairville figures as the most fruitful. He attaches his name to 20 Vaudevilles. But one novelty was produced by the Italian Opera. It was *Andremo a Parigi*, by Rossini. The French Opera gave 1 ballet-pantomime by Ad. Adam; 1 opera and 1 ballet by Benoit; Eden, a *mystery*, by Felicien David; and 1 opera by Clapisson. Scribe, Lafont and others wrote 15 new pieces for the Theatre de la Republique (French Theatre.) The Odeon, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Theatre Montansier, (ci-devant *Palais Royal*,) and the Beaumarchais produced from 22 to 26 new pieces each.

W. W. M.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, Feb., 1849.

I design to send you each month from this metropolis of commerce, literature and the arts, a letter, not precisely *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, but still "various that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged." I hope that I shall succeed at least in gratifying the curiosity and pleasing the tastes of your readers, though I may not, as certain of your correspondents do, inform their understandings and captivate their imaginations. I am an ancient correspondent of the Messenger and have ever taken a sincere interest in its success. I rejoice that it is now conducted under auspices so favorable to its permanent welfare, and I say "*macte virtute*," with a cordial goodwill and a desire to assist you according to my ability. You see that I am but poor at a preface, and you may find me somewhat awkward at the beginning of my epistles, but I shall improve, sir—I shall improve as I fall into a more familiar acquaintance with those who feel both a pride and a pleasure in sustaining worthily a periodical which is admired in the North and cherished by the South.

Before this letter shall reach you, you will have received and noticed the first two volumes of Macaulay's History of England, published by the Harpers in a neat, and I might add, handsome

manner, were it not that each page is sadly disfigured by being set in a frame of "column rules," as printers call those formal lines that frame each printed area. No standard book should affect the fashion of illustrated volumes. This attempt at ornament is very much out of taste. But it is better that the externals of a book should be so marred than that the matter should be deformed by such *phonographic* orthography, as these publishers, Noah Webster *duce*, have seen fit to adopt. It is difficult to imagine by what right an author is forced to spell according to the whims of printers, proof-readers or booksellers. It is just as impertinent to alter Mr. Macaulay's orthography, as it would have been to change his language or invert his style. If Mr. Macaulay prefers to spell traveller with two 'l's, and to put the letter 'e' in theatre after the 'r' instead of before it, is it not a piece of presumption to compel him to give sanction to such spelling as *traveler* and *theater?* Perhaps this correct and classic author abominates all innovations on the purity of his mother-tongue, how then must he be shocked at seeing the absurd perversions which he is made to father by his American sponsors!

In my judgment it is high time these unwarrantable liberties were frowned down by the critics. They are most offensive to the eye of taste. They are mutilations of "Chatham's language." They put one in mind of those cuts and scratches, rude carvings of names and initials, which are seen on the benches and statues and fountain-urns in our public squares. They ought to be repressed and punished by a literary and artistic police.

Phonography or the art of writing by sounds, or according to aural impressions, is a great and valuable discovery in reporting—in every way superior to stenography: no one can deny that, who has seen the wonderful velocity and strict accuracy with which the most rapid speaker's words may be transferred to paper. It may be called the daguerreotype of sound. But to undertake by a new alphabet and constant elisions of letters to substitute it for our beautiful and symmetrical language, as it is now written and printed, is even a greater absurdity than it would be to throw away all drawing and sketching in oil or water colors and engraving, and make exclusive use of those instruments which by the aid of the sun fix faces and landscapes on a surface of polished metal. Or to make use of a better illustration, we might as well build square pine boxes, or plain brick walls, instead of using frieze and architrave, column and arch, on the outside of our dwellings. In fact, the orthography of a language may be esteemed its ornamental architecture. As our English is now spelled, it is harmonious, elegant, classical, springing from just elements founded on reason, erected with taste: strip it, cut it down, mutilate it, and it becomes a shapeless, ugly mass of incongruities. Moreover it will be at the mercy of every fresh innovator; the very materials will soon be cast aside, and in the lapse of time it will be resolved back into barbarism, and exist only as a language of signs, a mere system of hieroglyphics. The advocates of progress in this matter seem to desire to progress backward and to reduce our present letters to the diagrams and figures of the Egyptians.

But to return to Harper's edition of Macaulay. The typography and paper are highly creditable; the eye reposes luxuriously upon them, and middle-aged gentlemen are not reminded of spectacles. Of the book itself I could not speak befittingly without going into an extended review. It is very fine and spirited in its style, original and impressive in its opinions. It abounds with frequent passages that teem with eloquence. It is more chaste and subdued than its author's miscellaneous papers, but is still vivacious and entertaining. The narrative has the interest of a most skilfully managed romance. That mind must be duller than the fat weed which grows on Lethe's bank, which could not follow this river-like flow of thoughts and words through all their grand or graceful windings.

To the young the study of history is often an irksome task. Recounters of facts think not enough of induing with the charms of a cultivated style the results of their researches. Hume, with all his clearness, is often dry—to say nothing of his one-sidedness and skepticism. Gibbon is too lofty and ornate; the movements of his style have too much grandeur and precision to be attractive. He is another infidel too, whose views it is impossible to contemplate without a sentiment of distrust. Macaulay has all the lucidity of the one and enough of the ornaments of the other. He has too a keen and polished wit, a quick and apprehensive insight, a felicitous fancy, a deep faith in whatsoever is pure and lovely and of good report. By the young, therefore, he will be loved as well as admired; he will win their confidence no less than their homage; they will, moreover, be attracted by his example and revelations to the study of ancient and contemporaneous histories. For the latter reason, even if his intrinsic merits were less eminent than they are, I would cordially commend this book to those whose charge it is to train and elevate the minds of youth.

Mr. Richard Hildreth, a gentleman of learning and abilities—a counsellor at law and once editor of a leading daily journal in Boston, has been for five years past engaged in writing out from a great variety of materials, derived from numer-

ous sources, a history of the United States. He has completed his work from the first age of the country to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. This part will be comprised in three volumes, which are now in the hands of publishers. The second part, which will occupy three volumes more, will begin with the government under the Federal Constitution and conclude with General Taylor's administration. I have not a doubt that the task will be faithfully and skilfully executed. Mr. Hildreth's mind is void of all sectional prejudices. He will treat all the institutions of the country with fairness and honesty. As he is a scholar, reliance may be felt in the style and manner in which he will accomplish his important and difficult undertaking.

Is it not a singular fact, that, in consideration of the mighty advancement of our country in the science of government, in mechanics, in the arts, in literature, that there is really no good, thorough, comprehensive history written as such a history ought to be written? Bancroft is in parts excellent; but he wants proportion. He is very full on certain points and slurs over others, which are equally important. Besides he gives undue prominence to topics, which do not seem to have a legitimate connection with events here. We sometimes suspect him of a desire rather to display the minuteness, extent and variety of his own attainments than to perform accurately his incumbent duties as a historian. Should Mr. Hildreth supply any considerable portion of that want which Mr. Bancroft leaves as he found it, he will deserve well of the Republic.

Mr. Putnam's new editions of the works of Washington Irving have met with satisfactory success. These works are now scarcely obtainable in any other accessible shape, certainly in none so desirable. Mr. Putnam publishes them in two editions—one with Mr. Darley's illustrations, another without. I prefer the latter. I have a high respect for Mr. Darley's genius in some things: but I do not think he enters into or rightly judges the genius of Mr. Irving. There is a lack of delicacy in the illustrations; they are broad and too real and sometimes show a singular disproportion between the figures and the space they fill in the picture.

It strikes me—I may be mistaken—but it seems to me that the public are getting tired of these pictorial publications. The thing has been overdone and badly done on this side of the water. Our attempts of the kind are imitations, and of that kind which gods, men or columns find it difficult to tolerate. Those artists among us who try to make original drawings, are so few that, even if they possessed more aptness than they do, they would fail from hurry and accumulation of work. There is no discovery as yet, by the use of which one hand can be trained to do the labor of a hundred hands. In England, where etchers and sketchers are as many as the works they embellish, beautiful or facetious books are produced that can truly pretend to artistic praise. Look, for example, at the doings of the Etching Club,—worthy of Italian art in its best days. Look, as examples of humor, to the caricatures of H. B. or the limnings of Cattermole. In the department of wit and caricature, we are lamentably deficient. Each of our efforts in that direction has been a failure. Was there ever any thing more paltry than the wood-cut designs in those abortive imitations of Punch, called "Yankee Doodle" and "John Donkey"? Could aught more despicable be imagined than the political lithographed caricatures with which a person by the name of Robinson disgusts the not too fastidious citizens of Gotham? We abound in topics, but we lack artists. The Yankee peculiarities both of character and manners have yet to be described both by pen and pencil.

"The Literary World," edited by Evert A. Duyckinck, one of our ripest scholars, best critics and happiest writers,—a man of fine taste, a real lover of, and an able commentator on old English letters, has paid you recently a very high compliment. From such a source it is, let me assure you, worth having. Pray do not let your modesty prevent you from publishing it, but rather show your neighbors what our most distinguished Northern editors think of your efforts in the common cause of American literature.

(*From the Literary World of January* 27.)

"The Southern Literary Messenger which, under the care of Mr. White, gained so high and wide a reputation, has been growing in attractiveness and value during the past year. Several of its former popular contributors have resumed their labors in its pages. The volume just closed contains numerous masterly essays. The editor, John R. Thompson, Esq., is a man of education and promptitude, and is engaged heartily in rendering the Messenger a reliable exponent of the literature of the day, and an honor to the South. The new volume appears in an entirely new and beautiful typographical dress, and contains some articles of unusual interest carefully elaborated and characterized by the best skill of some of our ablest writers. It is due to the gentleman who is devoting his time and abilities so energetically to this work, to tender him our cordial congratulations upon the eminent success which has thus far attended his efforts, and our earnest wishes for the permanent recognition of the Messenger as one of the leading periodicals of the Union. The South needs an organ of the kind. Richmond is a central locality; and while we cannot doubt that the Southern public will take pride and satisfaction in promoting the interests of the Messenger, we hope that our Eastern men of letters, and especially the press, will encourage by their literary aid and deserved praise, a Jour-

sal so honorable and necessary to the advancement of the region where it chiefly circulates, and the welfare of American literature."

You will agree with me that I could hardly close the first of my letters more agreeably than by presenting a delightful *jeu-d'esprit*, embodied in certain lines by a lady, of whose genius and accomplishments we feel very proud, on a Southern lady, highly celebrated at our places of fashionable resort for her wit and humor.

Do not think the verses a fair exponent of what their fair author can accomplish. She is capable of the loftiest ascents as well as of such graceful little flights as the following:

TO MRS. O. W. L.*

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Surely thou art no bird of night—
  Thy *face* thy *name* denies;
Save, that as stars make evening bright,
  So do thy starlit eyes.

Oh, no! Thou'rt not a moping Owl
  Of solitary mood—
Upon life's sunny joys to scowl,
  And o'er its evils brood!

Save that the Owl—Minerva's bird—
  Hath wisdom in his thought,
And he that hears thee speak, hath heard
  What wisdom's goddess taught.

But none that listen to thy songs,
  Enraptured, will allow
That screech-owl's name or voice belongs
  To songstress such as thou!

No! If a bird of night at all,
  We must for thee disclaim
What thine initials say, and call
  The Nightingale thy name.

B.

* Mrs. Octavia Walton Le Vert.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

A FABLE FOR THE CRITICS. NEW-YORK: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

What have we Americans accomplished in the way of Satire? "The Vision of Rubeta," by Laughton Osborn, is probably our best composition of the kind: but, in saying this, we intend no excessive commendation. Trumbull's clumsy and imitative work is scarcely worth mention—and then we have Halleck's "Croakers," local and ephemeral—but what is there besides? Park Benjamin has written a clever address, with the title "Infatuation," and Holmes has an occasional scrap, piquant enough in its way—but we can think of nothing more that can be fairly called "satire." Some matters we have produced, to be sure, which were excellent in the way of burlesque—(the Poems of William Ellery Channing, for example)—without meaning a syllable that was not utterly solemn and serious. Odes, ballads, songs, sonnets, epics and epigrams, possessed of this unintentional excellence, we should have no difficulty in designating by the dozen; but in the particular of direct and obvious satire, it cannot be denied that we are unaccountably deficient.

It has been suggested that this deficiency arises from the want of a suitable field for satirical display. In England, it is said, satire abounds, because the people there find a proper target in the aristocracy, whom they (the people) regard as a distinct race with whom they have little in common; relishing even the most virulent abuse of the upper classes with a gusto undiminished by any feeling that they (the people) have any concern in it. In Russia, or Austria, on the other hand, it is urged, satire is unknown; because there is danger in touching the aristocracy, and self-satire would be odious to the mass. In America, also, the people who write are, it is maintained, the people who read:—thus in satirizing the people we satirize only ourselves and are never in condition to sympathize with the satire.

All this is more verisimilar than true. It is forgotten that no individual considers himself as one of the mass. Each person, in his own estimate, is the pivot on which all the rest of the world spins round. We may abuse *the people* by wholesale, and yet with a clear conscience so far as regards any compunction for offending any one from among the multitude of which that "people" is composed. Every one of the crowd will cry "*Encore!*—give it to them, the vagabonds!—it serves them right." It seems to us that, in America, we have refused to encourage satire—not because what we have had touches us too nearly—but because it has been too pointless to touch us at all. Its namby-pamby-ism has arisen, in part, from the general want, among our men of letters, of that minute *polish*—of that skill in details—which, in combination with natural sarcastic power, satire, more than any other form of literature, so imperatively demands. In part, also, we may attribute our failure to the colonial sin of imitation. We content ourselves—at this point not less supinely than at all others—with doing what not only has been done before, but what, however well done, has yet been done *ad nauseam*. We should not be able to endure infinite repetitions of even absolute excellence; but what is "McFingal" more than a faint echo from "Hudibras"?—and what is "The Vision of Rubeta" more than a vast gilded swill-trough overflowing with Dunciad and water? Although we are not all Archilochuses, however—although we have few pretensions to the ηχεντες ιαμβοι—although, in short, we are no satirists ourselves—there can be no question that we answer sufficiently well as subjects for satire.

"The Vision" is bold enough—if we leave out of sight its anonymous issue—and bitter enough, and witty enough, if we forget its pitiable pumming on names—and long enough (Heaven knows) and well constructed and decently versified; but it fails in the principal element of all satire—*sarcasm*—because the *intention* to be sarcastic (as in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in all the more classical satires) is permitted to render itself manifest. The malevolence *appears*. The author is never very severe, because he is at no time particularly cool. We laugh not so much at his victims as at himself for letting them put him in such a passion. And where a deeper sentiment than mirth is excited—where it is pity or contempt that we are made to feel—the feeling is too often reflected, in its object, from the satirized to the satirist—with whom we sympathize in the discomfort of his animosity. Mr. Osborn has not many superiors in downright invective; but this is the awkward left arm of the satiric Muse. *That* satire alone is worth talking about which at least *appears* to be the genial, good-humored outpouring of irrepressible merriment.

"The Fable for the Critics," just issued, has not the name

of its author on the title-page; and but for some slight fore-knowledge of the literary opinions, likes, dislikes, whims, prejudices and crotchets of Mr. *James Russell Lowell*, we should have had much difficulty in attributing so very *loose* a brochure to *him*. The "Fable" is essentially "loose"—ill conceived and feebly executed, as well in detail as in general. Some good hits and some sparkling witticisms do not serve to compensate us for its rambling plot (if plot it can be called) and for the want of artistic finish so particularly noticeable throughout the work—especially in its versification. In Mr. Lowell's prose efforts we have before observed a certain *disjointedness*, but never, until now, in his verse—and we confess some surprise at his putting forth so unpolished a performance. The author of "The Legend of Britany" (which is decidedly the noblest poem, of the same length, written by an American) could not do a better thing than to take the advice of those who mean him well, in spite of his fanaticism, and leave prose, with satiric verse, to those who are better able to manage them; while he contents himself with that class of poetry for which, and for which alone, he seems to have an especial vocation—the poetry of *sentiment*. This, to be sure, is *not* the very loftiest order of verse; for it is far inferior to either that of the imagination or that of the passions—but it is the loftiest region in which Mr. Lowell can get his breath without difficulty.

Our primary objection to this "Fable for the Critics" has reference to a point which we have already touched in a general way. "The malevolence appears." We laugh not so much at the author's victims as at himself for letting them put him in such a passion. The very title of the book shows the want of a due sense in respect to the satiric essence, *sarcasm*. This "fable"—this severe lesson—is meant "*for the Critics*." "Ah!" we say to ourselves at once—"we see how it is. Mr. L. is a poor-devil poet, and some critic has been reviewing him, and making him feel very uncomfortable; whereupon, bearing in mind that Lord Byron, when similarly assailed, avenged his wrongs in a satire which he called 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' he (Mr. Lowell) imitative as usual has been endeavoring to get redress in a parallel manner—by a satire with a parallel title—'A Fable for the Critics.'"

All this the reader says to himself; and all this tells *against* Mr. L. in two ways—first, by suggesting unlucky comparisons between Byron and Lowell, and, secondly, by reminding us of the various criticisms, in which we have been amused (rather ill-naturedly) at seeing Mr. Lowell "used up."

The title starts us on this train of thought and the satire sustains us in it. Every reader versed in our literary gossip, is at once put *dessous des cartes* as to the particular provocation which engendered the "Fable." Miss Margaret Fuller, some time ago, in a silly and conceited piece of Transcendentalism which she called an "Essay on American Literature," or something of that kind, had the consummate pleasantry, after *selecting* from the list of American poets, *Cornelius Mathews* and *William Ellery Channing*, for especial commendation, to speak of *Longfellow* as a booby and of *Lowell* as so wretched a poetaster "as to be disgusting even to his best friends." All this Miss Fuller *said*, if not in our precise words, still in words quite as much to the purpose. *Why* she said it, Heaven only knows—unless it was because she was Margaret Fuller, and wished to be taken for nobody else. Messrs. Longfellow and Lowell, so pointedly picked out for abuse as the *worst* of our poets, are, upon the whole, perhaps, our best—although Bryant, and one or two others are scarcely inferior. As for the two favorites, selected just as pointedly for laudation, by Miss F.—it is really difficult to think of them, in connexion with poetry, without laughing. Mr. Mathews once wrote some sonnets "On Man," and Mr. Channing some lines on "A Tin Can," or something of that kind—and if the former gentleman be not the very worst poet that ever existed on the face of the earth, it is only because he is not quite so bad as the latter. To speak algebraically:—Mr. M. is *execrable*, but Mr. C. is x plus 1-ecrable.

Mr. Lowell has obviously aimed his "Fable" at Miss Fuller's head, in the first instance, with an eye to its ricochêt-ing so as to knock down Mr. Mathews in the second. Miss F. is first introduced as Miss F——, rhyming to "cooler," and afterwards as "Miranda;" while poor Mr. M. is brought in upon all occasions, head and shoulders; and now and then a sharp thing, although never very original, is said *of* them or *at* them; but all the true satiric *effect* wrought, is that produced by the satirist against himself. The reader is all the time smiling to think that so unsurpassable a—(*what* shall we call her?—we wish to be civil,) a transcendentalist as Miss Fuller, should, by *such* a criticism, have had the power to put a respectable poet in *such* a passion.

As for the plot or conduct of this Fable, the less we say of it the better. It is so weak—so flimsy—so ill put together—as to be not worth the trouble of understanding:—something, as usual, about Apollo and Daphne. Is there *no* originality on the face of the earth? Mr. Lowell's total want of it is shown at all points—very especially in his Preface of rhyming verse written without distinction by lines or initial capitals, (a hackneyed matter, originating, we believe, with Fraser's Magazine:)—very especially also, in his long continuations of some particular rhyme—a fashion introduced, if we remember aright, by Leigh Hunt, more than twenty-five years ago, in his "Feast of the Poets"—which, by the way, has been Mr. L's model in many respects.

Although ill-temper has evidently engendered this "Fable," it is by no means a satire throughout. Much of it is devoted to panegyric—but our readers would be quite puzzled to know the grounds of the author's laudations, in many cases, unless made acquainted with a fact which we think it as well they should be informed of at once. Mr. Lowell is one of the most rabid of the Abolition fanatics; and no Southerner who does not wish to be insulted, and at the same time revolted by a bigotry the most obstinately blind and deaf, should ever touch a volume by this author.* His fanaticism about slavery is a mere local outbreak of the same innate wrong-headedness which, if he owned slaves, would manifest itself in atrocious ill-treatment of them, with murder of any abolitionist who should endeavor to set them free. A fanatic of Mr. L's species, is simply a fanatic for the sake of fanaticism, and *must* be a fanatic in whatever circumstances you place him.

His prejudices on the topic of slavery break out every where in his present book. Mr. L. has not the common honesty to speak well, even in a literary sense, of any man who is not a ranting abolitionist. With the exception of Mr. Poe, (who has written some commendatory criticisms on his poems,) no Southerner is mentioned *at all* in this "Fable." It is a fashion among Mr. Lowell's set to affect a belief that there is *no such thing* as Southern Literature. Northerners—people who have really nothing to speak of as men of letters,—are cited by the dozen and lauded by this candid critic without stint, while Legaré, Simms, Long-

* This "Fable *for the Critics*"—this *literary* satire—this benevolent *jeu d'esprit* is disgraced by such passages as the following:

Forty fathers of Freedom, of whom twenty bred
Their sons for the rice swamps at so much a head,
And their daughters for—faugh!

street, and others of equal note are passed by in contemptuous silence. Mr. L. cannot carry his frail honesty of opinion even so far South as New York. All whom he praises are Bostonians. Other writers are barbarians and satirized accordingly—if mentioned at all.

To show the general *manner* of the Fable, we quote a portion of what he says about Mr. Poe:

Here comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge—
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge;
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make all men of common sense d—n metres;
Who has written some things far the best of their kind;
But somehow the heart seems squeezed out by the mind.*

We may observe here that *profound* ignorance on any particular topic is always sure to manifest itself by some allusion to "common sense" as an all-sufficient instructor. So far from Mr. P's talking "like a book" on the topic at issue, his chief purpose has been to demonstrate that there exists no book on the subject worth talking *about*; and "common sense," after all, has been the basis on which *he* relied, in contradistinction from the uncommon nonsense of Mr. L. and the small pedants.

And now let us see how far the unusual "common sense" of our satirist has availed him in the structure of his verse. First, by way of showing what his *intention* was, we quote three accidentally accurate lines:

But a boy | he could ne | ver be right | ly defined.
As I said | he was ne | ver precise | ly unkind.
But as Ci | cero says | he won't say | this or that.

Here it is clearly seen that Mr. L. intends a line of four anapæsts. (An anapæst is a foot composed of two short syllables followed by a long.) With this observation, we will now simply copy a few of the lines which constitute the body of the poem; asking any of our readers to *read them if they can*; that is to say, we place the question, without argument, on the broad basis of the very commonest "common sense."

They're all from one source, monthly, weekly, diurnal...
Disperse all one's good and condense all one's poor traits...
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek...
He has imitators in scores who omit...
Should suck milk, strong will-giving brave, such as runs...
Along the far rail-road the steam-snake glide white...
From the same runic type-fount and alphabet...
Earth has six truest patriots, four discoverers of ether...
Every cockboat that swims clears its fierce (pop) gundeck at him...
Is some of it pr—— no, 'tis not even prose...
O'er his principles when something else turns up trumps...
But a few silly (syllo I mean) gisms that squat 'em...
Nes, we don't want extra freezing in winter...
Plough, dig, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, make all things new...

But enough:—we have given a fair specimen of the *general* versification. It might have been better—but we are quite sure that it *could not have been worse*. So much for "common sense," in Mr. Lowell's understanding of the term. Mr. L. should not have meddled with the anapæstic rhythm: it is exceedingly awkward in the hands of one who knows nothing about it and who *will* persist in fancying that he can write it by ear. Very especially, he should have avoided this rhythm in satire, which, more than any other branch of Letters, is dependent upon seeming trifles for its effect. Two-thirds of the force of the "Dunciad" may be referred to its exquisite finish; and had "The Fable for the Critics" been, (what it is *not*,) the quintessence of the satiric spirit itself, it would nevertheless, in so slovenly a form, have failed. As it is, no failure was ever more complete or more pitiable. By the publication of a book at once so ambitious and so feeble—so malevolent in design and so harmless in execution—a work so roughly and clumsily yet so weakly constructed—so very different, in body and spirit, from anything that he has written before—Mr. Lowell has committed an irrevocable *faux pas* and lowered himself at least fifty per cent in the literary public opinion.

* We must do Mr. L. the justice to say that his book was in press before he could have seen Mr. Poe's "*Rationale of Verse*" published in this Magazine for November and December last.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Volume Second. New-York. Harper & Brothers.

Since the sanguinary struggle, of which Captain Lemuel Gulliver has given us an account, between the Lilliputians and the Blefuscudians touching the proper manner of breaking eggs, we do not recollect anything so exterminating in its way as the warfare waged against the Harpers on account of the Websterian orthography, which they have seen fit to adopt in their edition of Macaulay's History. As we have already expressed an opinion of the general style of the work, we shall now confine ourselves to a few remarks on this Battle of the Spelling-books. It has been a very pretty little fight indeed. First came the Bostonians, crying out in Cliff Street for the missing consonant in traveler, and hitting the firm a very professional blow; but as the Bostonians meditated another edition of the History, the attack was not perhaps as disinterested as it might have been. The *hinc illæ lachrymæ* was apparent enough. Then came the newspaper editors of Gotham, some of them excellent scholars and critics, letting fly their arrows in very spirited style. Then the Literary World opened its fire, the only fire that promised to do much damage to the enemy. Last of all, our New York correspondent brings to bear upon the unfortunate brothers Harper his effective piece of light artillery and gives them a little more grape with very commendable precision. Now, we do not hold the Harpers altogether excused for their alterations of the Longmans' text, but we think a good deal might be said in their defence, (or as they would have it, defense) and we regard the clamor that has been raised against them as so much misplaced indignation. Whether a play-house should be spelt theater or theatre we regard as a matter of too little consequence to cause such a terrible hubbub. The old dispute between *er* and *re* was indeed something more than a mere syllabic contest, and yet we can not help thinking it was a silly business that men should fight for the difference,

"And Christians like Southey who stickle for *oi*,
Cut the throats of all Christians who stickle for *ou*."

For ourselves we agree with our correspondent, that the alterations should not have been made, but we think the offence a venial one and we are not disposed to be fretted at it. At any rate we shall soon see what Macaulay himself thinks about it, for Harper & Brothers have written to ask his opinion. Let the public judgment be suspended at least till the great author speaks out.

We wish we had room to discuss the Websterian orthography, with its innovations, some of which we are disposed to approve, but such a task would require a much larger space than we can here devote to it. We like some of Dr. Webster's suggestions because we conceive that they will

tend to bring the language to a point, *at which it may continue for centuries without farther change.* This may sound strangely in the ears of some who regard him as in league with those miscreants, the Phonotypists, to destroy the symmetry and beauty of the language; but we think the position a tenable one, and we shall perhaps endeavor at some future time to enforce it.

To go back to the Harpers, however, we think they deserve the thanks of every scholar, (let him spell as he may,) for their beautiful edition of Macaulay's History and we trust they will reap an abundant reward for their enterprise in securing early sheets by paying to the author a liberal compensation therefor.

The second volume of the history may be found at the store of A. Morris.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE: Conducted by the Students of the University of Virginia. Vol. I. No. 1 Charlottesville, January, 1849.

Eleven years ago, the students of our State University put forth a modest little *brochure* under the title of "The Collegian." The design of it was similar to that of the Eton boys in Mr. Canning's time as exhibited in the Etonian,—to furnish the undergraduates with an opportunity for practice in the art of English composition. The Collegian was born under the fairest auspices and continued for the space of four years to publish, every month during term time, 32 pages of printed matter, wherein the young gentlemen of the institution were encouraged to write didactic essays, sentimental love-tales and verses such as Horace and the Edinburgh Review have united in condemning. At the end of the fourth year, however, without any premonition of approaching death and without one word by way of valedictory, the Collegian suddenly expired, regretted by a very small circle of friends.

As we were among those friends, we are rejoiced to see its resuscitation in the neat publication before us, although it spirit has passed by some metempsychosis into another form and appears as the "University Magazine." We hail it with pleasure, for we believe it will prove an agent for effecting a high literary purpose within the shades of the University. Besides the severer discipline of the lecture-room, there should also be instruction and exercise in belles lettres, such as can only be acquired by practice in writing and such as the Professor, however able he may be, cannot wholly effect. The degree of "Master of Arts" will prove after all but a sad misnomer, if its recipient cannot write flexible and even elegant English.

The first number of the "University Magazine" presents an interesting variety of contents. There is a most readable sketch of the Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, from an accomplished hand. The "Editorial Remarks" are well conceived and handsomely expressed. We wish the "University Magazine" the most abundant success and we call upon the Alumni of the University to lend it their patronage. To the Editors we tender most cordially the courtesies of the quill, assuring them that one day they will feel the full force of the little scrap of Latinity which they have chosen for their motto, *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

The claims of Lord Mahon to be considered an impartial and able historian have been very decidedly acknowledged by the best English critics, and by none more so than the great reviewer Macaulay. We trust that the widespread popularity and rapid sale of the latter's great work will not interfere with the success of the Appletons' edition of Lord Mahon, although it must be confessed that it makes its appearance at a rather unfavorable moment. The events discussed by Lord Mahon, embracing a period of fifty years, must necessarily be treated by Macaulay in a more general manner to be in character with the other portions of his work, and we apprehend that a careful reading of both histories, collating them with one another, would conduce to a far more perfect understanding of the times than the perusal of only one of them. The present edition of Lord Mahon's book is beautifully printed and is rendered additionally valuable by the insertion of American notes from the pen of Professor Reed of the University of Pennsylvania.

Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse have it for sale.

A DICTIONARY OF THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES, &c. Compiled from the works of Hilpert, Flügel, Grieb, Heyse and others. By G. J. Adler, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1849.

Those who would become well versed in the noble language in which Faust and the Song of the Bell were written, will derive great assistance from this admirable dictionary. Indeed it may be regarded as the gateway which introduces us to the great domain of German literature, a domain rich in intellectual wealth, a vast El Dorado of *mind.* To say that the work before us is the best dictionary of the German and English languages that we have ever seen, is but justice to Professor Adler, whose labors in the New York University are well known and whose industry cannot be too highly commended. Besides the mere purposes of a lexicon, in giving the definition and accentuation of words, this work subserves to some extent the office of a grammar in presenting a list of German synonyms together with a classification of the irregular verbs. The beautiful typography and excellent paper of this dictionary, render it especially fitted for the shelf of the student's library.

For sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. December, 1848. New York. William Van Norden, Printer, No. 39 William Street.

This is a neat monthly, chronicling the proceedings of a most useful and zealous Society, whose researches have done much towards shedding light upon the past history of Nieuw Amsterdam, the State of New York, and America in general. The present number contains, among other things, a curious and interesting paper, read before the Society in December, 1848, by Robert Greenhow, Esq., of Washington, D. C., tending to prove that Fénélon once resided in America as a missionary among the Iroquois. The evidences adduced are certainly very cogent, amounting almost to demonstration. It is a remarkable fact in the annals of biography, that it has been reserved for an American, one hundred and fifty years remote from the times described, to point out this strange and forgotten episode in the life of him whom Telemachus has immortalised.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XV., No. 4. APRIL, 1849. Whole Number, CLXXII.

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VOL. XV. RICHMOND, APRIL, 1849. NO. 4.

GLIMPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

THE LOMBARDO-VENETO KINGDOM.

Among the ten thousand gorgeous rooms in the proud palace on the Vatican Hill, there is one so quiet and retired, that neither the busy hum of the plodding world, nor the swelling cadences of St. Peter's gigantic organ ever reach its silent walls. The solitary window gazes upon the mournful Campagna, alive with ruins and eloquent in its majestic silence. Slowly wanders the eye over the desolate plain along the broken colonnades of ancient aqueducts, amid huge, gray tombs and ivy-covered monuments, until the blue ocean greets it far in the distance. The only sound heard is that of the homeless wind which sweeps by in gusts and wildly wails amid the fearful desolation. What lessons has that solemn scene taught man?

Within are assembled thirty-six of the Great on earth,—the youngest already bearing the silvery crown of venerable age—all clad in the purple of royalty. For they are the Princes of the Church—of that Church which claims to be the only true Church of the Christian's God. But care is on each brow and fear in each heart, for the Vicar of the Lord on earth has been called to lay down his triple crown at the foot of the throne of the king of kings, and who is there worthy among them to hold the keys of St. Peter? Days had passed by and nights had been spent in fervent prayer: they were slow to see the finger of God pointing at His elect. At last the decision came.

Before them stood one of the youngest of their number, whom Fate herself seemed to have marked as hers. A fearful disease had lowered the curtain of the eyelid over his right eye and given a ghastly hue to that side of his face, whilst his head was gently inclined towards his shoulder. But on that broad, lofty brow sat throned an intellect that had loved to muse on man's destiny, and on his full, eloquent lips played a winning smile which had charmed the hearts of all that had known him. His broad chest and tall, muscular figure gave him an air of imposing grandeur, well supported by the prominent, finely cut nose, and the large, brilliant eye. A few gray hairs peeped forth from under his white silk cap; while rich, silvery locks overshadowed his temples and added to the almost irresistible charm of an expression happily blending the lofty character of a profound thinker with the mild benevolence of a warm, sympathising heart.

There was a feverish flush on his face and a nervous trembling on his upper lip, as he took vote after vote from the urn, and with a faltering voice read the name it contained. Eighteen times had he opened the mysterious scroll and eighteen times had the name of Mastai been proclaimed by him who bore it. The excitement was too great for him; breathless he sank into a chair and stammered a request that another cardinal might take his place, unmindful that this would have invalidated the whole proceeding and lost for him the unexpected triumph. Some of the younger fathers crowded around him, encouraging him with kind words, all the while exchanging significant glances with each other,—and after a pause he rose once again, and eighteen times more did his name appear in the urn. The modest, unknown bishop of Imola was Pope of Rome! Meekly did the new Chief of all Christendom bow his head in submission to the will of God, and choosing his new name, Pius IX., was proclaimed to the world as the successor of St. Peter!

The news was received with astonishment and consternation. Who was this young bishop, the least known of all cardinals, but a few days ago living in the retirement of a distant, obscure province? Would he follow the example of his predecessor, the hated Gregory, and be, like him, maintained on his throne only by the force of Austrian bayonets? Would he share with him the deep abhorrence which of late Rome had felt for the Head of the Church, both in his temporal and his spiritual capacity, and which nothing but a slight remnant of old reverence and the hope of God's speedy interference had prevented from breaking out in open rebellion? Would he, like Gregory, bend the energies of his mind and the resources of his States only to ward off for a few years longer the impending storm, and say like him in whose chair he was now seated, "after me the deluge!" With gloom in their features, and doubt in their hearts, did the distrustful Romans receive their new sovereign, and chilling silence was the welcome offered to him, who was ready to sacrifice all for their sake. But how the fickle people changed when his first proclamation appeared! The shades of

night had already fallen on the Eternal City and restless, agitated masses filled the streets of old Rome, when suddenly torches were seen at the corners and joyous cries were heard passing from crowd to crowd. Huge placards were posted against the walls, lamps and fires were lighted around them, and with unbounded exultation did priests and lawyers read to the astonished people the Edict of full amnesty for all political prisoners. Six thousand sufferers, that Gregory, the priest of the God of Mercy, had left at his death in the dungeons of Rome, were thus at once set free! From parish to parish, from hill to hill spread the great news. All Rome assembled, and in the flickering light of the torches tears were seen streaming down the cheeks of brave men, who heard the words of grace and fell into each other's arms, thanking God and praising their new master.

There was a touching charm in the very words of the Father of the Church; the amnesty was full, unconditional; the Pope once more trusted to the honor of his beloved Romans! Who could resist such confidence?

House after house soon blazed in bright illumination, music resounded in every street, torches and bonfires lighted up the public squares, and when a voice rose above the tumult and cried out—"To the Monte Cavallo!" all Rome went to offer their heartfelt thanks to their forgiving father. This was the first token of sympathy for their new master, the spontaneous expression of their gratitude, and it was a proud moment indeed when Pius showed himself from the great balcony, and the hundred thousands sank down on their knees in the stillness of the night and he invoked the blessing of the Lord upon them and all their Christian brethren! Again and again did they crowd round his palace and listen to his words—words of strange sound and wonderful import, for they spoke of the morning dawn of liberty that was rising over Italy—over free, young, regenerated Italy! Shouts rent the air, and their hearts expanded, and a new light was given to them.

But the ninth Pius was not a man of words alone, and what he had promised he kept; he gave even more. Reforms in the administration, liberty of the press, the establishment of national guards, and the convocation of a National Assembly—all were granted in rapid succession.

That he granted too much and too rapidly, we cannot doubt—of this his expulsion from Rome furnishes incontestible evidence. Yet it was not weakness in him, for he knew how to refuse as well as to give, nor was it want of foresight. But, a courageous man, an upright ruler, he said, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum!* Whether in this fall he himself would be buried, he did not stop to enquire. He has been crushed—Heaven itself seems to have declared against him and severely punished him for the mistake he committed in endeavoring to reconcile the liberal institutions which the spirit of the age calls for, with the pretensions of absolutism in an infallible ruler, imperatively demanded by the church. For thus he himself arrayed Church against State, and in the results of the struggle proved that the union of royalty and priesthood is impracticable in our age. As a sovereign he wished to do what the Head of the Church could not consent to, and unable to reconcile the claim of his two dignities he lost both.

He, however, had done his work and left his impress on the history of our century. A great potentate, the father of his people, the Head of the Roman Catholic religion, he could not proclaim himself favorable to political changes without raising a storm over all the lands where the crucified is worshipped. His words, a few magic words, kindled a fire that soon spread over Europe, and the ancient mother of civilization, awakened by their sound, once more rose from her long dreams, and the shouts from her seven hills once more stirred the still atmosphere from the Alps to Calabria. An impulse was given to the whole of Italy; the profound sensation which his first steps had excited, was soon followed by an open rising, and public, unanimous adhesion to his views and measures.

For the cry of liberty has rarely been heard in Italy, and from the day when great Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, near two thousand years of slavery have passed over the Niobe of nations. Now, however, they were called upon by one of their own race, not a passionate monk like Savonarola, nor an ambitious patriot like Rienzi, but a wise, old father of the church, who fought under the banner of the Lord himself and proved his sincerity by his own sacrifice. So they rose, first, now as ever, in the volcanic South where the turbulent children of the Greek and Arab of old were always most ready and least prepared to break out in lawless rebellion. But in Palermo, in Messina and Catania, where the fiery blood of the Sicilian struck the first blow, the struggle was mainly between the oppressed and oppressor, a mere political struggle, for it was against their own native government that they turned their arms.

Far different was it in the North of Italy, where the iron yoke of the foreigner had for centuries borne heavily on the children of the soil. Here it was no mere question of political rights and social liberty; here we meet again with the combined causes of all the revolutions of 1848: the struggle for liberty and for nationality. When Lombardy rose and all Italy hast-

ened to its aid, the banners under which their armies fought bore the inspired words of Independence and Unity! Here also, as in Germany, the people wanted to be themselves once more; how, under what form of government, they as yet but little cared. To be, to be what their history, their language, their national character justified them in claiming, was their one, common aim; "give us the Khan of Tartary as master," they said, "and we will accept him if he will make us free Italians again."

For eight centuries had the rough but strong German crossed the snow-covered Alps and come, an unbidden guest, to the fertile plains and luxurious gardens of the refined Lombard. Since the days of Charlemagne Germany's connection with Italy had continued only in the shape of mastery, and the easy indolence of the Southerner had ever made him a ready victim to the vigorous and intrepid Northman. Can we wonder that the son of the Roman, as he proudly called himself, hated the Teuton? And so, when after the great Emperor's downfall, the ministers of the Allies met in Vienna, and by the right of the conqueror gave to one of their number a hundred square miles and to the other a thousand souls, it was in vain that Italy pleaded the difference in language, race, religion and national character, which made an amalgamation with Germany forever imposible. The double-headed eagle of Austria was once more seen soaring over the rich lands of Lombardy, seventeen provinces with more than four millions of inhabitants were annexed to the imperial crown and even proud Venice hid her head in shame and saw the hated, despised Teuton revel in the palaces of her Dandolos and Foscaris.

But Austria remembered that the world had once greeted her master as the great Roman Emperor, and tried to rule Italy as of old. Sedulously fanning and entertaining those fatal divisions and jealousies between the different parts of the ill-fated peninsula, she arrayed province against province and prince against people. With paternal care were her beloved children lulled to sleep; did not Austria watch for them? Thus, from Milan to Naples, from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, her will was law and her word command. No step could be taken, no movement made, that the cabinet of Vienna had not approved. Parma, Lucca and Modena were governed by princes of the blood of Habsburg, or little more than lieutenants of Austria. Tuscany was hers, as long as a prince of the house of Lorraine reigned over her; the Bourbon in Naples was her ally by common blood and common interest, and even in the conclave at Rome her vote decided the choice of the Pope. Secret articles of treaties, made in the year 1816 and later, bound the sovereigns not to change their constitution without her consent, and her bayonets and her dungeons punished the unhappy patriot who, like Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli (the latter of whom died on our own free shores) loved their country more than the foreign tyrant. Thus, by habit, corruption or fear, Austrian agents were everywhere the true lords of the land, and the whole of Italy was held in absolute servitude. Not that Austria was a bad master as well as a cruel one; she cared well for her slaves. With good right could she boast that she spent millions for improvements, had built rail-roads, had opened a free port at Venice and had protected the material interests of the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom with great success; truly could her advocates say that in Lombardy, under her sceptre, property had become secure, commerce had regained confidence, the natural advantages of the soil had been improved, that a new and vigorous prosperity showed itself everywhere, whilst the population was rapidly increasing and the products of the soil even yielded an abundance for exportation. But did not the cannon planted before the Cathedral of Milan and the artillerist with his burning match, speak of the brutal force of military despotism by which that peace and prosperity were alone secured? Were not the countless troops of fierce Croats and bold Hussars, that thronged the market places, filled the taverns and rudely insulted the peaceful citizens a sore to their eyes from morn till night, year after year? Did they love to be judged by those who knew not their tongue nor the customs of their forefathers? Rail-roads did not restore to them the civil rights they had lost, nor did the police of Austria secure their property against the arbitrary will and the base injustice of her spies and subservient magistrates. And did not, above all, the grieving Lombard, already so firmly held in the trammels of superstition, feel that with the foreign usurpation there had come the curse of utter prostration of all moral vigor over his unhappy brothers? The Austrian did not care to interfere with the boundless profligacy of Italian manners; he was glad to see the nobility trying to drown all remembrance of their glorious ancestry in debauchery and dissipation, and the people sinking lower and lower until they had lost all faith in their neighbors and themselves.

But the whole fabric fell, as by magic, when the first faint cry of Liberty and Independence was heard on the banks of the Po. What the heaven-towering Alps could not exclude from Italy, that neither custom-houses nor guards could keep from entering Lombardy, and what power on earth could prevent the echo of the Appenines from repeating from mountain to mountain the cry of Emancipation which the

Eternal City sent over all the lands where the sweet language of Italy is heard? It caused to vibrate in their hearts a chord that gave but one and the same note from Sicily to Genoa, and in palace and hut, on the sandy sea-shore and high on mountain-top, the terrified Austrian heard the ominous words: *Fuori gli stranieri!**

Leaders, too, were not wanting; they arose from among their own countrymen, they hurried home from distant lands; for most of those that loved their country had sought an asylum abroad. There was Gioberti, the prophet, as his admiring countrymen love to call him, who, many years ago, when to dream of Italy was an offence, and to speak of liberty a crime, had dared to utter opinions touched with the romance of Italian independence. He was chaplain then to the king of Sardinia, and the court was struck with terror that such a viper should have been cherished in their midst, at the palace of the most absolute monarch in Europe. The Jesuits demanded his head and the poor abbé had to fly across the Alps and seek refuge in liberal Belgium. Poor, unknown and unobserved he there wrote pamphlet after pamphlet, all on his beloved native land; he wrote from necessity, but with all the force of genuine enthusiasm and the vigor of burning revenge. These feelings gave an irresistible power to his works; unprotected and uninvited, they found their way up the old father Rhine, through the carefully watched passes of the Alps into the palaces of the rich, the cell of the monk and the lowly hut of the peasant. They kept the fire of pure patriotism burning; they told the poor oppressed race of the glory of their forefathers and with the emphasis of firm conviction predicted the regeneration of Italy through a pope. That pope, they said, will be a liberal pope—the world had never heard of such a combination—and the princes of the land will be his children, and Charles Albert of Savoy the brave and triumphant champion of this great pontifical revolution!

This was written, printed and read by thousands in the year 1843, when Gregory XVI. still reigned, a genuine monk of the old school, who hated all change, and thought rail-roads the work of the Evil Spirit! Then followed a silence of several years—a silence, mysterious, impressive and touching. What were the sufferings of the poor patriotic exile? How he longed for his sweet home! How he pined away in mute grief! He dared not write to his friends, for his letter would have been their death-warrant, and what Italian would have dared to confide his letter to the fugitive to any Austrian post-office? But there was no true-hearted Italian, who, when he went abroad, did not travel from land to land and shore to shore until he had found the friend of his people, the hope of his country, in Paris, in Lausanne, in Brussels, or in London, and the words he brought home with him were dearer to all than precious pearls, and they flew from lip to lip, rousing the courage of those who heard them, and giving them confidence in their own strength and faith in the future. Then, after long silence, when Italy dared to hope once more, every year brought again a new work, every work brought new hope to Italy, and the very distance from whence they came and the mystery connected with them gave them additional force and authority. His theme was but one and ever the same: liberty and unity! He represented it, however, under two forms, as a religious idea, placing the pope at the head of the future confederacy and thus reconciling the greater portion of the clergy and winning favor with the mass of the people who were yet more than is credible under the influence of their priests, and as a national idea, claiming for the people independence from foreign usurpation and a federal union as the only form possible with the traditions and usages of Italy, finding its true centre again in the pope, although, perhaps, necessarily and at first, under the hegemony of one of the States of Upper Italy. He is of course the friend as he is the advocate of the King of Savoy and leads the numerous and powerful party of constitutional monarchists. His rival and violent political enemy is Guerazzi, one of the most popular prose authors of modern times, whose eloquent voice knew how to evoke the memory of the past and to inspire with hopes for the future. He also is an enthusiastic republican, anxious for the liberty and independence of his country, but seeking it by different means. If Gioberti sees in the pope a new Messiah and expects the salvation of Italy from him, Guerazzi considers him on the contrary the eternal cause of all the sufferings and humiliations which his countrymen have had to endure for centuries. Nothing but the establishment of republican forms of government he thinks can rescue Italy from longer slavery, nothing but a thorough convulsion, an entire overthrow of all that exists can permanently save her. His warm enthusiasm and his brilliant talents have rapidly raised him to high distinction and earned for him the admiration of all who think with him, but his violence and doubtful morals make him appear rather a dangerous friend of his country. Such no doubt is Mazzini, who shares his opinions but hesitates not to sacrifice every consideration of honor and faith to his favorite idea. He also advocates unity; not a union of princes and states but the unity of the

*Out with the foreigners.

whole Italian nation. Full of generous intentions and lofty aspirations his beautiful dreams intoxicate the youth of Italy, and they crowd around the man who, after long years of bitter exile, has come once more among them to triumph or to die with them. It was Mazzini, at the head of a legion of Italian Residents in Paris to whom Lamartine, at the Hotel de Ville, addressed some of those eloquent words that will live in history; it was Mazzini, who in his proclamation to the Lombards, told them that "every Italian must kill at least one Austrian, by night or by day, openly or secretly, in town or country, by a stone from the window, the stiletto in his sleeve, the rifle from the bush, the knife, the scythe or the airgun; that they must destroy all bridges, fell trees in the highroads, take up the rails of rail-ways; that every Italian must be a warrior, every woman a sister of charity for the wounded, and every child made to know how to roll a cartridge and how to use it against the accursed German."

At the head of the moderate party at last we find Matteucci, the learned Professor of Pisa, the well-known friend of the great Arago. He also is anxious to see his fatherland once more free and independent: he also wishes to see Italy one and united; but he prefers a confederacy of States according to their difference of race and historical development to a unity of the whole Peninsula under a common head and with the same institutions; he thinks the civilized citizen of Lombardy as little likely to benefit by the same laws and the same administration with the untutored shepherd of the Abruzzi as the refined, gentle Venetian with the fiery, ignorant Sicilian. He hopes that Austria may find it her interest to allow Lombardy to join a federal union of the Italian States with a self-elected sovereign, after having regulated her commercial relations and her common debt with her former master. These views, shared by a large and most influential portion of his countrymen and entertained by many a high-placed Austrian, he maintains and spreads with great tact and eminent success, both at home through the press and abroad in his capacity as minister to the Vicar of the German Empire. A worthy friend and active co-adjutor is Massimo d' Azeglio, a powerful writer and distinguished author, full of noble disinterestedness and the indefatigable champion of the national cause. If he differs from his friend in anything it is in his view that the political condition of a country is not the result of the arbitrary will of a few men, but depends on the social condition, the degree of moral and intellectual development of the people. The condition of the Italian nation as a whole, he thinks, would not give a Republic as result and therefore the establishment of too liberal institutions would only lead back again to absolute monarchy or to anarchy; a moderate, gradual development of political institutions in proportion to the capacities of the nation he considers the only true and sound policy of those who really love their country.

Men like these had, each in his way, for years devoted their talents, their means and their experience to a common cause and with indefatigable perseverance pursued the same plan: to excite in the people a feeling of their nationality, to disseminate among all classes liberal ideas and even to appeal to the governments for measures of progress and reform, as the only means to protect themselves against constant rebellions and the unceasing encroachment of the power of Austria.

In Piedmont their efforts were first and most successful, owing, no doubt, to the intense hatred the Piedmontese bears the German, and to the ardent desire of both the sovereign and his subjects, to see the House of Savoy raised high above the other princes of Italy.

In Tuscany, there had long reigned a spirit of toleration and a degree of civil liberty which made it quite an anomaly among the monarchies of Europe. Here, under the mild sceptre of a prince without talents, but also without striking defects, loved and respected by his people, neither noble nor priest had undue influence, neither military nor police were felt; here capital punishment was first abolished, personal liberty respected; commerce, arts and sciences flourished; the excellent soil in a superb state of cultivation secured its owners inexhaustible wealth and undeserved poverty was almost unknown within the grand-duchy. Thus there was an open field given to the patriotic exertions of Young Italy and the success which they obtained here surprised even their own party when the people at last rose and showed themselves in their true strength.

In the Papal States at last, the classic land of insurrections, they found powerful aids in the recollections which the people cherished of the liberty they had enjoyed under France's tri-color, and in the truly fearful government of the Popes in the so-called Legations. These were, since 1832, ruled by permanent military commissions which virtually decimated the unhappy population by death, hard labor in chains, imprisonment or banishment. Here, where anarchy seemed to be organized, Massimo d'Azeglio, as early as 1844, travelled for seven months from town to town and hamlet to hamlet speaking to the people with irresistible eloquence of their former greatness, equalled only by their present disgrace, until their cries of indignation pierced even the

walls of the Vatican and made the fearless orator an exile from his own country.

Thus the people were not unprepared when the Pope's magic words suddenly inspired them with new hope and new courage. Wherever the word of liberty had been heard—and where had it not been?—the masses rose, and in rapid succession Florence, Pisa and Genoa obtained the same rights as Rome and rejoicings were heard all over Italy. Naples gave vent to its long pent-up agony, Sicily demanded its new constitution, Tuscany and Piedmont saw their princes grant readily all their demands, Milan was forsaken by her governor and viceroy, and the first step towards uniting the interests of all was taken by a treaty between Rome, Tuscany and Sardinia, commercial in its form, but in reality the basis of a political union, of which Pius IX. was the head and the heart, and Charles Albert the sword and the shield. Thus united by common aspirations and common danger, the nation rose against her oppressors, and for the first time in the history of Italy, princes were found on the people's side.

It was a noble sight, well worthy of admiration, when the whole population thus awoke from long slumber, under the influence of the same inspiring thought of war and devotion to their sacred cause. All Italy seemed to pour down like a torrent into the Julian Alps; from the North and the South there came troops and ammunition—Rome and Naples sent their 12,000, Tuscany her 5,000, and even Sicily herself, threatened and bleeding, sent men and arms against the hated Austrian. The famous princess Belgiojoso landed at Genoa with a band of Calabrian volunteers, equipped and maintained at her expense; priests and monks threw off their gowns and girded on the sword; the sons of the noblest of the land secretly left their homes and entered the ranks; officers threw up their commissions or ran the risk of being punished as deserters to carry the musket against the foreign tyrant, and fathers, gray-haired men, left their wives and children to enlist under the banner of Italian liberty. In March, (1848,) all Lombardy was in open rebellion and seemed but one enormous camp covering the whole land between the Po and the Alps.

The news of the French revolution had fallen like a bomb-shell into the Carnival at Rome, and hardly had the people recovered from their surprise when Metternich, the great, the feared Metternich, fell, and the Emperor was driven from his beloved city! Now the enthusiasm of the Italian knew no bounds. The crusade against the accursed Austrian was openly preached, the banner of the red cross was unfurled and the whole people swore to shake off the yoke of the foreigner.

City after city rose in arms; in vain did the brave Radetzky declare the whole of Lombardy under martial law and call in his thirty thousand fierce Croats—the Austrian troops were compelled to leave the cities where they had so long played the rude master, and driven from every asylum, fleeing before an unarmed but heroic population, they sought refuge in the strong citadels which Austrian foresight and a tyrant's fear had long since prepared and armed for such an emergency.

Among them was the citadel of Milan, a proud and stately pile of buildings, full of grim, old palaces and well-stored arsenals; its walls and turrets bristling with cannon, its barracks crowded with Austria's bravest soldiers, and at their head the Sclavonian, whose bronzed features and grizzly hair spoke of a life of battles and sieges. A stern master he had ever been to his soldiers, but he was a brave captain, and many were the victories he had won and numberless the towns he had taken in the service of his venerated lord and master, the chief of the House of Habsburg. Amid the crash of falling thrones and the roar of revolutions the grim old hero stood unmoved; in vain did they point out to him the rising nations and the exiled kings—in vain did they argue, beg, pray,—he knew but one law, his duty, and that he was determined to fulfil, even should he and his armies perish in the attempt. For around him a people had risen to fight for their liberty and their independence; troops poured in from North and South; city after city was lost to the cause of loyalty, and the waves rose higher and higher until they threatened to swallow up even the proud citadel that held out longest and the firm old chieftain with his faithful band of tried soldiers.

And the storm did rise, suddenly, fearfully. Many had been the encounters between the haughty Austrian and the revengeful Lombard. Sixty unarmed citizens had fallen on one day under the sword of the ruthless soldiery and in the evening the officers gave a brilliant supper in honor of the disgraceful victory! Milan rose. Dense, excited, but silent crowds filled the public squares and streets, women stood anxiously watching at window and door, and children, awe-struck, sought refuge in the sanctuary of their homes. For without they were at work; barricades had risen over night; hundreds were armed and uniformed—no one knew how and when; weapons were displayed and cannon planted, and past the palaces of governor and viceroy they marched in thousands—their white-haired podesta, Count Casiti, at their head, to implore the blessing of God at the old cathedral. There

before the high altar stood the venerable archbishop, surrounded by his clergy, and with trembling voice and tearful eye he recommended them to the mercy of the Almighty and prayed His aid in the sacred cause for which they were about to lay down their lives.

Then came the dreadful struggle. For five days they fought from street to street—from barricade to barricade; for five days uninterruptedly cannon balls poured down the beautiful streets of Milan; file after file sank never to rise again, but as they fell others stepped in their places. Fair women were seen on the flat roofs of houses, and from carved balconies, throwing down upon the enemy whatever their feeble hands could raise, and encouraging their husbands, brothers and friends as they waded through the blood that covered the marble slabs on the great square. Most gallant were the efforts made by those men and brilliantly did the spirit of the people prove itself equal to the sacred cause for which they fought. Hundreds fell, thousands were wounded, but they died, the name of their country on their lips and liberty on their last breath. At last victory was theirs and Radetzky, even Radetzky himself, had to leave Milan at the head of sixteen-thousand men!

Great was the rejoicing in the city of the iron crown, and once more did the red, green and white banner of free Italy wave over the ill-fated capital, the most luckless town on earth, that had been forty times besieged, twenty times burnt, four times almost levelled with the ground, and had still ever risen again to magnificence! Great was her triumph, but short her liberty, for the curse of the defeated chieftain brought bitter fruit for her citizens!

Twenty millions of Italians applauded the heroic deed and all Lombardy united in a common league against the enemy, formidable even in his defeat. Florence, Genoa, Pisa, even proud Venice followed the glorious example of the capital of Lombardy; a bloodless revolution changed the government of Parma, where Charles Louis of Bourbon had reigned; the sovereign of Modena, Francis V., sought safety in flight and the remaining provinces were at once and by acclamation annexed to Tuscany. Soon, however, the necessity of a leader became evident and all eyes were turned to the only national prince that Italy had, to Charles Albert of the royal house of Savoy. His was the prestige of a long lineage of noble ancestors; for whilst the sovereigns of Italy were feeble men and weak instruments in the hands of foreign powers, his illustrious house had exhibited a long and almost unbroken line of princes remarkable for political sagacity as well as for gallantry in the field. Theirs had been for centuries the perilous, but honorable task to guard the passes that lead over the Mt. Cénis and the Mt. Génevre into Italy. Thus constantly in arms, ever watchful and ever ready to repel invasion, they had been the brave leaders of a warlike people; but they had been wise regents also, and Charles Albert had well prepared for the future. His army, amounting to nearly 150,000 men, was well known in Europe as one of the best in every respect, commanded by officers grown gray in the Neapolitan wars, or by the well-bred and well-taught nobles of Piedmont and Savoy; his navy was, if not formidable, at least the best of any Southern power, and his finances were the admiration and envy of all princes. He himself was a man of strong frame and hardy constitution; active and abstemious—a stranger to the pleasures of the world, faithful to his duties and had given good proof of his bravery and skill as a General when commanding a division of French troops in the Spanish wars. For many years had he made active preparations for the great crisis which his unsurpassed foresight and sleepless ambition foresaw with comparative certainty, and but one element had been wanting to endear him to his people and to make him the hero of all Italy. He knew, with a rare wisdom that older heads might well envy him, how to create even this, by giving a liberal constitution to his people, when yet the whole continent was praising Absolutism. The reward came sooner than even he had hoped, for he thus secured his kingdom in the midst of the general trembling of Europe and laid the first foundation for the future grandeur of Italy. And when France offered her young, uncontrollable troops to young, rising Italy, and Charles Albert with simple dignity replied to her offers, "Italy will take care of herself,"* the patriotic words kindled a fire of enthusiasm in the breast of every Lombard, and they chose him for their common head and chieftain. For they wanted to unite all Italy, at least for the uncertain times of war, under the rule of one of their own sovereigns, and whom could they choose but him of the only Italian royal house? What state was better fitted to form a nucleus for the concentration of all the scattered and divided strength of Italy than old, royal, constitutional Piedmont with its brave army, its flourishing exchequer, its contented people, and the command of those passes which might be the open door for the generous friend, or the mountain-grave for the daring invader? So they tried to forget the past—for there are dark days and grievous wrongs in the early life of the Prince of Carignan—and gave their destiny into his hands. All was fortunately prepared; the order was given, and three days

* *Italia farà da se.*

afterwards the King of Italy, as flattering Italians called him, crossed the frontiers of Austrian Lombardy and marched his troops to the walls of Milan. Thousands and thousands of volunteers increased his army; Rome sent fourteen thousand under the brave and modest Durando; the Count Caccia furnished alone a regiment of dragoons and the Visconti armed and equipped a brigade at his own expense; from Pisa and Padua students came under the command of their professors, and even distant Calabria and the gorges of the Abruzzi sent their wild sons to fight under the banner of the Piedmontese.

It was high time too that succor should come to Lombardy, for Austria had sworn to reconquer her rebellious provinces, and Radetzky had not rested. In Verona, the friends of Austria, mostly noblemen, had appealed to the people to let the fugitive army, who asked only permission to leave the scene of their disgrace, pass through their city—and when the compassionate Veronese assented, the imperial army entered with flying colors and in triumph, thus possessing themselves of one of the strongest places in Northern Italy. What the nobility had done in Verona, a bishop did not disdain attempting in Mantua. In his priest's robes he wandered as a messenger of the God of Mercy from group to group, persuading his beloved children to let him arrange all with the commander of the Austrian troops, who threatened to besiege their town. They trusted in his white hair, they confided their lives and their homes to the sacred minister of the Lord—and then saw a fierce army, burning with the desire of revenge and filled with intense hatred, enter their city and treat Mantua as a conquered fortress! Thus, by base treachery, the imperial army held once more four of the strongest cities of Lombardy, and Radetzky occupied the famous triangle of Mantua, Verona and Peschiera, with its basis on the Adige, which from the times of Brune and Napoleon to Eugene in 1814, all great Generals had occupied, whilst General Nugent with a formidable army descended from Udine and threatened Venice, already blockaded by a large fleet of several frigates and twenty war-steamers.

Then the struggle began once more. Radetzky approached nearer and nearer; his powerful army burning with the desire to wipe out the disgrace of Milan and to reduce the rebellious subjects of their Emperor. A vague fear crept over the Milanese, and with a shudder did they see long columns of black smoke rise all around the distant horizon, the fearful signal of the common enemy. Where was the Sword of Italy, where was Charles Albert who had promised to protect and to save them? The thunder of the Austrian cannon was their only answer. In the country, all around Milan, terror and despair prevailed; the villages were deserted and the highroads filled with families, carrying scanty provisions and their most cherished household goods; the young and the strong, dark gloom in their faces and fear fettering their tongues, marched on hurriedly, without listening or turning aside. Then followed the aged, and the children nestling in their mothers' bosom; even the sick and the maimed were borne on the broad shoulders of a dutiful son or loving father. Yes, did they not bring the dead to be buried under the shade of the great cathedral of Milan, for fear that the ruthless Austrian would not spare even the lifeless in the silent grave? Now and then a troop of soldiers would pass by, eagerly straining their eyes to see the colors of Italy flying yet from steeple and campanile, but slowly progressing, for they had marched long and with anxious speed; they had suffered from bitter want and exhausting fatigue. Still they were not cast down; there was military ardor in their emaciated faces, their eyes flushed with enthusiasm whenever the evening breeze unfurled the white banner with the red cross; and when the young noblemen of Naples or the students of Pisa and Padua passed by, there were heard snatches of bold war-songs from their pale lips until their strength was exhausted, and with eyes still turned to Milan, they sat down on the wayside, or knelt before the little chapel under the huge centenarian oak. There were no shouts of joy, no music and pomp to receive them in the threatened city; but with a warm grasp and a murmured welcome they were taken by the hand and made the children of Milan.

There was an anxious silence in the capital of Lombardy and a calm and dignified air did the noble city bear. Suddenly a rumor spread from street to street, the Sword of Italy is near, Milan is saved! So it was; during the night, unheard and unseen, Charles Albert had approached, and was, even now,* encamped near the gate that leads towards Rome. Near fifty thousand men had he brought with him; joy and confidence returned to the oppressed hearts of the Milanese and with gladdened faces did they say to each other: "Charles Albert has not forsaken us—God bless Charles Albert!"

But soon new fears arose; they knew the Piedmontese had come—but why did they not hear their cannon roar—why did not the troops enter the gates of the city—why did the king himself not come to meet his friends and allies? Still they gave not at once way to such vague apprehensions, but energetically prepared for the siege. Provisions were hoarded up for months, ammu-

* August 3rd.

nition was distributed and held ready, workmen and soldiers poured in from the country, and the neighboring towns, Monza, Sienna and Lecco, sent their national guards to aid their powerful sister. Fortifications, strong and skilfully laid out, rose rapidly in every direction; the noble trees on the old ramparts, that had been the delight of the traveller and the pride of the citizen, were cut down, the palaces and large mansions were occupied by imposing forces, the *place d' armes* converted into a fortified camp with its ditches, redoubts and palisades, and the gates of the city walled up, with the exception of those through which long rows of wagons loaded with provisions continued to pour in. Every house was a fortress, every household a well-provisioned garrison—prepared to die, but not to surrender.

On the following day a review was held of the national guard, and still Charles Albert did not appear; he pleaded in excuse his vow not to enter the city as long as there was an Austrian to be found on this side of the Alps! It was a glorious sight, this army of patriots, ready to die for their country; there were the thirty-three banners of the parishes of Milan, there the volunteers from Piedmont in their handsome uniform, there the Calabrese and Roman in his well-known, picturesque costume, and at their side the guards of all the sister-towns with a large and well-appointed park of artillery: there were at last the whole population, men, women, and children, animated by the same feeling and prepared to lay down their lives for the common cause. But in the midst of their rejoicings a distant cannonade was heard; it came nearer and nearer until the fiery shells passed over the high walls and fell into the city. The Austrian had come! There was no time then to ask, how could he approach so suddenly and unobserved, and where is the Piedmontese army? Rapidly gathering up their arms and rallying around their sacred banner, a few regiments made a sally, and meeting the imperial troops at the very gates of the city, threw them back upon the main body of the army and returned in triumph with five guns and several hundred prisoners. But the city did not indulge in vain rejoicings; they knew that Milan was in danger, and when the next morning broke there were barricades in every street, formed from stones of the pavement and from costly furniture and gilded carriages; mines had been laid near the gates and the points most likely to be attacked, and the whole city appeared a forest of small fortresses and citadels. All night had Milan been illuminated; all night had the national guard been under arms on the walls, whilst the people had built barricades—and even Charles Albert had sought a refuge in the palace Greppi in the very centre of the town.

Again, however, dark suspicions agitated the excited multitude. There was an awful silence in the Piedmontese camp: not a soul was seen stirring in the palace of the king. Vague rumors ran through the city, and with pale face and shy look did they whisper them into each other's ear. What says that man with the large cockade and military look? Ere the last word has fallen from his lips he sinks down stabbed by a hundred daggers. How could he dare to think that the sword of Italy could forsake the old city, that Charles Albert could capitulate! Another came with the same news and he shared the same fate. But when message after message came and they could not doubt the incredible report any longer, when they rushed to the Porta Romana and found that the Piedmontese army had really abandoned them to their enemies, that all civil, all military officers had left them, and that the Croats of Radetzky would enter their beloved city on the same evening, then deep, overwhelming consternation seized them, and the sudden transition from almost certain victory to humiliation so disgraceful maddened them with grief. Men wept and cared not to hide their faces, women ran with cries of anguish from house to house and pressed their babes to their bosom, and more than one gray-haired man bowed his head never to raise it again, when he heard the fearful news. Soldiers rushed to the king's palace, overthrew and trampled down the battalions standing before it to protect their monarch, broke the carriages that were ready to carry him away, and with voices of mingled rage and indignation commanded the king to appear before them and to tear the capitulation in pieces. He excused his rash act by saying that his councillors had informed him of the reluctance and utter inability of the Milanese to defend their city; but now, seeing the truth, he would stand by them and fight at their head as long as a drop of blood was left in his veins!—At twelve o'clock of that same night an officer was secretly let down one of the side windows of the palace to call in two faithful regiments, and under the shelter of night, fired upon by his own subjects and breaking his sacred word did the king of Sardinia escape from the city of Milan!

They could not believe such treachery; they could not comprehend the extent of their misfortune. For not only was the city left without protection, but she was equally bereaved of all government and guidance; not only was the Piedmontese army gone and with it the officers commanding in the city, but their own artillery had been taken, their own ammunitions had been carried away and the four millions of florins, obtained by the sale of the plate and jewelry of patriotic citizens, had followed the king in his

flight! Then came the order of General d'Aspré—old Radetzky, to the glory of his name, did not trust his self-control to enter in triumph the city he hated—that at noon His Majesty the Emperor's troops would march in, and that all men who had not left the city before the same evening would be forthwith enrolled in Croat regiments and sent across the Alps. Thus did Christian nations in the year of our Lord 1848 carry on war!

Again were the high-roads and by-ways filled with anxious crowds, and long columns of emigrants of every age, sex and condition, with tears in their eyes and bitter grief in their hearts, went forth, homeless and helpless, into the wide world. When they reached the end of the large plain that stretches to the Eastward, the vast multitude, with one accord, turned round once more to look upon their fair city with her proud churches, but the sky was red over Milan, dark clouds of smoke covered their deserted home and hung a veil of charity over the fearful scenes that followed the entry of the fierce Austrians.

With Milan fell all Lombardy; at Verona, at Mestre, everywhere the Piedmontese troops were defeated and a reign of terror, unparalleled in the history of modern warfare, cast dark gloom over the North of Italy. So exorbitant were the contributions levied on rich and poor, so cruel the treatment of guilty and innocent, so unchristian the oppression of Austria, that France and England, almost uncalled for, insisted upon an armistice until a congress of the great powers of Europe should have settled the difficulties between the emperor and his rebellious subjects. Radetzky retained, of course, military possession of the Lombardic provinces, but was to leave the Italians at liberty to develop their political institutions. Both parties complain of the bad faith, with which the conditions of the armistice have been observed; the hand of the master, restrained only by the respect due to the Great Powers, weighs heavily on city and country, whilst the Italian with his proverbially dark and tortuous character, hesitates little to use means, fair and foul, to satisfy his hatred against the oppressor. In the meantime Italy has been for the rest of the year falling from one crisis into the other—almost her only hope being the cheering words of Gioberti, that *Christian nations never die!* But her fate has been a sad one, and fearful are the sufferings, deserved and undeserved, she has endured since the fatal battle of Verona. The brilliant dreams of her political regeneration are rapidly passing away and leaving bitter disappointment, a galling consciousness of everlasting disgrace on all minds. Italy has not risen in a body. There is no genuine unity in the Peninsula. From the days of the Longobards, through all the centuries of brightest renown, when Republics flourished and popes revived the divine arts, the spirit of municipal hatred has, in its very intensity, ever been the moving spirit of action. Century after century saw the States of Italy invoke the aid of the foreigner against their own brethren; now the Spaniard reigned in Naples, now the Frank; then was the Guelf sent for to rule in Rome and then the Ghibelline to reign in Milan; Genoa, Venice and all the Republics, by law, compelled their chief magistrate to be of foreign birth, and the yoke of the stranger was always preferred to the more inventive tyranny of the native Italian. It is in these intestine animosities, in this hatred of province against province and town against town that we see the principal cause of the failure of those bright visions of invincible union which were so ardently cherished by national vanity. The spirit of jealousy everywhere paralyzed what patriotism and love of liberty had achieved. Sicily would not unite with Naples, Venice not with Lombardy, nor noble with simple citizen, or burgess with peasant. The nobility to whom, under Austrian rule, nothing had been left but the frivolous life of the man of the world or the peaceful occupation of the farmer wese unable to furnish warriors and statesmen; the middle classes fretted under the restless vanity and anxious jealousy of the aristocrats, whilst the people, excited by the cry of national independence and Italian glory, completely unnerved by long oppression and little attached to existing institutions, were easily led from one extreme to the other. Their temperament, so peculiarly susceptible of great undertakings which dazzle their fancy or inflame their enthusiasm, led them to attempt enterprises which their nerves and their energies did not enable them to execute. With disappointment came despondence; brilliant deeds of arms were followed by most disgraceful cowardice. The press, that most powerful of all modern levers, held for generations in utter insignificance, mistook from the beginning of the movement, license for liberty and became the most dangerous friend that rising Italy ever had. Studiously concealing whatever might be unfavorable to their particular views, the thousand newspapers that sprang up over night under the direction of returning exiles and fugitives, hesitated not deliberately and systematically to deceive the people and thus to deserve the name of the most unprincipled press of Europe. Instead of enlightening the people on those principles of self-government which must necessarily be new to those who ever since 1700 had been subjects of Europe's most absolute monarchy, instead of implanting a pure and unselfish patriotism, feelings of duty and honor in the breasts of the Lombards, they

became the vile instruments of passionate factions and ambitious politicians and thus the first Italian crusade—for a second is close at hand—was completely defeated by want of energy and a spirit of jealousy, intrigues and declamations. There is still less hope now for the establishment of a federal union, even under the form of a constitutional monarchy. There were, it is true, Parliaments held at Turin, Rome, Venice and all the Lombardic cities—but in all, the independence, the aggrandizement of their own municipality was the paramount thought; none would yield to the other, in none could even the different parties come to an understanding on the first principles of future action. In vain did men like Gioberti, who undoubtedly stands at the head of all the ruling men of Italy, in vain did even Guerazzi and Massimo insist upon the necessity of unity; the Lombards were reluctant to join Piedmont, and Venice hesitated to enter the Lombardic league; there is, in fact, no good faith between the different parts of the confederacy. In this respect the Italy of our day is precisely the Italy of the middle ages; the famous cunning, the deservedly infamous diplomacy of former centuries prevails yet; Machiavellis are still opposing Borgias, the Viscontis wrestle yet with the house of Savoy and modern republicans are not more scrupulous than their ancestors—but the lofty, noble character of those ages is no longer there.

A constituent assembly for all Italy has met in Turin; but on what basis? Delegates have attended from Rome, Sicily, Naples and all Upper Italy, but they have no mandate from their sovereigns, who view them as little better than rebels, nor are they duly elected by their constituents—they are the representatives only of the different clubs with which Italy abounds. Their sole support is the force of public opinion—but is there a public opinion of all Italy existing? In their body also we find the two parties which divide the nation, those who wish for a one, united Italy, a party, represented as socialist, communist and infidel, but strengthened and encouraged by the indiscriminate amnesty of the pope, and those who prefer a federal union under the hegemony of the Lombardo-Venetian crown. Candidates for the latter also are not wanting; the Prince of Canino, the French president's hot-brained cousin is the rival of the King of Sardinia and his second son, the Duke of Genoa, who but lately refused the crown of Sicily. The meetings of the Assembly have for sometime been held in secret and thus little information about its doings has as yet crossed the Alps.

In the mean time the land suffers more than centuries will be able to repair. Tuscany, but lately so prosperous and happy, is overrun with lawless banditti and disbanded soldiers; Lombardy, the most fertile province of Italy, the most densely populated and the most opulent country of Europe, sees her plains untilled and uncared for; trade and commerce are extinct, travellers dare not bring their annual tribute to ancient Rome, employment is wanting and the whole population is discontented, rendered dissolute by idleness and demoralized by the constant, feverish excitement of all their passions. Two hundred thousand Lombards sought refuge in Piedmont and Switzerland; the poor alone remained. Milan has lost one third of its inhabitants; its nobles are reduced to poverty, its citizens are starving; Genoa, the superb, with its mixed, turbulent population, is in a state of uninterrupted anarchy, robbers and murders abound, and even the army is utterly demoralized. Florence, the flower of cities, with its cabinet of novelists, poets and exiles, whose ideas have not followed those successive modifications which constitute the progress of public opinion in a nation, pays the penalty for the mild execution of the laws and the gentle but weak character of its people.

There is but one city in all Italy whose fame is untarnished, whose flag still waves on her towers and whose freedom no tyrant has yet been able to break. It is Venice, fair Venice, whose winged lion once more looks down upon his bride, the Adriatic, and whose republican citizens, so long considered the very types of degradation, servility and corruption, have given their Italian brethren, all Europe, an example of truly admirable heroism. For months and months they are closely besieged; every day they hear the roar of the enemy's cannon and see the balls dance over the placid sheet of their harbor. Deprived of all resources, since their soil produces not a blade, abandoned by allies, whose assistance they purchased with their independence, and with no friend but the God of their fathers, they despair not, and willingly sacrifice their last *olola* to resist their hatred enemy. They are resolved to suffer all, to sacrifice all, rather than to surrender their liberty.

Venice came last of all Italian cities under the dominion of Austria; whilst Milan had been a precious jewel in the Habsburg's crown ever since 1700, Venice was free until 1814, when she was weak enough to believe the promises of Francis I. and Metternich and of her own free will, agreed to form part of the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom under Austrian protection. She was cruelly deceived. The splendor of the old Republic lived still in the memory of many a proud citizen, whose family had given senators, councilmen and doges to the island-city; the penury of the low and the corruption of all classes of

society were forgotten, the luxury and brilliancy of the high and the powerful alone were remembered. But when Venice had twice been robbed by the French and plundered to the last coin, when her palaces were crushed into ruins and her honor and glory had departed from her forever, there was desolation among her ruins and grief among her citizens. Her sluggish canals were no longer covered with mysterious gondolas, whose boatmen sang stanzas from Tasso, whilst the fisherman of Murano, far out on the Lido, sent back the alternate verse; their sluggish waters were stagnant, their beds choked with mud. Her harbor, that once saw proud fleets ride at anchor and vessels from all parts of the world bring tribute to San Marco, was filled with sand and rubbish, and young Trieste allured the richly laden ship to her safe, commodious port. Her palaces, the admiration of the world, with their balconies of stone and their strange, wonderful architecture, half Saracen, half Gothic, with their ogive windows and columns of white and red marble, their sculptured capitals, their painted plafonds, their invaluable stuccos, stood now with doors and windows open to sun, wind and rain, and presented a sight of such melancholy, that even the stranger wept over it, and the Venetian preferred death abroad to life at home. Her ruinous and forlorn suburbs, once filled with gorgeous villas and magnificent gardens, now harbored a poverty-stricken people, unhappier yet in the memory of by-gone days than in their present misery. In 1814 she counted over fifty-thousand paupers, among whom were the noblest of the land, the proudest of the golden book, and the Jew alone was seen to flourish amid the general decay.

Here also, it must be confessed, Austria cared well for her new subjects; under her rule Venice rose once more from apparently irreparable ruin to the rank of one of the first commercial cities of Europe. Commerce returned to her port, now a free port, princes and sovereigns came to reside in her palaces, a numerous garrison, the whole costly apparatus of an independent administration, brought large sums of money to her impoverished inhabitants, and civil splendor gratified once more their love of public festivities. Venice rose like a phœnix from its ashes.

But the people had never forgotten that they had once been free. Endowed by nature with uncommon sensibility, everything in the festive nation surrounding them, had directed their minds to poesy and those arts which elevate the soul, refine the taste, but refine also the perceptions and make them more acute, more susceptible of pain and disappointment. Thus, when the Venetian walked through his narrow streets, whose solemn quiet no carriage-wheel ever disturbed, and looked up to the monuments of former glory, to the gorgeous palaces of his ancestors, the stately churches, the rich convents and the splendid national buildings, he began to reflect on the singular fate of his beloved fatherland. Besides, every Venetian reads, and reads by preference the most exquisite, the most sublime of his great poets. What boatman on the lagunes—what idler on the street-corner does not know by heart the grandest passages of Ariosto and try to imitate them in eloquent improvisations? They saw at one glance, why their illustrious families lived miserably in exile; why their beautiful palaces belonged to foreigners; why the stranger on their wharves looked amazed at their wretchedness and poverty; why their arsenal was no longer filled with thousands of skilful workmen; why their merchants failed or went to Trieste—the answer was simply the more conclusive as it touched the most sensitive chord of their hearts, their ardent patriotism:—the Austrian reigned in Venice! They felt it less at first, for the old Republic had little accustomed the people to participate in the affairs of the State, or to meditate deeply on their relation to their rulers. And when the Empire of San Marco disappeared before the victorious will of France, the people, again taken by surprise, were the less disheartened, as the feeling of nationality, nowhere in Italy strong, had least of all existed in Venice; there had been no attachment binding the Venetian to his government; fear had been their true master, and thus the fall of their Council made little impressions on the citizens at large. Then came Austria with promises to restore that liberty to the old Queen-City of which the French had deprived her.

But when Pius IX. ascended the throne of St. Peter, and openly acknowledged the rights of all Italians, his magic words found an echo in the heart of every Venetian. The example of the Lombardic cities was not lost upon them. The brutal treatment of the prince of Canino, who had come to preside over the last scientific Congress and whose journey had been a succession of ovations, excited general and profound indignation. Then came that touching tragedy in which two sons of Venice's proudest family, the Bandeira, hardly grown to man's responsibility, paid, with their lives, for an hour of rash, youthful enthusiasm. Who knows not the brief, but sad history of these fair, ingenuous children of the Austrian admiral? But less is it known that, when he heard how his noble and brave sons had been hanged like the basest of the base, he sent his resignation to the Emperor and was immediately subjected to a system of persecution which has been as constant as cruel. Their loving mother never knew of her sweet children's

disgrace; she was told that both had perished during a storm on board the frigate in which they served. Little did she reflect how improbable the story was, for with her sons she had lost the control of her mind.

A catastrophe like this, falling upon an illustrious family, endeared to the people by signal services and private virtues, could not fail to have its effect on the nation. Such misfortune gives an almost sacred character to those whom God chastises so severely, and the Venetian nobleman became once more the pride of the State, the idol of the people. The noble deeds of their ancestors were proudly enumerated, and the triumphs and victories of the Republic rose once more in brilliant colors before the ever active fancy of those who had for many years already lived in the Past alone, cut off, as they were, from the continent by their insular position and the jealous policy of their tyrannic masters.

The excitement soon grew to such a height, that it needed only one of those paltry incidents which former historians and short-sighted contemporaries look upon as the causes of great revolutions, to lead to a general rising. It is a fact strikingly characteristic of the Venetian and his hot blood, that not a word fell, not a threatening gesture was seen—but people and soldiers, the passionate children of the soil and the brutal hirelings of Austria merely measured each other with challenging looks, and the moment after, the bayonets were lowered, stones flew in all directions, several citizens fell, and the combat ceased only when the last purple ray of the setting sun gilded the graceful belfry near the San Marco. But the struggle was only begun; Austria displayed a truly formidable army to hold the rising city in subjection, and the two leaders of the people were thrown into the dark dungeons of those ancient prisons in which so many thousands have perished. Manin, an advocate, distinguished by his talents and probity, had often already won the admiration of his countrymen by his brilliant and energetic eloquence: while his warm, pure patriotism had gained him their hearts and their gratitude. Tommaseo, born in Dalmatia, is not only like Manin, an orator and a patriot: he is also a profound thinker, and an author of high distinction. Piety without intolerance, a lively and poetic imagination, and vast learning are united in him with a noble, lofty character. It had been his well-deserved good fortune to choose for his most successful public performances interests most dear to the people and his advocacy of the liberty of the press made him at once the favorite of all Venice.

With the arrest of these two men, the struggle began. Both parties prepared for the crisis which they felt was inevitable. More than ample provisions were brought into the city for the support of the numerous garrison; the forts were filled with men, artillery and ammunition; the arsenal was transformed into a citadel and every measure taken to keep the rebellious city in subjection. The people also prepared, quietly, silently, but with undaunted energy. Leaders were chosen, a secret government established, laws and rules for common action agreed upon. Ten or twelve men, belonging to different parishes exercised an almost absolute authority, their word was law; and a few moments sufficed to send their orders to the most remote suburbs. Had the governor with his aids taken a walk on this side of the Lido, it was found the next day to be completely deserted and the whole population assembled at the opposite end. If Austrian officers appeared at the theatre, five minutes sufficed to leave them sole occupants of the house. The use of cigars was repudiated, because government taxed them; even the favorite *lotto* was left by its most constant votaries, as a source of revenue to the administration. The last palace of a Venetian nobleman closed its massive doors against the foreigner, and Austrian and Venetian waited only for an excuse to measure each other's hatred.

This excuse came with the news of the revolution of Vienna and of the grant of a constitution. The governor proclaimed it at the theatre; one voice called out—long life to Ferdinand! and the people answered with cheers for Italy!

There was a busy scene on the following morning on the place of San Marco, along the quay of the Sclavonians and up to the world-known Rialto bridge. And a strange, excited crowd it was. Here were Mauretti, the descendants of the Moor, with the dark complexion and the finely cut features of their forefathers, speaking eagerly in deep guttural tones; there an Armenian, with his high cone of black lamb's wool, strode gravely and haughtily through a group of half-naked fishermen with gigantic, bronzed chests and the true Phrygian cap on their black curls, accompanying their shrill, piercing vociferations with violent, but ever expressive gestures. On the great square, right under the shadow of glorious old San Marco, stood a motley group in which all costumes seemed mixed, all tongues were heard and all races represented; still the fair sons of the Occident in the wretched costume of the day, the swarthy man of the Levant, the passionate Sicilian, his dagger never leaving his hand, and the subtile, cunning Venetian himself with his graceful dignity—all were animated by the same feeling, all were ready to share the same danger.

Cries of Manin! and Tommaseo! were heard; the crowd increased constantly, the cries became

more and more passionate, the current carried the mass slowly before the prison, powerful arms were raised against its massive doors—and the falling gates displayed the jailers trembling before their prisoners whom they implored for protection! The people had found their leaders, and blow followed upon blow. They demanded at first only the proclamation of the constitution which the fugitive Emperor had reluctantly granted. They appeared before the palace of the governor, Count Palfy, a man whose sincere attachment to the cause of absolutism had been rendered more tolerant by the discreet piety of his fair and beloved wife. Like an angel of mercy and peace, she had often stood between him and the people he was called upon to govern, and if they did not love him as they revered her, they at least respected his consistency and were thankful for his moderation. He was taken by surprise: deputation after deputation appeared before him; his house was surrounded by an excited, passionate crowd and—he yielded. But here, as everywhere, the fatal words were heard, "It is too late!" Hardly had so much been obtained when a stentorian voice rose high above the tumult, "Down with the government!" and a thousand voices took it up, until echo repeated it from shore to shore, up the long canals to the firm land, down the lagunes to the fair Adriatic. It appealed to all the passions, it re-awakened all the long pent-up wrath of a free people held in base subjection. It was no longer illusory concessions they asked for: it was the great struggle between Italy and Austria, between the oppressed and the oppressor, which began on a new scene, in old, republican Venice!

Large, compact masses crowded around the palace, windows and balconies were filled with women and children, and from the depth of the black gondola that lay sleeping on the dark waters, from the height of the pillars of the Procuratie, from the desolate but still gorgeous palace and the despised Jew's hut arose the one mighty cry, "*Abasso il governo!*" But on the large steps of the palace bayonets began to glitter in the sunshine, fierce Croats twisted their huge moustaches, looking contemptuously at the unarmed crowd beneath them, and tall, muscular grenadiers slowly ranged themselves at the foot of the great portal. The cries only redoubled in number and violence. In vain did the roll of the drum—in vain did the shrill blast of the trumpet warn the multitude to withdraw: the open breast of the Venetian almost touched the German's bayonet, and yet he repeated the ominous words and looked defiance. The command was given; a sudden discharge of musketry, a few light clouds rising in the clear atmosphere, three hundred balls had been sent right into the dense crowd—and still but one man had fallen! Miracle! miracle! was heard on all sides; God himself had declared for his people, the Virgin still loved her faithful children. The enthusiasm rose to heroism; women, fair and feeble, young children, ladies of high rank and lofty station began with eager hands to loosen and accumulate rough, heavy stones. They were the only arms of the people. The Croats fired and charged again; the people, maddened and infuriated, drove them into the palace and then quietly dispersed.

But they dispersed only to meet again. When dark night covered the Adriatic and the huge masses of the grim, old palaces cast mystic shadows on public square and canal, gondolas were seen gliding stealthily along, and men, in their large cloaks, hastened towards the Giudecca. There stood a solitary house on the lonely coast, and the pale, young moon threw a melancholy light on the delicate tracery of its ogive windows, when shadow after shadow noiselessly passed from the canal up to the carved door and after exchanging a few mysterious words, disappeared under the massive portal. Within were assembled the leaders of the people and there it was determined that Venice should be free once more and the next morning's sun should greet the winged lion of the Republic on San Marco's time-honored walls.

The word had been given and with the dawn of morning the arsenal was surrounded by thousands and thousands. It is a city in the city, the Arsenal of Venice, and a citadel that Venice and Austria both thought almost impregnable. With it all was gained; without it every thing to be feared. But what was the disappointment when at the first summons the huge gates slowly turned and the people were admitted without resistance! The victory was too easy to satisfy the excited multitude. With eager cries they began to call the name of the man whom of all Austrians they hated most—who of all foreigners most deserved such hatred, Colonel Marinovich, the commandant of the arsenal.

It was not merely the German, the oppressor, the ever ready agent of tyranny whom they thus hated; there was a deeper feeling and a purer one, that made them detest him. He had been the governor of one of Austria's fairest sons—the Archduke Frederick—whose noble soul and youthful, generous heart had won for him the love of all who knew him, the gratitude and admiration of all Venice. But the unhappy Archduke had conceived a passion for the fair daughter of a simple Count and incurred the displeasure of his august parents. So they sent him away and compelled him by threats and promises to bind himself by sacred vows as a knight of Malta to eternal celibacy. There was deep grief in his

heart and sorrow blanched his cheek. But Marinovich was a faithful jailer and day and night the young, unfortunate prince saw himself watched, followed, and even his friends exposed to the same disgraceful espionage. His noble heart could ill brook such ignoble treatment: with the first days of spring his love had begun to unfold itself,—the rough blast of winter withered the flowers the maiden of Venice had strewn on his grave!

For the people of Venice had read in his pale features and his mournful eye what the fair youth of twenty had suffered in his soul: they had felt with the poetic instinct peculiar to them the anguish that tore his bleeding heart and they hated the man whom they held responsible for the premature death of their beloved prince. And when he returned hatred for hatred and spared not the rod on those he governed, when he punished inhumanly the slightest mistake, and at last drove the honest workmen from the arsenal and replaced them by convicts in chains, then the exasperation of the Venetians knew no longer any bounds and they swore revenge.

And a fearful revenge it was! With fierce cries, with curses and imprecations taken from all creeds, with bloodshot eye and dagger in hand they hurried through the labyrinth of passages that fill the strange old building. Hall after hall, room after room was invaded, searched and every disappointment increased their rage. At last one of the foremost seized a man in the act of passing through a secret door; with powerful hand he turns him, and when he sees the hated commandant, buries his stiletto in his breast. The wound was mortal; still two officers who had hastened up to their chief succeeded before the infuriated mob approached in snatching him up and carrying him, with the power of despair, to the top of a lofty steeple, where they hoped to have found an inaccessible asylum. But a pack of hounds could not more eagerly follow their track than the eager crowd traced the blood of their victim from step to step. Exhausted by the loss of blood, by approaching death, Marinovich was torn from the arms of his friends and dragged from room to room and court to court until his murderers were tired of insulting a corpse.

At this instant Manin appeared before the arsenal and such was the power of his influence, such the respect in which he was held that a few words sufficed to lay the storm and to appease the blood-thirsty multitude. Hardly were they calmed when the preconcerted cry: hurrah for the Republic! was heard and whilst some forty young men threw themselves into their boats to take the detached forts, which surround Venice and which surrendered after a short fire, the people assembled before the house of the governor, Count Zichy, and demanded his immediate departure. He, too, was well known but much beloved by the Venetians. Long years ago he had seen and loved a daughter of the people of Lombardy, the flower of the land and endowed with the beauty that inspired the Leonardos and Luinis of by-gone days. With him all threats were in vain, all remonstrances lost and happy in her and through her, he had for twenty years lived among the brethren of his beloved wife, and found a second fatherland in Italy. At this critical moment also, as ever, she stood at his side and joined in the prayer of her countrymen. Deep emotion overwhelmed him; the memory of long, happy years spent in that Italy which now from his lips expected peace or war, rose before him. "I might," he said to the delegates of the people, with pale features and deeply moved voice, "I might fill your canals with blood; I shall not do it. You ask me to leave Venice; it is my death-warrant you demand. Be it so. May Italy remember that I pay her my debt of gratitude and when she curses the name of the German may she except mine!"*

On that day Venice was a Republic once more, Manin its president, Tommaseo its prime minister and the banner of San Marco floated triumphantly over "land and sea!" And whilst Turin hesitated and wavered, whilst even Florence capitulated and preferred temporizing measures to bold resolution, Venice has been free; and free even in fetters. For the Austrians have surrounded her by land at least with a close, impenetrable *cordon*, and Radetzky has sworn that he, the Sclavonian, will yet be master of the city in which his race has ever been welcomed as a brother.

Little, however, does Venice look as if she were threatened by an army, the flower of Austria's warlike populations; little does the square of San Marco show that without her walls there are thousands of Tyrolian sharp-shooters waiting in ambush with their never-erring rifle, that no harmless peasant is seen within miles of the beleaguered city without being surrounded by the fleet squadrons of Hungarian hussars, whilst the far-famed batteries of Austrian artillery pour night and day a murderous fire into the bastions of the suburbs. There is a proud consciousness of their undaunted courage on the brow of the Venetian as he steps towards the Lido and sees the banner of the Republic float proudly in the breeze. For there is confidence at home and trusty friends are helping afar. Month after month has passed and not a foot of their territory has been lost; peace and security reign within her low but inexpugnable walls, and an enthu-

* He *was* condemned to death.

siasm equal only to their heroic courage inspires young and old. Sacrifices, it is true, had to be made; but for their sacred cause they willingly renounced everything. Earthenware and iron cutlery have taken the place of costly plate; satin and velvets have been exchanged for stout linen and cheap cotton; jewelry has become a disgrace, and ornaments a reproach. Men, whose only life-long occupation had been the pursuit of pleasure, perform the arduous duty of private soldiers, old men have drawn forth their rusty weapons and children are seen to practise wielding arms they can hardly yet lift. Ladies, high and noble ladies, make garments for the warrior and nurse the wounded; women, meek and gentle, carry stones to the barricades and, with timid hand, aim the cannon of the deserted walls against the enemy's lines. The churches are filled from noon till night with those who can do no more than pray for the freedom of their country and the lives of their brethren, and the holy chant rises without interruption, day after day, to Him whose strong hand alone can save their beloved city from ruin. Chiefs, renowned for bravery and skill, generals like Durando, Zucchi and Pepe, are ever seen where danger is greatest and aid most needed, and the Crusaders, as the people of Italy have named them, seem to defy the weak nature of man. Warriors under the same sacred banner, they fight side by side, the free, proud Venetian, and he, who to defend the great city, has left the beautiful banks of Sorrento or the wild gorges of Calabria; daily do the enthusiastic Frenchman and the fanatic Pole risk their lives a hundred times for the glorious cause of liberty. Assistance is given and more yet promised by the sister States of Italy; Turin has granted 800,000 francs a month for the bold defenders of Venice; Rome has sent troops and generals, and little Ancona has given a war-steamer as a New-year's present to strengthen the navy of Venice. For with an energy, perhaps unparalleled in the history of modern times, the Venetians at once set about to create a navy of their own and whilst Germany was still debating what were to be the colors of her flag, Venice had two thousand patriotic workmen in her docks, and frigates and brigs arose, as by magic, to secure her once more the dominion over the Adriatic. Thus they were enabled to obtain provisions by means of vessels belonging to friendly powers, and Austria, who loses thousands by the malaria of the swamps and lowlands which connect the city with the firm land, sees, with bitter envy, the flags of all nations bring succor to her rebellious subjects. For the sacred cause has found friends all over Europe; the noble courage, the unabating enthusiasm of the Venetian have won the sympathy and admiration of even her enemies, and no heart, that ever beat for all that is most noble and generous, that ever throbbed with love for the sacred cause of liberty, can fail to join in the pious prayer of the Venetian, rising from their altars at Church and at home and inscribed on their as yet victorious banners, that "God may reward their constancy!"*

* *Dio premierà la constanza.*

TO ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

Glorious daughter of Palmyra—City of the Sun,
Child of the east, radiant as the new-born day,
Queen of the desert—pure as the limpid stream in the valley of the Blessed—
Fain would I tune my harp to thy praise,
And on the thrilling strings of Harmony,
Sing of the well-garnished "store-house of the mind,"
And of the "symmetry of thy form and feature"—
Bright and fair as a Georgian's in her early bloom.
Mind—the eternal Diamond of the Soul—
Sparkled pure as heaven 'midst the jewels of thy heart,
And naught dimmed the splendor of its rays
Save the burning fire of Ambition.
Not content with the marbled halls of thy templed City,
Nor hearkening to the words of wisdom from the great Longinus,
Thou rushed headlong upon "the torrid desert of Ambition"—
And sought in thine evil hour with outstretched hands
To grasp the golden sceptre of thy foe.
Fatal was that hour!—for soon the Seven-hilled City poured her legions,
Glittering in pomp and pride upon thy burning plain;
And ere they left that fatal field, Palmyra was no more.
But not yet filled to overflowing was thy bitter cup of woe!
A captive and in triumph wast thou borne to the Seven-hilled City of thine adversary,
And there—arrayed in the splendid jewels of thy once brilliant throne;
And chained in mockery with thy once prized golden links—
Thou wert made to walk with thy weary feet
Step by step along the crowded streets of ancient Rome.
Whilst gazed the people on thy rare and splendid beauty,
And uncovered stood in honor of thy former glories;
Full many an eye the burning tear-drop shed,
And many a heart turned sick and pitied her—
Whom Ambition's luring scenes had hurled from Fame's proud heights
To lowest depths of woe.
Tempered is the punishment to the act of the transgressor,
But bitter, far too bitter was thy fate, Oh, fallen Queen!
Thy mind—clear as the dayspring on High,
And pure as the murmuring stream from the Fountain of life;
Thy person—rare in beauty as the loveliest flower of Eden,
And thine honor, spotless as the crystal snow on Dian's temple—
Thou should'st have been to the faint and weary
A beacon-star on the pathway of Heaven.
Instead of which, oh Queen, where now is thy vaunted strength,
Where now thy jewelled throne?

Swept as a thing of naught from out their sterile plain,
Thy city, thy glory and thy throne have passed away forever—
Leaving but the dim reflection of their meteor light,
As eternal warnings on the devious highway of Ambition.

E. T.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Accounts which seem entitled to credit say that sometimes the dead, in what is called the vampire state, are found, weeks and months after interment, with undecayed flesh, cheeks of life-like color, the old skin sloughing off like that of a serpent in early summer, and new and fresh skin forming underneath, as if the body were preparing to come out of the grave for another life on earth, or as if some mysterious power of nature were sporting in images of resurrection, in types and shadows of the future history of the grave. Perhaps this is a mere superstition. If it is not, it is one of the many things in heaven and earth yet not more than "dreamed of in our philosophy"—a mysterious *vis vivida* able to exist still in the house of death; a strange power that can beard the old Stygian lion, corruption, in his very den. May it not be regarded as a just emblem of some of our Piedmont landscapes?—In these landscapes the parts of many a hill-side which are not furrowed with ghastly red gullies, are covered with ash-colored and worthless grass, which "withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." The slight waves into which it is indented by the winds of autumn, seem as grinning mockeries of the waves of golden grain to be seen in other fields far away. Its complexion is that of the old skin of the dead. Too often there are no signs of the new robes of green springing up at its roots. Too often it is the mere and only robe of an unreviving decay. Not spring with all the revelry of the days of vegetable resurrection, nor the sunshine of May and June, nor the showers of mid-summer, which seem almost to gladden the earth to its core, can awake in it the greenness of life. Such fields are desolate indeed when skirted and spotted with ragged thickets of dwarf oak and pine. But in some regions the pines have ceased to be dwarfs. They stand as uniform in height as if they were a harvest growing to be reaped by the scythe of some Titan or son of Anak. Even in the desolation of winter there is an indescribable charm in the deep green of their evergreen foliage. Like the cheeks of the vampire, they seem to triumph over winter and desolation, in retaining still that color which is the livery of summer and of Nature's life; and which has doubtless been chosen for that livery on account of its gratefulness to the eye, and may it not be added, on account of its mysterious charm for the spirit of man. A writer of very great genius locates one of the most fearful crimes which his own or any other pages unfold, under a "bare, wan and giant-like tree" surrounded by a ghastly wilderness and dead hedges. Who can tell what would be the social character of the men of this earth, if for one half-century, summer should fail to give foliage to the woods and flowers to the earth, leaving the trees gaunt and unsightly, the gardens unadorned?

In regions where the pine groves are lofty and of uniform height, scenery is sometimes to be met with, which, if we saw things at home with as deep a spirit as we dream of things afar away, would probably be thought not to yield to "Arcadia's rocks and pines" in power over certain emotions of the mind. The flooring in such a grove is more uniform than in other woods as it is covered with the spears of the foliage which has fallen. And when in addition it is carpeted with pure snow, and gleams of sunshine, on days fairer and far more blessed than was made by that grand "Sun of Austerlitz" which so deeply impressed the mind of the French Cæsar all his after life, mingle with the canopy above, making a rich vault of green and gold, and then fall sparkling on the floor of snow, and pour the varnish of an ineffably soft golden light over its surface of pearl, it is a scene fit for brighter beings than we; suggesting thoughts of things not realized in this life; perhaps a fit place of conclave for those pure visiters of earth which a dreaming poet has described, apparently with some such scene in imaginary view:

"Look! look! in the shade of that grand old tree,
What a glorious group is collected there,
Who move like the streamers of light which we see
In Aurora's strange night-scenes in northern air.

Or like winter-day sunbeams at noon in the grove,
As they reach through the boughs to the snow beneath;
Or as dreaming we image the spirits of love
Whom the light and the glory of heaven enwreathe.

:

As men in Elysium enchanted, they stand,
And their forms seem the models of heroes sublime,
Their faces how radiant! how peerlessly grand,
And their bearing how nobler than beings of time!

For they are indeed spirits who here had their birth
And were righteous, and now live in glory above,
Whom heaven has allowed to revisit the earth,
And enquire for awhile of its light and its love.

Now they hear and they see, not as we of this world,
But whole cities and states from their chosen arcade
They distinctly can hear, and see, plainly unfurled,
By the change in their senses which heaven has made."
(*Anon.*

Agriculture has not contributed as much to our scenery as it might have done, and as it will do hereafter. In many places time and taste and spring and summer do much. But there are few places where, if you stand and look round with calm eye, and watch the richer sunsets, and await the fairer seasons, and learn to know their favored times, you may not catch glimpses of the grand spirit of nature, and feel the strange sympathies of your kindred with sky and air and tree and flower. True, the sympathies of that kindred have yet been but little uttered in appropriate expression. Our pines have not yet had their Theocritus. That voice of the wind among them, concerning which there is an insoluble doubt whether it is a sigh or a shout, a hallelujah or a dirge, is just the same as the "ἀύσ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα," the song of the pines, of which the Syracusan poet sung in the dominions of Ptolemy Philadelphus. They lack the charm of the thought that a poet has been among them; they lack the charm of the pagan dream that huntress Diana has made them ring with the chorus of her phantom dogs, and the wild woodland revelry of her buskined train of nymphs; and the charm of the thought that Minerva too has mused among them who "non minus in sylvis errare quam Diana." Yet they also have their charms. They are the produce of a renovating power in nature as dark to our knowledge as the growing of the vampire skins of the dead. Their colour is that of summer and hope and joyous life. They seem too to disport themselves in types and emblems. Theirs are colors over which winter, the annual shade and ghost of death, has no mastery. They stand there forever showing and singing forth the tidings of an immortality which the grave touches not but to brighten. Their line of blue lies along the horizon like man's redemption in the horizon of history, a sign and an actual source of bright hopes yet abiding in the land. Above them are often spread the glory-wings of a sunset probably quite as fine as the Athenians ever saw over "sea-born Salamis." In such an hour they deeply mingle in the dreams which the soul has brought with it from the unknown realms. In those mystic recognitions there is always a sense of the present as well as of the past. It is this which is now before us that is made to seem an apparition of the past. It is a strange thing of two widely different eras. The hues of the time now, and of the time long ago, are both upon it. It is a pageant whose costume varies like an alternating star between the robes of the fashion which we see now and those of which we know not where to find legend or chronicle, or brazen clasp old enough to tell us.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A Goldsmith stood where shone around
His pearls and diamonds dear:
"The brightest gem I ever found
Art thou, my pet, my Helena,
My little daughter dear!

A dainty knight just then came in:
"Good day, my pretty maid:
Good day, my brave old Goldsmith, too,
I need a rich set garland
My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone,
And sparkled all so bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
Upon her arm she hung it.
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah, happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy:
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A simple wreath of roses,
O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the garland eyed:
"My good old Goldsmith, make me, then,
A little ring of diamonds
For my sweet little bride."

And when the finished circlet shone
With precious diamonds bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
She drew it on her finger
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears the pretty toy,
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A little lock of hair, only,
O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the ringlet eyed:
"I see, my good old Goldsmith, then,
Thou mak'st quite beautifully
The gifts for my sweet bride.

But that their fitness I may see,
Come, pretty maiden, now,
And let me try at once on thee
The jewels of my dearest,
For she is fair as thou."

'Twas early on a Sunday morn;
And so the maiden fair
Had put her very best dress on,
And decked herself for service,
With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,
Before him did she stand,
He placed on her the golden tire,
The ringlet on her finger,
And pressed her little hand.

"My Helen sweet, my Helen dear,
The jest is over now;
What bride shall claim the pretty gear,
The jewelled gold-bright garland,
And little ring, but thou?

With gold and pearl and precious gem,
Hast thou grown up to be—
As, sweet, thou shouldst have learnt from them—
The share of high honor,
In after days, with me."

A. PLATT.

The Last Hours of McCallum More.*

—"So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his (Argyle's) spirits, that on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gayety at table, and after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigor when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the earl. It was answered that the earl was asleep. The privy counsellor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken sick with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' he said, 'that will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—'

"And now the earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High Street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink and wrote to his wife. 'Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu.'

"It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion; but he listened to them with civility, and exhorted them to caution their flocks against those doctrines which all Protestant churches unite in condemning. He mounted the scaffold where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech, tinctured with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave, as he hoped to be forgiven. Only a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the Episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold and called out in a loud voice, 'My Lord dies a Protestant.' 'Yes,' said the earl, stepping forward, 'and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of popery, of prelacy, and of all superstition.' He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, kneeled down, laid his head on the block, prayed for a little space, and gave the signal to the executioner."

The above account of the closing scenes in the life of Argyle cannot, we think, be presented to any contemplative mind without awakening in it a deep interest in the character and fate of that chieftain, the victim of intolerance in an age when the interests of the Church were less those of Christ, than of the State; when the prevailing form of worship, upheld by the adherents of the reigning power, was maintained, not out of love even to outward rites, still less to the spirit embodied in them, but from attachment to the family whose accession to the throne had rendered allegiance to the Establishment a test of loyalty.

A detail of the great events accompanying the rise and fall of empires, is, we conceive, but part of the province of the historian; the mind desires to look beneath into the character of those by whom these great events were wrought out,

* Macaulay's History of England. Vol. 1, p. 522.

to follow causes to their effects, and to trace amid the tumultuous tide of affairs the hidden undercurrent by which society is borne along.

But especially is it interesting to the religious mind, whatever peculiar views it may have embraced, to mark,—in an age of persecution for opinion's sake, in a land whose fair fields were still reddened by the glare of martyr-fires, where the struggle for truth was the struggle between life and death,—the steady adherence to conviction, which neither exile could subdue, nor the sure prospect of torture and death overcome. It is not a question of mere conformity or nonconformity to established opinions; there has ever been heard in the heart of man a voice speaking from a higher than an earthly throne, and in a tone more commanding than that of earthly potentate, and which from earliest ages, when the "seed of the church" was scattered far and wide, has echoed the Apostle's defence,—"we ought to obey God rather than man." The voice of conscience in the soul has, in all times, prompted individuals, exposed to different influences, and consequently embracing different tenets, to contend earnestly for that faith which they considered to have been delivered to the saints, and to seal their devotion, when called upon to do so, with their blood.

All honor to such men! We may or we may not agree with them upon the points for which they yielded up their dearest hopes on earth, sooner than peril their hopes of heaven; but we cannot even in this land of toleration, and after the lapse of centuries, look back upon the records of their fidelity and perseverance and not call their names with a feeling of veneration. We may even contend against the errors which they held dear as truths, but let us render all justice to the affection with which they clung to what they had received as sacred, ascending trustfully the scaffold sooner than retract one iota of what they had proclaimed.

> "Deal gently, kindly, with the thoughts that guide
> The weakest brother straying from thy side:
> If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,
> If wrong, the verdict is for God alone."

How firm a support reliance upon convictions of duty can afford; how truly in faith alone consists that victory which overcometh the world, is well exemplified in the contrast afforded by Argyle, "sleeping sweetly within an hour of eternity," and the faithless peer who, traitor to himself, if not to his country, was unable to bear the sight of the slumbering prisoner, and whose unfinished sentence tells a more impressive tale of a heart turned from its early allegiance, wearing out an aimless life, embittered by self-accusation, than written volumes could have done.

Calm indeed must have been the conscience, firm the faith of him who, bound with fetters, shortly to be unloosed only that he might tread the road to the scaffold, yet lay down and slumbered tranquilly and peacefully as an infant. Perhaps visions of childhood's days came thronging in among the dreams of that last slumber, and he again basked in the sunlight of life's morning hours, forgetting the kaleidoscopic scenes which succeeding years brought before his view, and his own transformation from the head of a powerful and attached clan, to the doomed prisoner of a Crown to which he might not own allegiance.

Or perhaps the past came no longer before the gaze of one who was so shortly to pass beyond the reach of earthly cares and sorrows; but instead, visioned glories such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, may have dawned upon his soul:—no scaffold rose up between with its horrid apparatus of destruction, but a tranquil and holy rest stole upon the waiting spirit—"for so He giveth his Beloved sleep."

The touching letter of Argyle to his wife contains still further testimony to the undiminished confidence which he felt in the love of that Master whom he served—"God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it." And so he found it to the end. His sins against his Maker (among which he included having at one time, through a mistaken sense of loyalty, employed his influence against the Covenanters) and the faults which he had committed against his king had been long ago repented of, and the listening crowd around the scaffold heard his forgiveness of his enemies.

The chronicler has characterized as *acrimonious* his expression "dying in heart-hatred of popery, of prelacy, and of all superstition;" but to us, though attached to the doctrines and worship of that church which the state power in England has established and allied with itself, these words of the Duke but seem to breathe a steady adherence to what he conceived right, and detestation of principles which the stern code that he acknowledged had denounced as erroneous. We hear no rebuke of individuals: he had just declared his forgiveness of his enemies, yet with his dying breath he bore testimony against those systems which he considered as subversive of the liberties of upright men.

An affectionate interview with some friends who were present during that trying hour then took place, kindly remembrances were expressed of the absent loved ones, and the lofty soul which strove to bear with calmness these heart-rending struggles once more composed itself in prayer—

> "One prayer! what mercy taught us prayer! As dews
> On drooping herbs, as sleep tired life renews,

As dreams that lead and lap our hearts in Heaven,
Prayer to the soul—dew, sleep, and dream—is given."

The words of that supplication went up before the mercy-seat, and ere its echoes had died away there, the liberated spirit of Argyle was among those around the Throne.

M. F. D.

Boston, Mass.

THE ARTIST'S EVENING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

O that the wild creative might,
That through my soul is flushing,
In one fair form could spring to light,
Out of my fingers gushing!

I only stammer in my zeal,
And trembling yet essay thee;
Still Nature, thee, I know, I feel,
And thus must I portray thee.

Reflected I, for many years,
My soul unclosed its powers,
As when in barren wastes, appears
A well-spring decked with flowers.

Nature, I yearn thine own to be,
Thee, true and lovely feeling,
A joyous fountain still to me,
Through thousand channels stealing.

And now my art, my soul's high prize,
Light on my mind is pouring,
And soon these flutt'ring thoughts shall rise,
Through boundless ages soaring.

C. C. L.

Staunton, Va.

MR. VATTEMARE.

"Aut agitur in scenis, aut acta refertur.—Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles,
Ex oculis; quæ mox narret facundia præsens."

Hor. Ar. Poet.

The numerous testimonials which Mr. Vattemare has received from the most eminent personages of the age, must have struck those who have had the good fortune to see even a tithe of them with surprise, no less by their value and variety, than as proofs of the talent and good conduct which alone could have elicited them. Indeed, the utmost ingenuity seems to have been displayed in discovering how to bear testimony to the grandeur and magnificence of the plan, and the disinterested labors of its inventor. Nor have these testimonials been bestowed alone by the great and noble of the earth—*they*, indeed, have offered of their abundance—but the poor, also, of their penury.

"Te pauper ambit solicitâ prece,
Ruris colonus, te domina æquoris."

The emperor of half the world sends his jewelled and costly offering; the working man, the fruit of his self-denial and toil. The mitred Roman or Episcopal bishop unites with the rigid Calvinist and the simple-minded Quaker in a common eulogy. The legislator lifts up his voice in the council chamber, and then, with the eloquent fervor of a disciplined and experienced mind, commits his thoughts to a more durable record, and there his offering lies, and by its side the more touching tribute of woman's admiration for disinterested and laborious effort. Here is the direct business-like letter of the merchant, and the more aspiring brief-like testimonial of the lawyer. Youth writes with a heart overflowing with enthusiasm at a scheme which realizes more than his excited imagination had ever conceived; the ordinary expressions of congratulation and panegyric are all too formal and cold for his burning zeal; in *his* eyes, instead of the laborious pioneer in a new, but rich and promising department of philanthropic enterprise, Mr. Vattemare appears exalted above the failings of humanity, a benificent visitor from a purer region, a star like that which shone upon the shepherds of old, when the voices of innumerable angels chanted in the mid-heaven: "Peace on earth, good will to men." With such feelings, is it wonderful that difficulties vanish, and melt away like the dew? He considers the prize of victory as already won—he sees the productions of science and art already scattered over all lands, and man united into one great brotherhood—and his heart glows with gratitude and admiration, as he pours forth his feelings in a eulogy which shrinks from the cool criticism of experience and reality.

Books have been presented by hundreds, and rings, medals, crosses, portraits. Tributes there are, voluntary and well earned tributes of admiration and sympathy, which Mr. Vattemare has received from the first poets of the day, as well as from many an unknown, though not uninspired follower of the Muse. Artists of all na-

tions have employed their best powers in the cause, happy in being allowed to contribute to the World's Album, and of extending their own renown, or at least their *name*, to the ends of the earth. A thousand productions from a thousand different pencils, have already been pressed into the service, as the first fruits of the glorious harvest which art, united and purified by the communication and free intercourse of her followers throughout the world, will, one day or other, pour into the common treasury, for the common benefit of the race.

From the mass of testimonials thus various and valuable, there is one which is worthy of particular notice, as the most singular contribution ever made to a private individual, or to the cause of science. It consists of a collection of autographs, nineteen in number, and written in nineteen different languages, by as many persons, natives of the different portions of the Russian dominions, where these languages are in use. This unique collection was presented to Mr. Vattemare, at St. Petersburg, in 1834, by Count Néselrode, then Chancellor of the Russian empire, and Prime Minister of Foreign Affairs. By the aid of a French translation, we propose to give a slight sketch of these various specimens to the readers of the Messenger who may not have had an opportunity of seeing the originals, although all the interest arising from the beautiful execution, the singularity and variety of the different and uncouth characters of the languages must necessarily be lost by a mere description.

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

The collection begins with the nineteenth Psalm, in the Slavenski language, said by the learned, to have been the literary language of Russia, until the beginning of the last century. The manuscript is in imitation of print, and the initial letter of each verse is red. The characters are, many of them, like those of the Greek, and not a few like those of the English alphabet, some of them in appearance identical. The whole is surrounded by a bordering of paint like gold-leaf.

The second is a specimen of that wonderful language which has attracted the reverence and admiration of all ages, ancient and modern, for its plastic power, and fitness to express, with ease and fidelity, alike the most delicate and almost unappreciable shades and distinctions of philosophic thought—the light graces of fancy—the scorching irresistible torrent of patriotic eloquence, and the high and sober dignity of history,—the language of the ancient Greeks. The specimen is written in a free, bold hand, and is not better executed than many which may be met with. It expresses gratitude to the powers of Christendom for their aid in recovering the independence of Greece, and the appointment of a king to aid the Greeks in arriving at their former glory.

A few lines of Arabic come next, on repentance and the fear of God; a distich on fidelity to promises, and another describing ignorance as the most dangerous of all maladies.

The fourth specimen is in ancient Hebrew, a language which, like the Slavenski and ancient Greek, can scarcely be said to be spoken in the Russian empire, or any where else, although once spoken, not only in Palestine, but in Phœnecia, Syria, Arabia, and Ethiopia. It is written in square characters, without points, and is surrounded by a border of bluish red.

There is also given a specimen of the German language, such as is used by the Jews in Russia, said to be, in most respects, the same as the language used by the English Jews in their commercial affairs. The following is a translation of the paragraph, which no Christian can read without interest; happily for humanity, and for forlorn, but not forsaken Israel, the picture here drawn is, in the main, correct:

"The Jews scattered throughout the western and southern provinces of Russia, enjoy the protection of an enlightened government. They exercise freely the worship of their fathers, and engage without molestation, in commerce, and other branches of industry, which offer them the means of subsistence and of advancing their interests."

Next in order come several specimens of Persian—the language of gentle affections, of love, bright eyes and flowers that never fade. Blessings and thanks be to those who are opening up to the English public its concealed riches, and transplanting to the cold North its fragrant and magnificent shrubs, to perfume and adorn

> The sober gardens of our English song,
> Not bare before, and naked to the view,
> Nor fruitless; but with modest beauty deck'd,
> "The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
> "The white pink, and the pansy streaked with jet,
>
> "The glowing violet,
> "The musk-rose, and the well attired wood-bine,
> "With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head."
> And flowers of a thousand thousand hues.

The Persian language, at least that of it which

meets the outward eye, is far from being beautiful, and may be manufactured thus:

Take *quant. suff.* of English commas, scatter them about the page *ad lib.* add a sprinkling of semicolons, and inverted interrogation points, the semicolons to be placed horizontally, and flanked by a dash bent *secun. art.*, these, with a crescent or two to the lineal inch, and about forty full stops to the line *chart. stult.* will have a dish of Turkish, which will go down any where out of the dominions of the Sultan.

There is, however, much in the language that is elegant and imaginative in sentiment, as will appear from the following beautiful extract which we take from the autograph as it stands in the French translation.

"Imitez ces arbres fruitiers, et comme eux, donnez des fruits à qui vous jette des pierres. A l'exemple des montagnes, donnez de l'or à celui dont la cruauté déchire votre sein; et prenez pour modèle de douceur et de patience, ces coquilles qui donnent leurs perles à celui qui les brise."

The sixth specimen is in Turkish, with a triple border of blue and red. The portion translated is a prayer in which all Christians might join. "Lord! may thy mercy be my guide, conduct me in the way which leads to peace. Divine wisdom! I know not my own wants, do thou bestow upon me that which seemeth good to thee."

The next is a specimen of the Mongolian language, and is written vertically; in some of the words there are spaces of more than an inch marked by black lines, and the whole, at a little distance, looks like the dollars and cents lines of a ledger, with short lines diverging downwards from each line—for about half an inch at an angle of forty-five degrees. The paragraph translated is as follows:

"We must in this life overcome our destructive passions, and endeavor, according to the religion of the Grand Lama, to shun the three Sins, in order that the soul may pass (transmigrate) to the holy habitation of the Divinity."

The Moguls, like the inhabitants of Thibet, Burmah, Anan, Siam and the greater part of the Chinese and Japanese, consider the *metempsychosis* or transmigration of souls, as one of the most important articles of their faith, even the soul of Grand Lama being supposed to pass into his successor. This article of faith has prevailed in the East for more than three thousand years, and it is evident from the literature of Europe, that among more enlightened nations, it has not been without supporters.

The eighth is a beautifully written specimen of the Georgian language, giving an account of certain incursions into Georgia by the Ossetes in the year 448 (probably about A. D. 1225.)

The ninth is the Armenian language, ornamented, and in smaller characters than any of the other specimens. It recounts the dispersion of the Armenians by the barbarians, and the hospitable reception given them by the Russians, with their present prosperous condition under the Emperor Nicholas, who is styled their "Second Providence." "Under his sceptre," continues the writer, "the Armenians enjoy various privileges and prerogatives, superb churches, populous bishopricks, courts of justice, with judges elected by the people, schools, printing presses and other institutions protected by the government. The devotion of the Armenians for the august sovereign of the Russians, is without bounds."

Doubtless the writer was aware, that his production would pass under the review of the emperor or his chief officers, and this may account for the adulatory style in which the emperor is alluded to, and for the exaggerated professions of devotion to his service.

The next is a specimen of the Moldavian language, said to be a derivation from the Latin. Its characters are, many of them, very similar to our Roman letters, others are like the Greek, and the whole seems to be merely a modification of the first specimen in the collection, the Slavenski. It professes to give a short explanation of the names and divisions of the Moldavian and Wallachian nations.

The eleventh specimen is in Chinese running hand (!) but approximating nearly to the characters used in printing. The passage which is from Confucius, is well worth attention, not only from the consideration that it was written at least five hundred years before the Christian Era, but also from its intrinsic merit. Dsy-tou asks his master in what *heroism* consists; and Confucius, being probably ignorant of what certain modern wiseacres have called *abstract* nouns, enquires of Dsy-tou, whether he means the heroism of the people of the south or the north, or Dsy-tou's own proper heroism, but receiving no answer, proceeds to say: "The heroes of the south make heroism consist in greatness of soul and moderation. Professing these virtues, they teach how to bear injuries without seeking to revenge them, and have arrived at the highest degree of wisdom. The great men of the north think that virtue consists in physical force. They pass their life under arms, and they harness and face death without a fear. But can any thing be higher than the heroism of those who seek to live in peace with the whole human race! Are they forgotten in a well-ordered empire?—they complain not of their lot. Live they under a cruel government?—They remain faithful to virtue, and for her cheerfully die."

The twelfth is in the Manchew language. The characters in form are similar to the Chinese, and like them are also written up and down the page. The passage is the farewell of a Corean deputy to the Russian mission house at Pekin, and is written in the usual inflated style of oriental complimentary composition.

The next is a Calmuck extract from a chronicle containing some historical details of the progress of the Calmuck division of the great Moravian family.

A further account of the Calmucks is contained in the next specimen, in the ordinary writing of Thibet, which states that there are three principal tribes wandering on the banks of the Wolga, numbering about 25,000 "waggons" or families, and 100,000 men.

A paragraph in the literary language of Thibet follows next in order. It gives some curious particulars of the religion of the Lama of Thibet. "The communion which his followers receive from his hands delivers from all diseases, and drives off destructive passions, and the soul passes into the invisible spirit of God. The learned Lamaic clergy believe that their religion will, in time, be extended over the whole earth. All the followers of the Lama have the doors of their houses facing to the south."

The sketch, slight as it is, affords much material for useful reflection, which it might not be amiss to improve; but it is time to close. Mr. Vattemare has the honor of possessing, in these autographs, a treasure as unique as it is valuable. They are, however, but a sample of the immense literary wealth of Asia and the east of Europe. These countries, for centuries, remarkable chiefly for their valuable natural productions, and the unprogressive character of their inhabitants, have begun to excite that attention, which no countries more deserve, or can better repay. It is gratifying to know that the late Sultan took infinite pains to introduce Mr. Vattemare's system into his dominions; indeed no monarch in Christendom is said to have done more for his people than Mahmoud. There are mines of rarest literary wealth in Turkey, which will one day, we trust, be brought to light, for the good of the world, and, throughout the East, many valuable manuscripts might be found, which the barbarity of former ages failed to destroy. These would be hailed with enthusiasm by the literati of Europe, who would gladly give whole libraries in exchange for one relic of ages gone by, which might shed upon the modern world some rays of that sacred light, which once gilded with its glory the cradle of the human race—the birthplace of civilization—the holy land, where the Saviour lived and died.

"A SONG IN THE NIGHT."

Isaiah xxx: 29.

Written on being asked by an aged lady, who was very deaf, whether she had heard music in the room below, during the preceding evening—saying she often seemed to hear sweet music while lying awake at night.

It was no sound of earthly music
  Played by one thou holdest dear,
That, as evening shades closed round thee,
  Fell upon thy listening ear;

For that ear is sealed by Heaven,
  And thou hearest not the sounds
Many-toned, of joy and gladness
  With which this fair world abounds.

Yet, though not by day 'tis given thee
  Earthly strains again to hear;
In the silent 'mid-night watches.
  Music comes, thy heart to cheer;

Music, far more sweet than earthly
  While around thee all are sleeping,
Sung by low-toned angel voices
  Who around thee watch are keeping.

Heavenly harps for thee are ringing
  Touched by spirits hovering near;
While celestial tones are breathing
  Angel-anthems to thee here.

"At even-tide there shall be light:"
  Still let thine aged heart be strong,
Since even in this thine earthly night
  Thy God hath given to thee "a song!"

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston.

EDMUND KEAN.

Kean is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, *is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning.*

MARGINALIA.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In getting my books, I have been always solicitous of an ample margin; this not so much through any love of the thing in itself, however agreeable, as for the facility it affords me of pencilling suggested thoughts, agreements and differences of opinion, or brief critical comments in general. Where what I have to note is too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin, I commit it to a slip of paper, and deposit it between the leaves; taking care to secure it by an imperceptible portion of gum tragacanth paste.

All this may be whim; it may be not only a very hackneyed, but a very idle practice;—yet I persist in it still; and it affords me pleasure; which is profit, in despite of Mr. Bentham with Mr. Mill on his back.

This making of notes, however, is by no means the making of mere *memoranda*—a custom which has its disadvantages, beyond doubt. "*Ce que je mets sur papier*," says Bernardin de St. Pierre, "*je remets de ma mémoire, et par consequence je l'oublie*;"—and, in fact, if you wish to forget anything on the spot, make a note that this thing is to be remembered.

But the purely marginal jottings, done with no eye to the Memorandum Book, have a distinct complexion, and not only a distinct purpose, but none at all; this it is which imparts to them a value. They have a rank somewhat above the chance and desultory comments of literary chit-chat—for these latter are not unfrequently "talk for talk's sake," hurried out of the mouth; while the *marginalia* are deliberately pencilled, because the mind of the reader wishes to unburthen itself of a *thought;*—however flippant—however silly—however trivial—still a thought indeed, not merely a thing that might have been a thought in time, and under more favorable circumstances. In the *marginalia*, too, we talk only to ourselves; we therefore talk freshly—boldly—originally—with *abandonnement*—without conceit—much after the fashion of Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Sir William Temple and the anatomical Burton, and that most logical analogist, Butler, and some other people of the old day, who were too full of their matter to have any room for their manner, which being thus left out of question, was a capital manner, indeed,—a model of manners, with a richly marginalic air.

The circumscription of space, too, in these pencillings, has in it something more of advantage than inconvenience. It compels us (whatever diffuseness of idea we may clandestinely entertain,) into Montesquieu-ism, into Tacitus-ism, (here I leave out of view the concluding portion of the "Annals,")—or even into Carlyle-ism—a thing which, I have been told, is not to be confounded with your ordinary affectation and bad grammar. I say "bad grammar," through sheer obstinacy, because the grammarians (who should know better) insist upon it that I should not. But then grammar is not what these grammarians will have it; and, being merely the analysis of language, with the result of this analysis, must be good or bad just as the analyst is sage or silly—just as he is a Horne Tooke or a Cobbett.

But to our sheep. During a rainy afternoon, not long ago, being in a mood too listless for continuous study, I sought relief from *ennui* in dipping here and there, at random, among the volumes of my library—no very large one, certainly, but sufficiently miscellaneous; and, I flatter myself, not a little *recherché*.

Perhaps it was what the Germans call the "brain-scattering" humor of the moment; but, while the picturesqueness of the numerous pencil-scratches arrested my attention, their helter-skelter-iness of commentary amused me. I found myself at length, forming a wish that it had been some other hand than my own which had so bedevilled the books, and fancying that, in such case, I might have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from turning them over. From this the transition-thought, (as Mr. Lyell, or Mr. Murchison, or Mr. Featherstonhaugh would have it,) was natural enough:—there might be something even in *my* scribblings which, for the mere sake of scribbling, would have interest for others.

The main difficulty respected the mode of transferring the notes from the volumes—the context from the text—without detriment to that exceedingly frail fabric of intelligibility in which the context was imbedded. With all appliances to boot, with the printed pages at their back, the commentaries were too often like Dodona's oracles—or those of Lycophron Tenebrosus—or the essays of the pedant's pupils, in Quintillian, which were "necessarily excellent, since even he (the pedant) found it impossible to comprehend them:"—what then, would become of it—this context—if transferred?—if translated? Would it not rather be *traduit* (traduced) which is the French synonyme, or *overzezet* (turned topsy-turvy) which is the Dutch one?

* Some years since Mr. Poe wrote for several of the Northern magazines a series of critical brevities under the title of "Marginalia." They attracted great attention at that time and since, as characteristic of the author, and we are sure that our readers will be gratified at his resuming them in the Messenger. By way of introduction, we republish the original preface from the Democratic Review. [*Ed. Mess.*

I concluded, at length, to put extensive faith in the acumen and imagination of the reader:—this as a general rule. But, in some instances, where even faith would not remove mountains, there seemed no safer plan than so to re-model the note as to convey at least the ghost of a conception as to what it was all about. Where, for such conception, the text itself was absolutely necessary, I could quote it; where the title of the book commented upon was indispensable, I could name it. In short, like a novel-hero dilemma'd, I made up my mind "to be guided by circumstances," in default of more satisfactory rules of conduct.

As for the multitudinous opinion expressed in the subjoined *farrago*—as for my present assent to all, or dissent from any portion of it—as to the possibility of my having, in some instances, altered my mind—or as to the impossibility of my not having altered it often—these are points upon which I say nothing, because upon these there can be nothing cleverly said. It may be as well to observe, however, that just as the goodness of your true pun is in the direct ratio of its intolerability, so is nonsense the essential sense of the Marginal Note.

—

I do not believe that the whole world of Poetry can produce a more intensely energetic passage, of equal length, than the following, from Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile." The picturesque vigor of the lines italicized is much more than Homeric:

——On a mountain peak
Half sheathed in primal woods and glittering
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
A Lion couched, part raised upon his paws
With his calm massive face turned full on mine
And his mane listening. When the ended curse
Left silence in the world, right suddenly
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,
As if the new reality of Death
Were dashed against his eyes, and roared so fierce—
(*Such thick carniverous passion in his throat*
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear)
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills
Such fast keen *echoes crumbling down the vales*
To distant silence—that the forest beasts,
One after one, did mutter a response
In savage and in sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges.

—

There are few cases in which mere popularity should be considered a proper test of merit; but the case of song-writing is, I think, one of the few. In speaking of song-writing, I mean, of course, the composition of brief poems with an eye to their adaptation for music in the vulgar sense. In this ultimate destination of the song proper, lies its essence—its genius. It is the strict reference to music—it is the dependence upon modulated expression—which gives to this branch of letters a character altogether *unique*, and separates it, in great measure and in a manner not sufficiently considered, from ordinary literature; rendering it independent of merely ordinary proprieties; allowing it, and in fact demanding for it, a wide latitude of Law; absolutely insisting upon a certain wild license and *indefinitiveness*—an indefinitiveness recognized by every musician who is not a mere fiddler, as an important point in the philosophy of his science—as the *soul*, indeed, of the sensations derivable from its practice—sensations which bewilder while they enthral—and which would *not* so enthral if they did not so bewilder.

The sentiments deducible from the conception of sweet sound simply, are out of the reach of analysis—although referable, possibly, in their last result, to that merely mathematical recognition of *equality* which seems to be *the root of all Beauty*. Our impressions of harmony and melody in conjunction, are more readily analyzed; but one thing is certain—that the *sentimental* pleasure derivable from music, is nearly in the ratio of its indefinitiveness. Give to music any undue *decision*—imbue it with any very *determinate* tone—and you deprive it, at once, of its ethereal, its ideal, and, I sincerely believe, of its intrinsic and essential character. You dispel its dream-like luxury:—you dissolve the atmosphere of the mystic in which its whole nature is bound up:—you exhaust it of its breath of fäery. It then becomes a tangible and easily appreciable thing—a conception of the earth, earthy. It will not, to be sure, lose *all* its power to please, but all that I consider the *distinctiveness* of that power. And to the *over*-cultivated talent, or to the unimaginative apprehension, this deprivation of its most delicate *nare* will be, not unfrequently, a recommendation. A *determinateness* of expression is sought—and sometimes by composers who should know better—is sought as a beauty, rather than rejected as a blemish. Thus we have, even from high authorities, attempts at absolute *imitation* in musical sounds. Who can forget, or cease to regret, the many errors of this kind into which some great minds have fallen, simply through over-estimating the triumphs of *skill*. Who can help lamenting the Battles of Prague? What man of taste is not ready to laugh, or to weep, over their "guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses and thunder?" "Vocal music," says L'Abbaté Gravina, "ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions, rather than the warblings of Canary birds, which our singers, now-a-days, affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadences." This is true only so far as the "rather" is con-

cerned. If *any* music must imitate *any thing*, it were, undoubtedly, better that the imitation should be limited as Gravina suggests.

That *indefinitiveness* which is, at least, *one* of the essentials of true music, must, of course, be kept in view by the song-writer; while, by the critic, it should always be considered in his estimate of the *song*. It is, in the author, a consciousness—sometimes merely an instinctive appreciation, of this necessity for the indefinite, which imparts to all songs, rightly conceived, that free, affluent, and *hearty* manner, little scrupulous about niceties of phrase, which cannot be better expressed than by the hackneyed French word *abandonnement*, and which is so strikingly exemplified in both the serious and joyous ballads and carols of our old English progenitors. Wherever verse has been found most strictly married to music, this feature prevails. It is thus the essence of all antique song. It is the soul of Homer. It is the spirit of Anacreon. It is even the genius of Æschylus. Coming down to our own times, it is the vital principle in De Béranger. Wanting this quality, no song-writer was ever truly popular, and, for the reasons assigned, no song-writer need ever expect to be so.

These views properly understood, it will be seen how baseless are the ordinary objections to songs proper, on the score of "conceit," (to use Johnson's word,) or of hyperbole, or on various other grounds tenable enough in respect to poetry not designed for music. The "conceit," for example, which some envious rivals of *Morris* have so much objected to—

> Her heart and morning broke together
> In the storm—

this "conceit" is merely in keeping with the essential spirit of the song proper. To all reasonable persons it will be sufficient to say that the fervid, hearty, free-spoken songs of Cowley and of Donne—more especially of Cunningham, of Harrington and of Carew—abound in precisely similar things; and that they are to be met with, plentifully, in the polished pages of Moore and of Béranger, who introduce them with thought and retain them after mature deliberation.

Morris is, very decidedly, our best writer of songs—and, in saying this, I mean to assign him a high rank as *poet*. For my own part, I would much rather have written the best *song* of a nation than its noblest *epic*. One or two of Hoffman's songs have merit—but they are sad echoes of Moore, and even if this were not so (every body knows that it *is* so) they are totally deficient in the real song-essence. "*Woodman Spare that Tree*" and "*By the Lake where droops the Willow*" are compositions of which any poet, living or dead, might justly be proud. By these, if by nothing else, Morris is *immortal*. It is quite impossible to put down such things by sneers. The affectation of contemning them is of no avail—unless to render manifest the envy of those who affect the contempt. As mere *poems*, there are several of Morris's compositions equal, if not superior, to either of those just mentioned, but as *songs* I much doubt whether these latter have ever been surpassed. In quiet grace and unaffected tenderness, I know no American poem which excels the following:

> Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
> Winds through the hills afar,
> Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
> Crowned with a single star.
> And there, amid the billowy swells
> Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
> My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
> A nymph of mountain birth.
>
> The snow-flake that the cliff receives—
> The diamonds of the showers—
> Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
> The sisterhood of flowers—
> Morn's early beam—eve's balmy breeze—
> Her purity define:—
> But Ida's dearer far than these
> To this fond breast of mine.
>
> My heart is on the hills; the shades
> Of night are on my brow.
> Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades
> My soul is with you now.
> I bless the star-crowned Highlands where
> My Ida's footsteps roam:—
> Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear—
> To bear me to my home.

A capital book, generally speaking;* but Mr. Grattan has a bad habit—that of loitering in the road—of dallying and toying with his subjects, as a kitten with a mouse—instead of grasping it firmly at once and eating it up without more ado. He takes up too much time in the ante-room. He has never done with his introductions. Occasionally, one introduction is but the vestibule to another; so that by the time he arrives at his main incidents there is nothing more to tell. He seems afflicted with that curious yet common perversity observed in garrulous old women—the desire of tantalizing by circumlocution. Mr. G's circumlocution, however, is by no means like that which Albany Fonblanque describes as "a style of about and about and all the way round to nothing and nonsense." . . . . . If the greasy-looking lithograph here given as a frontispiece, be meant for Mr. Grattan, then is Mr. Grattan like nobody else:—for the fact is, I never yet knew an individual with a wire wig, or the countenance of an under-done apple dumpling. . . . .

*"Highways and By-ways."

As a general rule, no man should put his own face in his own book. In looking at the author's countenance the reader is seldom in condition to keep his own.

—

In a "Hymn for Christmas," by Mrs. Hemans, we find the following stanza:

Oh, lovely voices of the sky
  Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
  Ye that sang "Peace on Earth"?
To us yet speak the strains
  Wherewith, in times gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
  Oh, voices of the sky!

And at page 305 of "The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1840"—a Philadelphian Annual—we find "A Christmas Carol," by Richard W. Dodson:—the first stanza running thus:

Angel voices of the sky!
  Ye that hymned Messiah's birth,
Sweetly singing from on high
  "Peace, Goodwill to all on earth!"
Oh, to us impart those strains!
  Bid our doubts and fears to cease!
Ye that cheered the Syrian swains,
  Cheer us with that song of peace!

—

A book* remarkable for its artistic unity. It is to be commended, also, on higher grounds. I do not think, indeed, that a better novel of its kind has been composed by an American. To be sure, it is not precisely the work to place in the hands of a lady; but its incidents are striking and original, its scenes of passion nervously wrought, and its philosophy, if not at all times tenable, at least admirable on the important scores of suggestiveness and audacity. In a word, it is that rare thing a fiction of *power* without rudeness. Its spirit, in general, resembles that of Reynolds' "Miserrimus."

—

Had the "George Balcombe" of Professor Beverley Tucker been the work of any one born North of Mason and Dixon's line, it would have been long ago recognized as one of the very noblest fictions ever written by an American. It is almost as good as "Caleb Williams." The manner in which the cabal of the "North American Review" first write all our books and then review them, puts me in mind of the fable about the Lion and the Painter. It is high time that the literary South took its own interests into its own charge.

—

Here is a good idea for a Magazine paper:—let somebody "work it up:"—A flippant pretender to universal acquirement—a would-be Crichton—engrosses, for an hour or two perhaps, the attention of a large company—most of whom are profoundly impressed by his knowledge. He is very witty, in especial, at the expense of a modest young gentleman, who ventures to make no reply, and who, finally, leaves the room as if overwhelmed with confusion;—the Crichton greeting his exit with a laugh. Presently he returns, followed by a footman carrying an armfull of books. These are deposited on the table. The young gentleman, now, referring to some pencilled notes which he had been secretly taking during the Crichton's display of erudition, pins the latter to his statements, each by each, and refutes them all in turn, by reference to the very authorities cited by the egotist himself—whose ignorance at all points is thus made apparent.

—

A long time ago—twenty-three or four years at least—*Edward C. Pinckney*, of Baltimore, published an exquisite poem entitled "A Health." It was profoundly admired by the critical few, but had little circulation:—this for no better reason than that the author was born *too far South*. I quote a few lines:

Affections are as *thoughts* to her,
  The measures of her hours—
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young *flowers*.
To her the better elements
  And kindlier stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Now, in 1842, *Mr. George Hill* published "The Ruins of Athens and Other Poems"—and from one of the "Other Poems" I quote what follows:

And thoughts go sporting through her mind
  Like children among *flowers*;
And deeds of gentle goodness are
  The measures of her hours.
In soul or face she bears no trace
  Of one from Eden driven,
But like the rainbow seems, though born
  Of Earth, a part of Heaven.

Is this plagiarism or is it *not?*—I merely ask for information.

—

"*Grace*," says Horace Walpole, "will save any book," and without it none can live long." I can never read Mrs. Osgood's poetry without a strong propensity to ring the changes upon this indefinite word "grace" and its derivatives. About every thing she writes we perceive this indescribable charm; of which, perhaps, the elements are a vivid fancy and a quick sense of the pro-

* "Confessions of a Poet."

portionate. "Grace," however, may be most satisfactorily defined, at least for the present, as "a term applied, in despair, to that class of the impressions of Beauty which admit of no analysis." Mrs. O. has lately evinced a *true* imagination, with a "*movement*" (as Schlegel has it) or energy, of which I have been considering her incapable. *Beyond all question the first of American poetesses*:—and yet we must judge her less by what she has done than by what she shows ability to do. A happy refinement—an instinctive sense of the pure and delicate—is one of her most noticeable merits. She *could* accomplish much—*very* much.

—

One of our truest poets is *Thomas Buchanan Read*. His most distinctive features are, first, "tenderness," or subdued passion, and secondly, fancy. His sin is imitativeness. *At present*, although evincing high capacity, he is but a copyist of Longfellow—that is to say, but the echo of an echo. Here is a beautiful thought which is *not* the property of Mr. Read:

> And, where the spring-time sun had longest shone,
> *A violet looked up and found itself alone.*

Here again: a Spirit

> Slowly through the lake descended,
> Till from her hidden form below
> The waters took a golden glow,
> *As if the star which made her forehead bright*
> *Had burst and filled the lake with light.*

Lowell has some lines very similar, ending with

> As if a star had burst within his brain.

—

I cannot say that I ever fairly comprehended the force of the term "*insult*," until I was given to understand, one day, by a member of the "*North American Review*" clique, that this journal was "not only willing but anxious to render me that justice which had been already rendered me by the '*Revue Francaise*' and the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*'"—but was "restrained from so doing" by my "invincible spirit of antagonism." I wish the "North American Review" to express *no* opinion of me whatever—for I have none of it. In the meantime, as I see no motto on its title-page, let me recommend it one from Sterne's "Letter from France." Here it is:—"As we rode along the valley we saw a herd of asses on the top of one of the mountains—how they viewed and *reviewed* us!"

—

I blush to see, in the — —, an invidious notice of Bayard Taylor's "*Rhymes of Travel*." What makes the matter *worse*, the *critique* is from the pen of one who, although undeservedly, holds, himself, some position as a poet:—and what makes the matter *worst*, the attack is anonymous, and (while ostensibly commending) most zealously endeavors to damn the young writer "with faint praise." In his whole life, the author of the criticism never published a poem, long or short, which could compare, either in the higher merits, or in the minor morals of the Muse, with *the worst* of Mr. Taylor's compositions.

Observe the generalizing, disingenuous, patronizing tone:—

> "It is the empty charlatan, to whom all things are alike impossible, who attempts every thing. He can do one thing as well as another; for he can really do nothing..... Mr. Taylor's volume, as we have intimated, is an advance upon his previous publication. We could have wished, indeed, something more of restraint in the rhetoric, *but*," &c., &c., &c.

The concluding sentence, here, is an excellent example of one of the most ingeniously malignant of critical *ruses*—that of condemning an author, in especial, for what the world, in general, *feel* to be his principal merit. In fact, the "rhetoric" of Mr. Taylor, in the sense intended by the critic, is Mr. Taylor's *distinguishing excellence*. He is, unquestionably, the most terse, glowing, and vigorous of all our poets, young or old—in point, I mean, of *expression*. His sonorous, well-balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell (in spite of our anonymous friend's *implied* sneer at "mere jingling of rhymes, brilliant and successful for the moment,") and his rhetoric in general is of the highest order:—By "rhetoric" I intend the *mode generally* in which Thought is presented. Where shall we find more magnificent passages than these?

> First queenly Asia, from the fallen thrones
> Of twice three thousand years,
> Came *with the woe a grieving Goddess owns*
> *Who longs for mortal tears.*
> The dust of ruin to her mantle clung
> And dimmed her crown of gold,
> While *the majestic sorrows of her tongue*
> *From Tyre to Indus rolled.*
>
> Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of woe
> *Whose only glory streams*
> *From its lost childhood like the Arctic glow*
> *Which sunless winter dreams.*
> *In the red desert moulders Babylon*
> *And the wild serpent's hiss*
> *Echoes in Petra's palaces of sto[illegible]*
> *And waste Persepolis.*
>
> Then from her seat, *amid the palms embowered*
> *That shade the Lion-land,*
> Swart Africa in dusky aspect towered,
> The fetters on her hand.
> Backward she saw, from out the drear eclipse,
> The mighty Theban years,
> *And the deep anguish of her mournful lips*
> *Interpreted her tears.*

I copy these passages first, because the critic

in question has copied them, without the slightest appreciation of their grandeur—for they *are* grand; and secondly, to put the question of "rhetoric" at rest. No artist who reads them will deny that they are the perfection of *skill* in their way. But thirdly, I wish to call attention to the glowing *imagination* evinced in the lines italicized. My very soul revolts at *such* efforts, (as the one I refer to,) to depreciate *such* poems as Mr. Taylor's. *Is* there *no* honor—no chivalry left in the land? Are our most deserving writers to be *forever* sneered down, or hooted down, or damned down with faint praise, by a set of men who possess little other ability than that which assures temporary success to *them*, in common with Swaim's Panacea or Morrison's pills? The fact is, some person should write, at once, a Magazine paper exposing—*ruthlessly* exposing, the *dessous de cartes* of our literary affairs. He should show how and why it is that the ubiquitous quack in letters can always "succeed," while *genius*, (which implies self-respect, with a scorn of creeping and crawling,) must inevitably succumb. He should point out the "easy arts" by which any one, base enough to do it, can get himself placed at the very head of American Letters by an article in that magnanimous journal, "The —— Review." He should explain, too, how readily the same work can be induced (as in the case of Simms,) to villify, and villify *personally*, any one not a Northerner, for a trifling "consideration." In fact, our criticism needs a thorough regeneration, *and must have it.*

THE SOUL'S CREED.

Late, as in my lonely chamber sat I as the day declined,
Meditation in my spirit magic spells of thought entwined,
And a thousand fancies flitted through the temple of my mind.

Gazing on the glowing heavens with the sunset splendor dyed,
Lo! the orb of night uprising with one pale star by her side
Blushing into brighter beauty—waxing into conscious pride.

And the airy clouds around her softly spread each silver sail,
Pilots of the purple twilight floating on the southern gale,
Laden as with costly treasure—amethyst and topaz pale.

Far across a waveless ocean, far across a summer sea,
Rose a vision fair as ever graced a tale of fairirie;
Palaces of gleaming marble, stately halls of porphyry.

Through the wide and burnished portal, flowed a radiance rich and rare,
Snowy banners, mist-empurpled, floated on the golden air;
Ne'er I ween, in Eastern story, shone a vision half so fair.

And a spell of quiet beauty, breathing from that world of light
Fell upon my lonely spirit with a deep and still delight,—
Dreams of all most pure and holy—dreams of all most fair and bright.

Deeper grew the purple twilight, melting into misty haze,
Slowly then the cloud-built palace faded from my yearning gaze,—
Floated far the blackened banners—died away the portal's blaze.

Whispered then a thought upspringing from my spirit's loneliness,
"Earth is dim, and life is dreary—pleasure daily groweth less;
All things fair too quickly vanish—nought is left but weariness.

Dreams of all most fair and holy in our yearning souls are shrined,
But the real living image never upon earth we find,
And we only deem that such is from that seeming in the mind.

Naught is real—naught is earnest! seeming truth is fancy's art!
Smilingly the visions come and mockingly their shadows part;
Leaving us with wearied spirit—with a sad and doubting heart.

Still believing, still pursuing, who may reach the promised goal?
Oh, it is a weary waiting, 'tis a mockery to the soul,—
Immortality still striving with mortality's control!

Cast aside the haunting visions—bid their mockery depart!
Leave thy realm of dreams, and mingle in the world's unquiet mart,
Stilling 'mid its billowy strife the syren-music in thy heart."

Ceased that voice of sad complaining—seemed a gentle presence near—
Then arose an angel-whisper, soft and sweet and silver-clear,
"Wherefore mournest thou sad spirit? rouse thee, be of better cheer!"

Like a ray of sunlight streaming o'er a dark and troubled sea,
Rife with hope and peace and gladness came that whisper unto me,
Breathing in its quiet tones "I see the good thou canst not see."

Telling that despite the teaching by complaining voices said,
Pure and holy is the nature in its Maker's image made,
Though the world's contamination o'er its lustre cast a shade.

And its course is ever upward, onward—like the rising sun
Waxing e'er in light and power as the myriad ages run—
Loftiest of earth's attainments but its untold power begun.

For not alone another life awaits the soul from this set free—
Life on life, a countless series, runs through all eternity;
What we dream of heaven's glory, but the dawn of that *to be.*

But the dawn of unknown ages, still ascending higher, higher!
Unto which the soul's free impulse doth unconsciously aspire,
Back unto the glorious fount from whence it drew its vital fire.

Therefore every gentle feeling, every pure and lofty thought,
Is a faint and far reflection from its Maker's image caught—
Guiding to those lofty aims by creeds and maxims vainly taught.

Not for me that worldly wisdom—scornful of its weak control,
Take I now my creed and standard from the impulse of my soul;
Meted not by worldly measure is my spirit's lofty goal.

Earnest of a brighter future, prophecy of things to be,
Are those yearning aspirations seeming but a phantasy;
Fades the rainbow, but its promise in the future still we see.

Richmond. SUSAN.

The Sabbath in its Poetical Aspects.

"Less fearful on this day the limping hare
Stops and looks back on man, his deadliest foe."
Grahame.

A spring morning had come. It ushered in the day of rest and Ringwood had never looked as quiet or as handsome before. The kirks round about were all closed, a thing which sometimes happens in the country when our pastors are away. As the hours into which day is divided were chasing each other off, the writer got to ruminating upon what the Sabbath had done for poetry and what poetry had done for the Sabbath. The Sabbath presents itself periodically to the poet, and invites his eye on a range among its tints, whilst some of the poets, grateful for the materials it gives, have sung its sweet repose.

The writer is aware that he here comes again into collision with the Utilitarians, to some of whose schemes he cannot be reconciled. The rail-car is just as swift on the Sabbath as on any other day in the week and so is the steam-boat. The canal is just as noisy on Sunday as on Monday, and the mail-boy carries as much lumber on that as on any other day. But in this connection it would be inappropriate to treat this matter in its gravest aspects. The science of Theology has lessons of its own, nor shall we attempt to supplant it in any one of its offices. It is our wish to speak simply of the lights in which the Sabbath sometimes affects the imagination.

We have been often impressed by the silence of the sacred day. This is one of the features in its face which Grahame, the Scotch poet, has clothed with special interest. The gates of cities are shut, the tumult of towns is hushed—the village is reduced to silence, and the hamlet becomes increasingly still. Even the encampments made by huge armies are affected by its repose, though we lament to think that the great battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday. That was a sanguinary day for the rose of England and the lily of Gaul. How much sweeter would harvest hymns have been, rising from the ravines of La Haye Sainte, than the fanfare of loud clarions and fierce trumpets? The color of a purple field is not so refreshing as that of a green one and Waterloo would have pleased us better on Sunday morning than on Sunday night. In the morning it stood in ranks of corn or waved in ripened wheat: but at night furrows and corn hills had been turned into sepulchres and mounds. We never liked noise but especially the noise of battle, and we return to our tranquil theme. Rural objects are generally still, but more so than usual on Sunday. There is something poetical in the lowing of herds and in the browsing of flocks, and in the milk-maid's song, and in the sound of the deer-bell. But on the sacred day the hum of rural labor seems to cease. A *vis inertiæ* appears to seize the plough, the mill, the hay cart and the bee house, and lay its spell on the picturesque hill and dale. Sounds there may be, for the ringdove will coo—the lark will sing—the bee will hum and the sheep ring its bell, but these are sounds in harmony with the day. Poets must, by necessity, possess some descriptive power, and many of them have employed that power on the objects to which we have just alluded.

The imagination is often aroused by the church-going bell. Its chimes inspire animation and delight. In Scotland dissenters are not allowed to ring people to kirk, and dissenters in England are debarred from the same privilege. But why not augment the melody and add as much as possible to that of the established peals? This intolerance is at war with the best feelings of our nature, and turns churches, founded on policy and law, into sectarian institutions. When Selkirk was on the island of Juan Fernandez he heard the beating of the surf: but, according to Cowper, he heard nothing that called him to church. He was a lonely outcast—the comrade of goats: but became a good Utilitarian before leaving his strip of land. We do not recollect that Burns has said much of the steeple: but we know that his Cotter's Saturday Night is a charming poem. How sweetly does he arrange the preliminaries to the Sabbath, and depict the home joys of the peasant. What pure Parnassian breath stole over that performance, and anointed the rustic temple which his imagination reared in an Ayrshire cottage. And sacred sounds

pass over the volumes of Christopher North, and Irving employs them in his Newstead Abbey—his Sketch Book and his Bracebridge Hall. Addison used to obey the signal and walk to church with Sir Roger like Iülus by the side of Æneas, *sed non paribus passibus*, for the moralist would stop and look around him with an eye as bright as that of the celestial bird of China. He read more than his comrade in the gloss of woods—the primrose and the hyacinth, for he stripped the veil from Nature and turned it into a parti-colored shroud in which his imagination delighted to bury itself, whilst its requiem was sung by pensive birds among willows and sepulchral violets. We speak of his prose, for his Cato is no great affair, and several of the best hymns ascribed to him were the hymns of Marvell. If the reader would not deem us too serious, we would here allude to the way in which Leigh Richmond has written of the Sabbath bell in the Isle of Wight. He wrote in prose, but there is more than one dash of poetry in his productions. Cut off from the mainland—much of its exterior bristled with rocks—with marine water-marks on its coast—its interior is singularly fertile, producing eight times more than its home consumption. Its prose poet does justice to its luxuriance—its seats of opulence, its flocks and mountain ridges, and tells in felicitous terms how Sabbath sounds steal through its vales or rise among its uplands and call the peasant from his dale and the nobleman from his rural entrenchment into the Lord's house. And Grahame has done the same even in that land—

> Where feathery clouds condensed and furled
> In columns sweep the quaking glen.

The imagination is sometimes employed upon the influence which the sacred day exercises over objects at a distance. For example, when we leave the English cities and go out into the country, we cannot help calling on this faculty to aid our reflections. England is studded with towns and hamlets, some on the hill and some in the dale. Her churches are pleasing objects in the landscape, and often chain the vision of the tourist. They are planted on the downs, or the plains, or the slopes, or embowered in the woods, and in them the nobility mix with the shepherd and the hedger. There is a world of history connected with the Anglo-Saxon abbeys and cathedrals, whose ruins are like grey clouds fallen down on the green earth. But we will not enlarge. It is a pleasant thing, however, to indulge the imagination upon the little nooks of England that are like so many dots or periods where attention pauses over the complex book of her history. But our desire is just to glance at one or two poetical facts connected with the English Sabbath. Old Izaak Walton was a sort of poet. He lived at a time when the history of his country had got into a storm: but on Saturday night the old angler used to decamp from the quiet brooks and lay by his rod and line and net. His skiff was moored in the miniature bays of the lea, where it rocked to and fro till Monday dawned. Some of the English poets have been the sons of rectors. Addison was son to Launcelot and his boyhood was spent at home, and we cannot help figuring out the urchin at the parsonage learning to write, or strolling down the lane, or at church gazing on the villagers, from an eye, that served him as a small tower of observation, on the peculiarities of the people. Or he paced the grounds of the rectory as he afterwards beat a path at Magdalen, and then that pencil commenced its operations which, in the future, was destined to sketch Italy—to pourtray London—to trace Eastern visions and introduce moral allegories and Saturday papers like clouds of purity into the intellectual horizon of England. Dr. Young was rector of Welwyn, a town of a thousand inhabitants in Herts, and Dyer had a good living, and Dean Swift—but we cannot tolerate the Dean. We would say to him *procul—procul*. When Dr. Johnson left Bolt Court and visited Staffordshire he used to attend on Sunday at the Cathedral of Litchfield, and who has not thought of him uttering his responses like a child? Was there any object in Dovedale so beautiful as that old giant on his knees? And who has not thought of Goldsmith and the rectory, of his brother at Pallas, and the gown of that good man, or of Crabbe at Trowbridge, or of Cowper in his Sunday boudoir, or of Salisbury Plain and its contented shepherd? Coleridge, too, was brought up at a rectory on the Otter that winds by the town as if it flowed by volition. Among the elms and myrtles of Devonshire that mind began its being which conceived the plot of dramas—the plan of the Ancient Mariner and the Aids to Reflection which unravelled the web of politics and dealt out colloquial volumes to the refined circles in which he moved. Nether Stowey, Allfoxden, Keswick and Highgate were his favorite haunts. It gives us pleasure here to acknowledge that Irving in several of his pieces has been true to the repose and the chastened sounds of the hallowed day. He, indeed, always calls it Sunday, and we will not break a lance with him for a word, but Sunday is a designation which suits a gentleman, whilst Sabbath suits the poet. Enough, however of England, for incidents and associations of this kind would extend our remarks to an unwarrantable length.

It would be pleasing here to note how Sunday has been kept in many corners of France, or

among the Tyrolese peasants, and in the Swiss vallies. We do not know what the reality might be, but the Swiss are a very interesting people viewed through the imagination. But of all people the Scotch, perhaps, are the most remarkable in keeping the Sabbath, from the Highlands to the Tweed. The only regular poem ever written about the sacred day, was by James Grahame, who was born near Glasgow in 1765, and who was first a lawyer and then a minister. He sketched out and filled up in his poem a Scottish Sunday, weaving round about it the scenery which Burns has depicted with a bolder, but not with so soft a pencil. The scenery of Scotland differs from that of England in many obvious points. Its wildness is certainly one of those points, unless the lake country be an exception, and we admit the latter to be highly romantic. Nor do we know where more justice has been done to it, than by Dr. Arnold, who was master of the Rugby School in Warwickshire, and who cultivated a little spot in Westmoreland, called Fox How. Fox How became to him a kind of studio, from the interior of which he took a more exact likeness of the country than Southey or Wordsworth. But when we cross the Tweed, we come in contact with stone kirks and manses—with friths and locks—with a profusion of hawthorn glens and harebell dales—with mountains, braes and burns over which the breath of the Muses has been richly blown. In connection with such objects Grahame has treated his subject. It is a poem far before his "Birds of Scotland," and superior to Byron's Hebrew Melodies, or Tom Moore's sacred pieces. We cannot forgive Byron for his attack on the author of the "Sabbath," in his celebrated satire. It was well for him to wrestle down Lord Brougham and draw a few drops from Lord Jeffrey's blood and break Southey's neck: but to assault one of our favorite poets was a mortal sin. Here was a lowly pastor who lived in a country parish, of kind feelings to the hedger and the herb woman, who went out of the tread-mill of his profession to fling the sound of his lute over the Sabbath, and yet Lord George attacks him with relentless mercy. He might just as well have bruised a violet because it was meek, or shot at a harebell and thus wasted his fire when hunting after ravenous wolves.

But to leave this episode, and get back to our theme. Our imagination has quite as often been occupied with the Scottish manses, as with the rectories of England. We have wished to send as on magnetic wires our Sabbath feelings to old Caledonia, and to receive in return cards on which Scottish objects are pictured. To a person of simple tastes it is entertaining to look at the Ednam manse, where the author of the Seasons was brought up on the Liddel, or the manses where Armstrong, Robertson, Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, and Witherspoon, were reared, and the kirks where Logan, Home and Blair, the author of the Grave, officiated.

The imagination often takes delight in the morning scenes of this world, when objects were their first gloss. What mind can be so destitute of taste as never to have thought of the first seventh after the six days in which Creation had been finished up to its last embellishments? The pencil of the imagination is here powerless and falls away from the grasp even of the most skilful delineator.

How sweet was the dawn of that day when the Creator's eye beheld the wonder he had reared—an orb which had just started on its eventful race. Were there mountains near Eden, then the hues of light which painted them on the seventh day must have been enchanting to the eye of the first man beneath the flowering almond tree on the lawn of Eden. All was still in that garden. Still when the sun arose—still at his meridian—and still at twilight, save when the lion romped in his crown of flowers, or the play of the tiger drew smiles from his keeper, or when the lama darted aside to browse, or when the rivers dashed together in melodious concert, or when the wings of celestial visitants rustled at the gates and those visitants left their purple stoles and their unclasped sandals before the forbidden tree, and their diadems sparkling among the amaranths around the tree of Life. There is poetry in the beginning of the world: but where are the poets? Shall we speak of Byron's Cain, or Moore's Loves of the Angels, one the bard of skepticism and the other of wine? No, we will speak of Gesner, because, though not great he was good, and of Montgomery's "World before the Flood," because in all the charming productions of its author, he is on the side of virtue, of philanthropy and good will to his race. He is not so flashy as Moore, for Moore looks at things through a sensual prism, while Montgomery has always employed a chastened kaleidoscope.* And in this connection we would speak of Milton, did not the builder of Paradise Lost demand a chapter instead of a sentence. His mind was like some vast cathedral wherein his strains could rise to celestial devotion, or fall away to the lowlier homage of earth, intermingling with the storm of melody the brief sonnet and the inspiring hymn.

In that Sabbath reverie, which the writer is

* One of the most interesting hours the writer has ever spent, was in conversation with Joseph Gales, senior, who was well acquainted with Montgomery.

trying to recall, he could not help indulging a few reflections on subjects a little serious. Abel's crook and the rod of the Hebrew legislator, and the manna which pattered all night on tents once planted in Arabia's deserts, and the wand of Joshua, came up as well as Jubal's lyre. Greece is covered all over with a classic mantle; but over the face of Palestine Heaven has thrown a mantle on which many moral pictures have been wrought out in threads of all beautiful colors. There is Tabor's cone—and there are the heights of Carmel—and the bulky cedars of Lebanon—and the purple rocks of Calvary, celebrated by Pope and Bishop Heber and a hundred travellers, and of which Tasso sung in noble verse. And there are the blue waters of Gennesareth and the reeds of the Jordan. And there are olive trees under which a great pilgrim used once to pause, and fig trees from which he pulled the fruit. There too lived some Sabbath poets, to whom we need not refer.

In our reverie we could not help casting out a thought to those good men who, in their different corners, are telling of the Sabbath to many who never heard that word before; but let us not become theological here. It may be poetical to think of the Persian's robe, and of the scimitar of the Turk, and of the Arab's sandals, but it is not so to think of the half-closed eyelids of the New Hollanders,

> And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

After ruminating in this way, about twilight, my Ringwood grounds looked very sweet, dressed out in the bloom of apple and peach tree orchards. The sight recalled to mind the descriptive poetry of Mrs. Hemans and the fact that this noble woman always liked the Sabbath. Among the bold mountains of Wales she sung the sacred day; and when dying among the shamrocks of the Emerald Isle, she indited to her amanuensis the lines with which we shall conclude—

How many groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Tow'rds spire and tower, midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.

I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound—yet O my God I bless
Thy mercy that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart.

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY REV. JOHN C. M'CABE.

I met thee first, my gentle one, amid a heartless crowd,
When my soul was darkened over with sorrow's shadowy cloud;
And thy soft and lute-like breathings came so sweetly on my ear,
They calmed the spirit's anguish deep, and checked th rising tear.

We met again, my gentle one, where music's power was felt,
And songs of touching melody made sternest natures melt;
But one sweet voice above the rest,—its calm and silvery tone,
I knew,—my loved, my gentle one—could only be thine own.

We stood beneath the calm blue sky—the stars were marching on,
In quest of some sweet sister star, which from its sphere had gone;
I wooed thee in that hour, love, while all that far off sky,
So blue, so bright, so beautiful, was mirrored in thine eye.

I wooed, I won thee, gentle one, I 'shrine thee as a gem,
More pure and precious far than that in India's diadem;
And though a shadow sometimes falls upon this heart of mine,
I know, in sunshine, or in shade—my weal and woe are thine.

We are passing on together, 'mid comforts, and 'mid cares,
And smiles have played around our path, and very often tears;
Yet grief hath proved, though for awhile 'twas dark, a just alloy,
For when 'twas past, there came, sweet one, the luxury of joy!

We are passing on together, a gray hair here and there,
Upon my brow, grows eloquent,—and sounds the note, "prepare;"
And that calm thoughtful eye of thine, as in its depths I gaze,
Reveals the matron, in the glance which back my worship pays.

We're passing on—but not alone, my boy climbs up my knee,
A fearless, careless, joyous child, for fun and frolic free;
A little bright-eyed daughter's laugh rings merrily and clear,—
Her mother's miniature,—I trace thy early beauty there.

We're passing on,—we might have laughed at fools and follies 'round,
But rather gave our tears, God knows, for woes wherever found;

Our prayers for earth's wide brotherhood,—'twas all we had to give—
That men might turn from folly's ways, and in His service live.

We're passing on—we're passing on—I do not grieve to go.
I know we shall be happy *there*—His volume tells me so!
With thee, and others, dearly loved, in that blest world of bliss,
I know I'll find a recompense for all I've lost in this.

Now I resign the poet's shell, I sweep the lyre no more!
A nobler, higher aim is mine, the Muse's reign is o'er!
God's work, not mine,—God's cause, not mine,—call for my efforts now,
My faith is pledged, and up on high, is writ the solemn vow!

And now, though God despises not the precious gift of song,
And Poetry's a holy thing, though often "warped to wrong;"
Still the dear lays of early life, I would not, cannot sing,
The strain is o'er, its echoes dead, and crushed the minstrel string.

Smithfield, Virginia, 1849.

Reminiscences of A Traveller.

No. VIII.

Three queer Villages and other things in Holland.

We were sojourning for a week in Amsterdam; the season was the fall of the year and the weather generally cold and misty; but one morning, when it was clear and exhilirating, ——— proposed an excursion to the country, and after debating whither we should wend our way, we decided on visiting the villages of Berkslow and Broeck, and sat out accordingly.

Crossing the water in a row-boat and landing at the toll-house, we thence proceeded on foot to Berkslow. The houses which constitute this little town are painted of divers colors—blue, red, pink, green, yellow, brown and lilach! and a few are painted *black*, thus varying from one extreme to another, that is *from being of all colors, becoming of no color at all.* The general appearance of the place, reminded us of Burlington in the State of New Jersey.

We passed *en route* the Grand Canal of Holland, which unites the river Wye with the Zuyder Zee, and was cut for the purpose of allowing vessels of the largest size to reach Amsterdam without discharging a portion of their cargoes, which they were formerly obliged to do, in order to get over a bar. This canal is said to be the largest in the world, and is indeed a stupendous work! We witnessed the passage of a vessel of considerable magnitude, and were told that a short while previous, a man-of-war, mounting one hundred and twenty guns, had been carried through the enormous locks with ease and safety.

At Berkslow we endeavored to procure a boat or a carriage to convey us to Broeck, but failed in each attempt, so nothing daunted though much disappointed and somewhat fatigued, we even determined to continue our journey on foot rather than turn back, and a rough and tough time we had of it! Broeck is several miles from Amsterdam, but alas! for us, we made a mistake in the road and thereby nearly doubled the distance. The path lay over an unfinished causeway composed of loose stones—these hurt our feet,—then the wind rose and assailed our bonnets and faces with the usual blustering rudeness of Old Boreas and his attendant gusts from the North Sea. Yet on, on we trudged with a patience and perseverance quite equal to those of the phlegmatic race through whose country we were thus toiling. At length we attained the object of our labors and quickly discerned that it was well worth the difficulties we had surmounted in getting to it. Such a peculiar! such a queer kind of a town or village we never had beheld in the course of our perigrinations, either in Europe or America, and it is surprising that no description of it has been given in any of the various narratives of travellers through Holland which I have read.

Indeed, *we* should not have known of its existence and its proximity to Amsterdam, but for the loquacity of our "Maitre d'Hotel," who was what "Mrs. Malaprop" would designate as a good-natured and talkative "*sort of a person.*" He told us, besides, of many other things deserving the attention of "Lookers on in *Holland.*"

Broeck is remarkable, (even in Holland where *every* place is *neat,*) for its perfect neatness and tranquility. No drawing-room could be more exquisitely clean than its nicely-paved alleys, for I cannot term them streets, they are so very, very narrow! They are not more than four or five feet wide, I should think, with the exception of the main street, which is tolerably spacious, and like the others, paved with glazed and shining tiles, daily sprinkled with sand, probably for two purposes, to prevent one from slipping and for the sake of tidiness.* Not a vehicle of any kind is suffered to be brought into the town, nor an animal permitted to enter it, unless some of the feathered tribe may chance to alight there in the course of an aerial excursion. In one of the streets, we observed a small flock of crows pecking about quite as much at their ease as if in a

wilderness, nor did they evince the least fear or concern at our passing very near them; yet they were not domesticated, and had alighted merely for a short time, for in less than half-an-hour, they were again on the wing towards some other spot.

The houses of Broeck, like the houses of Berkslow, are of many colors, and each one has a certain door next the street, which is never opened except on the occurrence of a wedding, or a funeral in the family. At all other times the entrance is through the back doors of the dwellings, and by these may be seen, whenever there has been a fall of rain, or snow, a pair or pairs of wooden slippers, intended for the use of all comers, who, to avoid soiling the floors within, put off their wet shoes and leave them without, and in place of them wear the *sabots*. They are never in much demand, for there is little sociability or visiting among the people of the place—we were told that they rarely left their homes even in fine weather; and in our ramble through the village, we did not encounter more than ten or twelve persons.

Near the centre of the town was a pretty lake, upon the borders of which several storks were feeding. These birds are held in veneration in Holland as well as in Germany—it is deemed sacrilegious to kill them and considered a favorable omen by the superstitious if they take up their quarters in the chimney, or on the roof of a house. One cause of their being so valued and preserved is that they destroy venomous insects and reptiles and the eggs of serpents. Their usual resort is the stable yard.

We visited a beautiful garden, the property of a wealthy "Mynheer" named Bakker. Besides flowers and shrubs, trees and rivulets, statues and miniature bridges, a pigeon and summer-house *a la Chinoise*, and a green-house teeming with geraniums in full blossom, it contained a rustic cottage which was quite a curiosity, not merely from its completeness without, but for its contents. It was a picturesque thing with a low thatched roof and a single apartment furnished in the usual style of such dwellings. In it, three automatons, or wooden figures, were seated on rush-bottom chairs—an old woman with a spinning-wheel before her, an old man holding a reel, and a sportsman with a gun. Each was painted, dressed and arranged so naturally, and was so life-like in appearance, that on seeing them unexpectedly, we involuntarily started and for a moment believed we had intruded upon the domestic privacy of a living group.

Scarcely had we recovered from this surprise when another was given us. While we were busy in examining the automatons, our cicerone, who was the gardener of the earthly paradise we had been perambulating, slipped, unperceived by us, into a closet in the rear of the cottage and put in motion a small wheel connected with the wooden figures, by a spring ingeniously contrived and concealed.

No sooner was this spring touched than the old crone began to spin with all her might, and the old man with equal energy to wind his reel and puff smoke from a pipe he held in his mouth. Where the smoke came from, and how it was produced, Heaven knows!—we did not discover—but cheerily it curled away.

The sportsman was the only inactive one of the company—perhaps he was too tired after a hunting excursion to move—for as we found him, so we left him, listlessly resting upon his gun.

Around the cottage was a bright array of pewter plates and dishes and some copper kettles and pans. You could almost see your face in their polished sides and surfaces; and the shelves upon which they stood were as clean and white as deal boards could be scoured.

By-the-by, I have omitted in speaking of the automatons above, to mention the most ingenious and wonderful thing in their construction—viz: that their heads and eyes moved, and it was really diverting to observe their motions and glances.

On the way back to Amsterdam we stopped at several farm houses to see the arrangement of the cow-stables, which had been represented as remarkably neat and clean, and verily there was no exaggeration in the account. A description of one may suffice for all, as they were very similar in every respect.

A long low building was divided on one side into fifteen or twenty stalls, in each stall was an open window above a trough filled with hay, or other food. Each cow was haltered and fastened to a post, and so thoroughly curried and rubbed, that her skin was sleek and shining, and we remarked that with few exceptions, all the cows we saw were black and spotted with white. When the cold is severe a woolen cover is girted on to keep them warm. The floors of the stalls were planked and there were pipes for conveying water and cleansing them several times a day.

On the side of the building opposite the stalls, was a range of doors communicating with the various apartments of the family and with the dairy, than which nothing could be more complete. Its capacious basins of cream and milk, and golden-hued pots of butter, were tempting to behold! The main passage of the house, and I believe the *only* one, was this space between the stalls and doors described, but it was not in the least disagreeable—such perfect clean-

liness and order prevailed throughout the whole establishment.

On these farms large quantities of excellent butter and cheese are made, the sale of which contributes mainly to the support of their thrifty owners.

Much to our comfort and satisfaction we succeeded in obtaining a boat after leaving Broeek. This was pulled along by a man upon the shore, and as it glided upon the surface of the canal we were quite astonished at the immense numbers of wild geese which clamored above, and sometimes even fluttered around us. We were also struck with the grotesque costume of the country women who passed us. Some of them wore full plaited chintz petticoats and short gowns with tight sleeves, round and *flat* crowned caps with stiff-fluted borders to garnish the face, but not so much over it as to conceal a pair of large and heavy gold earrings. Several who seemed of a higher grade than the ordinary class, had their foreheads decorated with gilt or golden bandeaus set with brilliant stones and secured to their caps by a clasp on each side of the head. The women of Holland, like those of Germany, (I allude to the lower classes) are great drudges. We met one driving a cart loaded with cheeses and two others toiling with a wheel-barrow quite overstocked with vegetables of divers kinds; one pushed it along while her companion dragged it by a rope attached to the back of it, but it seemed very hard work and they made slow progress.

We reached Amsterdam at sun-set, and on approaching the tower, a sound of music, as it were from the clouds, saluted our ears!—the clocks were chiming a tune, as all the clocks of Holland do before they strike the hour. On the way to our lodgings we saw two men clad in deep-mourning surtout coats, with streamers of black cloth bound with black satin ribbon attached to their backs—they wore cocked hats with flowing crape bands, and their shoes were adorned with enormous silver buckles—their appearance was so strange that we could not help enquiring of a passenger in the street what was their vocation, and were informed they were bearers of funeral invitations. A few days afterwards we had an opportunity of witnessing a funeral and a heartless scene it was! Four men thus equipped "in mockery of woe" one might truly say, walked after the hearse in company with eight others in mourning; but no sooner was the coffin deposited in the grave, than all of them jumped into the hearse and rode off as rapidly and merrily as if on a party of pleasure. The remaining persons who formed the procession, quitted the cemetery with almost as much levity—there were only a few females present, and they, like myself, stood aloof and were merely spectators. The coffin and hearse were peculiarly shaped and decorated—the first was perfectly flat on the top and widened gradually from the foot to the head. There were three coffins in one grave, placed one above another! A bystander told us that after a certain period allowed for the decomposition of the body, the bones of the dead were taken from the earth and deposited in a room over a church and when *that* was full the bones were again removed to a ship kept for the purpose and carried out to sea!

The hearse resembled a flat-sided narrow coach; it was surmounted with a ghastly escutcheon, consisting of a sculptured death's-head and cross bones entwined with laurel leaves—over the door behind was a large hour glass between a pair of Death's wings. The driver was clad in black and wore what seemed to me the usual badge of public *menial* office in Holland, a *cocked hat*—the *horses* were *black* and covered with palls that almost touched the ground.....

Our next aquatic excursion from Amsterdam, was to the village of Saardam, famed for ship-building and wind-mills, of which a goodly number were whirling away when we arrived, as briskly as in the days of the pilgrimage and perigrinations of the Knight of La Mancha and his pursy squire.

The weather was cold and misty, but we were snugly wafted on a small steamer that plied daily between Amsterdam and the little haven we sought. The inhabitants of Saardam are said to have boasted that if given only two months notice they could build a ship for every week in the year—fifty-two ships in twelve months!! What a task! But it was neither their ships nor their wind-mills that allured us to their village, but a *simple rude hut*, a venerable relic of departed greatness—in plainer terms, it was the hut in which the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, resided during two years, for the purpose of studying and practising the art of ship-building, to which he was prompted by his unquenchable thirst for universal knowledge. Here, in disguise, and under the assumed name of Michaelhoff, he sedulously labored with common workmen until he had acquired the information and skill he desired to possess.

I am no friend to despots, however dazzling and fascinating their mental qualities and attainments may be, and my recollections of some occurrences and traits mentioned in the annals of the renowned Czar, as I stood within his lowly habitation, were not by any means of a pleasing nature.

I thought of his furious and ungovernable fits of passion—the cruel punishments he caused to be inflicted, and sometimes even assisted in personally! of his unkind treatment and unjust re-

pudiation of his first wife Eudoxia—his indifference and harshness to their only son, the unfortunate Alexis Petrowitch, who, though a man of intemperate and vicious habits was still *his child*, and perhaps had acquired those very habits in consequence of his father's shameful neglect of his education, but above all I thought of the dark, deep stain impressed upon the Czar's character, by the suspicious and mysterious death of that same ill-fated son, and my admiration of the abilities and brilliant achievements of the emperor was almost lost in the remembrance of his brutality and tyrannical sway.

A lofty shed, covered with flaming red tiles and resting upon open arches, is erected over the hut to shield it from storm and sun. Within are two small rooms; that on the left hand was the Czar's work-shop; that on the right, through which you enter, was his chamber and they assure you contains the identical articles of furniture he used, viz: three triangular chairs painted ash color, a long oaken table and a cupboard. In a closet is shewn a very broad, low shelf upon which he laid his bed. The hearth and chimney were extremely wide, the former paved with immense square bricks, and each side of the fireplace was covered with glazed white tiles adorned with pictures, done in brown, such as I have often seen in old-fashioned houses in New York. Over the mantle-piece were two inscriptions upon marble slabs, inserted into the wall. Upon one was engraved the names "Peter Magno," "Alexander"—and we were told that the Emperor Alexander put it there with his own hands after the battle of Waterloo—but it is not probable that he took that trouble, when masons were so near and numerous. The second inscription was placed there by order of Government and was very long. In 1825 an inundation overspread the floor of the hut to the depth of several feet, but subsided without doing any injury.

Before leaving Saardam we visited a collection of landscapes, figures, birds, flowers and animals cut out of white paper and so inimitably executed that they resembled beautiful reliefs in marble, and in a neighboring church we saw a curious picture representing a ferocious bull which had killed a man and a woman. The picture was hung over their tombs. In the same church was a singular pulpit supported by a Pelican feeding its young with the blood from its breast—meant, I suppose, to be emblematical of the blood of the Redeemer, shed for us.....

We returned to Amsterdam in rain and snow, both falling at the same time—thus ended our day's adventures and thus ends my narration for the present.

J. M. C.

"MONK" LEWIS.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, (commonly called Monk from the novel of that name which he wrote,) was born at London in the year 1775. His parents were of ancient and wealthy families. The father held an important station in the war department, and, in addition to the monies thence derived, received a very respectable income from estates in the West Indies. The mother was a lady of great beauty, of elegant deportment and unaffected good breeding. She was also a person of distinguished literary ability and taste; and in belles-lettres there always existed the greatest congeniality of feeling between Lewis and his mother. Between his parents, disagreements of no small importance arose, and at last a final separation was agreed upon; but the son never forgot the respect he owed his father, or the deep affection he had early cherished for his mother's memory.

With the exception, perhaps, of Lord Byron, there was no man so much *talked* of in his time as Monk Lewis. To-day he was abused; to-morrow praised: and between the battledores of envy and idolatry, his feet never touched the ground of obscurity. He was not a great romancer, a great poet, or a dramatist of the first order. But he dealt in the horrible, and with an imagination naturally vivid, and afterwards stored with all the phantasies of the German and Italian schools, he succeeded in effectively administering to the then prevailing taste for the supernatural.

His versification was smooth, agreeable in sound, correct in rhythm and frequently of a high imaginative order. So singularly melodious was his verse, that writers of operas, and musicians, constantly beset him for materials with which to build the bridges of harmony. As a dramatist his great knowledge of stage effect and acute perception of situation rendered his plays very popular; and for many years he was the play-wright for Drury Lane and Covent Garden—his offspring bringing into their treasuries enormous receipts. His "Castle Spectre" and "Timour the Tartar" are well known to theatre-goers of the present day.

If he was distinguished as a literary character, he was pre-eminently so as a *man*. The correspondence he has left behind him shows forth his ardent affections and his unostentatious generosity. He was a kind son and a valuable friend.

In his twenty-first year Lewis became a votary of love. He conceived a violent and lasting attachment for the celebrated Lady Charlotte

Campbell—a lady no less distinguished for the graces of personal, than for the charms of mental beauty. In the companionship of this lovely female, Lewis, while a guest of her father, spent many happy hours. But however great was his attachment, there is no reason to believe that the lady entertained for her eccentric admirer stronger sentiments than those of admiration and esteem for his literary and social qualities. In person Mat Lewis, (as his intimate friends at first termed him,) was quite ordinary; his stature was rather diminutive; his face was almost an ellipse, looking upon it from the side, and his features though pleasant were not to be regarded as handsome. His forehead, however, was high and his eyes very lustrous. These considerations might have had some influence in deciding the choice of a young girl, who, at an early age, was beset by admiring flatterers; but, whatever they were, Lewis found his suit likely to prove unsuccessful and gave up the chase. Between Lady Campbell and himself, however, there afterwards existed a friendship which remained unimpaired until dissolved by the hand of death. To her many of his most touching lyrics were addressed, and the well-known ballad of "Crazy Jane," written by Lewis, owed its origin to an encounter of Lady Campbell and himself with an unfortunate maniac. Mr. Lewis remained a single man until death and never forgot his early passion.

At the early age of sixteen we find him an author; and, what is more, a successful one. He wrote and Mrs. Jordan produced for her benefit, at Drury Lane, the comedy of the East Indian, which was triumphantly received. At the same time he was busily engaged upon a novel called the "Effusions of Sensibility;" two volumes of which were written but never published. It consisted principally of letters from Lady Harrowheart to Miss Sophonisba Simper, and was intended to burlesque the prevailing rage for that fashionable nonsense which is too successfully encouraged even at this day. Some of these letters are capital and we cannot forbear a short extract:

"Fair and smiling blushed the young and rubicund morn when I stept into my father's post chaise and four on Friday last. The azure atmosphere smiled with touching serenity; the feathered songsters poured forth their early orisons from the May-besprinkled bushes; and the heifers hastening to their daily labors lowed cheerfully to hail the gold-streaked dawn. But my sad heart was incapable of sharing the calm pleasures which on all sides offered themselves to my eyes. In vain did the atmosphere smile—I could not smile at the atmosphere. In vain did the birds trill their warbling songs—I could not trill my song in concert. In vain did the heifers low—I could not low in return. Leaden sorrow oppressed my palpitating bosom and stifled the feeble exertion of infant joy. As we approached the postern gate, the gardener stood there to open it. 'Adieu, John,' said I, 'I wish you health and happiness.' 'Good bye lady,' answered the fellow, grinning with satisfaction at the honor I had done him. The grin was not in unison with my feelings at that moment. I turned away my head to the other window and there beheld a creature possessed of much more sentiment than the old gardener. It was his dog Pompey, who, you know, my dear Sophonisba, is blind of one eye and lame of one leg; but it is the heart which gives value, and Pompey's more than repaid the roughness and deformity of his external appearance. 'Adieu, Pompey,' said I. The interesting animal wagged his tail and cried 'bow! wow!' Had he said, 'Will you then leave me, my beloved mistress,' it could not have spoken to my heart with such audible expression as did its lamentable 'bow! wow,' and the peculiar style he made use of to shake his shaggy tail. Had I before hated the creature, his admirable behavior at that moment would have obliterated every sentiment of unmerited aversion. As it was, the milk of human kindness boiled in my bosom, and in spite of all my papa's arguments, I resolved to descend from the carriage and embrace the dog for the last time. Pompey instantly leapt into my arms. He had just come out of the water, and his caresses dirtied my beautiful new scarlet riding-habit from top to bottom; but it was the dirt of sensibility and I felt proud of it."

The "effusions" were never published: why, does not appear. Of all works, satirical ones sell best. As an old writer observes, "satire is that kind of mirror wherein every body sees every body's faces except their own; therefore few are offended at it." This performance, together with the comedy before alluded to, when considered as boyish productions, certainly deserve to rank among the curiosities of literature.

Temporary pecuniary embarrassments, attendant upon his parents' separation and his desire to add to his mother's income, were probably the causes which first violently impelled Lewis to literary labors. We say *impelled*, because otherwise, however great may have been his literary predilections, he might not have begun so early or prosecuted his labors with so much assiduity and anxiety, as he appears, from his letter, to have employed. Soon after his first play was performed, he published a volume of poems. They of course did not sell—we say *of course*, for the world was the same then as now, and poems untrumpeted by circumstances or fame are in these days bankrupt stock. That such was the case moreover appears from the following *jeu d' esprit*, written by him a few years after the publication in question, and entitled

"A Palpable Falsehood.

In your last book, friend Mat, you really tell
A lie so gross that every one descries it.

Your title page asserts, 'sold by John Bell;'
How can you say 'tis sold when no one buys it?"

About this period, amid struggles for literary fame, he spent much time in Germany and France; in the former country, exploring the mines of romance and sentiment, which are there so extended and deep. The appetite for the horrible, which had been engendered in Lewis while he was young, still clung to him. He obtained a great part of this from his mother, and it is probable her favorite work, "Glanville on Witchcraft," had no small influence over his early dreams.

"For in the wax of a soft infant's memory
Things horrible sink deep, and sternly settle."

While abroad he wrote, in the short space of *ten weeks*, a romance of between three and four hundred pages!—almost equal to the exertions of Walter Scott in his most facile moments. On his return it was published under the title of "Ambrosia or the Monk." Never did a work of so young an author (for he was then not quite twenty) or scarcely of one mature in years, sobtain a more rapid sale or more tenaciously seize upon the public attention. It was assailed by some critics on the score of immorality and plagiarism; they alleging under the latter head that the author had borrowed largely from Canzotte, Smollett and Mrs. Radcliffe. By others its claims to originality and power were immediately allowed.

It had run through two editions when the Attorney General moved for an injunction to restrain its further publication, giving as a reason its undoubted immorality and its skilful disguise of vice. The injunction, however, was never granted—perhaps because in the third edition the author expunged a large portion of the book. From this work he took his title of Monk; many then believed it his real name, his first initial M readily assisting their delusion. He was by no means offended at the appellation and answered to it readily and good humoredly, for he was as eccentric and covetous of notoriety as he was talented and persevering.

This romance was rapidly succeeded by the "Castle Spectre," a drama; "Alphonse of Castile," a tragedy; "Rugantino" a drama; "Adelgitha," a tragedy; and "The Wood Demon," an opera, to all of which stirring and agreeable music was wedded by his friend Michael Kelly, the distinguished composer and tenor singer. "The Bravo of Venice" and "Tales of Wonder and Terror" with sundry poems constitute the principal remaining portion of his literary labors.

Most of those were of decided immoral tendency; his views of vice and error were as original as destructive; and it is probable he adopted these as assistants to that eccentric reputation which he every where sustained—whether intentionally or not is a matter of debate. To illustrate this, take the following lines from his tragedy of "Adelgitha."

'Tis in man's power never to sin at all;
But, sinning once, to stop exceeds his power."

His sister, Lady Lushington, prevailed upon him to allow her supervision of his Castle Spectre and he consented, and before it was acted, full a quarter of the piece was struck out or altered.

Among his poems is that celebrated one "The Maniac," which has been lately joined to thrilling music and sung by a distinguished composer. It was originally a monodrama and presented by Mrs. Litchfield, a tragic actress, at one of her benefits. Her character as a maniac, and her embodiment of the author's imaginings, combined with the scenic effect, threw a portion of the audience into hysterics and the whole theatre into confusion and horror. Even the box keepers took fright, and universal terror clothed the countenances of boxes, pit and gallery. Mrs. Litchfield herself, in acting, was very near fainting. Of course the piece was withdrawn, but the author was sufficiently complimented by its effect, if compliment it be, to well-nigh kill a whole assemblage. The piece, with Lewis's stage directions and in its original form, is much more effective than as a bit of poetry or as a song. In its primitive dress we present it.

The scene represents a dungeon in which is a grated door guarded by strong bars and chains. In the upper part is an open gallery leading to the cells above. Slow and melancholy music. The captive is discovered in the attitude of hopeless grief: she is in chains; her eyes are fixed with a vacant stare, and her hands are folded. After a pause the Gaoler is seen passing through the upper gallery with a lamp; he appears at the grate and opens the door. The noise of the bars falling rouses the captive. She looks around eagerly; but on seeing the Gaoler enter, she waves her hand mournfully and relapses into her former stupor. The Gaoler replenishes a jug with water, and places a loaf of bread by her side. He then prepares to leave the dungeon when the captive seems to resolve on making an attempt to excite his compassion; she rises from her bed of straw, clasps his hand and sinks at his feet. The music ceases and she speaks:

"Stay, Gaoler stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know
And what I was and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be calm tho' sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear
I am not mad, [*kissing his hand*] I am not mad.

He offers to leave her; she detains him, and continues in a tone of eager persuasion.

A tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dreary cell,
My fate unknown, my friends bewail,
Oh Gaoler haste that fate to tell.
Oh haste, my father's heart to cheer;
That heart at once, 'twill grieve and glad
To know, tho' kept a captive here
I am not mad! not mad! not mad!

Harsh music, while the Gaoler, with a look of contempt and disbelief, forces his hand from her grasp and leaves her. The bars are heard replacing.

He smiles in scorn!—He turns the key!
He quits the grate!—I knelt in vain!
Still—still, his glimmering lamp I see.

Plaintive music; the light growing fainter as the Gaoler retires through the gallery, and the captive watches his departure with eager looks.

'Tis lost!—and all is gloom again.

She shivers and wraps her garment more closely around her.

Cold!—bitter cold!—no warmth!—no light!
Life! all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
[*Eagerly.*] Altho' not mad! no, no, no,—not mad!

A few bars of melancholy music, which she interrupts by exclaiming suddenly,

'Tis sure a dream!—some fancy vain!
[*Proudly.*] I—I, the child of rank and wealth!
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Deprived of freedom, friends and health?
Oh while I count those blessings fled
Which never more my hours must glad,
How aches my heart!—how burns my head!

Interrupting herself hastily, and pressing her hands forcibly against her forehead.

But 'tis not mad—no—'tis not mad!

She remains fixed in this attitude, with a look of fear, till the music changing, expresses that some tender, melancholy reflection has passed her mind.

My child!—ah! hast thou not forgot by this
Thy mother's face—thy mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
[*With a smile.*] Nor round her neck how fast you clung,
Nor how you sued with her to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade!
[*With agony.*] Nor how—[*With a look of terror.*]
I'll drive such thoughts away

In a hollow, hurried voice,

They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

A pause—she then proceeds with a melancholy smile.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes how bright they shone.
Was never born a lovelier child!

With a sudden burst of passionate grief, approaching to frenzy,

And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty, lad!
[*With energy.*] I will be free!
[*Endeavoring to force the grate.*] Unbar this door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

She falls, exhausted, against the grate, by the bars of which she supports herself. She is roused from her stupor by loud shrieks, rattling of chains, etc.

Hark! Hark!—what mean those yells—those cries?

The noise grows louder,

His chain some furious madman breaks!

The madman is seen to rush along the gallery with a blazing firebrand in his hand,

He comes! I see his glaring eyes!

The madman appears at the grate, which he endeavors to force, while she shrinks in an agony of terror.

Now! now! my dungeons bars he shakes,
Help! Help!

Scared by her cries the madman quits the grate. He again appears in the gallery above, is seized by his keepers with torches! and after some resistance is dragged away.

He's gone!—oh fearful woe
Such screams to hear, such sights to see.
My brain! my brain!—I know—I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be,
Yes—soon! for lo! yon—while I speak
Mark yonder demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me—now with fearful shriek
He whirls a scorpion high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad:
Ay! laugh ye fiends!—I feel the truth!
'Tis done! 'Tis done—[*With a loud shriek*]
I'm mad—I'm mad!

She dashes herself in frenzy upon the ground. Her two brothers cross the gallery, dragging the Gaoler; then a servant appears with a torch conducting the father, who is supported by his youngest daughter. They are followed by servants with torches, part of whom remain in the gallery. The brothers appear at the grate, which they force the Gaoler to open; they enter and on seeing the captive, one is struck with sorrow while the other expresses violent anger against the Gaoler, who endeavors to excuse himself; the father and sister enter and approach the captive, offering to raise her, when she starts up suddenly and eyes them with a look of terror; they endeavor to make themselves known to her, but in vain; she shuns them with fear and aversion, and taking some straw, begins to twine it into a crown, when her eyes falling on the Gaoler, she shrieks in terror and hides her face; the

Gaoler is ordered to retire and obeys; the father again endeavors to awaken her attention, but in vain. He covers his face with his handkerchief which the captive draws away with a look of surprise. Their hopes are excited and they watch her with eagerness. She wipes the old man's eyes with her hair, which she afterwards touches and, finding it wet with tears, bursts into a delirious laugh, resumes her crown of straw, and after working at it eagerly for a moment, suddenly drops it and remains motionless with a vacant stare. The father and brothers express their despair—the music ceases. An old servant enters, leading her child, who advances carelessly: but on seeing his mother, breaks from the servant, runs to her and clasps her hand. She looks at him with a vacant stare, then with an expression of excessive joy exclaims: "my child," and clasps him to her bosom. The relatives raise their hands to heaven in thankfulness for her restored reason, and the curtain falls slowly to solemn music.

To his other versatilities of genius, Mr. Lewis added the character of musician. He sang and accompanied himself on the piano with considerable effect: and to many of his songs he he has united original music of a high order, which exactly corresponds in expression with the words.

Lewis's generosity was well known, although he was extremely retiring in all his bounties. He educated and established in society the son of a lady whose acquaintance he had made through a bookseller, and whose circumstances had driven her to literary labors. In writing to the latter, after sending her money, etc., he concludes thus: "I beg you to spare all thanks. When a person of your feelings and character accepts a kindness, you confer, not receive an obligation." Taking refuge in a cottage, near his own hermit residence, from the peltings of a storm, he stumbled upon a young man who made a scanty living by writing sermons for lazy curates. He inquired into his circumstances, left him money and shortly after remitted him sufficient capital to open a small country bookstore. The worthy object of his bounty never knew who was his patron, until being one evening at Drury Lane, he recognised in the manager's-box Mr. Lewis as the same person who had taken refuge in his cottage many years previous.

So far did his natural generosity lead him, that when, upon his father's decease, he came into a very large property in the West Indies, he embarked for the latter place and employed many months in meliorating the condition of his slaves and improving their social relations. He even drew up a will in which he gave them unconditional freedom. The slaves of his own and the adjoining plantations hailed him as almost a divinity, and loudly sung his praises.

It being announced to them, however, that their master would leave them free at his death—a very indiscreet act when the character of the West Indian negro is considered—some of them very naturally concluded that the sooner he died the better was it for their interest. One of them stole into Lewis's room and well-nigh assassinated him. Indeed it has been said that his last sickness, which was called yellow fever, was the effect of slow poisons administered by his cook. His death occurred on ship-board on the 13th of May, 1818; his age being forty-five. And it is not a little remarkable that the same person who watched his last illness should have performed a similar service for Lord Byron, between whom and Lewis had always existed a very intimate friendship. The unfortunate author died in most convulsive agonies, principally occasioned by an emetic, which was heedlessly administered while his retchings were still violent. On account of his death by the yellow fever it was judged best to commit his remains to the deep and not convey them to England. His body was placed in a rough coffin, covered with a sail, and with weights attached, and plunged into the ocean amid the deep sorrow of all on board. Singular to relate the wind filled the little sail which covered his remains and bore it up. The coffin bark, floating upon the buoyant wave, was slowly wafted by the breeze from the astonished gaze of crew and passengers.

He who had lived amid the supernatural all his life and had created terrors while living, imparted the same effect when dead. Whether his body at last sunk or reached some distant beach was never known.

For some years previous Lewis had retired in a measure from the world of fashion and had spent much time abroad in the society of Byron and Shelley. The announcement of his death, therefore, did not create so great a sensation as one would suppose the departure of a person well known in the circles of literature and society might occasion. His relatives and immediate friends felt his decease deeply, and many an object of the departed's bounty shed in secret warm and bitter tears.

Mr. Lewis was of singular composition; he was moody, petulant, pathetic, affectionate, generous, mournful and gay all in the same breath. As is the case with many men of genius—Dickens and Hood for example—his literary vein was equally pathetic and humorous. Of the former, his "Crazy Jane" and "Maniac" are sufficient examples. Of the latter, take the following extract of a letter to his mother:

"My new servant is very stupid and very forgetful; and so awkward that when he comes into a room he seems to communicate the principle of life to all the books and chairs and cups and

saucers—they all tumble about. I gave him a glass jar of magnesia yesterday to put upon a shelf, under which stood a single China basin. In this shelf was a single hole. He put the jar into the hole, upon which it fell so exactly into the basin that he broke both. This morning I bade him get me some water, for there was none in the ewer; so he asked me whether I wanted to drink or wash, as he could get it accordingly either in the tumbler or the basin. He looked quite surprised at my ingenuity when I assured him that if he got it in the ewer I could do either. I am sure he is the very man who had the cat and kitten, and when he cut a large hole in the door for the cat to go through he cut a little one for the kitten!"

Lewis was quite famous for epigrams and impromptus. On one occasion being in company with Lord Erskine, this noble personage indulged in severe raillery at the ladies: he was thus answered by the "Monk," who though like his brotherhood, a patron of celibacy, was at the same time a gallant:

"Lord Erskine at women presuming to rail
Says "wives are tin canisters tied to one's tail,"
While fair Lady Anne as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison,
Yet wherefore degrading? considered aright
A canister 's useful, and polished, and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the *puppy* to whom it is tied."

In reviewing the whole career of so extraordinary a person as "Monk" Lewis, it is difficult to write impartially and correctly: it would be wrong to employ with some the language of unbounded praise; unjust to use with others the language of unlimited censure. His life was a chess-board, on whose chequered paths the pieces of fate took strange and devious ways. Early sent into the world with competent fortune and energetic genius, with a high ambition and headstrong perseverance, his parents separating before his years of discretion had arrived; his mother weak in heart and his father haughty and imperious; what wonder that his morals became loose and his way of life unsettled? It should rather be a wonder that amid flattery and vituperation, the visitor of the green room and the floor of parliament, he preserved his affectionate habits and generous impulses!

If he injured society in one way he benefitted it in another. He was one of those men who are sent into the world for some great and unseen purpose. The moralist may deduce one, and the man of the world another. But be that what it may, none who knew him, who had frequent and various opportunities of studying his virtues and his vices, will say that Matthew Gregory Lewis lived in vain!

THE OLD DOMINION.

A BALLAD.

BY M. J.

Ho! gallant Old Dominion! I hail thee as the state,
Of all our thirty commonwealths, most proudly consecrate;
My pulse beats quicker as I feel my feet upon the sod
Which nurtured men of giant mind, which true-born heroes trod;
Where 'mid primeval forests, rich in hues of varied green,
The noble Raleigh planted first the standard of his Queen!*

When over all the "Old Thirteen" extended Britain's sway,
Thou ever wert the loyalest,—the readiest to obey:
The high romantic chivalry that marked thy gentler blood,
Made thy forbearance virtue seem, and kept allegiance good;
But when thy nature once was roused, thy most heroic soul
Spurned, in its consciousness of might, oppression's stern control.

With generous heart thou did'st obey thy country's rallying call,
And pledge thyself for her dear sake, to sacrifice thine *all*;
Tho' others laid with zeal as true, their offerings on the shrine,
No gift was found of such a pure and priceless worth as thine:
With Spartan matron's hope and pride, thou brought'st thy noblest son,
And gav'st to freedom and the world, thy glorious Washington!

Virginia! brave Virginia!—a happy Mother thou,
Whose children's fame will ever shed a splendor round thy brow;
The thrilling words of eloquence that Henry's fervor flung;
The simple majesty of thought that flowed from Marshall's tongue,—
The force and skill political which Jefferson could show,
The statesmanship of Madison,—the wisdom of Munroe;

The biting sting of Randolph's wit,—the matchless grace of Wirt,—
An Alexander's zeal that leaves no energy inert;
The saint-like piety of Rice,—McDowell's wealth of thought,—
The pure and classic mind of Rives with lore so varied fraught;—
Oh! where from Maine to Florida, from east to western bound,
Can such a shining galaxy, of brilliant names be found!

And Nature too has dowered thee, the favorite of the band,
And scattered beauties everywhere, with most unsparing hand.
The azure mountain-tops are seen, where'er I turn my eye,
And stretched between in loveliness the shadowy vallies lie;
In Alpine grandeur Otter's Peaks uprear their lofty forms,
And stand serenely looking down on summer's passing storms.

* The first settlement of Virginia was made under Sir Walter's auspices, though he himself did not accompany the colonists in person.

Afar among the sloping hills clear springs are bubbling bright,—
Egeria's fountain leaped not up as freshly to the sight.
Here health, the rosy lipp'd and free, with blue and laughing eye,
Is often wooed and won beside the rills that murmur by;
She hath a loving for the woods and for the rambles wild,
That give to her the buoyancy of a delighted child.

And wonders too are here,—an arch, proportionate, sublime!
Unworn by wearing centuries,—commensurate with time;
A structure most significant,—a vast stupendous span,
That rears itself as if to mock the aims of puny man:
One only such in all the world,—and that upon *thy* sod,
Thou favor'd land,—one only bridge whose architect was God!

It is not strange that those who first drew breath within a state,
So rich in by-gone memories,—so grandly, nobly great,
Should sometimes boast, and manifest an overweening pride,
As if their birth-right lifted them o'er every State beside;
A pardonable weakness,—yet, we judge of men alone,
Not by their sires' immortal deeds and words, but by *their own.*

But now from all these glowing scenes my thoughts return again,
With filial reverence to thee, dear sylvan land of Penn!
Thou, too, canst boast a thousand charms that make thy vallies bright,—
O'er which affection sweetly pours a flood of golden light;
Thy shaded homes lie lovingly by many a sparkling stream,
Thy rivers, mountains, fields and groves,—how beautiful they seem!

Beside Virginia's would I place thy justly honored name,
And claim equality for thee upon the scroll of fame;
But while with admiration deep, I humbly dedicate,
A heart of zealous loyalty to my adopted state,—
Yet true to all my earliest love, I still will turn again
With fondlier feelings far to you, oh! sylvan shades of Penn.

Lexington, Virginia.

THE INAUGURATION.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

After more than a week's disappearance, the sun broke forth on the 4th of March, 1849. It was the Sabbath and the ceremonies that usher in a new president had been deferred until the following morning. By many the cheering alteration in the weather was hailed as a felicitous augury; and not a few hearts responded to the chapter of the day, among the crowded audience that engaged in the religious services at St. John's: "*For thou shalt prevent him with the blessings of goodness; and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head. And why? because the king putteth his trust in the Lord; and in the mercy of the Most Highest he shall not miscarry.*

Some poet has declared that "change is the life of nature;" one would imagine it was also essential to the vitality of republics. If there be, as the advocates of free institutions maintain, no position more enviable than that of the elected head of a great nation, there is none which less justifies elation of feeling. The tenure is limited and its enduring distinction only results from personal fidelity. To be "clear in this great office" is the test of its glory. The constitution prohibits a long sway; the contests of party give rise to inevitable difficulties, and the responsibility of the station when sincerely felt, checks the exultation of success. The momentous principles at issue throughout the world and involved in the grand experiment of popular rule, of which this country is the arena, render the administration of its government more widely influential than that of any dynasty on earth; and this consideration, added to the intrinsic bearing of the course pursued on the honor and welfare of her people, is enough to solemnize the advent of a new executive and cabinet.

Washington cannot be termed a "Mecca of the mind," as Halleck calls the grave of Burns; but at every transition epoch in our annals, it is the goal of innumerable pilgrims. They come from all quarters of the continent, inspired by varied motives,—those of selfish aggrandizement, liberal curiosity, patriotic sentiment, the magnetism of fashion and the hope of enjoyment. A kind of serious carnival ensues; speculation is rife; ambition plumes her wings; policy sharpens its wits; beauty opens her caskets of jewels; and the honest pride of citizenship revives. Expectancy vague yet ardent, is quickened. Opinion finds a response in events; the past is decently buried; and over the future hangs the iris of hope evoked from the subsiding tide of faction. The occasion, when justly appreciated, eloquently explains these signs of the times; and the disproportion of the scene and the symbols, to an imaginative and thoughtful observer, heightens their moral significance.

It is a singular fact, that the only city in the United States planned with reference to extensive growth, is the only one which has never reached its anticipated bounds. The broad avenues, scattered and inadequate dwellings and lonely thoroughfares of Washington, though cheerless to the eye, are suggestive to the imagination. An aspect so incongruous as is here presented,—the blending of village and metropolis, of splendid equipages and comfortless streets, of vast capabilities and inelegant utility—the noble Capitol and the straggling houses, plain

citizens grouped around inn doors, public edifices of substantial architecture and a frame building erected for a national ball—all indicate the unfulfilled destinies, the utilitarian instincts and at the same time the boundless promise of the republic. All that meets the gaze in Washington, except the Capitol and the Departments, seems temporary. The city appears like the site of an encampment—as if it were adapted more for a bivouack than a home. Stone ramparts and grated palaces immediately announce to the traveller abroad, an ancient seat of power; here every thing whispers of "brief authority" and proclaims that the officials of every grade are for the time being only servants of the people.

Some fine copies of Claude give a mellow warmth to the parlor of the friend with whom I sojourned; and the bare walls of the East Room of the Presidential mansion, look more desolate from the contrast. They should be adorned with national pictures. With such painters as we now boast, this would be an object of easy achievement. It is to be regretted that Washington was ever incorporated as a municipal town; as the property of the country it might have been filled with handsome residences for ambassadors, heads of departments, and other officials, at the expense of government; and it would thus have become a compact and picturesque metropolis. As it is, the houses tremble from roof to cellar beneath the gay steps of the dancers; we emerge from lighted rooms glowing with "fair women and brave men," into mud and darkness; hacks are indispensable, and a clean promenade, a rare luxury. It is one of the striking peculiarities of America, that her Capital, which, in every other land, is the centre of refinement and external luxury, is the least significant, of all her cities, of the state of civilization. Yet, here are gathered the trophies of mechanical skill; here are breathed the noblest strains of eloquence; here originate the laws; and here annually congregate the wisdom and beauty of the land. To an ardent republican, however, all this betokens the triumph of his favorite principles. He will regard it as a proof that the interests of office are secondary to those of general prosperity, and that its agents and locality are not suffered to absorb the benefits designed for the whole people.

In the National Institution, like nearly all of our scientific and literary establishments, as yet in embryo,—sea quadrupeds from the Arctic Zone, birds of rare plumage, the coat in which Jackson fought at New Orleans, the rifle of an Indian chief, plants, fossils, shells and corals, mummies, trophies, busts and relics, typify inadequately natural science and bold adventure. Cruikshank might discover new hints for ungraceful attitudes in a hall consecrated by the triumphs of rhetoric; and refined minds learn to hate anew the coarseness and bigotry of partisans, and philosophers the narrowness of a statesmanship acquired in the practice of venal casuistry—where the most generous and profound reasoning has often thrown new light on questions of vital importance to humanity. The foundation of the long-delayed monument to him of whom it has been so admirably said, that "providence made him childless that his country might call him father;"—the slowly-rising walls of the Smithsonian Institute, the vacant panels of the Rotunda, the sculptured deformities on the eastern front of the Capitol, and the very coin, freshly minted from California gold—awaken that painful sense of the incomplete, or that almost perplexing consciousness of the new, the progressive and the unattained which is peculiar to our country.

It is indeed wonderful to contrast our immense territory with the seat of government, and with the ceremonial and magnificence of the most petty court in Europe fresh in the memory, to note the simplicity of our political arrangements. The richly caparisoned steeds and gaudy footmen, the splendid uniform of the soldiery, the line of thronged ante-chambers, the formal announcements and prescribed costume that render those scenes memorable to a transatlantic spectator, are all wanting here. When we reflect upon the idea in the abstract, there is a sublimity in this apparent superiority to external blandishments as emblems of authority. Patriotism thus recognised, is like religion when cherished as a sentiment. The feeling seems adequate to its own realization, independent of form, as if the essential greatness of free institutions obviated the necessity for any outward demonstration of rule. It is a lesson both for the conservative and the radical of the old world to witness such a scene as was presented at the ex-President's final levee. Let us remember that in three days, the highest office in the gift of the people is to be resigned, that the lady who, with such dignified urbanity, receives the salutations of the throng, is dispensing her graceful hospitalities for the last time, that hundreds of hearts in that vast assembly are thirsting for the emoluments and distinctions of office;—and then contemplate the order, propriety, self-respect and good-feeling with which greetings are exchanged! Observe, too, the "infinite variety" of classes, dress, manners and character, and where else on the face of the earth, could such elements be brought together without an array of physical force to subdue and regulate them? Yet group follows group, the heiress in her silks and diamonds hard pressed by the servant-maid in calico, the snowy cap of an old quaker lady

brushed by the gold epaulette of a naval hero, and the cold but well-defined profile of one of the Boston aristocracy relieved against the bronzed cheek of a gigantic Chippewa! The attenuated and keen, yet genial physiognomy of the editor of the Union is in juxtaposition with the ear of one of his talented opponents, whose smile proves that their intercourse is jocose. The unsuccessful candidate for the occupancy of this very dwelling, is laughing with a member of the triumphant party; a half civilized Texian is in conclave with the accomplished New England Speaker; the high brow of a judge of the Supreme Court is benignly turned upon the sparkling face of a little country belle; and one of the wounded colonels of Monterey is detailing the fight to a pale but intent artist. Here comes the eloquent defender of the Constitution, of whom Carlyle said that he was the only man whose appearance ever realized to him the idea of a great statesman. Calhoun, with his mass of iron-gray hair and his nervous figure, is shaking hands with Duff Green, their two heads in the light of the chandelier, reminding us of Salvator's conspiracy of Catiline. There stands the venerable Mrs. Madison, like one of Stuart's ladies, reanimated from the canvass. To be appreciated, however, she should be seen in her own apartment, where the portraits of the departed presidents, her scanty and plain furniture, and her wood-fire harmonize with the associations of other days. Farmers with huge paws, sailors with a rolling gait, the sleek adventurer, the bar-room politician, the mercurial southern representative, the calm and portly senator, the eager office-seeker and the philosophic idler,—faces lowering with vulgar obtuseness, or kindled by cultivated sympathies, heads massive with thought, or oscillating with vanity, make up a human panorama which no limner can adequately reflect. And if we seek to define the motley social characteristics, imagination is equally baffled; for, although political aspirations and fraternity and "the insolence of office" form the basis,—the variety of talent and disposition thus associated, necessarily create an accessible, frank and universal tone, which renders society here more free of conventional drawbacks, and more inciting to vivacious intercourse than can be found elsewhere in the land.

How recent too, are all memories compared with those which haunt the pilgrim at other shrines! A morning's walk may bring him to the spot where the gallant Decatur fell; he may think of the British invasion on the shores of the Potomac, or give a day to a visit to Mount Vernon where the ashes of the stainless chief repose. The convent at Georgetown may possibly awaken an affecting reminiscence, and Pennsylvania Avenue recal the characteristic anecdote of John Randolph, when he said to an acquaintance who there overtook him and complained that it was difficult to keep up with him—"Sir, I will increase that difficulty"—striding on at a quickened pace. The Congressional burying-ground has cherished memorials; and beneath yonder lofty dome, within a few months, a venerable statesman died the death of Chatham. The oratory of Pinkney, Wirt, Clay, and a host of others, hallows the scene; but, with singular pertinacity, it ever breathes of the immediate, which De Tocqueville truly says is the natural language of democracy. Yet how impressive, at certain exigencies, is that language! Now that scarcely a country of Europe owns genuine tranquillity, when every popular movement is fraught with terror, and propriety and domestic life seem at the mercy of revolutionary excitement, there arrives here a family from the extreme South, in manners, dress and appearance, in no degree superior to the mass,—unpretending, simple, kindly—without any escort but that of friends and citizens, receiving homage in the limited apartments of a hotel, and called from their distant farm by the popular suffrage. Now and then a crowd in the entries, or a shout in the street, the attendance of a committee, or the flight of a rocket, the display of the national banner, or a knot of earnest talkers may betray the occurrence of something more than common. Otherwise the stranger would perceive no inkling of a political advent. The usual avocations of life go on without interruption. Not an element of society is disturbed. Anxiety, doubt, exultation are equally subdued; and, though under this apparent quietude, we know there is heaving a deep tide of individual ambition, curiosity, joy and disappointment, the surface is almost unruffled. One accustomed to the etiquette and parade by which less secure authority is retained and transmitted, and, at the same time, cognizant of the alternations thus unostentatiously realized, must view the circumstances with incredulous wonder.

I was seated in the public room awaiting a friend upon whom I had made a morning call, when an honest-looking man with gray hair, in a suit of blue a little worn and unfashionably cut, walked in with four companions. The latter placed themselves respectfully about him and one with a parchment scroll in his hand, in emphatic yet courteous terms, and with a graceful elocution, announced to him his election to the chief magistracy of the Union,—spoke of the hard-fought battles which had endeared him to his country, the confidence thus awakened in the people, and the freedom and discrimination of their choice. The old man listened with down-cast eyes, a thoughtful and self-possessed mien,

and when the address ended and the certificate was received, read his answer in a tremulous but clear voice, but with a hesitancy indicating how little he was accustomed to express his sentiments in words. He spoke of the greatness of the honor conferred, of his deep sense of inadequacy, his solemn determination to be faithful to the duties of the office, to the requisitions of the constitution and the example of Washington. The ceremony over, he interchanged a few natural observations with those around, returned the cordial grasp of such as were introduced, and then retired with the avowed intention of visiting the present incumbent whom, in a few days, he was to supersede. In the course of three years this man had become known to the world by the integrity and valor displayed in a war declared by the government he served, and, if report does not err, undertaken against his own convictions and sympathies. His troops manifested somewhat the feeling towards him which Frederic of Prussia inspired. "Old Fritz" was their watchword and "Old Zach" that of the American soldiers. The fields of Palo Alto and Buena Vista at once became renowned in military history. The despatches of the General, reputed to have been written by the officer now his son-in-law, were admired for their soldier-like point and brevity; and, by degrees, the name of the faithful warrior became endeared to the people. With the trust and the gratitude naturally inspired by his services, they elected him President of the United States; and he had at the appointed time come to the Capital to be inducted into office. Such is the explanation of all these informal phenomena; thus simple is it possible for the mechanism of government to be!

For one inclined to carp at the inefficiency of details and the unimpressive in outward feature, the Inauguration was a scene prolific in material for humorous complaint; but viewed by the eye of reflection, it abounded in the moral sublime. There is no modern public structure with a site so commanding as that of the American Capitol, if we except the monastery of La Superga at Turin; and although the panorama visible from the former is meagre in all that relates to grandeur in scenery and art, it is extensive and characteristic. The widely scattered buildings, the winding Potomac, and the broad fields lost in the distance, reposed beneath a cloudy sky; but the neutral tints thus yielded, allowed the gaze to wander with freedom and rest undazzled on the prospect. There was something too in the gray atmosphere now and then flecked with snow, that was adapted to the thoughtful mind busy with an occasion that suggested grave as well as happy ideas. Along the steps and alleys of the surrounding grounds, on the esplanade and the balconies, clustered an eager multitude, the bright hues of the female costumes giving a cheerful aspect to the sombre groups that stood in quiet conversation, or roamed to and fro awaiting the procession. At length it was seen coming up the avenue below. A few volunteer corps formed the only escort. As it approached, the crowd gathered densely around the stage erected at the eastern point. The colossal statue of Washington rose in the far back ground; and immediately before the spectators, was the elegant façade. Scarcely half an hour elapsed, when the judges in their robes, the diplomatic corps in their uniforms, the senators and numerous officers of the army and navy, appeared; and on the sofa at the edge of the platform, were seated the newly elected heads of the republic. General Taylor looked the impersonation of that large and sterling middle class that form the strength and the credit of the United States; he was the image of a benign and patriotic country gentleman; and read the noble pledges of his Inaugural with modest self-possession. The oath was then administered and uttered with an air of reverence and sealed by a kiss upon the very Bible with which Washington was sworn. The President instantly received the congratulations of the Ex-President, and the distinguished personages in his vicinity; and then advanced and bowed to the vast assembly. Shout after shout rent the air; peal after peal of cannon echoed from the hill; the multitude dispersed on every side without tumult; and accompanied the carriage of their new executive with cheers. The bands played their liveliest airs. Wide to the breeze fluttered the star-spangled banner. Fair hands waved handkerchiefs from every window; and thus the cavalcade passed on to the White House. There, entrenched behind a slender barricade of chairs, to avoid the pressure of the throng, stood the venerable man, while before him in an almost endless file, moved the people to welcome him to the home his integrity and valor had won. About a twelvemonth since the Parisian populace broke into the Tuilleries; but they wandered through the gorgeous apartments with a kind of savage wonder and to destroy the luxurious insignia of royal authority; clowns and workmen, the poor and the rude, as well as the gentle and the wealthy, composed the mass that overran the Presidential abode; yet a sense of mutual relation and individual privilege, subdued to courtesy the most uncultivated.

Thus direct, unostentatious and kindly is the popular recognition of the transit of power, with no intermediate authority to control, no pageantry to beguile and no exhibition of force to awe the spectators. The reason is obvious—all par-

ticipate in the interests of the occasion; and each, however humble, may claim a share in the glory. The principles of the constitution chasten all the excitable elements of popular will. The instant the successful candidate is invested with the chief magistracy, partisan weapons are laid aside; and as the head of the nation, universal respect is awarded the President. Such are the redeeming features of our political system and the noble episodes in the ceaseless struggle for power that revive hallowed memories and patriotic delight.

The Inauguration Ball, as a social demonstration, was an appropriate *finale*. Between three and four thousand people of both sexes, of every class, from all parts of the land, assembled in an immense saloon erected for the purpose. Members of the diplomatic corps and naval and military officers by their rich dress gave variety to the scene. From the stage at the head of the room, the view was magnificent when the old General appeared. The mass opened to the right and left to allow him to pass freely; a sea of heads swayed to and fro; the band played exhilarating martial airs; jewels sparkled, murmurs of applause rose and fell, smiles beamed, cheers resounded and the crowd reunited like a swelling flood, as the unassuming object of all this festivity moved slowly on, with a meek, yet gratified air. When he reached the elevated platform he was received by a group of fair women and men of noble aspect; he stood among them in the simple dignity of a faithful citizen-soldier. The dance was resumed; and the eye fell on a vast and brilliant throng, whose courteous hilarity afforded a hopeful presage to every generous heart.

Washington, March 7th, 1849.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

New York, March, 1849.

D. Appleton and Co. of this City have published a "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix La Chapelle, by Lord Mahon." I have for several years had this admirable work in my library in the handsome English edition in four volumes octavo, as published by John Murray in 1839.

Attracted first by a review in the London Quarterly of Lord Mahon's Life of Condé, written originally in French, I became desirous to read that brilliant sketch. As, however, only a limited number of copies had been printed in London for private distribution, I could not gratify that desire until a translation was made by the noble lord himself and *published*. Wiley and Putnam afterwards gave the work to the American public in their Choice Library. It was read with great interest by the true lovers of elegant letters and won general admiration. But excellent as it was, that production falls far below the able work, which, with the best taste and judgment, the Messrs. Appleton have recently published. There is a calmness and dignity in the style of Lord Mahon, which fits it peculiarly for historical writing. His narrative has both the smoothness and strength of an inland river flowing through a level country, upon whose breast you may sail ever along without fear of interruption from rocks or shallowness. It is not broken with the rapids and falls that lend diversity to Macaulay's bolder course, but it imparts more confidence to the mind while less exciting its admiration.

The stand-points, to use a Germanism, from which these two historians view their subject, are wide asunder, being separated by that broad space which divides the English Tory from the British Whig. So far as my preference goes, I must avow that I repose more undoubtingly upon the lord than the commoner. The former writes like a judge, the latter like an advocate. The former gives a seemingly just, impartial, elevated verdict; the latter indulges in a full, eloquent and often heated argument.

Since my last letter was written, I have read the second volume of Macaulay's History as issued by Harpers. There is a decided falling off in the interest and character of the work. It reads less like an opinion and more like a controversy. There is not the slightest doubt that the writer's object is to justify the lords, who invited over William of Orange, and to show that the people could not do otherwise than rebel against the weak and wilful King James. No palliation whatsoever is found for that monarch's faults, and he is held up to the scorn and contempt of the world as the most cowardly, cruel and contemptible of monarchs. Mr. Macaulay's views may be the true ones; but they might have been presented with less acrimony, and not so much in the manner of a partizan, endeavoring to set forth in strong array the considerations which had justified, even on historical grounds, the positions he had himself elected.

Dr. J. G. Cogswell,—formerly well-known throughout the country as the principal (in connection with George Bancroft) of the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and subsequently as Editor of the New York Review, private Secretary to the late John Jacob Astor and Librarian of the Astor Library to be established in New York,—is now in London engaged in the purchase of books for this Library.

In a letter to a friend in this city he speaks warmly of the uniform kindness and courtesy with which he has been greeted and treated in England. He observes:

"I would like to say a few words about things in England generally. I would like to have it known at home, that every possible disposition has been shown here to facilitate the great object of my visit—everything I have asked for has been granted me without hesitation; many gentlemen on whom I had not the slightest claims have bestowed upon me hours and hours of their time, in helping me to form catalogues of books in the special department of science to which they were devoted, or in examining buildings which had some improvement important to be known; in these and in various other ways has a spirit of uniform kindness been manifested towards America—for I regard none of this as personal to myself, it is to me as the representative of a great Institution of our country. You know how men of science are sparing of their time, and it may surprise you to hear, that in several instances, after an accidental introduction at a party to some celebrité, I have inquired of him what were the great books in his department, and had for answer, Come and breakfast with me the first day you are at leisure and we will talk over the whole matter—this has repeatedly given me three and four hours of the valuable time of the inviter. If it were not wrong to publish anything of another, even praise without his knowledge and consent, I would name several individuals who have done this. I have now been two months in London, and not an ill-natured or discourteous word has been addressed to me by either high or low.

Such language, such a tone indicates the gentleman as well as the scholar. In his avoidance of mentioning publicly the names of those even whom he is desirous to praise; in his extreme delicacy, his reverent regard for the implied confidence of social intercourse, how does he differ from many American tourists and pencillers who have dishonored their country.

Dr. Cogswell's description of his visit to the celebrated Althorp Library is very interesting, and deserves transfer to your columns from those of the Literary World. It is too long for introduction into this letter, but I enclose it that you may give it honorable place, if you think proper to do so. At the late sale of the Stowe Library, which Dr. Cogswell attended, he purchased for the Astor Library a *princeps* Homer for twenty-nine pounds. "On getting possession of it," he remarks, "I could not but call to mind Petrarch's eloquent apostrophe to the 'illustrious bard,' as reported by Gibbon, when the Byzantine Ambassador presented him with a manuscript copy; and something of the same veneration which he there confesses, induced me to deviate from my rule and buy a book at a great price, because it is a first edition. There are but two other first editions, which I am very anxious to have for the Astor Library, one is the Mazarin Bible, which I despair of obtaining, the other Shakspeare, which I am resolved to have. As books, these are my three objects of veneration, and I mean to speak of the Bible with all reverence, when I connect it with anything human, as a book merely, and not as the volume of inspiration."

The Astor Library is fortunate indeed in having so erudite and tasteful a librarian. It will be truly a magnificent collection and add greatly to the attractions of this Metropolis. No considerable part of the endowment, ($400,000,) will be expended on the building—but a handsome and appropriate edifice, not too costly, will be erected. The management of the whole matter could not be in better hands, and not only the New York, but the American public are to be warmly congratulated on the literary treasures in store for us.

Mr. Richard H. Dana has just concluded here at our University Chapel an exceedingly valuable course of lectures on Shakspeare. They are the same which he gave in this city some eight years ago, and which were then highly praised by our New York Sir Hubert Stanleys. Their present repetition has been attended by our intellectual aristocracy and others, forming a goodly assembly. You should have Mr. Dana in Richmond. He would infuse a new spirit into your literary circle.

This employment of giving lectures on popular topics seems, during this season, to have been taken up by several respectable writers. It is certainly honorable. The most distinguished of lawyers, physicians and divines have been lecturers. It is both a pleasant and a reputable mode for an author to increase his income, besides bringing one in his perigrinations acquainted with numbers of agreeable and accomplished persons.

I have myself conceived the idea of giving courses of lectures, as much for the entertainment as instruction of audiences, in our different towns, on a somewhat novel plan—novel with regard to such oral discourses, though not as to printed books. I refer to making such mental diversions cheap and within the range of humble means. I would, *par example*, fix the *maximum* price of admission for each person at a single New York shilling, (12½ cents,) or even our United States dime. Thus a pleasant evening's excursion into the field of letters may be taken for a trifling sum. So far as I have tried the experiment, I have been met and cheered by large audiences, steadily increasing with each new lecture. Perhaps it would be an affectation of modesty in me to attribute my success wholly to the low price of admission; nor is it mere vanity to assert that people came in crowds to hear me,

(more always than could get into the lecture-room,) because they were *amused*. My constant effort was not to be dry—but to irrigate my dissertation with little rills of humor, I will not say wit, since that is said not to excite laughter. I have been willing to expend a little dignity even, if I could keep pleased expressions on the faces of my hearers, and prevent any undue distension of visages by yawns. Thus have I, with no great merit of my own, succeeded where I have attempted lectures on the plan which I contemplate carrying out extensively by-and-by, and which I have taken the liberty to speak of here, because it is recommended at least by its novelty and reasonableness.

Let me tell you about Fanny Kemble Butler. When she proposed to read Shakspeare in Boston, because it had become necessary for her to do so, she did not anticipate to be listened to by more than some two hundred persons. Great was her surprise therefore to find more than four times that number crowded into the hall of the Masonic Temple. Her auditors consisted entirely of that intelligent and fashionable set of exclusives, who in Boston seem to preserve their social position as undisputably as similar folk do in England, and to give the tone to wider and lower circles. Accordingly, the whole town thronged to Mrs. Butler's readings and paid her some three hundred dollars a night, *net*, as the dry-goods dealers say. This must have looked to her like old times, when her father and herself created in the quiet capital of Massachusetts a theatrical *furore* of the wildest sort, and box tickets were sold at auction and brought five dollars a piece,—before her unpropitious marriage with Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, who was at that time a young man and not a perverse Benedict bent on having his own way.

Mrs. Butler has recently repeated her readings in New York. She has not exactly carried the citadel by storm, for we are rather less notional than the Bostonians, and seldom suffer our personal feelings to sway our judgment concerning a public performer. But Mrs. Butler has made a decided sensation. Her Merchant of Venice was immense; her Shylock greater than anybody's except George Frederick Cooke's, who, by-the-by, is remembered only by that omnipresent individual, "the oldest inhabitant." She lets you know what characters she is personating simply by a change of tones, after she has announced them at the beginning of each scene. Here she employs her full, rich, flexible vocal organ with fine effect. For instance, in the dialogue between Portia and Nerissa, the change from the lady-like tone of the former, to the pert, chambermaid manner of the latter is strikingly perceptible and even dramatic in its deception of the ear. Her reading of the exquisite poetry of the Midsummer Night's Dream is also wonderfully charming.

Mrs. Butler has taken up a regular residence with her friends the Sedgwicks in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Her intimacy with this family of talents and blue-stockingism was a main cause of her husband's dislike—of his wrath, the direful spring.

I must as a special favor, ask here for the space to praise two recent publications—the one a romance, and the other a magazine. "Merry Mount" is decidedly the cleverest novel of the season. I am not sure that there are many books of the kind written with so much splendor of fancy, felicity of description and artistic painting of character. An experienced dramatist might work its materials into a play that would run fifty nights. The scenes are laid at that eventful period in the history of New England, when the Puritans or Roundheads had acquired almost exclusive possession of the colony and had begun to rule after the Cromwellian fashion with despotic and iron hand. A few brave and jolly cavaliers who were still remaining, claimed a portion of territory and held their jocund revels on an eminence, which they christened "Merry Mount." I know of few things finer in its way than the account of the May-day revels and of a Hawking Party. If I were to say that this romance would be popular, I might prophesy falsely—for much of it is decidedly "caviare to the general"—but if I should say that it will be read with delight by people of taste and imagination, I should run no risk of speaking other than strict truth. The author of the novel is J. Lathrop Motley, an accomplished gentleman, a member of the present Legislature of Massachusetts and formerly United States Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. Petersburgh.

The magazine which I beg leave highly and with emphasis to recommend to Southern readers, and espeically the fairer portion, is "Sartain's Union Magazine," published by John Sartain & Co. in Philadelphia. Mr. Sartain is an artist of extraordinary merit. No one could be more capable of tastefully arranging and selecting the embellishments of a periodical of this kind. His mezzotint engravings have never been surpassed, and he may justly claim the honor of giving that style vogue in this country. Look for example at the most beautiful specimen after Richard Westall in the March number, and "Undine" from an original, by C. L. Muller. The Editors are Mrs. C. M. Kirkland and Professor John S. Hart—the former known to the lovers of genuine and happy humor by her "New Home, Who'll Follow?"—and the latter a man of fine talents and a scholar

of high celebrity. Mr. C. H. Wiley, author of "Alamance,"—a Southern writer—has just commenced in this magazine a novel that promises to be exciting in its interest. It is entitled "Roanoke, or Where is Utopia." William Howitt, Frederica Bremer, (translated by Mary Howitt,) Willis, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Bethune and several others of equal fame are contributors. Longfellow is also engaged to contribute a poem monthly. The critical notices are fairly and handsomely made.

I met Mr. Halleck a few days since looking very intellectual and very well as usual. I asked him if he intended that all his new poems should be published posthumously; but he replied laughingly that he should not put his executors to much trouble in that respect. I suspect, nevertheless, that he writes, but is too infinitely fastidious to publish. I love Halleck; he is emphatically a gentlemanly poet.

Your correspondent, Tuckerman, who is another capital specimen of the *genus homo*, has been some time in Washington enjoying the Inauguration festivities.

A new American Drama, entitled Kate Woodhull, from the pen of Mr. C. Edwards Lester, has just been produced at the Broadway Theatre. I sincerely hope that it may succed.

The Italian opera has closed its first season with considerable loss to its urbane and competent manager. The successive failures of two winters must have at length convinced a set of people, whom Mr. Willis exaggeratingly called "The Upper Ten Thousand," but who would be more than comprised in Hundreds, that they cannot sustain an establishment of this sort against the δι πολλοι. Their "odi profanum vulgus et arceo," will not do for this region. They cannot monopolize all the best boxes and turn up their noses at the commonalty in the pit and upper tiers. No theatre or opera can be sustained here unless all parts of the house are free to all comers. *Exclusiveism* must confine itself to private edifices. It is an exotic that dies in the open, strong air of democracy.

The numerous friends of the good Bishop Doane of New Jersey will be glad to learn that his health has greatly improved. He was, during the winter, sick unto death; but the arm on which he has ever leaned confidingly for support, has upheld him so that his footsteps have wandered on the borders of the dark valley of the shadow and he has not been hidden from the light of existence. Not only to the church but to literature would this excellent Prelate have been a serious loss. Though his name is scarcely mentioned now among the herd of common writers, yet has he produced many beautiful short poems, remembered and hoarded among the literary gems of tasteful collectors. His prose is, moreover, strong, nervous, ornate, "drawn from the pure wells of English undefiled" and cast in a style similar to that of the old divines.

Is it not rather an amusing fact, *apropos* to my comments on the liberties taken with the orthography of Mr. Macaulay by the Harpers in their edition of his History of England, that these very publishers, who persisted that their standard of spelling was the true one, should now advertise a cheap edition of the same work, "spelled according to the English edition?" Do not believe that the critics brought about this favorable change: it was entirely owing to the appearance of two correct editions, one published in Boston and another in Philadelphia.

I take pleasure in transmitting to you a fine and spirited poem by an English gentleman of high abilities. Though written in 1824, when its author was connected as editor with one of the prominent journals of the time, it is now published for the first time in the United States—where the genius and wit of Sheridan have been always appreciated at their full value.

The Death Bed of Sheridan.

They fled from thee—all the gay, titled and proud,
  When thy evening of life in its dreariness came;
They fled from thee—all who had joined with the crowd
  To echo thy praise in thy morning of fame.

To thy bedside unblessed came the harpies whose fangs
  Were rudest and sharpest in fortune's decay,
And of all who should soften the victim's last pangs,
  None scared the foul birds from their desolate prey.

In loneliness withered the spirit that shed
  The eloquent charm that might Senates command,
Who the mask and the pageant and revelry led
  And waved over fashion a magical wand.

Not lonely—one minist'ring angel was there!
  Oh, woman! how faithful, how changeless thou art
To the man of thy love; though his eye gleam despair
  And a wilderness gather its gloom round the heart.

The struggle is over—the mutes at the gate,
  And the recreant grandeur which struck the worst blow
Thy spirit had felt, ere it bowed to its fate,
  Now follow thy bier in the trappings of wo.

Oh, faithless such chivalry—ye who rely
  On its promise, behold! how its friendship could spurn
Misfortune's last claim, and leave genius to die
  And then with late homage embrace its cold urn.

They thronged round his hearse, who had let him depart
  Like an outcast too mean and too worthless to save;
Who cheered not his gloom with one ray of the heart
  And threw the vain splendor of pomp on his grave.

With bards rest thy ashes whose fate like thy own
Was neglect from the proud in Life's cheerless decay,
Who were left, unbefriended, to wither alone
By those who strewed flowers on their passionless clay.

Had talents like thine but by virtue been crowned,
Their blaze had not set in so sullen a night;
But the circle allured thee where folly was found
And the red cup of Circe was sparkling and bright.

Had wisdom, oh Sheridan, guided thy mind,
She had taught thee that genius was best when its powers
Beam forth like the sun for the good of mankind,
Not neglecting the fruits in its fondness for flowers.

The glory which genius thought never could die
Too oft on the bosom of riot decays;
Like the bird that, while singing his wild song on high,
Droops, flutters and dies by the rattlesnake's gaze.

Thy laurels were twined with the roses that grew
In the garden of pleasure, all flaunting and gay;
But the canker lurk'd under their brightness of hue
And the rose and the laurel both withered away.

P. B.

THE ALTHORP LIBRARY.

We gladly act upon the suggestion of our New York correspondent in republishing from the Literary World, the following description of the Althorp Library by Dr. Cogswell.—[*Ed. Mess.*

I have already referred to the Althorp Library, and as I have recently made a visit to it, you may like to have some account of it from me, however familiar you may be with the Bibliotheca Spenceriana and Ædes Althorpianæ of Dibdin. Althorp, as you doubtless know, is one of Lord Spencer's country residences, about five miles from Northampton, and seventy-two from London, or as distances are now marked, it is three hours from the metropolis by rail, with three quarters of an hour more for the five miles footing. The country between Northampton and Althorp is not particularly striking, but it was certainly pleasant to enjoy an old fashioned drive, sitting in an open carriage drawn by horses, with an opportunity of seeing things by the road side, and not have them flit by you like spectres; it was pleasant, too, to look upon the green fields, as green as ours in June, and see the men at work ploughing the long furrows as cheerily as if spring were back again. It was most refreshing also to breathe the fresh air of the country, after being cooped up two months in the smoky atmosphere of London. But I must on to the park; it is very spacious and grand, adorned here and there with a fine old far-stretching oak or a stately elm, varied with clumps of evergreens or smaller trees; the drive through it to the house is half a mile or more, winding amid a lawn as clean as a parlor carpet. The house has nothing imposing in its external aspect, and is in no particular style of architecture; but in passing its threshold, one feels that he is standing on holy ground, and would almost instinctively put off his shoes from his feet. I read Dibdin in my young days, and from him learnt to regard the Spencer Library with nearly the same veneration I entertain for the Vatican, and the feeling came back upon me in its full strength when I found myself within it. Knowing that I had allotted but one day to the inspection of the library, Mr. Appleyard the librarian, who was all courtesy and kindness, proposed to begin our work at once. The library is distributed through various rooms of the house, eight altogether I think, several of which are very large; the first in order is the room of the Incunabula, which is devoted entirely to editions of the fifteenth century, and works inseparable from them. This room is larger than a common sized parlor in New York, and is completely full. And here, indeed, are the things which the prophets and kings of literature might well desire to see, some of which can be seen in no other library in the world. What shall I select from this multitude of treasures to describe to you, for the time must fail me, were I to attempt only to name the curious and precious volumes which were successively placed before me by the learned librarian? We must begin with the block books. In specimens of this forerunner of printing, Lord Spencer is very rich; his earliest is a single leaf, on which there are two wood cuts, one representing St. Christopher carrying the infant Jesus through the sea, the other the Annunciation; beneath the cuts is an inscription, with the date 1423, which is regarded as the earliest known use of printing ink—there is clearly no falsification of any kind about it; there cannot be a doubt that it was executed at the time it was dated, and nothing of an earlier date exists, which is admitted to be genuine, that of 1418 not being so. From this onward there is a fine series of block books, besides many of the blocks with which they were stamped; nowhere can one see more perfect specimens of the early Xylographic art. One portion of the Biblia Pauperum is in curious old skin binding, on the cover of which the name of the owner is stamped, with the date of the binding, 1467—probably it would be difficult to produce a book bound earlier than this. We passed from the block books to the movable type incunabula; of the art in this style Lord Spencer

has a specimen of the earliest unquestionable date; it is a bull of Pope Nicholas V., granting plenary indulgence to all Christians bearing arms against the Turks, who at that period were pushing on their conquests in the Mediterranean; the date is 1453. Another of the next year has evidently been altered in the date, by the insertion with a pen of an I to the M.CCCC.LIII., probably that the copies remaining from the preceding year might answer for 1454, and save the necessity of a new impression. Nicholas V. died in March, 1455, and was succeeded by Callixtus III.; it was therefore necessary to issue a new bull. Accordingly we find that the one of the date of 1455 is in entirely different type, and the comparison of the two furnishes the best argument in favor of the priority of Gutenberg's Bible printed at Mentz, (now known as the Mazarin Bible,) to that of Pfister; printed probably between 1456 and 1460, but without date or place, Pfister's remarkable F being found on the last dated bull. Copies of both these Bibles are in the Althorp Library, and of the first there is a copy in New York, but it cannot be seen. Next in order is the earliest Bible with a date—that of Faust and Scheffer, printed at Mentz, 1462, of which Lord Spencer has a magnificent copy on vellum, and then a suite of the early Bibles in all languages; in every case, the first edition in each language is found in this library. The earliest printed book with a date is the Psalter of 1457, of which there is a copy in fine preservation. The earliest English Bible is the one translated from the Latin and Dutch, by Miles Coverdale, and printed by him in the Low Countries in 1535, as it was not permitted to be done in England, being before Henry VIII. had decided for the Protestant faith. All the other English versions to the time of the received one, follow in proper order in the library.

In first editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, the Library is equally rich; not one of the rare ones is wanting. I never thought much of Aldusses until I saw the Althorp set in vellum, and now I know how beautiful they are. Until the addition of the Cassano Library to his collection, Lord Spencer had no copies of the very rare Naples Horace and Juvenal; finding them in the possession of the Duke of Cassano, he offered him six hundred pounds sterling for these two small volumes, which offer the Duke declined, unless Lord Spencer would extend his purchase to the whole library; it was in this way that the Cassano Library happened to be bought by him. Don't fret, I've little more to add. You remember Dibdin's glowing account in his Bibliomania of the Valdarfar Boccaccio, for which the Duke of Marlborough, when Marquis of Blandford, paid, or rather agreed to pay, £2260. Dibdin's account of it used to form one of my stock stories, and now I can add that I have had the precious volume in hand; it is in the Althorp Library, having been purchased by the late Lord Spencer for about £900, when it was sold under a decree to satisfy the claims of the Duke of Roxburgh's heirs, to whom it had belonged, when bought by the Marquis of Blandford. The whole history of this volume, from the time of its being discovered in the Library of the Monastery, until it came into Lord Spencer's hands, is most curious: it has now found a proper resting-place, and reposes quietly among its fit associates.

I cannot quit the subject of the Althorp Library, without observing, that every thing there is in proper keeping, every copy is a choice one, all books of prints are proofs before the letters, the binding of every volume is of the best and richest kind, and they are kept as neatly and as free from dust as fresh books. The number is not very great, 56,000 volumes only, but that is enough to include every thing worth having. As to the paintings and other works of art, which form the embellishments of the Ædes Althorpianæ, they are just such as one would desire to see in such a princely residence; but I have already trespassed too long on your patience to enter upon an account of them now. Never have I spent a more agreeable or a more interesting day than that of my visit to Althorp, and nowhere have I met a kinder and more courteous reception.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

CLASSICAL SERIES, by *Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt.* C. Julii Cæsaris Commentarii De Bello Gallico. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, a Lexicon, Indexes, &c. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M., Editor of the "New Testament in Greek, with notes on the Historical Books," "Arnold's Series of Greek and Latin Books," &c. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia. Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.

These publications have been on our table for some time, and as editions of a classic author, so celebrated and so much used, deserved an earlier notice. Editions of Cæsar are indeed "plenty as blackberries." But a few years ago, Prof. Anthon put forth a mammoth one, which apparently contained every thing which could possibly be desired by any one, and certainly more than is desirable for young beginners. Yet it was far from preventing the preparation of others; how many we cannot say. Mr. Spen-

cer alludes to several—Andrews', Leverett's, &c., and here are two more, which have recently appeared. The first, Schmitz's, is a small, neat volume, with a very conveniently arranged map in miniature of Gaul, (Transalpina and Cisalpina,) and very brief, yet clear and sensible explanatory notes. They are not copious enough; but meagerness is a much smaller objection than excessive expansion, especially when the latter is occasioned by much liberal translation. The editor is a German scholar of high reputation now residing in Edinburgh, and author of an abridged Roman history.

Mr. Spencer's edition has more pretension, size and completeness. The expediency of large editions of school classics may well be doubted. Yet they may perhaps be allowed, where an author is commonly used for mere beginners, as Cæsar, or where he is exceedingly obscure, as Tacitus or Juvenal.

Mr. Spencer has certainly executed his task very well. He has perhaps rather too freely amended the commonly received text, and occasionally translated too much without accompanying explanations. But he is brief and sufficiently clear and full in the exposition of those points of grammar, geography and antiquities, which are suggested by the text. The student never will be wearied by his notes, although he may be occasionally baffled by references to books not within his reach. The life of Cæsar prefixed to this is far more just than the one written by Dr. Schmitz, who appeared to be quite carried away by his admiration of the hero. This we conceive to be a serious objection to a book in the hands of boys, sufficiently prone, without extraneous influence, to be dazzled by military glory. We have seen recent proof that this is far from being confined *to boys*, in the most extravagant of all eulogies on Cæsar, introduced into a preface to the lives of the Apostles.

Whoever wishes a cheap, yet good edition of Cæsar, will do well to purchase Schmitz's; the student who prefers a large and more complete one will find Spencer's such as he desires.

A MANUAL OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. By Dr. E. F. Bojesen—Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of Soro. Translated from the German. Edited with occasional notes, and a complete series of questions by the Rev. Thomas K. Arnold. Revised with additions and corrections. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia. Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.

This book certainly supplies a desideratum in our classical school literature. It is a reliable manual of both Greek and Roman antiquities—brief, clear, and embracing all the results of scholastic research. It is preferable to Potter, Adams, &c., because the author has availed himself of the lights thrown on various subjects by the investigations of Niebuhr, and many other modern scholars. It is better *as a text book*, than Fiske's Manual, because it is less voluminous and minute, and less encumbered by a multiplicity of indexes. Yet we cannot see why Bojesen's could not be arranged with only one index, and we know that this would add to its convenience. It is well gotten up, under the supervision of Mr. Spencer we believe.

The sanction of those German scholars, who translated it into their own language, and of Dr. Arnold, who edited it in England, renders any commendation on our part superfluous. We will venture, however, to differ from the great English scholar in one point, viz. the propriety of using set questions in teaching any book whatever.

We hope that, in the language of Dr. Arnold, "the volume may be thoroughly mastered, get up and retained" by all students who set a proper value on Classical Antiquities.

THE GERMANIA AND AGRICOLA OF TACITUS; With notes for Colleges. By W. S. Tyler, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Amherst College. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia. Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.

This is a neat and well-printed volume, prepared with great care and labor. It seems too to have been not a mere professional labor, but one of love. The author tells us that it is his first essay in this department, and displays a discrimination, enthusiasm and power as a writer, which promise high excellence. The want of a good edition of Tacitus must have been long felt by American teachers, and this commencement of an attempt to supply the deficiency, should be hailed with approbation by all lovers of the classics. Mr. Tyler seems to be imbued with a sincere and warm admiration of his author, but, if we may be allowed the criticism, has chosen rather too ambitious a style for an annotator. He has however no mean talent, has laboriously collated the different manuscripts and editions, and often interests the reader by reference to parallel passages in other authors. This last we consider very judicious, especially when he compares Tacitus with the authors of the Augustan period, from whose purity he had, with all his genius, evidently degenerated.

But while Mr. T. has done so much towards fixing and elucidating the text, that the student of his edition will seldom have any difficulty in understanding the author, yet, to use his own words, he sometimes "carries him on the broad shoulders of an indiscriminate translator."

It is certainly preferable, whenever it can be done, to explain the sense of the original and the idioms of the language without actual translation, especially free translation, which, in a majority of instances, prevents the student from farther exertion. But in an author so difficult as Tacitus, it is very hard to do this without drawing out the notes to an inconvenient length.

We heartily thank Mr. Tyler for what he has done, and have little doubt of his "ability to make it better at a future day."

THE CAXTONS: A FAMILY PICTURE, By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Complete in Two Parts. Part I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

ROLAND CASHEL, By *Charles Lever*. Illustrated. Complete in Two Parts. Part I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

After some months domination in the empire of fiction, the Bells and Mr. Titmarsh have given place to the old *regime*, and once more "the author of Pelham" and the volatile Harry Lorrequer hold sway. Bulwer, however, is Bulwer "with a difference," for "the Caxtons" is quite unlike anything we have seen from his pen. It is more carefully finished than his first efforts, though with not so much of plot, and differs altogether from his latest works, (which were skilfully elaborated) in design. "The Caxtons" is a series of highly graphic and agreeable sketches of men and things, strung together in a manner that is an evident imitation of Tristam Shandy.

When we took up "Roland Cashel" we were greatly surprised to find ourselves in company with a select circle of piratical black-legs in South America. They talk Spanish and play at monte. Now, thought we, for a novelty in novels. But no sooner do we become partially acquainted

with the social habits and mode of life of that rather immoral region, than Roland Cashel, (the *nouveau sujet* that Dr. Lever takes for a hero) is whisked off to Dublin, there to commence flirting and fox-hunting at the rate of £17,000 a year! In short "Roland Cashel" begins to figure in the same scenes that all Dr. Lever's heroes have figured in before. We do not complain of this, however, for no one has a greater command of incident than Dr. Lever and no one says smarter things in the progress of his dialogue. We look for the second part with interest.

These novels may be found at the book store of A. Morris.

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1. WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA: Being the Journal of a Tour, &c., &c., in the years, 1846, 1847. By *Edwin Bryant*, Late Alcalde of St. Francisco. Fourth Edition. With an Appendix, Containing accounts of the Gold Mines, &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

2. FOUR MONTHS AMONG THE GOLD FINDERS IN CALIFORNIA: Being the Diary of an Expedition from San Francisco to the Gold Districts. By *J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M. D.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

3. THE GOLD SEEKER'S MANUAL: Being a practical and instructive guide to all persons emigrating to the newly discovered Gold Regions of California. By *David T. Austed*, Professor of Geology, King's College, London, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

4. THE CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK: Comprising Major Emory's Overland Journey from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego, and Capt. Fremont's Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and to Oregon and North California. From Official Sources. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

5. WESTERN AMERICA, Including California and Oregon, with Maps of those Regions, and of "The Sacramento Valley," from Actual Surveys. By *Charles Wilkes, U. S. N.*, Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

6. OREGON AND CALIFORNIA in 1848: By J. Quinn Thornton, &c., &c., with authentic information on the subject of the Gold Mines, &c., &c. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Messrs. Appleton have quite distanced all their neighbours of the book trade in the number and variety of their publications on California. They have issued indeed all sorts of treatises, in muslin and stitched paper, containing every thing that it is at all desirable to know about our new possessions on the Pacific, and a great deal more besides,—despatches of commodores, accounts of huge lumps of the precious metal beyond anything that Aladdin saw in the cave of the genii, and statements which tell us how fortunes are made in a day and how one young gentleman sold a barrel of whiskey for $14,000! Some of their books are valuable for the information they give of the geography of the country, its climate and agricultural resources. We are glad to know something of these territories beyond the mere accounts of gold, gold, with which every newspaper is filled. In this respect Mr. Bryant's narrative and the work of Capt. Wilkes are especially useful, the latter being accompanied with excellent maps of the country from actual surveys. Judge Thornton's volumes are also well worth reading, in the handsome text of the Harpers, although one is sometimes amused with the simplicity of the author's reflections.

We do not wonder at the multitude of books on this subject when we consider that the attention of all Christendom and Heathenesse is now directed to the rich Sierras of California. The *sacra fames* of the Sacramento has smitten "mankind from China to Peru." Punch itself has allowed Lord Brougham a respite from caricature, and instead of weekly reproductions of his checked breeches and his remarkable nose, brings out prints of the gold-diggings with the emigrants that are flocking thereto. We have seen it stated that at a recent representation of *Robert Le Diable*, in a little town in France celebrated for its white wines and its red politics, an apology was made for the absence of the tenor, who was to sing "*L'or est une Chimere*" to the effect that he had gone off to the gold regions. The followers of Confucius too have become sensible of the existence of enchanted lands beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire, and in some of the islands of Oceanica, the voice of the missionary is mute. All races of men, indeed, however divided in opinions or differing in physical characteristics, agree with the fellow in Beranger's song,

"Que dans mes mains pleuve de l'or,
De l'or,
De l'or,
Et j'en fais mon affaire!"

How this auriferous excitement will turn out at last, remains to be seen, but we venture nothing in the opinion that those nations will derive the greatest benefit from the discovery which pursue the even tenor of plodding industry and commercial enterprise, unaffected by insane schemes of hoarding up masses of the shining ore.

To those of our fellow citizens who would learn the statistics of the gold country or who design visiting it, we commend these publications, which may be found at all the bookstores of our city.

HISTORY OF HANNIBAL THE CARTHAGINIAN. By *Jacob Abbott*. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. Publishers.

Mr. Abbott deserves and will receive the lasting gratitude of two important classes of society for his series of elementary historical works. The juvenile portion will thank him again and again for telling the stories of great captains and fair queens in plain words, such as fix events and characters upon the youthful mind. Parents and teachers (whom we regard as the other class) will thank him for investing with interest those studies from which children generally are repelled by the stiff style of the books in which they are presented.

The volume before us contains all about Hannibal, the great Carthaginian, how he urged his elephants over the Alps, and fought the battle of Cannae and sent home bushels of rings from the fingers of the Roman knights slain there, together with the subsequent incidents of his life. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

It is for sale by A. Morris.

ESSAY ON THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE. By *Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M. A.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

This book from the pen of a most celebrated English divine, has created an unparalleled sensation in England, directing public attention to the evils of the Establishment and causing the High Church party to offer a prize for the best refutation of its arguments. The author attacks the Union of Church and State on political grounds, and drawe

upon the Old and New Testaments to prove it unscriptural. He proceeds to show the baleful influence of the union upon true religion, subjecting pious dissenters to disabilities and nurturing within the pale of the established faith, a set of fox-hunting parsons, fond of whist and half-and-half, who preach their neighbors' sermons and love their neighbors' wives. The concluding portion of the volume is devoted to some suggestions with regard to a more fervid revival and extension of religion.

Mr. Noel will meet with little favor, we apprehend, at the hands of those who wield or enjoy the patronage of the Established Church, but the disinterested piety which has induced him to resign the ease and emolument of a Rectorship under a system he disapproved, will not fail to ensure him the respect of all and will doubtless lend additional sanction to his views.

The volume is a neat octavo, and may be found at the bookstore of A. Morris.

A CATECHISM OF THE STEAM ENGINE. Illustrative of the Scientific Principles upon which its operation depends, and the Practical Details of its structure, in its application to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation and Railways. By *John Bourne, C. E.*, editor of a Treatise on the Steam Engine, by the Artisan Club. From the last London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This valuable work is supplemental, and to some extent, introductory, to a more lengthy treatise on the same subject by the same author. It embodies in the form of questions and answers all that can be said of the Steam Engine with its application to various kinds of machinery. The work is cheap, well-printed and of convenient size for the pocket.

It may be obtained of Nash & Woodhouse.

THE LITERARY AMERICAN. G. P. Quackenbos, Proprietor. New York.

Having taken occasion to commend this literary enterprise, when it was first entered upon, we have seen with great regret in the number for March 24th, a most discreditable plagiarism. The editor has thought proper to put forth as original the very striking translation from the French of Pierre Chevalier, entitled "The Statue of Santa Maria,"—which was contributed to this magazine for January, 1848, by Miss Mary E. Lee of Charleston, S. C. The two versions are the same in every particular, *verbatim et literatim*, the only difference being that in the Literary American the name of the translator is abridged to the initials, M. E. L., and the residence altogether omitted. We can submit with a pretty good grace to "appropriations," (we use the mildest term,) of our property by certain monthlies and weeklies, whose offences in this particular are notorious, but we are sorry to see so respectable a paper as the Literary American reduced to such expedients. We trust the matter was the result of inadvertence and we respectfully ask an explanation at the hands of Mr. Quackenbos.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Thomas B. Shaw*, B. A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexandria Lyceum of St. Petersburg. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1849.

A delightful treatise on the best of subjects, something between the "Cyclopedia of English Literature" by Chambers and the "Catalogue of British Authors," with spirited comments on each age or school of letters. We venture nothing in saying that the views of many of our modern authors, who are wedded to the Germans, would be considerably modified by a careful perusal of this volume in connection with Sir Henry Ellis's admirable chapters on Literature in the Pictorial History of England. We believe that the treasures of our own tongue are inferior to those of no modern language and we are pleased to see so excellent a volume to sustain our opinion.

It is for sale by J. W. Randolph & Co.

NARRATIVE OF THE LATE EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA. From A Diary by one of the Party. Edited by *Edward P. Montague*, &c. &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

This is a volume of some pretension, with an attractive title, and rather flashy exterior. Those who buy it, however, with the expectation of finding it a faithful "narrative of the late expedition to the Dead Sea" will be most egregiously disappointed. It seems to have been gotten up by the publishers on the principle that "a book's a book although there is nothing in it," to take advantage of public curiosity which is now rife with regard to the late remarkable voyage of Lieut. Lynch, and also (we cannot help thinking) to forestall his work on the same subject, now in the press of Lea & Blanchard. But our gallant commander is not to be thus treated, and we predict that this attempt to take the wind out of his sails will prove quite ineffectual, or, in other words, that his *sales* will only be the larger in consequence. Mr. Montague's book is certainly not the book which public expectation demands.

HISTORY OF MARYLAND; From its first settlement in 1634 to the year 1848. By *James McSherry*. Baltimore, Printed and Published by John Murphy. 1849.

The numerous volumes of history which have appeared during two or three years past, drawn from the annals of the States of our Union, attest an increased and gratifying attention to this branch of research. The work before us is a well-written and well-digested narrative of events connected with the history of Maryland, from the landing of the Calverts to the present time. We have no room to enlarge upon its merits here, but would recommend those who desire an excellent history of Maryland to procure it at once.

It has reached us through J. W. Randolph & Co.

COLLECTIONS OF THE GEORGIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Volume III. Part I.

We are indebted to our excellent friend, Mr. I. K Tefft, whose zeal in historical research has made his name well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, for a copy of this useful publication. The present number contains a vast deal of curious and valuable information with regard to the "*Creek Country*" and the Indian tribes of Georgia, taken from MSS. of the late Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, the earliest Agent of the United States for Indian Affairs. The Society is indebted for the use of these MSS. to Mr. Tefft its Corresponding Secretary, under whose guidance the Institution itself has attained a proud eminence among the scientific corporations of America.

I wish it every success; and my only fear is, that it may not meet as full success with the public as it deserves. I shall be glad to be a subscriber. I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

JOSEPH STORY.

Cambridge, April 24, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I approve very much of the plan of your work, to be published weekly, under the title of the "Living Age:" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

I wish it abundant success, and that my name be added to the list of subscribers. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

New York, 7th May, 1844.

It seems to me that a selection from the highest foreign journals, if conducted with discrimination and taste, might have a very favorable influence on our reading community, deluged as it is, with periodical and other publications, which have little to recommend them but their cheapness. I have looked occasionally into the Magazine formerly conducted by Mr. Littell, and I have little doubt, from the capacity he showed in that selection, that he would compile a magazine, from the sources indicated in his prospectus, that would furnish a healthy and most agreeable banquet to the reader. Believe me, Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

Boston, May, 1844.

From the specimens that the public has seen, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Littell is able to make, from the mass of contemporary literature, instructive and interesting selections. I wish you success, with all my heart. Yours, very truly,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen any similar publication of equal merit; and I heartily wish for it that wide success it deserves, as a most agreeable and useful selection from that vast mass of the current periodical literature of our time, which has grown to such importance that none are beyond the reach of its influence, and few can safely be ignorant of what it is constantly sending forth to the world. Be pleased, therefore, to consider me a regular subscriber to the Living Age from the beginning. Very truly yours,

GEO. TICKNOR.

Boston, 5th August, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in congratulating you upon the success of the *Living Age*, which has been well deserved by the great cleverness shown in its management. It has been a welcome visiter to my family, always giving us a variety of instructive and pleasant reading. Indeed, the only fault I have to find with it, is that it gives too much weekly—a fault which those of more leisure than myself, will not be likely to find. Yours, very truly,

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

Philadelphia, October 29th, 1844.

WASHINGTON, 27TH DECEMBER, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

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September, 1848.

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JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XV., No. 5. MAY, 1849. Whole Number, CLXXIII.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY ARBOR VITÆ, ESQ.

If the following pages should not be found to possess that interest for the public, which is requisite for their admission into your valuable journal; or if, being there published through your courtesy, they should not be favorably esteemed by your judicious readers, the result would be extremely mortifying to my sensibility. And this, sir, would be the effect, not so much of wounded pride, for a modest estimate of my own talents has ever been one of my characteristic distinctions; but of disappointment in my efforts to aid in the culture and development of the most lovely of Earth's productions, the spring buds and blossoms of womankind.

No other motive, indeed, could have prevailed with me to enter the field of literature, at my period of life, unskilled as I am in what may be called the science and art of mental horticulture. But I have been persuaded by the solicitations of friends, that a long and intimate acquaintance with polite society, as well in foreign capitals and courts, as in the circles of our own country, joined to my habitual association with, devotion to, and study of, the most fascinating of the other sex, has fitted me, in a peculiar manner, to impart useful advice to the young sisterhood, now entering upon the untried scenes of the world. I am solicitous to repay, in the only way now left to me, some part of the obligations I owe to their predecessors; and if the performance should not correspond to the expectations of those who have encouraged the attempt, I trust to meet with some indulgence, not only on account of my laudable design, but in consideration of my having foregone the accustomed aids of natural grace and elocution, which contribute so much to the charm of polished conversation, and which I have been accounted to possess to an enviable degree.

The young lady who makes her debut in the world of fashion and of pleasure, is generally occupied with one, or both, of two great objects—to wit—to secure the admiration and homage of our sex, and to form an advantageous alliance with some favored suitor, before the close of her day of triumph. Very few succeed in attaining both the glittering prize, and the substantial reward, of feminine ambition. Too many, alas! fail to make sure of either: but, like the unlucky sportsman, who fires right and left to no purpose at the retreating covey, she is left to deplore the lavish expenditure of *caps* and *powder*, without the satisfaction of displaying a single feather of the birds so long and anxiously pursued. Some, indeed, convert themselves into human revolvers, and go off, in rapid succession, with random shots at every point in the compass: but, notwithstanding much noise and smoke, the aim of these weapons is too unsteady, and their range too short, to be effective, without the help of extraordinary accident.

I have already remarked, that few are so fortunate as to attain both of the great aims of female ambition. She, who is followed and courted by a multitude of admirers, is not often to be envied in her choice of a protector for life. There is much wisdom in proverbs. We are told by the highest authority, that the race is not always to the swift: and we are often reminded of the homely illustration, the heroine of which, after fastidiously rejecting all the straight canes in the forest, is at last obliged to be content with a crooked stick, picked up at the end of it.

And there are causes obvious enough, which conduce to this result. The love of admiration is an appetite which grows by indulgence, and which, like other morbid appetites, seeks gratification, rather in the quantity, than the quality of its food. The belle of the day is invariably surrounded by a crowd of fops and flatterers, whose only chance of attracting notice is to flourish in the sphere which her presence illumines. The rules of social intercourse oblige her to receive them civilly: while policy and convenience prompt her to encourage them by particular marks of favor and condescension. They are useful—these exquisites—in their way. They can handle a fan, or a bouquet—they can register engagements for the quadrille—select a box at the opera—have a pretty taste in jewelry and costly books—and sometimes sport fine horses in a new-fangled and dashing equipage. Some can trill opera airs melodiously from beneath a well-dyed moustache: and many more are skilful in the foreign dances, which display to such advantage the voluptuous elegance of form.

Now it seldom happens that a young man of solid merit is distinguished for his proficiency in these arts of the *petit métier*. Some possess such happy quickness and versatility as to acquire a competent share of graces and accomplishments.

without sacrificing the more important objects of manly pursuit. But these are few in number: and even they cannot afford to waste day after day, in dancing attendance upon female caprice, and offering fresh incense at the shrine of female vanity. By far the greater part of those who are destined to future usefulness and honor, are eclipsed in the *salon* by the ephemeral butterflies of fashion. The reigning beauty, who must contrive to bestow a smile, a word, or a playful tap of her fan, upon each of half a hundred admirers, has not time to discover and appreciate the real worth of the two or three, who are alone worth knowing. They have gold enough to furnish out a myriad of their rivals: but it is not wrought into the tasteful and fantastic shapes, which the eye of beauty loves to rest upon.

Lost in a crowd of competitors whom they despise—perhaps mortified by the sense of defeat—they return, with increased zeal, to labor and to study. In time, they meet with more congenial spirits—women who, in the absence of beauty and wealth, and of the frivolous crowd which these attract, have developed the higher qualities of their nature, acquired a just estimate of themselves and others, and become fit for the companionship of intelligent and high-minded men. And thus it turns out, that the belle of many seasons, admonished by her mirror that she has already passed from the spring time of life into its summer, bestows herself reluctantly upon some veteran dangler, whom she has twenty times rejected: while the true prizes of the matrimonial scheme fall to the lot of their less brilliant contemporaries.

My fair readers cannot fail to understand the lesson I would teach. If they prefer solid happiness to short-lived triumph—if they desire, as a husband, the man of worth and character, rather than the well-bred and agreeable coxcomb—they must sacrifice the homage of the many for the respect of the few,—must be content with less flattery, and truer worship.

So much by way of general admonition: a few particulars occur to me, as worthy of notice in detail.

I need not dwell on the importance of mental improvement. The subject has been so often and so well discussed, that every body yields a ready assent to the claims of its advocates, although every body does not act up to the convictions so expressed. A large proportion of parents are much more solicitous on the score of accomplishments, than of mental discipline and useful acquirement. *Professors*, (for there are no *teachers* now-a-days,) of music, vocal and instrumental, of dancing, and other ornamental arts, take precedence of all other instructors. Next in rank are the lecturers on mineralogy and metaphysics, botany and political economy, anatomy, hydrostatics, natural history, and the Encyclopædia in general. After these, come the masters of languages, ancient and modern, the mother tongue excepted: and so much is the young mind engrossed with the greater studies, that it seldom has room for more French and Italian, than will suffice to carry them through a chanson or a bravura. As to reading, writing, and arithmetic, to say nothing of needlework and other domestic knowledge, they are obsolete branches: if learned at all, they are either picked up by chance, or forced upon the pupil in after life by that stern monitress, Necessity.

But we will suppose the education completed—our young ladies can repeat Racine or Dante, with more than French volubility, more than Italian softness—they have revolved through the whole circle of the sciences, and gathered a great many hard words in their orbit; more than all, they can dance, sing and play with an excellence surpassing the most sanguine hopes of their respected parents.

Accomplishments are very desirable things to possess: a word or two upon the use of them.

The legitimate use of accomplishments, (so far as others are concerned,) is to contribute to the entertainment of festive or social assemblies. For this reason, the subjects chosen for their display, ought to be such as the majority, at least, of the company can understand and enjoy. A discourse on astronomy, or a lesson in crewel work, would doubtless be highly interesting to some individuals, who might be found at a large party. But it will not be denied, that either of these would be an intolerable bore to the rest of the company, ignorant of, and indifferent to, the subject under discussion. And it seems obvious that the same rule may very justly be applied to the exercise of musical and other talents, under the same circumstances. Some part of the auditory will, probably, be qualified, by means of an educated ear, to appreciate the refined and elaborate music of the German and Italian schools—to admire the artistic skill, and the physical power, which enable the fair vocalist to overcome the studied difficulties of the opera—vibrating for five minutes, like a hovering hawk, over the trembling heads of two innocent notes, and anon leaping, like Byron's live thunder,

> "From peak to peak, the rattling crags among!"

Many more will affect to be enchanted, because they would fain be esteemed amateurs. "Brava"—"bravissima"—may resound on all sides, as the "hear—hear!" and the "great applause," are thrown in by the friends of a candidate, when he harangues at the hustings. Of course, no signs or sounds of discontent will be seen or

heard. But, after all, the great mass of listeners hear with more patience than pleasure. They do not comprehend, and their sympathies are untouched. The highest triumph of song is, at the same time, to charm the senses, and subdue the heart. To this end poetic sentiment, pathos, and natural feeling, must unite with the power of melody. And if the words be those of an unknown tongue—or a flat and insipid translation of some foreign rhapsody—if the music be of that artificial character, which requires for its enjoyment a particular study, training, and acquired taste—the performance must fail of its due effect upon most of those for whom it is intended. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that those, who are capable of appreciating, are most likely to be fastidious critics, even in their own despite. They have heard much of this kind of music—they are familiar with the style and manner, the execution and expression, of the *signoras* who have conferred celebrity on the favorite airs of the opera. They cannot choose but remember Madame Bishop and Tedesco, and the comparison will scarcely be advantageous to their imitators in society. Perhaps, if the critic be very good natured, the opinion may be suppressed: but the desire of showing off one's taste and judgment is very seducing; and if the critic chance to have a singing niece or daughter, or happen to be a rival herself—the temptation to detract is irresistible.

Let me not be understood as proscribing all the music of continental Europe. Perhaps no nation is without its share of music, whose power will be every where felt and acknowledged. And, certainly, this must be true, in an eminent degree, of those countries where it has been so highly cultivated. English composers have often transplanted and naturalized the flowers of foreign melody, and fed them with waters from the "well of English undefiled:" nor can our obligations be denied, until we forget "Away with Melancholy," "Home, Sweet Home," "Hope told a Flattering Tale," "Moore's National Melodies," and the thousand rich exotics that we have borrowed from Italy, and elsewhere, and taught to flourish on our own soil. On the other hand, the wild beauty and tenderness of the Scottish muse was recognized by Beethoven, the great master of Germany: and he did not disdain to employ his genius, in reducing her unwritten melodies to the printed score, and adding the finish of consummate art to the unstudied grace of nature. Let us then be neither ungrateful debtors, nor servile dependants. Let us cherish the music of our ancestors, Scotch, Irish, English—aye, and Welsh also, for though little known to us, they are near of kin. From these sources we derive our laws, our customs, our manners, and our literature; with all of which, and especially the last, our taste for melody has been transmitted, in intimate connexion. Let us adopt whatever we find good in the lays of other lands—whatever wakes "the soul of music" within us, and appeals with true eloquence to the heart—not those laborious efforts of skill which convert the human voice into a mere organ of sound, and simply astonish us, by the marvellous extent, to which they can task the powers of the instrument. The criterion—the touchstone—is at hand. Moliere, it is said, always read his comedies to his housekeeper, and augured the success or failure of particular scenes, from the sympathy or indifference of the old woman. We may resort to a standard, somewhat higher indeed, but not dissimilar. Whatever is acceptable to the great body of educated people—whether educated by books, or by intercourse with others—whatever moves their sympathy, and attracts their liking—is almost sure to possess real merit, and to be enjoyed even by the most refined amateur. And on the contrary, those songs, which are commended only by technical critics, professional musicians, and travelled pretenders to science and *bon ton*—however well they may be received by the select few—will be little admired by the untaught multitude, a multitude embracing by far the larger portion of our families, friends and intimate acquaintance.

What has been said upon the subject of singing might be repeated, to some extent, in relation to instrumental music. It must be admitted, however, that the tendency, in this direction, is much weaker. To master the complicated and rapid passages of Herz, Czerny and the other gentlemen with crooked names, requires an amount of severe and long continued practice, which discourages most pupils. And I am not sure, but their industry needs to be stimulated, quite as much as their taste to be corrected. The best instrumental music is unquestionably to be found in the compositions of Italy, Germany and France. With a few exceptions, in the English school, we have no other. For the most part, young ladies rest satisfied with the achievement of light waltzes, polkas and the like: pleasant trifles enough, but not comparable to the rich variations, spirited overtures, and full concertos of the same schools. Perhaps I may be met here with my own objection—that these pieces would not be relished by the majority, whom I have chosen as critics. But I am persuaded that many selections could be made, which would favorably impress even the untutored ear, and become popular, as soon as they were known.

The dance! "Lightly tread! 'tis hallowed ground." I almost wish I had not stepped into it, for I am by no means sure of my footing, and am

somewhat apprehensive that I may be compelled to "walk Spanish." There are difficulties on all sides. It is clear, we can never go back to the Highland Fling, the Strathespey, or the Irish Planxty. We should be as little at home in them, as if we had got into the plate armor of Froissart, or the ruffs and farthingales of queen Bess. Nay, even more recent fashions are long since obsolete. Where be now the country dance (*contre-danse*), the Minuet de la cour and the Gavotte de Vestris? Vanished—all vanished! Even the cotillon, stigmatised by the Spectator as an outlandish and indecent exhibition, has survived the reproach of its youth, and acquired a respectable character, as it grew too old for the times. The quadrille has succeeded—the waltz—the mazurka—the polka—the redowa—and what new figure may be in the ascendant, when these pages shall have attained the dignity of print, no man, or woman, can foretell. It is impossible to pronounce with confidence on the politics of France, the shape of a bonnet, the tie of a cravat, or the cut of a caper, longer than twenty-four hours after the last steamer has been telegraphed. Such being the tumultuous agitations of this class of public affairs, I may well be excused from attempting to lay down any specific laws for the dance. There is a general principle, however, which should be of universal application, and of lasting influence, through every change of fashion.

Dancing is said to be the poetry of motion. Like other poetry, it is capable of portraying a great variety of feelings, some of which might perhaps be omitted, with no great detriment to the public morals. The peasant's rejoicing at May Day or Harvest Home—the stern and savage hate of the Indian brave on his war path—the innocent and frolic glee of childhood—the voluptuous *abandon* of Eastern dancing girls—all these, and a hundred other feelings, find ready and forcible expression in the dance. Its character and expression, therefore, are the things to be determined: and upon these depend the question of its propriety. If a young lady finds, either in her own consciousness, or in her observation of others, that a fashionable dance calls up any thought or feeling, which she would blush to acknowledge, for her at least that dance is improper. Nor will she act unwisely, if, even without such experience of her own, she yields to the objections or the prejudices of those, whose interest in her confers the right to advise. It is better to forego pleasure and admiration, than to purchase them at the cost of even the least portion of the respect which is her due. What is innocent in itself may become odious through the license of others, and deserve to be shunned no less, than if the vice had been inherent. These suggestions leave a wide margin, as the moralists say, for the exercise of individual discretion. That discretion must necessarily attach to every question of morality and propriety: to none more especially, than to one which turns upon considerations of delicacy, and in which the consciousness, upon which it depends, cannot be delegated to another person.

The conversation and demeanor of a young lady, more than all other things, determine the figure which she is to make in society, and the place she is to fill. And, here, the two great requisites are modesty and simplicity: by the latter of which qualities is meant the absence of all affectation. The first entrance into company is generally accompanied by a certain degree of timidity and embarrassment. To disguise these, the fair *debutante* often indulges in some little artifice, some trick of manner, which in no long time grows into a confirmed habit, and continues through life. One has a lisp, another a mincing gait; a third fingers her jewelry, or her neck-dress, and a fourth is perpetually arranging curls that are absolutely faultless. Some, more deliberately artful, affect characters that are thought attractive. The romantic class is almost extinct. Shepherdesses and heroines belong to the last century, or, at the latest, to the generation which has preceded us. Since the days of Cherubina, we have not known a damsel worthy to tread the vale of Tempe, or the passes of the Pyrenees. But there are other follies extant. Flavia studies wit and sarcasm—delights in satire and repartee: almost daily she loses a friend, or makes an enemy, and gains nothing but a reputation for rudeness and malice, which she does not altogether deserve.

Ellen, on the contrary, is gentle and timid in the extreme: her tones are soft, her manner always placid and subdued: her eyes never sparkle—no emotion finds expression in them, save a humid sensibility—and she would be entirely irresistible, if she were not perfectly insipid.

Priscilla is a girl of spirit, (what the cockneys call "a fast lady.") She despises prudery. Above the silly prejudices of her sex, she loves the reputation of an *esprit fort*, and ventures boldly upon topics and expressions, that are usually reckoned among the *propria quæ maribus*. She glories in calling a spade a spade—

> "In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
> What Nature dares to give, she dares to name."

This humor, as it is the most disgusting, is fortunately the most uncommon, of affectations. It has its source in a depraved fancy, and corrupted feelings—and their pitiable possessor is sure to find herself avoided, in the end, for the very qualities, which attracted on first acquaintance. Most young men are willing enough to be

amused for an hour or two, by the piquant familiarity of a young lady who "has no false shame:" but, just in proportion as she sinks in their respect, she loses the true magnetic influence that belongs to woman, and the repulsive force of aversion takes its place.

Other masqueraders are to be seen, in endless variety. Here is a specimen of innocent playfulness, whose face wears an invariable smile, and whose tongue utters incessant nonsense—there a learned lady, profoundly read in philosophy and the sciences, or at least addicted to belles lettres and periodicals, perhaps a contributor—this is a Di Vernon, with no greater abatement of her beauty and talent than we might reasonably expect—and that, an interesting invalid, who has begun by feigning to be nervous and fragile, and will probably end by becoming so. Pass a season in any large city—throw yourself into the current of gay life—and your own observation will far exceed my imperfect descriptions.

Every affectation is a blemish. Patches and paint recommend a face to no one, whose taste is not sadly vitiated. A woman may be handsome through all such disguises: and she may be fascinating, in spite of foibles and caprices. But they add nothing to her merit, or her power to please. They may be sometimes diverting, but the laugh is too much at her expense. If I had but one word to say to my fair readers, by way of maxim, it should be this—"Be natural—be yourselves! Correct your faults, if you can: but at all events, appear just what you really are, and never affect to be any body else."

Few things are more important than a modest dignity of deportment in public. The exuberance of youthful spirits, and the excitement of the ball, or the theatre, too often betray the thoughtless into noisy levity, which disturbs their neighbors and provokes invidious remark. But this is not the worst. Sometimes we see superadded a bold spirit of coquetry, which, mistaking notoriety for admiration, sets at naught the laws of decorum; sometimes an arrogance, which seeks to display its fancied superiority, by disregarding the rules of common politeness. Ladies of this turn of mind become restless and attitudinize—talk and laugh loudly—make a liberal use of *lorgnettes*—utter audible criticisms on those whom they deem their inferiors—transgress the regulations of the place—and manifest, in every way, a contempt for the rights, the convenience, and the feelings, of other people.

Such airs are conspicuous among the new fashionables: those, who have just effected a lodgment on the outer edge of "the upper crust," and are striving to work their way into more noticeable positions. They may be observed, too, not unfrequently, in some of the provincial gentry, who know little of the world, beyond the contracted circle of their own local influence and reputation; and who presume on the faded lustre of aristocratic names, which half the people around them have long since forgotten. Thus do extremes meet: and the mushroom celebrities of to-day shoot up alongside of suckers from the decaying roots of the old fathers of the forest.

True elegance of manner, no matter how animated, is never boisterous. It does not challenge the eye and ear of the multitude. Its very essence is a quiet self-possession, a graceful ease, joined to a considerate respect for others; which nothing would so much disturb, as the consciousness of having unduly attracted the public gaze. The opposite feeling properly belongs to the heroines of the stage: whose hard lot obliges them to the public display of their talents and charms, and compels them to labor for the applause of the audience, to whom they look for their daily bread. Far from the daughters of Virginia be the reproach, which the caustic pen of an English satirist inflicted upon his countrywomen a hundred years since—

> "Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
> Too fond of admiration, lose their price:
> Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
> To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight."

A wise admonition! too little heard or heeded, either at that day, or in this. Yes! the true sphere of woman is at home. There her loveliness is pure, bright, and unfading. There her presence fills the dwelling, however humble, with light and happiness, and the hearts of the dwellers therein with joy, and gratitude, and love. There is she most highly honored and beloved. There will she be sought and admired, wooed and won, by him who is worthiest of her affection and her trust.

And now, dear young ladies, as your sincere friend and servant prepares to make his bow and take his leave, he feels an uncomfortable doubt as to the impression which he may leave behind. On the one hand, his self love, (fed by the consciousness of good intentions,) prompts the hope that you may discover some tincture of sound sense, and wholesome counsel, in his desultory lecture. On the other, he is not without apprehension, that his departure may be felt as a relief from the penance of constrained politeness, and that a repetition of his visit may be less desired, than that of some younger and more agreeable acquaintance. However this shall be, he prays that you will remember him with indulgence, if you deign to remember him at all; and with the most earnest wishes for your health, happiness, and honor, he bids you all farewell.

THE BAPTISMAL OF DEATH.

MR. EDITOR:—Being on a visit, last Autumn, to one of the most beautiful and pleasant cities of New England, the residence of "AMIE," I availed myself of the opportunity to pay my respects to her. Hitherto, her retiring modesty, not to say extreme diffidence, has kept her from becoming as widely and favorably known as the purity of her private character and the excellence of her writings, some of which have occasionally appeared in print, will, I think, be found fully to justify. Having recently (in fulfilment of a promise made at the time I called,) been honored with copies of two or three of her pieces, "selected (as she observes in her note inclosing them,) from a heterogeneous mass of unpublished papers, not from any favoritism, but as a specimen of the whole," I have thought I could not do better than offer one of them for publication in the Messenger. She adds: "I would hardly dare subject articles to your particular notice, were it not that you have seen and kindly commended those written long since, when I was even less able than at present, to express the manifold thoughts, rushing through my mind, swiftly, silently—changing ever, like clouds in the twilight heaven. I have written much during the past year, yet little to which the gay world would listen; for the music that echoes from the 'sanctuary of sorrow,' is too dirge-like for the happy and light-hearted." The allusion here is to the loss of a brother and two sisters, all of whom died within a short time of each other.

But let the following lines speak for themselves. The appeal, I am confident, will not be in vain.

K.

Washington, D. C.

Oh! Mother, I had a sweet, sweet dream,
  When you laid me to rest last night—
I but lost your dark eye's loving beam,
  For a purer, a holier light.
I thought I wandered to gather flowers,
  In the woods where I often stray,
Where the merry sunbeams in golden showers,
  O'er the glossy, dark leaves play;—
But it looked as if a radiant glow
  To every thing was given,
Sweeter than all we here may know—
  Like what we dream of Heaven!
The air, as a mirror, seemed to fling
  A form where each light breeze play'd,—
Till I almost thought I saw its wing
  Go flitting through the shade.
And the trees above their branches threw,
  As the holy light swept down,
Till each had won from the realms of blue,
  A glittering silvery crown.
And I thought as the flowers their perfumes shed
  So silently and sweet,
Of the holy oil with which you said
  They bathed the Savior's feet!
I sat by a stream, flowing calm and still,
  And a garland of fair buds twined,
While the oriole's song, with a music-thrill,
  Trembled out upon the wind.
And as I bent o'er the mossy side,
  Something softly breathed my name,
And it echoed sweet o'er the sunny tide,
  As if up through the blue it came.
I know not why, yet the swift tears flowed
  O'er the waves, thro' my golden curls,
But beneath the waters they blent and glowed,
  Like a wreath of living pearls!
And richer the music upward stole,
  Till an angel form appeared—
And a thrilling joy swept o'er my soul,
  For oh! I nothing feared.
And the Angel breathed as he took my hand,—
  "Thou art happy, and gay, and free,
And I've come with a gift from a holy Land,
  That thou ever thus may be!—
There's many a shade with earth's brightness blent,
  Too dark for thy sunny eye,
And I with a power divine am sent
  That they pass thee harmless by."
Then he led me down thro' the crystal stream,
  Till the pure waves kiss'd my brow,
And trembling above with a sparkling gleam,
  As he whispered, "safe art thou!"
And rainbows of glory were arching bright,
  From the streamlet to the sky,
And seraphs there seemed borne in light
  To their happy home on high—
And I softly slipp'd from the sacred stream,
  In joy with my Angel guide,—
But, I woke, to find it all a dream,
  And you smiling at my side.

—

'Twas a bright, a joyous summer-day,
  And the child was in the wood—
The sunbeams and zephyrs were out at play,
  To gladden the solitude.
Down the dreamy shadows the rich light broke,
  In streams of flowing gold,
And the air was hush'd, tho' the light breeze spoke
  And in music its gladness told.
The sweet child in joy thro' the wild-wood glanced
  All merrily along,
And the dewy flowers with her light feet danced,
  To the wild bird's echoing song,
She gathered rich blossoms as on she sped,
  But a whisper broke on her ear,
And she passed with a lighter, a holier tread,
  Where a stream rushed calm and clear.
On the mossy bank, with a dreary air,
  She softly bent the knee,
And a sacred hush, like a worldless prayer,
  Swept o'er the waters free—
'Neath the weight of holiness she thrilled,
  And in thought-like silence wept,
And her tears like dew o'er flowers distilled,
  In her eye's clear sunlight slept.
The violet's breath came sweetly round,
  And the waters murmured by,
Till whispering echoes wreathed each sound
  To seraph-minstrelsy!
Farther she knelt o'er the bank's green side,
  Sweeter rose the stream's soft flow,
And each lily that waved above the tide,
  Seemed an angel's wing below!—
The blue waves played with her curls of gold,
  And kissed away her breath—
She pass'd to a Land of light untold,
  From the *Baptismal of Death!*

AMIE.

GOV. McDOWELL'S SPEECH.

The greatest speech of these latter days, is that just delivered in Congress by Gov. McDowell. *Governor* McDowell we style him, after the fond and somewhat proud fashion we have in Virginia of continuing this designation to all who have once presided over the State, even after they have acquired for themselves national rank—thus claiming for ourselves the lustre of their celebrity, and perhaps intimating that there is no dignity superior to that of the chief magistracy of the Old Dominion.

The transcendent character of this effort has been established beyond the reach of criticism. Never have we read such unmitigated plaudits as have filled all our papers. The Washington correspondents seem to be almost insane. "It is the greatest speech of the season—it is the greatest ever delivered in either house of Congress—or any where else!—it is the greatest in the English language—it has the power of Chatham, the point of Sheridan, the polish of Addison, the patriotism of Henry!!" &c., &c.

Now what does all this mean? Why, that the speech must be all this and more too if possible, to account for its having produced in the Hall of Representatives, a sensation, an excitement, a *boulevereement*, without a parallel in the history of American deliberative eloquence, and not surpassed by any thing which we have an account of, as happening elsewhere in ancient or modern times. An eye-witness, (a member of Congress,) thus describes the scene:

"To-day the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Post Office Appropriation Bill, and Mr. Turner having made a speech against the Southern Address, the floor was taken by Gov. McDowell, for a speech upon the question of a State government for California. At the conclusion of his hour, the House, with one accord, called on him to proceed, and he continued to occupy the attention of the Committee for three-fourths of an hour longer, in delivering perhaps the most eloquent and effective speech ever delivered in the Representatives' Hall. Many members were in tears, and among them the Speaker of the House, (Mr. Winthrop,) more than once during the delivery of his speech. For a quarter of an hour after he had concluded, so great was the sensation in the Hall, that no business was done. . . . . "I never in my life heard such a speech as that of Gov. McDowell. 'I will not attempt to describe it,' Mr. ——, a whig member, remarked to me at its conclusion, when his face was still wet with tears," &c. &c.

Another writer speaks of the House as dissolved in tears.

General attention from the lower House of the American Congress, to its speakers, is, we are sorry to say, an unusual compliment, and an eloquent speaker who addressed the house some days before Mr. McDowell, thought it incumbent on him to pause in his remarks, and return his thanks for it; to suspend the hour rule, was to shew that they were in a transport—but to be dissolved in tears! The lower House dissolved in tears! "Think of that, Master Brook, think of that!" We have seen men shed tears in church, and sometimes in the jury box, but in a legislative body, never. We confess that we would have been hardly as much surprised to hear that the American Union had been dissolved into its integers, as we were to hear that the American Congress was dissolved in tears. The cool New Englander—the haughty South Carolinian—the Texan Ranger from his ranche—the atra-bilious Mississippian—the rough roarer from Arkansas, blistering with their pearly drops the Congressional documents on the desks before them! Well, it proves that our people have hearts, and hearts in the right place; of which we never had any doubt,—and it proves another thing too, which many had begun to doubt, viz: that true eloquence is a reality, even in modern times. The face of society has changed so completely, that some are beginning to imagine that the heart of man has changed too. Chivalry has certainly gone, and Royalty seems to be going, and some talk as if Poetry was a humbug, and Eloquence a tradition—that because Macaulay writes such splendid prose, there is no room for Poetry—and because our most successful stump speakers mingle in equal parts conversational argument, pointed anecdote, and florid declamation, that there is no height above for the orator—that Demosthenes, and Chatham, and Henry, if they could speak to an audience in the 19th century, would be obliged to curve in the swoop of their wings. But not so—man is in body, mind and moral nature, the same being that God made him at first, and ever will be. It is true, that men have not of late been much stirred by true eloquence, but it is because we have not had the orators to do it. The harp is silent as well when no master hand sweeps the chords, as when the chords are broken. But ever and anon, we have something to keep us from yielding to the melancholy conviction that the divine art of eloquence is gone. This speech is an unimpeachable witness upon the point just now.

Nor is the notion which we are combatting merely a false speculation. It is hurtful in practice. Let men have low, creeping ideas of eloquence as an art, and our public speakers will

rapidly deteriorate. What the present style of popular speaking is, we have briefly indicated already; and if this is to be held up as the best and most effective style, our young men will presently come to look upon any thing beyond as unreal, fantastic and unbecoming—ill suited to present affairs as the subtleties of Thomas Aquinas. Colleges will yield to the pressure, and the studies which have for their object the cultivation of some of the highest powers of the mind, together with the taste, and the power of expression, will be set aside as not sufficiently practical. But let it be understood that while clever, effective popular speaking has its place, its merit and its reward, there is a something above this, that there is a *mens divinior atque os magna sonaturum*, and we shall see our men of real power, striving for this real eloquence, and not as now, purposely *under speaking* themselves, from a supposed necessity of meeting the requirements of the age.

If any thing can contribute to this change of opinion and practice, we think Gov. McDowell's speech is likely to do it; as well by presenting a specimen of real eloquence, as by showing that such eloquence will be appreciated and duly honored, as much now as it would have been at any former time.

Nor let it be supposed that there was any thing special or accidental connected with this speech, which will go any distance in accounting for its marvellous effects. The subject was certainly a momentous one. There never was a great speech delivered upon any other than a great subject, as from the nature of the case there never could be. Hercules himself could put forth no more strength than another man in lifting up a pin. The subject was surely great, but other distinguished speakers had spoken upon it, and by their efforts had gained great praise in the papers and elsewhere; but we observe of them all, that when the Speaker's hammer fell, they were allowed to take their seats. By-the-bye, the greatest speech before Mr. McDowell's in point of time, and the next after it in celebrity, was delivered by Mr. Preston of Montgomery. Mr. Preston is a near kinsman, (first cousin we believe,) of Mr. McDowell. The Senator from Missouri, who speaks as Achilles fought, is his brother-in-law; and William C. Preston, the champion of South Carolina in her time of need, and still her pride, though borne down by affliction, is by a complex relationship, his brother-in-law and cousin. The family relationship between these distinguished speakers is a curious coincidence worth noting. Nor is the applause which has rung through our land the outcry of a party cheering a successful partisan effort. No reliance can ever be put upon a party estimate. If you will exhibit to the gaze of men their cherished idols, even a silversmith's harangue is enough to make them cry out for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." But Gov. McDowell's speech was not made to a party, nor is it extolled by the one party more than by the other. Neither does it possess any thing of that ambiguousness which sometimes causes both sides to exclaim "a second Daniel come to judgment." It is a southern speech, so far as it is allowable to designate truth as sectional, and its doctrines can be acceptable to the abolitionists only when they confess their sins, and what is harder their egregious folly.

We are not then to look to any thing temporary or accidental connected with the delivery of this speech for the secret of its unparalleled success. We are shut up to the conclusion that its *vis insita* accomplished the wonder.

So much for the speech as spoken. Of its character as such, one who had not the fortune to hear it can only speculate as we have done, taking as our basis the impression which by general consent it is agreed that it made. But as to the written speech, the case is different. We have it in our hands, we can read and read again—we can criticise, we can judge. As soon as the speech was delivered, and the mighty explosion of praise reverberated through the country, every one exclaimed almost simultaneously, "No speech in the world can sustain this weight of commendation;—when it is published, every one must of necessity be disappointed." But the fact that such an opinion was universal, proved that it was erroneous; for it showed that all were prepared to make the proper allowance for the difference between a spoken and a published speech.

Indeed almost every one has so often verified this difference for himself, that nothing is more familiar. We read the thunders of Demosthenes against Philip, and the invectives of Cicero against Cataline with admiration certainly, but without emotion. Such fragments as have been preserved of Lord Chatham's speeches are grand, but there must have been in them something more than meets our eye. to have subdued as they did the English Parliament. Our own Henry stands secure and eminent among the great masters we have named; but he stands upon tradition rather than upon what has been reported from his lips. And so of the speeches of Burke and Pitt and Fox—the Warren Hastings speech of Sheridan and McIntosh's defence of Peltier; and so of the sermons of Chalmers and Hall—read them and you feel their power, and see the light of genius flashing from every page, but if they were not something more to others when spoken, than they are to you when read, then those who were so moved by them

were enthusiasts, or you are deficient in sensibility if not in sense. Of all modern speeches with which we are acquainted, Mr. Webster's national orations, as the one on Bunker Hill and the one on Jefferson and Adams, seem to come up when read nearest to their high-water mark. Mr. Clay's give no just idea of his power over an audience. In accounting for this great and well known difference between the effect of the same speech when spoken, and when read, it is usual to dismiss it with the summary remark, that the charm of delivery is absent in the latter case. Good delivery is a great thing we know, but it must be much greater than we are willing to allow, if it covers the actual difference between a House of Representatives melted into silently gushing tears, and breaking up in a kind of oblivious disorder, and the solitary reader, absorbed it is true with swelling breast, a moist eye, and a choking sensation about his throat, but still master of himself, and ready as soon as he finishes reading, to eat his dinner with an appetite unimpaired. We say that to account for the diminished effect there must be the absence of something more than delivery merely. What this something wanted is, it would lead us too far to attempt to explain fully; but we may be allowed a single word. Mainly then, we would say the circumstances are widely different in the two cases. The Greek dreaded Philip as *his* foe—the Roman saw Cataline with his dagger drawn against the heart of the city that was *his* home. Those who heard the sublime apostrophe, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death," felt that the alternative was presented to *them* too—and when the son of West Augusta, in thrilling words, half entreaty, half demand, all steeped in love, and winged with truth, called upon Massachusetts for a sister's charity and a sister's duty, Speaker Winthrop and every Massachusetts Representative there felt that appeal knocking at the door of their hearts. The reader cannot feel this, and therefore cannot feel as they did. Let us add to this, the power of sympathy, the infection of feeling, the circulation of sentiment, and if we have not fully accounted for the difference between hearing and reading, we have at least indicated what has five times as much to do with it, as what is usually meant by delivery. Nor is it true we believe that all the great orators were noted for their powers of delivery. However this may be, we are sure that Gov. McDowell does not possess a delivery of that magic, irresistible power which certainly does wonders sometimes. His manner is good—positively good; we are not certain that it is much more. It is satisfying, but not compelling—it sustains his high efforts, but cannot be said to add essentially to them. Gov. McDowell possesses a commanding person, over which he has a graceful control—a handsome face, with that unmistakeable blended expression, which denotes the equal combination of high intellectual and moral characteristics; and a voice clear and true, but not remarkable for tone or power, though of varied modulation within a certain compass. In his utterance and in his pronunciation he is nice to fastidiousness, and his gesticulation is natural, but limited. Where all these qualities are found, it secures a manner that no one will find fault with, but at the same time this manner may lack what in our college days we used to call *vim*. We despise a ranting manner—contortions of the countenance—falsettos in the voice up and down—starting backwards and forwards and sideways—the *supplosio pedis et percussio femoris*. But there are tones which curdle the heart's blood; there are gestures which open the way for a mighty thought, and there is about some orators a Niagara rush that carries all with it. Gov. McDowell, gifted as he is, does not possess this power. Not therefore, we repeat, to the subject of this speech, not to anything accidental, not to the powers of elocution are we to look to find wherein its great strength lies—but to the speech itself. Let us then look at it a little as a work of art. It is of course unnecessary to give any synopsis of a production by this time so well known; and for the same reason we will spare ourselves the trouble of making any extracts from it. Any reference that we may make, will be sufficiently intelligible to every reader.

What strikes us most in this speech, is the simplicity of the materials of which it is constructed. The centre proposition about which it revolves is that our country is in eminent peril, and that it is in the power of Congress to avert that peril; the feelings to which he addresses himself are those of patriotism and sacred brotherhood; the example he proposes for imitation is that of our forefathers, exhibited in the compromise character of the constitution, and illustrated by the magnanimity of the South, then and since; and the main argumentative proposition is that the North is entirely mistaken in supposing that the extension, so called, of slavery will tend to its increase, or the contrary policy to its final extinction. Now all these ideas are, we say, simple and not new. They are simple, but they are grand; and that is just the characteristic of sublimity. Look at the greatest works from the Iliad, with its *speciosa miracula*, down to the present times, and you will find that where they are most simple, they are greatest. Look to all who, as speakers, have swayed the sentiments of men, and you will find that they have done it upon obvious propositions and simple principles, and it cannot be otherwise. Truth is natural and straightforward.

In nine cases out of ten, the strongest reason is the most obvious one; and when as the exception it is otherwise, all men, except judges on the bench, entertain with distrust an opinion founded upon a wire-drawn argument. Is every one then a great speaker who takes up obvious topics? By no means; as any one may convince himself who will take the trouble to look over the reported speeches of the last, or of any previous session of Congress. What is wanted is the power of the reasoner to connect admitted premises with disputed conclusions, and the genius of the orator to give to a deduction of reason the reality, the vitality, and the solemn sanction of a rule of conduct. To do this in its full measure, that old requirement of the books, and older one of nature, must be met. The orator must himself believe the truth of what he is uttering, and be under the impulse which he would communicate. This unaffected sincerity is the next general characteristic of this speech, and it colors every page. We see the man before us—not the partisan—not the demagogue—not the Buncombeite, but the patriot, the statesman, the scholar, the God-fearing man, pouring out of his heart feelings which have their constant home there.

Another thing to be noted, is the moderation which reigns throughout the whole. He does not claim perfection for the measure he supports, but freely admits that it is liable to objections, which under other circumstances might be fatal. He does not deny that there is evil connected with slavery, and he does not pour unmitigated denunciation on his opponents. Only upon two topics has he sublimely spurned limitation; and upon these two, faint words are falsehoods—the value of our union and the solemn duty of defending it. To leave this general survey and notice some particulars, we would say that the introduction seems to us to be a master-piece. It is not like some of Cicero's, artificial and ornamented, but like many of Demosthenes', plain almost to poverty. We confess that we were at first disappointed. We expected something solemn and grand, about the circumstances of the occasion, whereas we met with what looked like the commencement of a dry constitutional argument. But we presently saw the intent. The orator meant to treat this subject upon high grounds, and it was necessary to lift the discussion to the level which he had chosen. In order to do this, he gives a lucid argument, positive without dogmatism, and brief without obscurity, and fortified moreover with the authority of Mr. Madison, to show that there are no constitutional impediments in the course proposed, and thus the field is open for him to press his appeal to the high motives which ought to actuate every lover of his country. The cool movement of the introduction heightens moreover the effect of what follows. This value of contrast, great orators understand, as well as great painters, and conscious of power, sometimes tantalize the hearers with less than a full measure. Not that we suppose that Governor McDowell thought for a moment of the artistic effect of contrast; he proceeded, according to the most natural mode, to develop his ideas, but it happens here, as it often does, that the dictates of nature are coincident with the highest rules of art. Speaking of happy coincidences, we cannot forbear noticing the luck, if we may so call it, that made the allotted hour run out just where it did. Governor McDowell had just announced the proposition of a close resemblance between the American Cavalier and the American Roundhead. To hear that resemblance traced by such a speaker, the House, in the transport that it then was in, was ready to suspend not the hour rule merely, but we verily believe a small fraction of the Constitution itself. It was just the breaking off in the Arabian Nights of Scheherazade, at a point where the Sultan cared more for the story than he did for his fatal law.

Where Governor McDowell speaks of the effect of the non-extension policy, we see the matured opinions of a mind long accustomed to view the subject of slavery in all its lights. His position in relation to some late movements has not failed to be the subject of remark, and most men would have deemed the occasion one which would have justified some personal explanation; not so, Mr. McDowell. He felt that the themes he was handling were too high and holy to allow that any one man should thrust his individuality among them. And he was right. Let the Representative explain his course if necessary to his constituents in their primary assemblies, or through the papers if he will; but he who attempts something national must forget himself or he will soon be forgotten by others.

We think that all readers, North and South, will be struck with the grouping which he gives of the series of legal acts proceeding more or less directly from the hands of Southern men and Southern States, all of which have gone to restrict the institution of slavery, both in its limits and its political strength; and we know not how any one can resist his conclusion, that all parties ought to be thankful for what has been done, and ought to leave all else to the controlling and natural course of events.

Were we, however, called on to name what seems to us the most effective passage in the speech, we would select that in which Massachusetts is reminded of what Virginia did in the matter of the Boston Port Bill. It is the sub-

lime pointing of Manlius when charged with sedition to the capitol he had saved. How the spirit of the past rebukes the chafings of the present! When we think of the mighty surge of danger which, with brave brother breasts, our forefathers confronted then, how next to nothing seem the interposed rivulets that would make us enemies now!

But we must hasten to the orator's conclusion, as we find that it is the only way to get to a conclusion of our own. Every one knows that the winding up of a speech is a perilous thing—*facilis descensus*, is not true, in one sense at least, in oratory. Mr. McDowell escapes the danger of a fall, by not coming down at all. According to those fanciful stanzas by Longfellow, after height upon height has been gained, and at last all is over, a sound falls down from somewhere supernal, bodying the world "Excelsior." This is the aptest allusion which occurs to us to illustrate the Governor's finale. What is a little singular, he selects for this hour of need, a steed that he had ridden before—a gallant one it is true, and able to do double work, if ever there was one. He re-delivers verbatim the conclusion of his celebrated Princeton Address. Of course it was familiar to every one in the House, for it had gone through the length and breadth of the land, and we have seen it besides fitted into other settings, and it was not a thing to be forgotten. We can hardly say whether we like it or not. It was just the thing that was needed here, and perhaps no other man in the Union could furnish any thing else as good. Perhaps Mr. McDowell himself could not, and therefore he has used it, as he had a perfect right to do, seeing it is no felony to steal from one's self. Still it looks like literary adultery, to have the same peroration married to two living speeches. At all events, to change the figure, we are sure that as the conclusion to the Princeton Address it will ever hereafter have to us the rather unpleasant look of something born out of due time.

One word as to the mere style. We have heard some persons say that they were very much struck with the brilliancy of the illustrations and the allusions; we cannot say that we were particularly. It has been our good fortune often to hear the Governor in easy conversation, for hours together, throw off extemporaneously, bright, apposite things of this sort, fully as good as the best in the speech, and a good deal better than the "open sesame" one and some others. Let us be understood to put in a saving clause in favor of the West Augusta conclusion. We take off our cap to this and hold it to be among illustrations what the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day is among lyrics. As to the language, who does not praise it! Still we would be no true critic did we allow it to be perfect, and we would be much better critic than we aspire to be, could we point out wherein it could be amended. It is pure, elegant and classic, but with a slight tendency to expletiveness—it is exact without pedantry, and picturesque without mannerism—nevertheless, had it a trifle more about it of the rough Anglo-Saxon jar, it would please our ear better—but, nevertheless again, we would not advise Gov. McDowell to attempt anychange in the language, unless he can get better authority than ours, that it would be an improvement.

We have confined our notice of this speech to its character as a specimen of eloquence. What may be its political influence, we pretend not to estimate. The bill it advocated did not pass, (we wish the vote had been taken as soon as it was finished.) But what then? Men may vote one way and think another, and the secret conviction of this year may turn into the vote of the next. An old writer has said of affliction, as connected with the reception of religious truth, "when the ground is soft the plough will enter." So let us think of the truth conveyed in this speech. There were many hearts softened in the Hall of our National Legislature. May we not hope that, in that sacred hour, impressions were made whose hallowed tendencies will be to remove suspicion, to lessen jealousies, to restrain strife, and to heal the hurt of our country by melting the hearts of her sons into a blessed brotherhood?

S. L. C.

THE ISTHMUS LINE TO THE PACIFIC.

Before presenting to our readers the following letter of Lieut. Maury on the subject of a line of improvement across the Isthmus to the Pacific, we have a word to say with regard to the Convention proposed to be held at Memphis on the fourth day of July next. The objects which this Convention has in view, are briefly set forth in a circular letter of invitation, addfessed to us by a committee of gentlemen at Memphis. We transfer it to our pages.

Memphis, Tenn., March 1st, 1849.

Sir: The attention of the people of the Union has recently been directed to the consideration of the expediency of constructing a RAIL ROAD from the valley of the Mississippi to California, for the double object of rendering still more valuable our vast possessions on the Pacific, and placing within our grasp the commerce with Asia;—a dazzling prize with maritime nations for more than twenty centuries.

St. Louis, in Missouri, and other points still further north, have been designated as most suitable for the commencement of the proposed work. The citizens of Arkansas, at a recent public meeting, at their Capital, in which the leading men of

the State participated, considering the national character of the work, with entire unanimity suggested the point opposite Memphis as being most nearly central to the whole Union; below most of the great tributaries of the Mississippi; below the frost bound regions of the North, and in a direct line of connection with another grand scheme of improvement,—the Atlantic and Mississippi Rail Road; and with the view of eliciting an expression of public sentiment on the subject, they have recommended that a convention be held at Memphis, on the fourth day of July next.

Our citizens, in public meeting, have promptly and cordially seconded the movement made in Arkansas; and, in pursuance of the objects of that meeting, the undersigned have been appointed a committee of correspondence.

In the discharge of our duty, we invoke your aid and influence in directing public sentiment towards the great design; and invite you to be present at the proposed convention.

We are respectfully,

J. T. TREZEVANT,	A. B. WARFORD,
DAVID LOONEY,	R. TOPP,
M. B. WINCHESTER,	H. VAN PELT,
R. C. BRINKLEY,	S. WHEATLEY,
JOHN POPE,	R. J. YANCEY,
R. B. J. TWYMAN,	JAMES PENN.

John R. Thompson, Esq.

We shall look with great interest to the result of the deliberations of this Convention, fully persuaded, as we are, that Memphis is in all respects the most desirable spot for the eastern terminus of the great American railway to California. That this railway will be constructed speedily we consider as a foregone conclusion. And in this view of the matter we desire most respectfully to make a suggestion to the Convention itself.

In Lieut. Maury's letter to the Hon. T. Butler King, published in this magazine in April, 1848, the striking fact was stated for the first time, that a straight line let fall on a common terrestrial globe from Panama to Changhai in China, so far from passing directly across the Pacific, would pass through the Gulf of Mexico and the State of Louisiana towards Oregon and cross the ocean many thousand miles to the north of the Sandwich Islands. This fact, so easy of ascertainment to all and yet so little known until stated by Lieut. Maury, excited great surprise everywhere. Recurring to this great *Commercial Circle*, Lieut. Maury now shows that when the line from Memphis to California and the improvement of the Isthmus shall have been completed, the United States will be in the direct route of travel from the South American States on the Pacific to China. We respectfully suggest therefore to the Memphis Convention some prompt action on the connection across the Isthmus, with a view to securing the travel across the American continent, making it indeed the *Highway of nations*. This object is of course subordinate in point of time to the great railway across the country to our California possessions, but as the design of the Convention is rather to fix the terminus of a road already resolved on, than to consider upon the propriety of the road itself, we should be pleased to see it take steps towards the construction of the Isthmus line as a work of the highest importance and as calculated in an eminent degree, to augment the usefulness of the Continental scheme.—[*Ed. Mess.*

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7th, 1849.

Sir,—Your letter of the 5th inst. has been received. You ask my opinion as to the comparative advantages of a rail road across Tehuantepec and Darien to the Pacific, and desire my views as to the effect of such a communication upon commerce and navigation.

Whatever of information this office affords concerning the great interests of Navigation is at the public service.

Your letter opens before me the whole subject of a communication with the Pacific. It is a most important one, and as wide as important. Though my time is very fully occupied with other duties of the office, I should be glad to devote several days exclusively to the subject. But you call for a speedy reply. Therefore I must content myself with giving such information only as I happen to have at hand. I could wish it were better worth the having.

An impression has been made upon the public mind that the depth of water on the bar across the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos river, which empties from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec into the Gulf of Mexico, is 20 feet or more. Two charts have been published recently by this office of the mouth and bar of that river from surveys made by order of Commodore Perry in 1847 and 1848. These surveys agree in giving it a depth of not more than 12½ feet.

With regard to the draft of water here, Commodore Perry writes me under date of January 25th, 1849—"I have crossed the bar several times myself sounding both ways, and have had three several surveys made, and the average depth in the channel has *not exceeded* 12½ *feet*."

This bar is open to the north; and of course the *northers*, which are so terrible in the Gulf, have their full sweep at it. The swell which they raise, assumes, when it arrives off the bar, the shape of rollers, which break across it in such a manner as to render it impracticable for any vessel, however light her draft, to go in or to come out.

During the season of the northers, the approaches to the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos and all that part of the Mexican coast are very dangerous, for if a vessel be caught there, you will see by examining the coast line which is in the shape of a horse shoe opening to the north, that they would have a lee shore, and be embayed without any harbor or port of refuge to which they could flee for shelter. From these causes alone, independent of the difficulties on the Pacific side, the communication between the sea and a rail road or canal across Tehuantepec would be attended with difficulty and danger. It would moreover be liable to frequent and annoying interruptions

from time to time during four or five months of the year when the northers prevail.

These winds sometimes blow a week or more without ceasing, during which time the waves of the sea are so heavy as to make it impossible for any vessel to cross the bar. The Mississippi steamer, during the Mexican war was caught off that coast in a norther. She was at anchor on the outside, and yet the sea ran so high as to cause material damage to that leviathan of a ship. The tops of her wheel-houses are some 25 or 30 feet above the water line, yet such was the force of the waves that they swept away from the tops of them her boats which had been stowed up there for safety. The ship herself was also damaged.

On the Pacific side; this Isthmus is washed by what is called the Gulf of Tehuantepec. The shores of this Gulf embrace a coast line of some 300 miles in extent; about 250 miles of which, including the proposed Pacific terminus of the communication across, resembles in its geological features the coast line of our Southern Atlantic States. Like them it has a chain of long narrow islands or promontories, now joining the main land and again separating from it by sounds or sheets of water as Pamlico, Albemarle and the like. There are frequent inlets between the links in this chain, but all of them have the word "Bar" as a prefix or affix to their names.

The "Boca Barra," literally "the mouth Bar," connects the lagoons into which the Chicapa empties with the Pacific, and this is the proposed terminus, on that side, for the Tehuantepec route.

I have now before me a chart of the west coast of Central America, published by the English Admiralty with corrections up to 1843. By this it appears that from a point nearly opposite to the city of Guatamala to another near that of Tehuantepec, say 250 miles, there are twenty-odd inlets and breaks in this chain of islands, and there is only one among them whose name on the map is without the word "Bar" attached to it.

There are also on this chart the surveys of nine ports or roadsteads in and about the Gulf of Tehuantepec from the surveys of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., in 1838, and others. That officer surveyed the open roadstead of Ventosa within 20 miles of Boca Barra, and other places in the vicinity, but I cannot find that the Boca Barra is by him, or on any chart, or by any other nautical work of authority among navigators, once mentioned or alluded to in any manner whatever as a place into which vessels may enter. I have consulted all the English and French Admiralty charts on the subject, and from all I can learn I am forced to the conclusion that the depth of water at the Boca Barra does *not exceed* six or eight feet, if there be that much.

One of the first steps therefore in the opening of a way across this Isthmus for passing the commerce from one ocean to another would be the construction of a harbor on each side. The difficulties in the way of this I consider insurmountable unless with the expenditure of immense sums.

The Delaware breakwater, though constructed when a sailor would say, "the water is as smooth as a mill-pond," and where there are none of those ocean waves and heavy rollers that came from the sea to interrupt the work, cost an immense sum. But such a work as the Delaware Breakwater, as stout as it is, is not at all calculated to withstand the heavy seas that come across the broad Pacific ocean gathering magnitude and strength as they come.

In order rightly to appreciate the practical difficulties of making harbors on the sea coast where nature has refused to form them, or has shut them up, consider the difficulties of forming harbors on the northern lakes where there are none; consider how the commerce of North Carolina has been broken up by the closing of the inlets on that coast. Sir Francis Drake, you recollect, passed with his fleet into Roanoke Inlet, which has barely water enough now to float a skiff. Plans have been proposed for reopening it; but the attempt has yet to be made. The Eddy Stone light house is a work exposed to the full force of the sea; that work, though its cost was so enormous, is held up by all nations as one of the greatest monuments that the world affords as to the powers and skill of the engineer over the waves of the sea—and yet that work is a work of pigmies in comparison with what is required to open a harbor in the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

Eddy Stone is built on a rock—Tehuantepec rests on the sand.

Numerous streams empty into the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and as is the case on our Atlantic coast wherever such streams empty directly into the ocean, bars, sand spits and islands are the consequence. The sediment that is brought down the Mississippi, the Roanoke, &c., is met at the mouth by an opposing current from the tide and swell of the sea. Here it is arrested in its course and held in still water for a moment, when the process of deposition immediately commences. It is this deposition which, in the course of time, forms these bars, &c. The indications are conclusive, that the same geological or drift agencies which formed the chain of islands along the coast of Carolina and Georgia are now at work in the Gulf of Tehuantepec.*

* See a valuable paper on the subject of drift, formation of shoals and the like by Lieut. Chas. Davis, U. S. N., read before the society of the American Association. Philadelphia, 1848.

These in my mind are the principal of the physical difficulties in the way of a communication across Tehuantepec—and until some practical plan be suggested for removing or overcoming them, it is useless to look further, for there is no doubt that with *money enough* the continent may be cut in twain here both by Rail Road and Ship Canal.

But the great difficulty does not consist in cutting the continent in two: it consists in gaining access from the sea to and from the high-way across. At Darien there is safe anchorage with sufficient water on both sides. On this side we have "Navy Bay," or by the old Spanish name, the Bay for 74s; also Puerto Bello, or the "beautiful harbor." On the other, there is the safe roadstead of Panama. The distance across in a direct line from the head of Navy, or "Limon Bay" to Panama is rather less than 45 miles, which is about one-third the distance across Tehuantepec. The distance there in a direct line from sea to sea being 139 miles.

From New York and the Atlantic ports, Navy Bay is a little further in point of distance—say 100 miles—than the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos, and it is proportionably further in time also.

But suppose, for the sake of running out the parallel, that the harbors of Tehuantepec were as good as those of Darien; that we had the right of way across Tehuantepec as well as Darien; and that it were left to the government and people of the United States to select either one of the two routes for a commercial highway, which one of the two would be most conducive of the general interests—taking general interest to mean the welfare of the whole country?

This is the point which I now prefer to consider. But in the consideration and discussion of it, I wish it to be borne in mind that I do not for a moment lose sight of a rail road through our own country, from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific ocean. This is a work which the public will have sooner or later, and any other route across the country I hold subordinate to this. Therefore, in running the parallel between Tehuantepec and Darien, I shall take it for granted that the Mississippi and California rail road will be in process of construction at no very distant day. It must be built. I take it therefore as a postulate.

Bearing this postulate and these facts in mind, the question may be asked, what, since we are to have a rail road through our own country, do we want with a portage across the neck of land between the Oceans? *Ans.*—We want it for the transportation of those articles of merchandise which cannot pay freight over a rail road 1500 miles long, but which would find it cheaper to pay the portage across the Isthmus than to incur the freight and time of a passage around Cape Horn. This merchandise would consist of the products of the whale fishery in the Pacific, which in bone and oil, amount to five millions and a half of dollars per annum. It would consist of cotton and woolen goods and the coarser manufactures of all descriptions for which the merchant can find markets in any of the ports of Pacific America. It would consist also of butter and cheese, rice, bread, and such like perishable articles for the Pacific squadron, that I have seen condemned and thrown into the sea at Callao and Valparaiso, by the ship load, owing to the damages incurred in the long and boisterous voyage around Cape Horn. These are some of the principal articles only, for if I were to go into details I might make out a list of them as long as the manifest on board some of the ships for California, which we are told are many fathoms long.

Navy Bay and Coatzacoalcos are about the same distance in point of time from the Atlantic States. But to the Gulf States, to California and Oregon, Tehuantepec is much nearer. This fact, if it were the only one upon which the choice of routes hinges, would be decisive. But unfortunately Tehuantepec affords no harbors and no right of way; and if it did, there are other points upon which a right decision of the question would turn.

Communication is wanted, I apprehend, to other markets besides those of California. There are the South American Republics which border on the Pacific with their eight millions of people, all of whom want things that we have to sell. Panama is to them nearer by many days sail under canvass than Tehuantepec.

A sailing vessel from New Orleans might deliver her cargo at Navy Bay and return with another before one could be sent under canvass via. Tehuantepec to Panama, so uncertain are the winds in the Pacific side between Tehuantepec and Panama.

Panama is so nearly in a straight line from the coasts of Chili, Peru and Ecuador to New Orleans that the detour is not more than 100 miles.

The freight across the Tehuantepec road would be nearly treble, for the distance across is three times as great as it is over that of Panama.

Five cents per ton per mile is about the average charge for freight over the rail roads in the United States; competition has brought it down perhaps within this estimate. But I suppose neither a rail road across Tehuantepec or Darien could afford transportation at any such rates. Perhaps ten cents would be nearer than five to the mark; let us therefore take ten cents per ton per mile as the average rate of freight to be ex-

acted of the merchandise over these two routes. The Tehuantepec road, supposing both to be run on a strait line, is 95 miles the longer, and a ton of American merchandise to pass this road would have to pay $9 50 per ton more than the Panama road would exact of it. A tax of $9 50 per ton upon American commerce for ever for the mere advantage of shortening temporarily the time for passengers bound hence to California, for one week, would, it appears to me, be paying too dearly for a little time. For when the rail road is built across from the Mississippi, no one from South America bound to California will think of going by the way of Tehuantepec. A tribute forever to Mexico of $9 50 per ton on commerce, the extent of which cannot be foreseen, for the privilege of saving seven days for seven years or there away in the time to and from California! Why, sir, this is a tax far more onerous and odious than the famous Chinese "Cumshaw" which had from time immemorial been exacted of all "Barbarian" ships, and the abrogation of which was hailed with so much delight on both sides of the Atlantic. Its abrogation is a prominent article of the China treaties both with the States of Europe and America; and it, with the free ports, is considered as the chief good which has resulted from the wicked war of England upon China.

At this rate of 10 cents, a ship carrying 1,000 tons of merchandise would have to pay $9,500 more to get her cargo across Tehuantepec than she would to get it across Panama. Few indeed are the cargoes that can pay such a "Cumshaw" as this.

The charge at 10 cents the ton a mile would be, via. Panama, 44 miles—$4 40; via. Tehuantepec, 139 miles—$13 90—difference $9,500. The site of Panama is quite as convenient to the market ways over the Pacific as Tehuantepec. But little is due therefore to any advantages, to be gained by the one over the other on account of a more central terminus on the Pacific side.

Let us now see whether such merchandise as is usually sent around Cape Horn to the South American markets, could afford to pay the expense of portage over either of these two routes across the continent,

The space allotted on board ship to a ton of merchandise is 40 feet. Estimating the average rate of freight on cotton to Europe at one cent the pound, and 1.350 pounds as occupying the space of a ton, and the average distance across the Atlantic, from the cotton ports at 3,500 sea miles, we have 3.86 mills as the average rate of freight of cotton per ton per sea mile under canvass. But cotton pays the freight both ways, for the ships which take it generally come empty. From this estimate and explanation we get one mill and ninety-eight hundredths of a mill (1.98) as the average rate per ton per sea mile for the transportation of merchandise across the ocean under canvass.

The average distance which a vessel under canvass has to accomplish, from New York to Lima, may be taken in round numbers at 13,000 miles (sea,) which, at 1.98 mill per ton per mile gives as the average rate of freight thence $25 74.

To satisfy you as to the degree of confidence due this estimate, I may remark that since making it out I have consulted a gentleman who has been engaged for many years in the Lima trade. He informs me that until Guano was introduced as an article of commerce, the usual rate of freight from New York to Lima was between $25 and $30 per ton.

Guano pays heavy freight. Vessels that go there are now certain of a return cargo, and the outward rates at present rule at $15 the ton, equal to 1.15 mill per ton, per sea mile.

This rate I adopt for the following comparative estimates as to the cost of the transportation of a ton of merchandise from New York via Cape Horn, Tehuantepec and Panama. The distance to be accomplished under canvass is stated at 4,300 miles via Tehuantepec and 3,700 via Panama.

	Via Cape Horn.	*Tehuantepec.*	*Panama.*
Cost by Sea,	$15 00	4 94	4 25
Rail Road,		13 90*	4 40
Total sea and land,	$15 00	18 84	8 65

Now taking one kind of merchandise with another we may safely assume the average value of it to be $2 50 per ton.

The passage around Cape Horn is three months longer than it is across the Isthmus, and it is therefore proper to charge the Cape Horn route with the interest on $250 for three months, which at six per cent is $3 75—making the whole cost around Cape Horn $18 75 or 9 cents less than by Tehuantepec, and $10 20, *more than one hundred per cent* greater than by Panama. From this statement it appears that we may go and come with our merchandise via Panama with less freight than we can now go, outward bound alone, via Cape Horn.

The average length of a voyage under can-

* $13 90. In consequence of the greater distance across Tehuantepec, a rail road there for obvious reasons could afford to charge a smaller rate of freight per ton per mile, than a shorter road. Suppose 20 per cent less. This would make the freight over the Tehuantepec road to be $11 12, and including the sea voyage $16 06, or nearly double the Panama route. Deduct $2 78 from the Tehuantepec estimates and you will observe that Panama has greatly the advantage as to cost, to every point mentioned in the estimate.

vass from New York to San Francisco is, via Tehuantepec 4,800 miles, via Panama 6,300.

Comparative statements of the freight of a ton of merchandise at 10 cents per ton per rail road, and 1.15 mill per ton under sail.

	Via Tehuantepec.	*Via Panama.*
By Sea	$5 52	$7 25
" Rail Road,	$13 90	$4 40
	$19 42	$11 65

Difference in favor of Panama $7 71.

Statement of the freight by each route from New Orleans to San Francisco, the sailing distance being, via Tehuantepec 3,700 miles and via Panama 5,700.

	Via Tehuantepec.	*Via Panama.*
By Sea,	$4 25	$6 55
" Rail Road,	$13 90	$4 40
	$18 15	$10 95

Difference in favor of Panama $7 20.

With the man of business, time and money are correlative terms, for he counts time as money and reckons money according to time.

These figures are all, except the 10 cents per ton for rail road freight, drawn from actual statistics. But treat them as you will, you must allow nearly three times as much freight for the Tehuantepec as for the Panama route, perhaps in consideration of having to load and unload, at the Isthmus, a larger rate of freight should be charged by sea under canvass than around Cape Horn. But that rate may be trebled and still give the advantage to Panama over either Cape Horn or Tehuantepec.

The freight on goods per ocean steamers is double that by sailing vessels. It is only the more costly articles of merchandise and those of a particular kind that go by steamers. These consist of new styles and patterns of the finest description of dry goods. The steamer U. States has just arrived with such a cargo, it consists of silks, laces and caps, ribbons and bonnets—fibs and furbelows—making up the spring fashions for the whole country.

But sea steamers, like rail roads depend greatly upon passengers for their profits.

Calculating by weight, 7 passengers, with an average allowance for baggage of 150 pounds each may be stated as a ton weight. In the English steamers to New York and Boston, a ton of passengers pays about $1,200, whereas a ton of merchandise pays only about $24. The former require no handling by stevedores, coopers or draymen; no ware-house when they arrive in port for storage, &c. They unload and load themselves.

The experience of the world with regard to ocean steam navigation, both authorizes and justifies the conclusion, that whatever be the revolution which a rail road across the Isthmus would create in the course of trade, as at present conducted, sailing and not steam vessels would continue to fetch and carry the bulk of the merchandise passing across the Isthmus.

There is a line of steamers on the route from Panama to Valparaiso, Law's line from New-York, &c., and Aspinwall's from California, connect with this line at the Isthmus of Panama, and the merchandise to be transported by these lines, will be the fashions for the western American markets, and the costly articles corresponding to those which are brought from Europe by the English steamers for the "Modistas" there.

The population of the South American States which border on the Pacific, may be stated in round numbers at 8 millions of people; we have seen the advantages of the Panama route for communicating with them, and how these people, with their markets and their wants, would be brought two or three months nearer to us than they are now. It is difficult rightly to estimate the national advantages of lifting up eight millions of people and setting them down as it were within 30 or 40 days of our markets, instead of having them removed at three or four times that distance, as they heretofore have been. We see the like in our own country, only on a smaller scale, when, by rail roads, canals or other internal improvements, three or four hundred thousand people who before were days off, are brought within a few hours of our commercial marts and great market towns.

The results in such cases have invariably defied calculation—producing changes and benefits to a degree and extent that were neither anticipated or imagined. Under such changes of facilities to markets we have cities springing up as if by enchantment. Then what may we not expect when we move millions instead of thousands with the commercial lever.

The history of the world does not afford strictly a parallel case.

Venice you know was a flourishing city through the trade of caravans with the East. But the passage around the Cape of Good Hope destroyed her prosperity, carried her wealth away and placed it within the gates of other cities. A rail road to Panama, will be to the passage around Cape Horn, what Vasco de Gama's discovery was to the caravans across the deserts of Arabia.

Communication and transportation will be cheaper and more frequent. The Panama link would bring the markets of South America as near to us as those of Europe were before the ocean steamers began to run; and for all the purposes of commerce the Panama rail road would

place our Lake country as near to the South American ports as those of the Mediterranean now are to New York.

By the act passed two or three years ago, and known as Mr. Pratt's bill, merchandise intended for the Canadian markets, is allowed a free duty transit through the United States.

And what has been the effect? To supply nearly all Canada West with imports through New York instead of up the St. Lawrence. The importing of these goods benefits the city of New York, because it brings business there: it benefits the state also and the people, because it gives employment to men and vessels, and pays tolls for the use of wharves, canal, &c., &c.: and bringing goods it brought Canadian merchants to look after them, and who, being in New York, found inducements to buy, that they knew not of. In the language of a New York dealer, "those Canadians buy immensely."

Only two or three hundred thousand people are supplied in this way, yet both the Empire State and the commercial emporium of the United States feel, appreciate and value the effects of it.

What, therefore, shall it be when 8 millions of people are connected with New Orleans and the South by similar ties.

The Peruvian merchants, like the Mexicans coming to New Orleans, will there find offered to them, on suitable terms, all the purchases they desire to make. Like the Canadian in New York, the South American will close his bargains without going any farther. The immediate effect of this new state of things will be to give activity to the New Orleans markets: to cause the European houses in the South American and Mexican trade, to ship in the vessels coming for your cotton, whole cargoes to be deposited in the ware-houses of New Orleans and distributed thence via Panama among the markets of the Pacific.

The warehousing system, under proper regulations, would not fail greatly to promote the amount of commerce from England via New Orleans and the Cotton Ports, across Panama. At the end of three years, from the completion of the Panama rail road, I should expect to see regular lines of sailing packets plying to and fro not only between that Isthmus and the ports of the United States, but also of South America.

Such a course of trade would not fail greatly to benefit the southern planter, for all the goods intended for the eight millions of South Americans would be brought over in the cotton ships, which now come empty and thus the South Americans, &c. would be made to divide with you the freight on all your cotton that goes to Europe.

I therefore urge this Panama rail road, not only as a great national measure, but also as a great southern measure. It is one which will again make Charleston the half-way-house to market, of the advantages of which position, she was deprived when Dr. Franklin let down his thermometer into the sea and discovered the Gulf Stream.

If you will stretch a string on a common terrestial globe, from Panama to China, you will find that it passes not far from New Orleans: therefore when *that* rail road to the Pacific shall be built, New Orleans will be the thoroughfare of travel between South America, California and China. It will be several days nearer to California by this route than it will be up the Coast on the Pacific side.

In this view of the subject I regard the Panama route an important link in that system which is to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific Ocean and make the United States the thoroughfare of travel between the East and West Indies, South America and Asia, Europe and China.

The Tehuantepec route would not bring the travel to and from South America through New Orleans or the United States—for a steamer bound from Panama to San Francisco could land her passengers in California sooner than they could get there, even if the Tehuantepec harbors were good, by landing at Boca Barra, crossing the Isthmus, steaming up the Mississippi and taking the rail road thence to the Pacific. After leaving Panama for California, by steamer, it would be nearly two days out of the way to touch at Tehuantepec.

I regard the Panama rail road, therefore, as a most important link to lengthen out and make complete the rail road from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific: it is so nearly on the great circle route, or an air line from Cape Blanco, the western promontory of South America to New Orleans, that the difference, though the length of that line is nearly 4000 miles, does not amount to 100 miles.

The Panama link instead of retarding the road across our own country would hasten it. The prosperity and enterprise given to the country, by the Erie Canal produced the Erie rail road and has served greatly to stimulate the settlement of the Lake States.

It is obvious that a rail road across Panama would also greatly advance the settlement of California; stimulate the enterprise and promote wealth there. And is it in the nature of the people of this country to stop half way? The passage to California when the Panama Rail Road shall be completed, will still be 25 or 30 days with three or four prices. A rail road from the Mississippi

Valley across to California will bring San Francisco within 2 or 3 instead of 25 or 30 days—as across Panama it must be.

To shorten the passage between New York and Boston an hour or two, the Long Island rail road was built alongside of the Long Island Sound at a cost almost equal to that of a rail road to Panama. Seeing, therefore, that the business men of this country are ready to set up millions against the saving of an hour in time day after day, what will they not do when days and weeks are thrown into the scale? Complete the Panama link and extend the line from the Mississippi river to California and the time is not distant when that Valley will teem with a population enjoying the blessings of freedom, wealth and prosperity to an extent that has never been witnessed by the eye of man.

The effect of a rail road communication with Panama, would, therefore, in my opinion, be to unite the two oceans by ship canal. With the rail road, the world would see the amount of commerce, seeking portage here. The rail road would soon be found insufficient to transport it and a ship canal would be the result. Thus I regard the proposed rail road, somewhat in the light of a demonstration which the world requires first to be made, in order to give practical proof as to the necessity and benefits of a ship canal.

Respectfully, &c.

M. F. MAURY.

HON. S. BORLAND,
U. S. Senate Chamber.

A POEM ON THE ISTHMUS LINE.

A pretty, little, gilt-edged book of poems lies before us, in which the Isthmus Connection is discussed in verse. The book was printed, we believe, for private circulation, but we propose to give the stanzas to our readers as a specimen of high lyric fervor, and as an appropriate companion to Lieut. Maury's letter.

The reader will naturally ask, "who is the poet?" We answer, the distinguished Professor Francis Lieber, the friend of Niebuhr, the editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, the recently conspicuous figure on the floor of the German Parliament, and now acting President of the College of South Carolina.—*Ed. Mess.*

THE SHIP CANAL

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

An Ode to the American People and their Congress, on reading the Message of the United States President in December, 1847.

Rend America asunder
And unite the Binding Sea
That emboldens Man and tempers—
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt which bars the passage,
That our River richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours—

Ours by all the hardy whalers,
By the pointing Oregon,
By the west impelled and working
Unthralled Saxon son.

Long indeed they have been wooing,
The Pacific and his bride;
Now 'tis time for holy wedding—
Join them by the tide.

Have the snowy surfs not struggled
Many centuries in vain,
That their lips might seal the union?
Lock then Main to Main.

When the mighty God of nature
Made his favored continent,
He allowed it yet unsevered,
That a race be sent,

Able, mindful of his purpose,
Prone to people, to subdue,
And to bind the lands with iron,
Or to force them through.

What the prophet-navigator,
Seeking straits to his Catais,*
But began, now consummate it—
Make the strait and pass.

Blessed eyes, that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

There at Suez, Europe's mattock
Cuts the briny road with skill,
And must Darien bid defiance
To the pilot still?

Do we breathe this breath of knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

Up then, at it! earnest People!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,
But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

What we want is naught in envy,
But for all we pioneer;
Let the keels of every nation
Through the isthmus steer.

Must the globe be always girded
Ere we get to Bramah's priest?
Take the tissues of your Lowells
Westward to the East.

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,

* Catais or Cathay and Zipango were the names given to the eastern part of Asia, toward which the greatest of navigators directed his westerly voyage, as Marco Polo had reached it by an eastward journey. Columbus having found that a continent debarred him from continuing his westward course, persevered in searching for straits which would allow him a passage to his wished-for Catais.

Court ye patiently for ever
Yon antarctic ire?

Shall the mariner for ever
Double the impeding capes,
While his longsome and retracing
Needless course he shapes?

What was daring for our fathers,
To defy those billows fierce,
Is but tame for their descendants;
We are bid to pierce.

We that fight with printing armies,
Settle sons on forlorn track
As the Romans flung their eagles,
But to win them back;

Who, undoubting, worship boldness,
And, if baffled, bolder rise,
Should we lag when Grandeur beckons
To this good emprise?

Let the vastness not appal us;
Greatness is thy destiny;
Let the doubters not recall us;
Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
Winland,* strong in freedom's health,
Warding peace on both the waters,
Widest Commonwealth—

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring pain,
For the wise, the stout and steadfast:
Rend the land in twain!

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee;
Hark! The seas roll up imploring—
"Make the ocean free."

* May I not for once bestow upon our nameless country this good and plain Saxon name, which was given to it by its first and Teutonic discoverers, long before Columbus and Vespucius? The poet, and all who desire to speak with fervor and brevity, stand in need of a name more comprehensive and concise than that which conveys the idea of a mere political relation. Above all, they stand in need of a name for the country, and not only of an official designation, however honorable or historical—a name around which cluster associations of the heart as well as of political and international transactions. When the heroic Nelson felt that he must animate his fleet to the highest pitch of battle-work, his signals did not proclaim "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or, His Majesty King George the Third, expects every man to do his duty," but the flag-ship signalled: "England this day expects every man to do his duty;" and in that brief dissyllable, *England*, centered every thing that could stir the men and swell the breasts of officers—honor, wives, sweethearts, parliament, newspapers, fields, farms, fox-hunting, peerage, habeas corpus, brown stout, pudding, Christmas merriment, and all. Columbia, which has become in some sort the poetic name for the United States, is not sufficiently specific; and Alleghania, which has been proposed, has, besides its unwelcome similarity with alligator, a character of newness without freshness, like whitewashed walls or a shining hat. It sounds *made*, and as if made, too, for a school geography; yet, why should we take even a book-name from that small and very partial ridge of hillocks? We have gone too far beyond it. The name of Winland, on the contrary, is old, idiomatic, simple, and requires only to be resumed; it would adapt itself to all the needed grammatical formations, (or as the late Mr. Duponceau would finely have said, is malleable;) it is brief, and seems every way sound.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, March 20th, 1845.

One night last week a pull at the bell of my outer door startled me from profound slumber.

Waiting a moment that another pull might assure me it was no dream, the next moment found me *en robe de chambre* hastily seized, groping my way to within speaking distance of my unseasonable visiter.

With hand upon the key, but before turning the bolt, I demanded—

"Who's there?"

"Are you M. M——?" replied a voice from the other side, without answering my question.

"Yes."

"It is I!" replied my interlocutor, without farther hesitation, now that he was assured of my identity—"It is I, Andrè, from the barriére de Fontainebleau."

"Ah! bien! come in," and I opened the door.

"They have commenced preparations at the *Rond Point*," continued Andrè. "The workmen arrived about two hours ago! I have been talking with one of them. He says it will be all over by six o'clock!"

"What o'clock is it now?"

"Almost three. Make haste, Monsieur, you have not much time to spare: the barriére de Fontainebleau is full three miles off."

"I know it is. Here, let me conduct you to a seat: then I'll dress, and be with you in a very few minutes."

I had not yet seen my visitor, having hastened to the door in answer to his summons before lighting a candle: and it was impossible to discern even the outline of a human form amid the complete obscurity in which the apartment was involved. But I had recognized him to be a man of the lower orders whom I had seen once before, some four or five weeks ago and whom I expected to see once again upon a certain occasion which we knew would soon occur; but knew not exactly when.

The occasion had now arrived.

Taking hold of his blouse—a sort of blue overshirt almost universally worn by men of his class, I conducted him to a seat.

My toilet was quickly made and we descended into the street. The night was dark. It was not raining, but low thick clouds brooded heavily over the city, so that not a star was visible. All was still. The stillness of a mighty city is more impressive perhaps than that of the forest. Not a sound was heard but the rumbling of a heavy carriage over the *Place* de la Concorde upon the other side of the Seine. From the midst of the

Place du Palais Bourbon, upon which we entered upon leaving my door, and dimly seen by the rare gas lights which surround the square, rose like a giant spectre, the colossal plaster figure of Liberty; and farther on gleamed the bayonet of the sentinel on duty before the gate of the Palace of the National Assembly. All was still. But did all *sleep* in this vast and populous city? Care and pain and guilt abound in Paris: and to them the hours of the night and those of the day are alike—sleepless! Did the prisoners of Vanvres sleep!

As we crossed the *Place* to the hack-stand on the opposite side, the large clock over the arched gate-way above the palace struck *three*. I shall never forget the awe which amounted almost to shuddering, with which its solemn tones fell upon my ear. Perhaps the consciousness of the nature of our errand in the deserted streets of Paris at so unusual an hour contributed to this effect.

We found the hack-stand vacant. The sentinel told us that the last coach had left an hour before.

"There's no hope for it," said Andrè; "you must go afoot."

"*En route!*" said I. "Lead the way: I'll follow you;" and we struck at a round pace up the rue St. Dominique to the residence of a friend, for whom I had promised to call. To reach the *rond point* at the barriére de Fontainebleau, whither we were going, we had to traverse nearly the whole of the city, and thread a quarter whose reputation is as little enviable as that of any other of Paris. It abounds in narrow, dark streets; and teems with the lowest and most turbulent of the laboring classes. It was one of the principal seats of the insurrection of June, and the last to yield, before the celebrated *faubourg* St. Antoine. Misery and guilt find here their impenetrable hiding places; and crime in all its grades is of almost daily occurrence. Andrè was a denizen of the *quartier St. Marcel*, and was the first to allude to its evil reputation, frankly admitting that it was quite deserved. Andrè's face, it now occurred to me, was not the most prepossessing that might be seen, and I will not assert that it was with unmixed satisfaction that I regarded the heavy bludgeon which he bore in his hand and which he took, he said, at his wife's instance, upon leaving home two hours before. It was a very natural association of ideas by which I now thought of a loaded pistol I had left hanging over my mantle-piece, and of a stout cane behind the door. I had not been so provident as Andrè; and it was not because I did not know the way as well as he that I told him to take the lead and I would follow. I observed that in all the obscure and narrow streets Andrè kept the middle of the street. It is from the corners and dark recesses formed by the gate-ways that the evil-disposed dart suddenly upon the passer-by and consummate their purpose of robbery or murder. I eschewed the side-walks with equal care—following hard upon Andrè's heels. It was not, I confess, without excitement and a certain feeling of insecurity that I found myself afoot, east of rue St. Jacques, threading at this dead hour of the night the ill-famed Quarter of St. Michael. All was quiet here as in the *faubourg* St. Germain which I had just left. A few patroles, a half-dozen dimly seen figures flitting hastily by, some country carts proceeding to market, and two immense vehicles performing their nightly round to receive the contents of the sewers, were the only signs of life that we met with on the way. At last we gained the broad and gloomy boulevard of St. Jacques. The city walls reared their dark mass on our right. We had proceeded beneath the deep gloom of the trees, unbroken by gas-light or lamp, for ten minutes, when Andrè, who had constantly kept about five steps in advance of us, suddenly turned and said—

"La voila! Messieurs, nous sommes arrivés."

We were now at the barriere de Fontainebleau. Before us on our right, and on a line with the city walls were discerned the dusky outline of two symmetrical buildings. They were connected by a strong and high iron railing. In the centre of which was one of the gates of the city. That was the *barriére*, called *of Fontainebleau*, or *of Italy*, because from it commenced the road leading from Paris to those places. We had just entered upon an open circular space in front of the gate, within the walls, about one hundred yards in diameter. This was the *rond point*; upon which were still making the *preparations*, of of the commencement of which Andrè had come to notify me.

In the centre of the *rond point* had been reared a singular structure, about which, by the light of numerous torches, the forms of ten or twelve men were seen busily moving. A large body of troops were already upon the ground and were now forming in triple lines around the structure at the distance of eighteen or twenty feet. We approached. The arrangements were nearly complete. In fifteen minutes more the workmen had retired.

First there was a platform ten feet square, at an elevation of five feet.

From the centre of the platform rose two upright posts fifteen feet high and two feet apart. They were connected at the top by a cross-piece. Lower down within three or four feet of the platform was another connecting cross-piece formed by a piece of plank a foot in width, in the lower part of which was scooped out a semi-circle

about six inches in diameter. Still lower down near the floor of the platform was another cross-piece with a similar semi-circle scooped in the upper part of it. And it was seen that if these two pieces were made to approach they would form a whole with a circular aperture six inches in diameter cut in the centre. A flight of eight or ten steps led from the pavement to the platform. And it was so placed that one mounting the steps looked out of the gate of the city upon a large white house that rose on the right a short distance beyond the gate. Upon the platform between the steps and the two upright posts, appeared a perpendicular, wide plank about as high as a man's shoulders, but it seemed to move upon a pivot about two feet from thee floor, so that the perpendicular plank could be made, at will, to assume a horizontal position at right angles to the upright posts.

Steps, platform, cross-pieces, plank, all the wood-work that met the eye, was painted a dull red. It was a gloomy looking thing seen by the light of the lamps which the workmen had left beneath and upon the platform. Between the two upright posts, about two feet below the top cross-piece, appeared a heavy mass that seemed to be of lead or iron. It was fixed now: but there were grooves cut in the inner side of the uprights in which it was evident the heavy mass could be made to move up and down along their whole length. The lower part of this mass seemed armed with bright sharp steel inserted so as to present an oblique lower edge. It gleamed in the light of the lamps below like the sharpened edge of a huge broad-axe.

It was the *Guillotine* which I saw before me!

In that large white house, seen from the platform on mounting the steps, just beyond the gate, were foully murdered, on Sunday, 27th of June, during the insurrection, Gen. Brea and his aide-de-camp, Capt. Mangin. The murderers were tried by a court-martial and five of them were condemned to death. Three of the condemned have had their sentence commuted into labor at the hulks for life. But two of them, *Daix* and *Lahr*, are to be executed this morning. It was supposed, as they had been tried by a court-martial, that the criminals would be shot. They themselves earnestly desired it. But death for political offences having been abolished by the Constitution, Government was unwilling to sanction any thing that would seem to establish a distinction between these criminals and ordinary assassins. The army too protested against the application of the more honorable military mode of execution to the murderers of Gen. Brea. They are to die therefore by the guillotine, and upon the spot where the crime was committed. The usual secrecy as to the time of execution was observed upon this occasion; but secrecy was impossible after 12 o'clock, when the workmen arrived and commenced the erection of the terrible machine. The news spread rapidly, through the adjacent quarters; and, from a mile around in all directions, the men *en blouse* and the women were flocking to the *rond point* of the barriére de Fontainebleau. Arriving almost the first upon the ground, we chose a stand close to the triple line of soldiers forming the circle around the instrument of death. The day had not yet dawned, but the crowd was becoming thick around and behind us. Up came a squadron of mounted gendarmes!

"Farther back! Messieurs, farther back!"

And we were pushed twenty or thirty yards farther from the centre of the *place*. Day dawned. The mass of spectators was now thick upon the whole of such portions of the *rond point*, as the armed force permitted them to occupy. An ordinary cart drove up. The ranks opened. It took position close along side the platform on the right; the horse facing the barriére. A small square wicker basket half filled with saw dust was placed at the foot of the two upright posts just beneath the two cross-pieces, in which the small semi-circles were scooped out. Another long basket, also half filled with saw dust, was placed on the platform near the wide plank that moved upon a pivot; so that when the plank should be made to assume a horizontal position, it and the long basket would be side by side. In the small square basket the head was to fall. The headless trunk was to be rolled from the wide plank into the long basket. The cart was to carry them off to the burying-ground. Two regiments of the line now came up to take position upon the place; and the commanding officer gave orders to *clear the square!* A second batallion of the mounted gendarmes trotted round, causing the *place* to be entirely evacuated by all who were not in uniform. The guillotine is now surrounded throughout the whole extent of the *rond point* by a dense mass of soldiers. The spectators driven back, blocked up the entrance of all the streets opening upon the barriére, crowded the windows and roofs of the adjacent houses, and pressed close and heavy against the iron railing from without. Driven back with the crowd, we were congratulating ourselves upon having secured a favorable stand next the railing, when more troops and a regiment of lancers arrive by the outer boulevards!

"Farther back! Messieurs, farther back!" and with the crowd we were compelled to retreat yet twenty yards.

It was now broad day-light, and we were momently expecting the arrival of the sad procession. But the military arrangements were not

yet complete. A regiment of artillery, with a battery of four pieces, matches lighted, came up from the banlieue and occupied the barriére and the head of the principal streets. Twenty-five thousand men were under arms upon this occasion at the *rond point*, and in the immediate neighborhood.

Parallel to the boulevards by which we had reached the barriére de Fontainebleau, and separated from it only by the city walls, is a broad road called the outer boulevard. It was by this outer boulevard that the prisoners were expected to arrive from the fort of *Vauves*. All eyes are anxiously turned in that direction. It is a quarter past six! An ordinary one horse coach approaches. Way is made for it: it stops at the barriére. A man in ordinary citizen's dress steps out and proceeds directly to the guillotine. It is the chief executioner of the Seine. He mounts the scaffold and examines carefully the machine; and then descends. In five minutes after, a low murmur running through the crowd, and the clatter of horses' feet, announce that the end is approaching. They come up at a round trot! A company of lancers—a squadron of cuirassiers—two close, box-like, covered vehicles, containing the prisoners and their confessors—an ordinary carriage containing the assistant executioners—lancers—cuirassiers, composed the procession! The military stopped at the gate. The carriages passed slowly in, and moved on through the opening batallions to the steps at the foot of the scaffold. Another minute and the executioner is seen to mount the scaffold—Daix quickly follows attended by his priest. He stands close to the wide plank! His head is uncovered—his shoulders are bared—he is bound to the plank! There is a moment's pause. Daix is protesting with a firm and loud voice, that he dies innocent of the death of Gen. Brea, whom he wished to protect—that he dies for the people! The plank moves upon its pivot—his head is beneath the axe—one cross-piece descends—the other rises to meet it, and his neck is inclosed in the fatal circle. The executioner in citizen's dress raises his hand. Every eye is fixed upon the axe. It moves—it falls! The head drops into the little square basket—the trunk tumbles heavily into the long basket; and the bloody axe is seen slowly moving up the grooves to be ready for another fall! *Lahr* has already been placed upon the scaffold. His sinking form is bound to the plank. He declares in a weak voice to those around him that he dies a Christian; and with the names of *Marie!* and *Jesus!* upon his lips, bows his head to the stroke! The axe falls again—the baskets receive their double charge: they are tossed into the cart; and within five minutes from the arrival of the prisoners upon the place of execution by the outer boulevard, their headless bodies were being carted along the inner boulevard to the cemetery of Mount Parnasse!

The troops remained in position for half an hour, keeping back the crowd anxious to rush up and obtain a nearer view of the fatal machine. Assistants with sponges and buckets of water washed from the axe, and other parts, all traces of blood; and then numerous workmen commenced the labour of removal. Within an hour after performing so effectually its fatal functions, the machine itself, taken to pieces, and laden upon carts, was on the way to its usual place of deposit in the *faubourg* du Temple.

It was perhaps only a wise precaution on the part of government, to surround this execution with so imposing a military display. We don't know what attempts at *emeute* and insurrection may have been prevented. There is a large party in France, and it has its representatives in the assembly itself, which is in the daily habit of expressing its sympathy with the insurgents of June, and speaking of them as political victims worthy of a better fate. These men would renew those frightful scenes of civil war, if the inattention of government should afford them the slightest hope of success. Upon the present occasion, however, not the slightest symptom of disorder was to be seen. Silence and decorum as perfect as would characterize any equally numerous assemblage in the United States prevailed throughout. The crowds seemed composed of about the same class of persons as flock to public executions with us. The proportion of females was perhaps greater here. A rather savage curiosity seemed here, as upon similar occasions, all over the world, to be the leading impulse of the spectators: and nothing, save the vast military apparatus which accompanied the execution, would have induced the stranger to ascribe to it any political significancy.

W. W. M.

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PARIS, *March* 24, 1849.

When I last touched upon politics, France was on the eve of its first presidential election. My anticipations as to the anti-republican result were more than realized: and the march of events since has only tended to confirm me in the opinion, that republican forms will be abandoned after an essay of much shorter duration than that of fifty years ago. France is profoundly *democratic*, but not republican. An empire founded upon the popular will, and very slightly limited by a written constitution, is the form of government that best suits France of the nineteenth century. It is the only form of government that can be stable. It is the only one that is honestly prac-

ticable. Constitutions have ever been a lie in France. The actual constitution is so. Devise an absolutely perfect system of republican government: suppose it to be administered, throughout all its departments, by men of the patriotism, purity, and good sense, of Washington himself: set it to work in France and it will not exist one year. Why? Because there are three distinct monarchical parties in France, which have never honestly accepted the republic: and only seemed to have done so for a moment. There is, besides, the socialist, terrorist, red republican party. Neither of these parties would frankly and sincerely submit to the will of France expressed at the ballot-box. Each is watching the moment to impose itself upon the nation by fraud or force. Each in itself forms but a small minority. Together they constitute the majority of France. The rest are indifferent, or honestly republican. But I ask, is republican government practicable under such circumstances? Is not government forced in self-defence to invoke the aid of arbitrary despotic procedures? But then it ceases to be republican. Fact is at hand to support what I say. Pass without question the various forms which have existed since the revolution, up to the election of M. Bonaparte:—if governments at all, they certainly were republican in name only. But M. Bonaparte was elected by virtue of a constitution, and it is pretended that he inaugurated in France regular republican government. Well, his first act after the appointment of his ministers, was an admitted violation of clear written law. He gave to Gen. Changarnier sole command of the whole military force of Paris, uniting in his person, contrary to law, the chief command of the National Guard, with an active command in the army. His ministers pretended to justify the measure (this was the honest Odillon Barrot) upon the plea, that circumstances made it necessary, and that it was only a temporary provision. The temporary measure is still maintained however. Again Art. 8, of the new constitution is in these words. Citizens have the right of association, of assembling peaceably and without arms, of petition, and of expressing their thoughts by means of the press or otherwise. The exercise of these rights is limited only by the rights and liberty of others, and by the public security."

In face of this provision of the constitution, the National Assembly three days ago voted *the closing of clubs*, at the request of ministers who stated government to be impossible, unless the stringent regulations, to which clubs were subjected by previous legislation, were converted into actual prohibition. This I believe, with the ministers, to be literally true. And what does it prove? Why, that a liberal constitution in France can only be maintained (pardon the paradox) by perpetual violations. This outrage, however, provoked a fearful parliamentary storm, and gave rise to the most revolutionary scene we have witnessed for several months. The indignant minority refused to vote upon the remaining articles of the proposed law, retired from the Assembly in a body, and in another hall consulted upon their subsequent course. Some were for withdrawing permanently from the Assembly. But the more moderate representing that this course would leave the Assembly without its quorum of 500, and would produce its immediate dissolution, to be followed almost certainly by *coups d' Etat*, insurrection and revolution in a monarchical sense, prevailed upon all the seceders to return to the Assembly, and upon the greater portion of them, to continue to vote: it being considered most expedient, upon this occasion, to content themselves with a solemn protest.

Government has just given, too, a death blow to the pestilent red republican cheap journalism to which I have alluded in former letters. A new police ordinance forbids, after the 1st of April, the sale in the streets of journals, prints and caricatures, except under such restrictions as amount to prohibition. This measure I admit to be necessary. But is it republican?

The Assembly passed last week the new electoral law, under which the future Legislative bodies in France are to come into existence. It might be wished that the great and wise republican principle, which keeps distinct and independent the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive functions had been more strictly observed; but the law is, upon the whole, a good sound republican document, which will, if honestly carried out, realize those reforms, the want of which was made the pretext of the revolution of February 1848. It gives, in imitation of the English law, cabinet ministers admission into the Legislature: as also several high judicial, administrative, and military officers. It gives, too, instead of the per diem allowance usual with us, a fixed salary of 9000 francs (about $1,800) to each member of the Legislature. This will make the pay of members amount to the annual sum of $1,350,000.

Speaking of salaries reminds me of another instance of political chicanery, and gross disregard of the constitution, of which honest Odillon Barrot has been guilty lately. This time he has not the excuse of necessity that knows no law. I must mention it as one of the most significant signs of the times. We think General Taylor pretty well paid for a republican President by the salary of $25,000 per annum. But the great French Republic must not play the niggard. She must pay her President magnificently: so the Constitution fixes his salary at 600,000 francs ($120,000) per annum. But though this sum was deemed sufficient by the Assembly to maintain the dignity of the republic, it was considered by the President himself quite too paltry—just half enough. Was'nt he the nephew of the

Emperor, and did'nt he hope to become the actual Emperor one of these days? It might suffice for absolute necessities, but nothing more. So the obedient and ready minister was commissioned to procure for him another $120,000 per annum.

"But," said the honest M. Barrot, "the Constitution fixes your salary. How is it possible in despite of it to ask more for you?"

"Pooh! are you serious Monsieur Barrot? Come, come,—you are a lawyer of some note: exercise your professional ingenuity, and procure for me fifty thousand francs more a month. Upon my soul! I shall not be able to pay my washerwoman if you dont."

Thereupon M. Barrot introduced a bill appropriating to the use of the President, under the title of "Expenses of Representation," that is, for balls and entertainments to be given by him, and for supporting generally the dignity of his station, the additional sum of fifty thousand francs per month! The bill was passed! And thus the French republic which, for lack of money, has been forced to commit an injustice (equal to repudiation) with regard to thousands of needy depositers in the Savings Bank, has been able to vote to its President the princely income of $660 per day!

The elections will be held throughout France for members of the new Legislative Assembly on the 13th May. The new Assembly will meet, and the actual Assembly dissolve, on the 28th of the same month, after an uninterrupted session of twelve months and twenty four days.

What will be the political complexion of the new body?

I cannot doubt, that it will be much less republican than the Constituent Assembly, to which it will succeed. Few of the members of the *mountain* will be returned. The elections are now the engrossing occupation of the country. All parties are active. All have their central electoral committees, in Paris, for the purpose by correspondence with the provinces, of insuring efficiency by concert of action. Reaction has made rapid strides since the elections of December. All disguise is thrown off by the boldest Legitimist and Imperial committees. They loudly assert, that the republic was imposed upon France by a *coup de main*, skilfully applied by a contemptibly small minority; that the question, "Republic or Monarchy?" has never been put to the people; that the sanction of the people was not asked for the Constitution, because it was feared the anti-republican people would reject it: and the hope and belief is expressed, that a great majority of open monarchists will be returned. "Take from all your candidates," say the Legitimists, "the formal engagement to procure an appeal to the people upon the question, *Republic or monarchy?*"

"The barricades of July 1830 are no more justifiable than those of February 1848. The barricades of February 1848 are no more justifiable than those of June 1848. There is but one public law—one principle of eternal justice and sovereignty—it is Legitimate succession!" And then their organ, the *Gazette de France*, musters the Legitimist forces in France, by which it is made to appear, that they have an undisputed majority in ten departments, and as large a vote as any other one party in sixty other departments. For my part, I cannot believe that the Bourbons, so often driven from France by the people and reimposed by foreign bayonets, will ever be recalled by the free vote of the people.

Of the audacity and hopes of the Napoleonists, you may judge from the fact that one of their electoral committees, at the head of which is a man very assiduous in his attentions at the Presidential mansion, and well received there, if reports be true, has published a circular, and distributed it freely in the provinces, wherein it is urged upon the voters, to "require from candidates a declaration of devotion to the Napoleon family which alone can save France!" Another circular recommends the people "to hold on to universal suffrage, as the means of establishing an elective decennial empire which alone can save society!"

The Orleans party have no distinct avowed electoral committee: but the famous *reunion* of the rue Poitiers, composed of reactionnist representatives, at the head of which is M. Thiers, is pursuing the same wily equivocal course which it adopted for the elections of December. It does not avow its *penchant* for the younger branch, but in the composition of its electoral committee that penchant is so manifest, that several of the more decided Legitimist and Bonapartist members have withdrawn in disgust.

The republicans on their side are not idle. They will not succumb without a manful struggle at the polls: though they are openly accused of having, by a *tour de main*, saddled the Republic upon France. Though greatly in the minority, they will not I fear give up without another struggle in the street. They have been making during the last month most insidious and persevering efforts, to gain the army over to the cause of the democratic and social republic. Their efforts have not been without a certain success. Many officers and soldiers have been subjected to discipline, for manifesting sympathy with this party: and, in some instances entire regiments have been removed from Paris, which is the grand centre of the socialist and democratic *propagande*.

Temporary barracks for the accommodation of twenty thousand men are being constructed with the same view at St. Maur in the environs of Paris. By the way, there is an American socialist in Paris, fraternizing with his French brethren, La Grange, Pierre Leroux, *et id genus omne*, at all their banquets, and speechifying at their clubs. It is Mr. Brisbane of New York. I have heard him once, and heard of him repeatedly. He is not doing much harm here to be sure.

The red republicans are running, as one of their candidates, a simple sergeant of the 20th regiment of the line, named Pujo. He, it seems, is a democratic socialist republican, and drew upon himself the discipline of his colonel, by attending and speaking, at the political banquets of his party. He has been finally sent to Africa, in one of the companies kept up there for the punishment of soldiers, whose general conduct has rendered them obnoxious to censure. It is hardly possible that his party will be strong enough to elect him.

W. W. M.

BURKE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

To the cotemporaries of a great statesman it is of vital moment to decide whether his opinions agree with each other and if his course be loyal. But to the reader of a future day, his writings are chiefly attractive for the truth they contain and the resources of thought and style they exhibit. No public character escapes animadversion, for if there is nothing in his actions which party hatred can execrate, there is always room enough for base surmise in regard to his motives. Happily the graces of composition, the pleadings of humanity, the serene effulgence of wisdom, survive such transient and local warfare. True eloquence, like poetry, is hallowed by enduring admiration; and as we attach an inestimable value to a portrait by Titian, although the very name of the original has perished, so the warm and exquisite hues of noble fancy and the effective light and shade of ardent thought continue sacred long after the questions upon which they were expended have been forgotten, and the temporary ends they subserved no longer obtain. Depth and clearness of reflection and beauty of style are the grand preservatives of the rhetorician's labors. They even render classic the subject to which they are devoted. In the Forum at Rome we think of Cicero's invectives against Cataline; in the American Senate Chamber, of Webster's defence of the Union; and in Westminster Hall, of Sheridan's speech at the trial of Hastings. To illustrate the sources of rhetorical power, there is no more felicitous example than Edmund Burke. His life was remarkably transparent, unobscured by mystery and unembarrassed by violent contradictions. We clearly descry his image and easily trace his career. The means and appliances that promoted his development were in no degree extraordinary; they are within the reach of thousands. His habits were simple, his purposes undisguised, and the nature and extent of his cultivation amply revealed in his writings. His outward experience was comparatively uneventful. Of Irish descent, his youth is associated with a residence near the ruins of Spenser's dwelling—where much of the Fairy Queen was written,—with the salutary discipline of a Quaker school and the usual college instruction. Like most boys of intellectual tendency, his health was not robust and he dallied with the muses. By the former contingency he was rendered more impressible to the influences of nature, and by the latter experiment his taste for beautiful expression was revealed.

When his academical education was completed, like most young men of active intelligence, he vacillated awhile between several projects. He applied for a Scotch professorship and meditated emigration to America. Meantime pursuing his law-studies in London, he increased his father's yearly allowance of two hundred pounds, by contributing to the periodicals of the day—a habit which gave him variety of practice in the art of expression. Occasional journeys for needful recreation, miscellaneous and unremitting reading, professional study, attentive visits to the House of Commons and the theatre, and social enjoyment of the best kind, quickened his powers and informed his mind. He contracted a happy marriage with the daughter of his benign physician, and thenceforth domestic life was the balm of his spirit. His philosophical taste and love of beauty found scope in the "Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful;" and the historical article which he now regularly furnished the Annual Register afforded the most desirable initiation possible into national affairs and political questions. Assimilating these various influences, practical and contemplative, he was unconsciously trained for the career of the rhetorician. From nature, books, the courts, parliament, the drama and society, he constantly gleaned ideas; the amenities of a united family softened the intensity of reflection, and the habitual use of the pen on comprehensive topics as well as oral discussions with the superior men of the day, gave him new facility to that power of language with which he was endowed by nature. That he recognized this general and accurate knowledge of men and things, and an acquired felicity of utterance as the requisites of his vocation, may be inferred from the opinion he gives Barry, the painter, in regard to the old masters,—which is equally applicable to verbal expression. "If I were to indulge in a conjecture, I should attribute all that we call greatness of style and manner of drawing, to the exact knowledge of anatomy and perspective. For by knowing exactly and habitually, without the labor of particular and occasional thinking, what was to be done in every figure they designed, they naturally attained a freedom and spirit of outline, because they could be daring without being absurd; whereas ignorance, if it be cautious, is poor and timid; and if bold, it is only blindly presumptuous."

It is essential to a great rhetorician that he should be endowed not only with quickness and discernment and capacity to retain and assimilate facts and principles, but that a basis of strong natural sense should underlie both his acquisitions and facilities. Otherwise he degenerates into a mere special pleader; his arguments are

ingenious rather than profound, and his view of any subject liable to be more acute and visionary, than true and comprehensive. It is this justness of perception, this original clearness of insight which the word sense best though vaguely indicates, that leads to an habitual reference to first principles, to confidence in primary truth and to a calm and earnest reliance on inductive wisdom. It was to a remarkable degree the characteristic of Burke. He seems to have been a conservative in the best signification of the term—without bigotry or fanaticism, yet with singular tranquillity of conviction and liberality of feeling. He joined, indeed, the dignity of the conservative with the generous spirit of the reformer. He was a zealous advocate for progress, but for progress in a certain direction and under established influences. In the spirit of our great revolutionary orator, he seemed ever ready to exclaim, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience; and know of no way of judging of the future but by the past:" thus Patrick opened the celebrated speech in which he so eloquently advocated resistance to Great Britain, boldly suggesting the greatest of national innovations by an appeal to the unsatisfactory result of patient endurance. It was not a familiar precedent, however, but a great principle that justified his cause. Thus Burke in his writings on France and America manifests the liveliest attachment to existent institutions and a faith in them as the result of ages of human conflict and thought—but it is on the fundamental principles involved in them and on the natural instincts whence they spring, that he relies. It appears to us that the great elements of Burke's rhetoric may all be traced to this philosophic habitude. He never lost sight of the facts of human nature and human life—of the everlasting laws by which they are regulated. The phenomena, however imposing or winsome, never drew him from the law, the form from the substance, the transient phase from the original element. Hence his deep aversion to the substitution of theoretical for practical intelligence, his recoil from all attempts to regulate actual society by metaphysical opinions, to let a doctrine take the place of a sentiment, or a visionary speculation of a long tried expedient. It was this view that led him to perceive so distinctly the error of American taxation and the inapplicability of French philosophy to human well-being. It rendered him sagacious because it carried him below the surface of things to the mind and heart of man as developed within to his consciousness, aroused to his observation and in history to his reflection. Hence, also, his remarkable *prescience*. He was a good prophet in national affairs, on the very same ground that Shakspeare is the most effective of dramatists—a constant recurrence to the natural, and therefore the inevitable, springs of human action. Thus he asks, in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," "Why do I feel so differently from the Rev. Dr. Price, and those of his lay flock, who will choose to adopt the sentiments of his discourse? For this plain reason—because it is *natural* I should; because we are so made as to be affected," &c. The same idea in another guise, re-appears in all the arguments and expressions of this celebrated essay; for instance, "We shall never be such fools as to call in an enemy to the substance of any system to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or to perfect its construction." One of his brief phrases strikingly exhibits how completely he identified reasonable obedience to the instincts and sentiments of human nature, with civilization, and how destructive he deemed all experiments not based upon their primitive teaching. "Nor as yet," he says, in allusion to the philosophical atrocities then enacting in Paris—"have we *subtilized ourselves into savages.*" His first published work of celebrity—the Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, is the best evidence of the reverence and curiosity with which he looked into nature for essential truth. In this composition he did so as a mental philosopher; in his after public career, he adopted the same method as the only legitimate test of justice and utility.

He wished to "move with the order of the universe." "I have endeavored," he says, "through my whole life, to make myself acquainted with human nature; otherwise I should be unfit to take even my humble part in the service of mankind." And again, "wise men will apply their remedies to vices not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not to the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear." But it is needless to multiply instances. In dwelling upon this invariable deference to the first principles of our common nature—to the great and unalterable facts of humanity, as the philosophic element of Burke's character, we desire to suggest the process of his efficiency, to show that no vague and chance aptitude to which under the name of genius the indiscriminate refer all mental results is necessary to account for his power. He proceeded in discussing a public question exactly as in a scientific analysis; he brought the same recognition of facts, the same lucid arrangement and rigid induction to his commentary on the French Revolution as to the problem of the Sublime and Beautiful. In both cases it was what God had written on the mind and implanted in the heart of man that he strove to

descry, and according to which he argued and inferred. We do not say that therefore his conclusions were infallible, but to this comprehensive yet searching method, we confidently ascribe the wisdom that men of all parties find in the writings of Burke. We believe it is thus only that any perennial light is shed on momentous themes. The view thus eliminated may be incomplete, it may be partial, but as far as it goes, it is a genuine and distinct revelation and an infinite help towards unusual truth. It gives a certain grandeur to statesmen, historians and poets when they apply essential principles to immediate occurrences, try the elements of the hour in the crucible of the Past, and, undisturbed by the noise and smoke of the conflict around, calmly guide their steps by patient and trusting observation of the eternal stars. This lofty habitude cramped Burke, except in great questions, as a parliamentary orator. He was obliged sometimes to begin with a coaxing appeal or startling expression to win the requisite attention. His style of thinking was eminently adapted to contemplative minds. The superficial were impatient at its depth. Burke excelled in furnishing reasons, so clearly expressed and so justly deduced as to fascinate by their bright and orderly array, if they did not overwhelm by their intrinsic power.

There is a permanency attached to views thus based upon long experience and drawn from the primal facts of man and nature, that prolongs their interest and value. However inadequate they may be as representing all the ideas involved in political and social science, no reflective mind can fail to perceive that they have essential meaning; and will, therefore, be continually reproduced. Two revolutions have occurred in France since Burke's celebrated Reflections appeared. The last publication of note relative to the duty and prospects of that country, is a pamphlet by Guizot.* We are struck with the coincidences of thought, the identity of argument of these two treatises—written at such intervals of time and at such different stages of human progress. "I confess to you, sir," says Burke, "I never liked this continual talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread." "A society may be tortured, perhaps destroyed," says Guizot; "but you cannot make it assume a form or mode of existence foreign to its nature, either by disregarding the essential elements of which it is constituted, or by doing violence to them."

"Had fate reserved him to our times," says Burke, allnding to the tyranny of Henry VIII., "four technical terms would have done his business and saved him all this trouble,—he needed nothing more than one short form of incantation—Philosophy, Light, Liberty, the Rights of Man." "Nothing," says Guizot "has a more certain tendency to ruin a people than a habit of accepting words and appearances as realities. While the shouts of anity and fraternity resound among us, they are responded to by social war," &c.

A train of reasoning in favor of distinct orders and an established church runs through the two works, and a kindred appeal to innate human affections and moral responsibility. It is probable that the terms of science and the imagery of literature will perpetually vary with new discoveries and the advance of social refinement; but there is an identity in human nature, in its laws, wants, endowments and tendencies that renders just inferences from them, especially when made with perspicuity and elegance of style, interesting to the thinker of every age. Hence the renown of Burke as a philosophical essayist on government and society.

The next source of his rhetorical gifts was various and precise knowledge. In early life his reading was desultory but incessant. He seems to have intuitively known the applicability of all truths to human culture; for while he perused with zest history as the storehouse of the past, be equally cultivated poetry as quickening to the sympathies and suggestive of the beautiful. His observation had the same range. He noted a mill not less than a minster—the one taught him a principle in mechanics and the other in architectural beauty. He recorded the statistics and delighted in the practice of agriculture, while, with kindred intelligence, he made a taste for the fine arts a careful study. It was the same, too, in conversation. No one he encountered failed to contribute to his stock of ideas. He could discuss a portrait with Sir Joshua, a question in philology with Johnson, an elocutionary point with Garrick, manures with a farmer and costume with a lady. Thus despising no source of information, continually storing his mind with every kind of facts, natural, historical and social, when he meditated upon a topic, illustrations rushed from his memory and were readily marshalled to sustain an argument, or combined by his glowing fancy into brilliant and striking metaphors. It was from this exuberance and variety of knowledge, that his fluency as an orator, in part, arose, as well as the spontaneous richness of his conversation; and that immediate recognition of his superiority which led the surly lexicographer to say that encountered under a shed in the rain, he would be known at once as an extraordinary man. The quickness, indeed,

* Democracy in France.

with which he appropriated facts is evinced in his speeches and writings on France, America and India. One who had dwelt long in those countries could scarcely speak of them with a more graceful familiarity. He explored not only the data but the associations of every subject; and his acquisitions came forth with a fullness and alacrity that rendered them doubly impressive. He had an emphatic manner of introducing incidental pictures which vivified all the facts previously cited—as in the memorable allusion to the unfortunate queen of France, the description of Miss McCrea's murder and of the New England whale fishery.

Comparison is one of the most effective of rhetorical weapons, though rarely encountered in perfection. A striking metaphor arrests the uncultivated mind, while a beautiful one gratifies the refined taste. Burke excelled in both. His images indicate sometimes peculiar ingenuity and sometimes a poetical imagination. They are invariably effective, and add greatly to the living charm of his oratory. Open at any page, and we meet them. Let us quote at random. "After all," he says in a letter, "a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade winds, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands." In a speech, referring to the apathetic condition of the Spanish monarchy; "What can we expect of her?" he asks, "mighty, indeed, but unwieldy, vast in bulk but inert in spirit—a whale stranded upon the sea-shore of Europe." His description of Chatham's administration is felicitous in another vein: "a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tesselated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, kings, friends and republicans, whigs and tories," &c. In relation to the English clubs of French sympathizers, he says: "do not imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a general mark of acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing I assure you. Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers, under a fern, make the field ring with their importunate clink, while thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that, of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour." The withering sarcasm of this figure is only equalled by that of Sydney Smith, who said, speaking of an insignificant but mischievous person, that—"in a country surrounded by dykes a rat may inundate a province." But the significance and brilliancy of a metaphor is diminished by gleaning it from the context; and this is especially true in regard to those of Burke. The mind is warmed for their reception by previous argument or appeal; and they often rise in majestic beauty from the tide of his glowing rhetoric like Aphrodite from the sea.

We have spoken of the mental and verbal characteristics of Burke, but to form an adequate idea of the man or even of his rhetoric, it is indispensable to consider his physical temperament and his moral nature. The former was of that sanguine, nervous kind, both active and susceptible, which gives force and vivacity to expression. Indeed, we ascribe Burke's prëeminence, in no small degree, to the happy blending in his constitution of English and Irish traits—the one imparting vigor of thought and the other tenderness and enthusiasm. He has been called "a terrific accuser"; but combativeness is essential to an effective rhetorician. Its excitement, when the case justifies, is absolutely necessary in the attack and defence of opinion, in the arraignment of the guilty and the vindication of the injured; but not less desirable is its latent influence—giving a certain firmness, precision and energy both to ideas and style. We see its bracing effect in all Burke's elaborate efforts. There is an aim in each, of which he never loses sight and toward which every flight of fancy, and ebullition of satire, and pathos of appeal is ardently directed. Yet the tenor of his writings evinces a generosity of feeling, warm affection, loyalty and a certain nobleness especially captivating when contrasted with the pettiness and chicanery that usually deforms political aspirants. The permanency of his early attachment, his liberal and unostentatious kindness to indigent genius—as exhibited in the instances of Barry and Crabbe, his "desperate fidelity" to Hamilton, and his intense parental anguish indicate how sincere was the sensibility and devotedness that breathes in his works. Even Johnson's arbitrary will was soothed to courteous abeyance by Burke. Few passages in the latter's writings are more characteristic than his defence of nobility. His veneration for the time-hallowed, the renowned, the sublime in nature and association, is revealed by his reflections, as a youth, on first entering Westminster Abbey; and by the solemn beauty of his pleadings for the sacred and the venerable. It was not a trick of rhetoric for such a man to lament the decline of chivalry. Noble sentiments were his birth-right, and he knew from experience the mortification of realizing that the age in which he lived denied them scope, and that the people with whom he mingled often exhibited a hopeless incapacity of recognition in their behalf. He intuitively discerned, also, the cold

selfishness of a mere theorist—"nothing can be conceived," he writes, "more hard than the heart of a thorough metaphysician."

But the excellence of Burke's heart is most admirably evinced in his eloquent advocacy of sentiment—in its highest significance, as essential to the dignity and progress of man. This is one of those peculiarities that distinguish the universal from the partisan writer and justify the declaration of Mackintosh that Burke was the most philosophical of statesmen. It also explains why the most satisfactory revelation of his genius was colloquial. There was too much nature in him for acquirement to overlay or for diplomacy to pervert, and the less artificial the medium the greater the exuberance of his mind. He recognised the normal not less than the temporary in humanity; and felt that the beautiful and endearing in social existence was not less a vital interest of his race than the principles of government. Hence he reproaches the French innovators in terms of the most attractive yet lofty wisdom: "all the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics, the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new, conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off; all the superadded ideas furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion."

It is generally admitted that the most successful oratory disappoints in the reading, not only from the absence of elocutionary charms, but on account of the somewhat exaggerated terms which though orally impressive, will not bear the calm eye of meditation. One of the greatest proofs of Burke's originality as a rhetorician, is that his speeches are so effective on perusal. There is substantial thought enough to sustain whatever ornament he chooses to display; and the direct manner which the habit of public address induces, only gives vitality to his writings, without, in the slightest degree, lessening their dignity as deliberate compositions. The philosopher and the poet are co-evident in his most felicitous efforts; the reason and the sentiment of the question alternate; and we often enjoy while communing with him the delightful consciousness of having our judgment convinced and our sympathies won, at the same time. This union of delicacy and power is almost unprecedented. To be vivid and profound is seldom the distinction of the same writer. We instinctively separate in literature the two characteristics, and turn to one class of authors for emotion and to another for thought, as if to invent and to argue equally well, were scarcely to be expected from the same individual. From Burke, however, may be gleaned the most dry and perspicuous collocation of facts, the strongest array of reasons, the most imaginative conceptions, and the most touching pictures. His most universal charm is a style so copious as to enrich the student's vocabulary by the aptitude and flow of words, to gratify the taste by its elegance and the ear by its musical periods. Withal it is a manly style. Burke is not fastidious in his choice of epithets or illustrations to the extent of weakening his force of statement. He can use the most homely as well as the most classic phrases and figures. He does not sacrifice truth to beauty, but aims to render them mutually illustrative. Few English writers boast passages that exhibit so clearly the dignity of the language, its facility of application, and its persuasive grace. It is on this account that meagre extracts do him little justice. Thus read, he might be sometimes thought bombastic, sometimes verbose and occasionally too colloquial or too stilted; but perused consecutively, the language and manner keep pace so deftly with the course of the argument and the successive phases of the question, that the entire effect is singularly harmonious and satisfactory; and the mind is animated and tempered as by a lofty strain of melody, uttered by a deep, yet sweet voice, "when on the singer's lip expires the finished song." To this union of consummate ability with earnest and just feeling is referable the extraordinary balance of fancy and sense, the practical and the poetical in Burke. His mind was essentially speculative, he delighted in curious observation, his range of inquiry was broad and refined; yet to public affairs he brought a calm, practical judgment, a sobriety of mood, a perception of the actual relations of things and the absolute claims of an exigency, as if he had been wont to deal only in matters of fact and had drawn every lesson from stern experience. This is the more remarkable in one who could, at pleasure, indulge in such excursions of imagination and sentiment. An able critic has declared that in the latter regard he was "unapproached by any orator;" and the wonder is that the reasoning acumen and profundity co-existed with this capacity, in equal power. To this uncommon alliance of gifts we ascribe his moderation. When the views of Fox and Pitt were quoted in opposition to his own, he said—"I prefer the collective wisdom of ages to the abilities of any two men living." He would go all lengths with no party, nor yield im-

plicit faith to any mortal. He was too comprehensive to please a faction; and the more general his subject and the less connected with temporary objects, the more triumphant his discussion of it. There was, therefore, no little truth in the famous line in which Goldsmith summed up the career of his illustrious friend:—"he gave up to party what was meant for mankind;" for the reader of the present day, to whom many of the questions to which he was devoted are comparatively indifferent, cannot but lament that historical, ethical or philosophical themes of vast and lasting interest, had not exclusively employed his pen. The essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and the work on the French Revolution by their immediate reference to natural and social truths, elicited his finest powers; and eloquently suggest how admirably such discussions were adapted both to his abilities and his taste. Here and there, indeed, throughout his speeches, opportunities arise for expatiating on a universal truth or an important principle, which he always seizes with the avidity of a mind to which isolated details and transient causes are a hindrance, and the perspective of great ideas a necessary inspiration.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

As the dew-drop to the rose,
  As the sun-beam on the sea,
As the stars unto the night,
Shining with a cheering light,
    Art thou to me
    Blessed Spirit of Poesy!
Full of light and full of gladness,
  Full of sweet serenity,
Lighting up the mists of sadness
  Till they melt themselves and flee
  Blithesomely and airily;—
As the storm-clouds darkly rolled,
  At the sunbeam's dawning ray,
  Brightly smiling float away
In shapes and colors manifold.

What art thou? not a fleeting dream,
  The eager phantasy of youth
That passeth with our morning's beam,—
  Like dew-drops on a lily's breast
  Trembling in their sweet unrest—
To me thy very being wears
  The fadeless light of truth.
Yea, thou wert with me long ago
  When singing mid the summer flowers,—
Or when beside the rippling stream
Musing in a voiceless dream
  Through the golden sunset hours,
Restless thoughts would come to me
  Whispering to my haunted mind
Of a form I might not see,
Of an unheard melody,
  Strange, and dim, and undefined;
Till half in love and half in fear
  I turned me to the quiet skies,
And deemed that in each beauteous star
Shining faint, and distant far,
  I met the glance of angel eyes;
And heard amid the wind's low sigh
A strange and fitful harmony.

And thou art with me still—thy smile
  Is as a glory round my way,
Guiding through the lonely night,
Where without that cheering light
  My wayward steps had gone astray—
Stooping to the lowly places,
  Fainting by the common way.
Seeming deathless joys there be
  That blossom like the autumn flowers,
  Blossom for a few brief hours,
Soon to perish utterly;
Until we turn amid our tears
Yearning for the coming years
  Though burthened with a deeper care—
For then we deem that higher powers
And sterner wisdom shall be ours,
  Making grief less hard to bear:
But *thou*—I have no fear for thee,
  So beautiful, so bright thou art,
So full of sweet divinity,
  That death in thee can have no part—
Thyself art immortality.

At times thou comest unto me
  In the semblance of a fairy,
  Borne on pinions light and airy,
Smiling with a sunny glee.
  And I follow as I may,
As with light Psychean grace
Through illimitable space
  Thou tak'st thy pathless way.
Thou leadest me to lonely woods
  And to the sea-girt strand,
Where all throughout the moonless night
The plunging waters hoarse and white
  Beat on the ribbéd sand;
And the ships go sailing by,
  Sailing on the shadowy sea
Like the pale stars in the sky,
  Silently—silently,
To fairy founts, and haunted rills,
  Welling forth forevermore
From the silent hearts of lonely hills,
  'Mid fluted shell and sparry ore,
And many a lovely flower that dwells
  Unseen, beside the fountain's brim,
  Or in the rocky niches dim,
Like gentle nuns in their cloister-cells
  Singing ever a holy hymn:—
Or where, in some deserted isle,
Standeth an old Cathedral pile,
  'Neath whose matted ivy-screen,
Peer from corners dusk and dim,
Carvéd forms and faces grim,
With feathery fern and lichens boar
And richest mosses mantled o'er,—
  Richest moss of rarest green!
And then it is a joy to me
  'Mid those ruins lone and hoary

Thus to stray with thee;
Listening to some ghostly story—
  Story of the sainted time,
Or some wild and monkish legend
  Weaving into rhyme.

Thy joyousness is like the glow
  Of the sun-beams on the sea,
As they sparkle to and fro,
  Laughingly, laughingly,—
But beneath, in caverns deep,
Calm and still the waters sleep;
Far too mighty and profound
For flashing light—for rippling sound—
  Thus thy soul lies calm forever—
Silent in its deep emotion,
Hushed as to a still devotion,
  While it seemeth changing ever.
A quiet sense of moveless might,
  Of calm and still serenity,
A love too deep for smiles or tears,
An earnestness of thought that wears
  The stamp of immortality,
  These are a part of thee.
Thou mak'st my life so beautiful,
  That I can bear to be alone;
Thou singest ever a soothing song
  Where lies no secret moan,
  No melancholy undertone,
But lovely as the strains that fell
  'Mid the stillness of the night,
  Melting through the pale starlight,
On the spirit of the maid
  Kneeling at the holy shrine,
And hearing as she meekly prayed,
  Strains of harmony divine—
    Strains of angel-melody,
With a sweetness most intense
Steal on her enraptured sense—
    Lovely, sainted Cecilie!
And never die these tones away,
  But evermore they come to me
  With a low-toned melody,
Singing ever night and day;
As the sparkling waters run
  Through shady wood and sunny valley,
Singing in a quiet tone,
  Singing ever musically
    Down unto the restless sea—
Where the sounding billows pour
Singing on the lonely shore—
  Thus thou singest unto me,
    Evermore!

I may not tell the fancies wild
  That whisper to my heart,
When oft amid its solitude
Musing in half-inspired mood,
  I question what thou art.
At times thou seemest unto me
  A part of mine own being—
Its life, its immortality,
  That deathless and far-seeing
Reachest from the bounds of time
Through the past's forgotten clime,
  And through far eternity,
Such as I deem it might have been
  Amid the bowers of Paradise,
  Gazing above with radiant eyes
Undarkened yet by sin,
A guardian-angel by my side
  An exile from a purer clime,
With whom the melodies abide
  Of some sweet Eden-time,
Whose echoes from the past prolong,
Tuning life's discord into song;
And seeming as it wanders by
A strange unbidden memory
Of something heard, of something seen,
  Of something loved we know not where—
Of something that we feel *hath been*
  In a more heavenly atmosphere.
Thou art a mystery,—a thing
  To shrine within my secret heart
And love with silent wondering,
  Scarce knowing what thou art;
  For in thy purity divine
  Thy life is too remote from mine
To tarry human questioning.

Oh leave me not alone, alone!
  For I am but an earthly child,
So lonely in my soul's unrest,
  So passionate, and weak, and wild,
I should be nothing without thee,—
A bark upon a stormy sea
  Tossing ever restlessly;
Or sleeping on a breezeless ocean
Without ripple, without motion—
  Sleeping on so wearily!
I am so utterly alone,
What should I love if thou wert gone?
Naught hath thine angel purity,
Thy sweet and soothing sympathy,
Blessed spirit of *Poesy*!

SUSAN

Richmond.

THE INSPIRATION OF MUSIC.

ALFIERI often before he wrote prepared his mind by listening to music; "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after,"—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. LORD BACON had music often played in the room adjoining his study: MILTON listened to his organ for his solemn inspiration, and music was even necessary to WARBURTON. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory for his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the Court. CURRAN's favorite method of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination in collecting its tones was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar. D'ISRAELI.

FOUR NEW ADDRESSES.*

If Mr. Joseph Hume were a citizen of Republican America with all his statistical propensities in full play about him, we can imagine that much the greater portion of his time would be consumed in learning the arithmetic of our pamphlet publications. It is quite likely too that after pushing his investigations to the farthest possible extent, with a view to arriving at the exact number of addresses published in any given year, he would at last give up in despair and the rest of his days would be embittered by the utter impossibility of even obtaining the result. The name of such publications is Legion. The greatest fecundity of the German presses is nothing in the comparison. Leipsic itself become Lilliputian when so regarded, and

> "If Holland old, or Holland new,
> One wondrous sheet of paper grew,"

and all of it should be pressed into service at once, it would not furnish a sufficient supply for our market. Baccalaureate addresses have become more plentiful than the berries of the laurel, and the autumnal leaves of collegiate orations strew the post routes of travel with more than Vallambrosan profusion.

Among this multitude of red, green and yellow pamphlets, there is of course every tinge in sentiment as in cover. They are called forth by the most various occasions and touch on the greatest variety of topics. One young gentleman in our immediate vicinity ventures, perhaps, to throw the light of research upon the aboriginal developments of the North American Continent. Another has been invited to celebrate the completion of a Lyceum on the banks of the Wabash. A third indulges in unstinted abuse of the Southern States before the Anti-Slavery and Negro-Stealing Society of Doolittleville "in the State of Connecticut." to the great delight of the spinsters thereof. Meanwhile hundreds are engaged from Nova Scotia to New Mexico in speechifying before college debating clubs and reading-room associations. Indeed the speech at college is the *pièce de resistance* of literature; and we doubt very much if a Master of Arts can be found in the country who has not published his pamphlet. Nor is it confined to such as have taken degrees. *Semel insanivimus omnes*, in this particular we have all sinned, and one peccadillos are preserved in obscure garrets or have been long since "used up" as wrapping paper for "merchandise."

For this latter mode of speechification, if indulged in by undergraduates or Alumni, a prescribed formula may be laid down. They are all alike. There may be an apparent diversity in the subjects selected for discussion, but the thoughts are always made to flow through the same channel. Your orator begins far back in the dim twilight of tradition, before Homer, (or the band of vagabond minstrels, according to Wolf,) had uttered the majestic poetry of the Iliad,—he gradually progresses to the palmy day of Athenian supremacy, looks at Rome pillaged by the Visigoth, does up the dark ages in very respectable gloom, traces the departure of the Moors from Spain, and after a few flourishes on the French Revolution, with some grandiloquence touching the guillotine, at last reaches America and, as in duty bound, glorifies her gloriously. So much for the matter. The ornaments to set it off, the tinsel of rhetoric and the pomp of metaphor, are also invariably the same in all. The old myths are revived. Pallas comes forth again from the front of Jove and Niobe weeps afresh. Then follows two quotations from my Lord Byron, with four paragraphs of "fine writing," made up of eagles, pyramids and other trumpery of Mr. Charles Phillips, and the performance is ended "and your orator will ever pray, &c." Speeches made after this recipe are reproduced in large quantity, month after month, by a great multitude of orators, to whom

> "The mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease,"

in the days of the merry monarch, was but an inconsiderable number.

As soon as the type-setter of the town, where the address (one of the genus we have been describing) has been delivered, has "composed"

*1. INAUGURAL ADDRESS, Delivered on Occasion of the Opening of the University of the State of Mississippi, November 6, 1848. By *George Frederick Holmes, A. M., President of the University*. Memphis: Franklin Book and Job Office. 1849.

2. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, Delivered before the Chair of Political Economy, Commerce and Statistics of the University of Louisiana: New Orleans. Dec., 1848. By *J. D. B. DeBow*.

3. SPEECH in support of The Memorial of Harvard, Williams and Amherst Colleges, Delivered before the Joint Committee on Education, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Boston, on the 7th of February, 1849. By *Edward Everett*. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1849.

4. THE POETRY OF DEATH. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Library Association, in the City of Augusta, December 21st., 1848. By *Robert M. Charlton*. Savannah. Edward J. Purse, Book and Job Printer. 1849.

the composition,—taking hold of the author's thoughts and "turning them to shapes" that Aldus or Caxton never dreampt of,—the press strikes off a certain number of presentation copies, which are distributed at once with the autograph and compliments of the author among a select circle of friends. These friends are placed thereby in an unpleasant predicament. They are indeed sadly perplexed. Two duties, growing out of the friendly relation, are imposed upon them and these sometimes involve violence to their inclination and an outrage upon truth. First, *they must read*. Second, *they must praise*. We have somewhere seen an excellent suggestion for evading this difficulty by a letter to the author, acknowledging in polite terms the receipt of the address, and expressing an intention of reading and the expectation of being delighted with it.

Now, to write a good address, which shall both please an auditory and make a respectable appearance in print, is a much more difficult matter than is generally supposed. The critic, who may have been warmed by the glow of declamation in a spoken discourse, or lulled into an indulgent mood by the musical lapses of a fine voice, becomes more fastidious in his closet with the glittering periods before him divested of all adventitious aids. The charm of manner is beyond the reach of the black art. Looks and tones cannot be printed. Gestures are incapable of publication. The surest fascinations of oratory are thus lost forever, the biographer of Henry cannot fix upon his eloquent pages that gift of expression, which in the "forest-born Demosthenes" so melted and moved by turns his enraptured audiences, and the reporters fail to transmit the grace with which Mr. Pinkney drew off his gloves in the midst of an argument before the Supreme Court. We have known, indeed, in our own limited experience, an address to be received with the most decided manifestations of delight, which, in pamphlet form, has sadly injured the author's reputation. To hear and to read is not unfrequently like witnessing a ballet on the night of its first representation and seeing it again at rehearsal the next morning. "The babbling and remorseless day" discloses tawdry spangles and vile daubs where the soft lustre of the foot-lights had exhibited diamonds and oriental architecture, and the divinity of the spectacle who seemed a thing of gossamer in the moonlight, turns out to be a vulgar, rouged and bedizened woman on the wrong side of forty.

But while the mass of publications of this character can not bear close scrutiny, and while to our young friends who are tempted to print a college speech we would universally commend the advice of Burns,—

> "Conceal yourself as weel's ye can
> Frae critical dissection,"—

there are yet many noble exceptions to the general rule, constituting a class of literary efforts, honorable alike to their authors and the age we live in. From the large accumulation of pamphlets with which our table is loaded down, we select four addresses at this time for favorable notice. We shall endeavor, with the help of the scissors, to set before our readers some passages from each of these, as excellent specimens of the eloquence of the desk. They belong to the better sort, the *οι αγαθοι* of speeches.

We begin with the address of Mr. George Frederick Holmes, the newly-elected President of the University of Mississippi, delivered on the occasion of the opening of that Institution. Mr. Holmes has long been well-known to the South as a profound scholar and as one of the most forcible and elegant reviewers of the day. We do not assign him too high a rank when we place him in connection with the best writers of the English Reviews. Those who have read his scathing critique of the "Wandering Jew," published in the Southern Quarterly Review some two years since, and the admirable article on "Bulwer's Lucretia," contributed to this magazine for April and July 1848, will agree with us, we think, in the opinion, that they establish his reputation as a writer of the first rank of merit.

Mr. Holmes was Professor of Political Economy at William & Mary College in this State, at the time when recent unhappy occurrences terminated in a temporary suspension of the exercises of that venerated seat of learning. Mr. Holmes having resigned his chair, was elected President of the new University which the people of Mississippi had just endowed. In his address, alluding to the day of inauguration and enlarging on the prospects of the University, President Holmes says,

"It is, indeed, a day to be remembered in the annals of the State. 'The erection of a great College, dedicated to the study of the nature of all things, whereby God may have the more glory in the workmanship, and man the more fruit in the use of them.'—this was more justly regarded by Lord Bacon, 'as the noblest foundation upon earth, and the lanthorn of that kingdom,' whose magnificent, though unfinished proportions, attest the amplitude, profundity and sagacity of his mind, as fully as the Novum Organon itself.

"It is his declaration, too, that 'there is not any more worthy act than the further endowment of the world with sound and fruitful knowledge!' But in the creation of a new University by the act of the people, and with the funds of the people, the State has exercised its liberality not only in fostering the study of the nature of

all things, not merely in securing the further endowment of the world with knowledge—but, above all, in providing for the dissemination of the learning which may be in the world—in extending its treasures to all who may be willing to receive them—and in assuring to each rising generation adequate and full instruction in that science which has been so highly estimated.

"This institution, thus created by the munificence of the State, is a creation speedily evoked from the silent womb of things possible: but its works are as perennial as the benefits of knowledge. The lapse of years, which undermines and obliterates all things, will deal indulgently with this, and only add renovated vigor, and a more ample capacity for good, to the veneration which will gradually hover over it; unless ruthless circumstances should mar the work which time would be reluctant to destroy. For this erection of a State University is a great deed, which needs to be but once performed—opus magnum semel operandum—one from which, when done, an unfailing stream of all that most ennobles and adorns a people, will continue to flow with increasing volume through countless generations, enriching each, and aiding each in the great race of progressive development of the human family. Its creation has demanded no long time, and, when compared with its prospective results, no great expenditure of means, but its fruits endure for ever, and will continue to be prodigal of blessings to the present and all coming time.

"That this is no vain boast—this promise of continued life and health—may be readily proved from the experience of the past. The Universities of Oxford, and Cambridge, and Paris owe their birth to the night of the middle ages, and survive in increased energy and renown. The University of Rome, founded under the earlier successors of the Cæsars escaped the perils of the Hun, the Goth, the Vandal and the Saracen—lived through the wars of the Lombards and the Franks—was left erect after the dissensions of Guelph and Ghibelline had passed away—and remains the most splendid monument of the innate strength and persistancy of great Institutions of learning. But a nearer and more recent instance is at hand. With one of my colleagues I have come from a venerable College, to which the long protracted circle of a hundred and fifty years had only given higher honor and larger sphere of influence. Her alumni had gone from her halls to the Bench and the Senate Chamber—from her, they had gone to the command of armies, and to the Presidency of the Union—her graduates had controlled the fate of nations, and changed the destinies of the world. Founded under the rule of the Kingly government, she had witnessed the growth and presided over the struggles of the Colony in its youth—she had influenced and survived the storms of the Revolution—and had blossomed at its close into full promise and a higher existence. Her horizon was widening around her—and her glorious career was expanding before her, promising a yet noble destiny in future, when the sacred ark of learning which had been wafted over the floods of time, was shipwrecked by the rude and unholy hand of misguided men.'"

While we trust that the University of Mississippi may attain all the eminence that Padua or Oxford has reached, we may be permitted to question the taste of the last paragraph of our quotation. We disclaim in advance the expression of any opinion with regard to the unfortunate dissensions at Williamsburg. We desire to say nothing whatever with relation to a matter with which we have nothing to do. But we regret that Mr. Holmes should have employed terms of harshness in referring to the late *bouleversement*. Whatever may have been the effect of the action of the Board of Visitors, we must insist that their intentions were good and their motives above suspicion. Nor do we at all agree with Mr. Holmes in regarding the disasters of the college as amounting to "shipwreck." The good ship has indeed sustained losses. In parting with him, we think it lost an able captain. But (if he will allow us to borrow his figure) it has been hauled up and repaired, its tackle has been refitted, new and strong hands have been enrolled in its service, and now once more ready for a cruise, unlike the ricketty and misshapen vessel which Milton has described as

> "Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,"

it stands out bravely to the summer's sea. *Bon voyage* to it!—Fair breezes and successful adventures! But we can talk better in less figurative language. We say then, that in the distinguished gentlemen who have been called upon to succeed the retiring professors, we see the best assurances of increasing usefulness for an institution around which cluster the fondest associations of colonial and revolutionary greatness.

Mr. Holmes proceeds to discuss the systems of common school and Collegiate Education in their bearing upon each other, and says,

"This intimate connection between the higher and lower grades of education has been too frequently overlooked—and in consequence a pernicious hostility has arisen between their respective partizans, which has retarded or defeated the success of one or both. To prevent, as far as may be within the power of one man the growth of any such dissension in this state—and, by preventing this pernicious antagonism, to expedite and ensure the fullest success for the public education of Mississippi—and also to supply, in some measure, the void which has too often been left in the discussion of the importance of State appropriations for public instruction, I shall beg to detain you with a fuller exposition of the functions of collegiate education in ministering to the practical requirements of the present age.

"The belief that there is a distinction or even an opposition between the highest intellectual desires and the practical wants of men, is a popular fallacy very current in the present day. No delusion can be more dangerous or more false. It is one, however, which has not even the doubt-

ful merit of novelty, which has been boastfully claimed for it by its advocates. It has been frequently preached, practised, tested and exploded before. Once crushed, it has often reappeared in various periods of the world's history, and is likely to reappear frequently again. In the days of Reuchlin, classical erudition was persecuted as impiety: and the pursuit of Latin and Greek was decried not merely as a vain and unprofitable study, but as closely connected with magic and other black arts. Yet these were the very studies that paved the way for Kepler, Galileo and Bacon—and led indirectly to the discovery of the New World. The prosecution of science, partly owing to the indiscreet pretensions of its votaries, was punished with the fagot and the stake, and regarded as necromancy—yet it was the commencement of the sciences of Medicine, Chemistry and Astronomy—and to the Alchemists and Astrologers of the Dark Ages we are remotely indebted for all our modern arts and manufactures. Yet the error, which experience has so completely exposed, still infests the minds of many and refuses to be eradicated.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, there is infinitely more truth contained in the converse of this erroneous proposition. The highest intellectual difficulties of the day, and the most recondite speculations of which the age is capable, are in reality those from whose solution the most practical benefits may be anticipated. Experiments in electricity were long regarded as curious and amusing, rather than useful—yet from them we have derived galvanic plating, the electro-type, and the Magnetic Telegraph. Investigations into the elasticity of vapor were to all appearance sufficiently remote from any practical application—they have given us the various forms, and the unlimited powers of the steam engine. An inquiry into the oxydation of metals is sufficiently difficult and recondite—thence, however, we have derived the Daguerreotype. Wherever we turn we shall find fresh confirmation of Bacon's remark, that '*experimenta lucifera*' are to be preferred to '*experimenta fructifera*'—for they will be ultimately productive of the largest amount of valuable and practical results.

"If we are anxious to confirm confirmation, and to make conviction doubly sure, we need only cast a hasty glance over the studies pursued in a Collegiate education, and trace their direct practical influence. If we begin with the classic languages and even omit all mention of their efficacy in training, forming, educating and ennobling the mind and heart—they furnish us with the laws of universal grammar and with the highest exemplars of grace, beauty, strength and order in composition—they supply the keys to unlock the literatures, the languages and the laws of all modern nations:—and they contain, buried in their vast bosoms, exhaustless treasures which can be drawn from no other source. They are the lasting monuments which prove most cogently the ennobling influences of free institutions on the mind and the genius of man. In them, too, is locked up the history of the world from Solon to Cromwell. And above all, they contain the record of the covenant and the archives of our faith. It will not suffice to reply to this, that Latin and Greek books may be read in translations. Not a thousandth part of the riches imbedded in those languages has ever yet been translated—no translation from an ancient author can be any thing more than a caricature of the original—and moreover, those who neglect to acquire the classic languages themselves will rarely have recourse to translations. In addition to this all the important incidental advantages to be derived from the study of these languages are wholly lost by the substitution of translations.

"If, then, on these numerous accounts the Latin and Greek are worthy of our attention they merit for the same reasons diligent and persevering study. They are the true Pierian spring, from which, if we would drink, we must drink deeply and largely. The benefits we have pointed out are the rewards of long and intimate familiarity, and are not to be gained by a hasty and superficial acquaintance. We must learn to think in their own language as the Greeks thought before we can truly inhale the glorious and inspiriting atmosphere of Athenian wisdom—and we must learn to feel as the Romans felt before we can become participants in the profound and practical sagacity of ancient Rome. When this familiarity has been acquired we will discover in the tongues of Greece and Rome the avenues to an immense continent of knowledge which Greece and Rome had never explored.

"To pass on to the physical sciences. The immediate practical benefits derived from the application of natural science to arts, manufactures and agriculture are the cause of most of our modern prosperity, and are so continually submitted to our daily observation as to be perfectly familiar to all of us. We owe to the founder of our modern philosophy the maxim that the limits of our knowledge of nature constitute also the limits of our power to render her operations subservient to human wants; and that the further we can push back the former so much the further do we extend the latter. It is needless to exemplify the manner in which the physical sciences have ministered to the satisfaction of human requirements—the steamboats that cover our waters—the factories that are spread over the land—the railroads that link together the ends of the country with their fetters of iron—the telegraph that outstrips the sun and bears our tidings on the wings of the lightning; these and a thousand other modern miracles bear hourly testimony to the fact and the mode of its accomplishment. But steamboats are built and railroads laid down by those who are wholly unacquainted with the profound mysteries of science; and many wonderful inventions have been due to the genius and perseverance of men whose knowledge scarcely extended beyond the rudiments. From these admitted facts it may be erroneously supposed that profound scientific acquirements are unnecessary for the practical requirements of the times. Not so: each great practical invention by whomsoever it might ultimately be made, has yet been due to anterior investigations carried on from the pure love of speculative truth in the most abstruse and recondite regions of human knowledge. Millions both before and since the Marquis of Worcester had seen the lid tremble on the boiling kettle, but the

steam-engine was due to researches into the expansibility of gaseous bodies. The electric fluid had been coming round the world since the stars first sang together, to one American we owed the recognition of its existence and properties, and to another we owe the invention of the magnetic telegraph, though a few years since electricity was considered so far removed from the possibility of practical application, as to be regarded merely as a field for curious and amusing experiments! The security of our lives and properties at sea is in like manner dependent upon trigonometrical calculations, and upon the highest and most difficult speculations of astronomy. Thus the stars which gem the blue depths of heaven lend themselves to the common wants of men; and the ends of knowledge are brought together to render us habitual service."

We might profitably continue our quotations from Mr. Holmes' Address, but our limits bid us turn to the second publication which we propose to notice. This is the Introductory Lecture of Professor De Bow on taking the chair of Political Economy, Commerce and Statistics in the University of Louisiana. Professor De Bow's taste in polite letters and accustomed lucidity of style, (as shown in the editorial management of the "Commercial Review,") had prepared us to expect no little gratification from this lecture, nor have we been at all disappointed. The design of it is an exposition of the studies pursued in his peculiar department of the University, and he proceeds to give a most interesting sketch of the History of Commerce from the earliest ages. Of English commercial enterprise, Mr. De Bow says:

"Edward III. was the father of English commerce. Before his reign no advances of any character had been made in that country to extend its foreign intercourse, but Edward set himself in earnest to build up and establish the kingdom. He invited over from Flanders artisans and workmen, who may almost be said to have originated the manufacturing system of England. It is not a little curious to consider the motives which were held out to this enterprising body of men, as they are furnished for us in a venerable record. They were told that in England "they should feed on fat beef and mutton till nothing but their fullness should stint their stomachs, that they should have buxom wives, seeing the richest yeoman in England would not disdain to marry their daughters unto them." The products of the labors of these craftsmen, feeding upon "fat beef and mutton," to respectable corpulency, became soon known, and famous in the markets of all Europe.

"Feudalism began now to totter in the rapid progress of the merchant interests, and went out in that last battle on the heath of Gladsmoor, when Warwick, its great representative—the proud Baron—the "*King maker*"—fell, like a huge tower, under the vigorous stroke of the *Merchant King*.

"Ho! what a gigantic struggle was there—grander and more awful, says Bulwer, than all individual interests, were those assigned to the fortunes of this battle, so memorable in the English annals; the ruin or fall of a dynasty, the fall of that warlike Baronage of which Richard Neville was the personation—the crowning flower—the greatest representative, and the last; associated with memories of turbulence and excess it is true, but with the proudest and grandest achievements in our history—with all such liberty as had been achieved since the Norman Conquest, with all such glory as made the island famous—here with Runnymede, and there with Cressy—the rise of a crafty, plotting, imperious despotism, based upon the growing sympathies of craftsmen and traders; and ripening, on the one hand, to the Tudor tyranny, the republican reaction under the Stuarts, the slavery and the civil war; but, on the other hand, to the concentration of all the vigor and life of genius into a single strong government; the graces, the arts, the letters of a polished Court; the freedom, the energies, the resources of a commercial population, destined to ride above the tyranny at which it had at first connived, and give to the emancipated Saxon the markets of the world."

Referring to our own country Mr. De Bow most justly claims for her the proud supremacy of the seas—not indeed as riding the waves with the greatest navy, or boasting more guns than the older governments of Europe, but as directing the keels of a thousand argosies upon missions of peaceful adventure, and effecting those interchanges of products with distant climes, which do more than treaties can ever accomplish, to cultivate kindly relations among the many branches of the human family. In this regard we are confessedly the first nation on earth. Mr. Burke and the ill-natured English tory magazine of our day admit our pre-eminence as the *carriers* of the world. After alluding to the amazing growth of New York and New Orleans as the two great *emporiä* of TRADE, Mr. De Bow thus sums up the influence and importance of the merchant classes:

"Whether for Britain, for France, or for Russia, for the South Seas and the Pacific, or for Republican America, there is but one voice now, and that cries for TRADE. Buy or sell are the pregnant words in every language under heaven. The Rialto is the centre of the world's negotiations. For this navies float upon the ocean—for this grave embassies receive audience from the Tamahamah of the Pacific, or talk Chinese with the potentates of the Celestial Empire!

"Commerce is a natural guardian of the arts and sciences. Under its influence the highest results have been stimulated. To what, for instance, can the astonishing progress and perfection to which astronomy has been carried be attributed, more than to the ever-arising wants of navigation? The solution of the problem of the latitudes and longitudes has been promised, at

different periods, the highest premiums of government. It has set astonomers at toil which only terminated in brilliant discovery. The various problems of navigation even now demand the highest labors of these men in every country, and the mere tables of a nautical almanac—the calculation of eclipses, occultations and parallaxes, calls into action a degree of scientific skill which can scarcely be appreciated by the uninitiated. The mariner's compass, quadrant, or chronometer, are miracles of art as well as of science. For every nation in the world. commerce has brought together her trophies, and laid them at the feet of science. Without leaving his closet the student of nature may arrive at profound results in the investigation of animals, plants, shells, and minerals, scattered over the whole globe—above the earth and under the earth, and down to the depths of the sea. Every art and science acknowledges its large indebtedness to the hand of commerce for the influence it is enabled to wield over nature in extending the empire and dominion of man.

"Commerce is the parent of civilization. We are acquainted with but one agency which excels it in perpetuating peace and good will among men, and elevating national character, and that agency is Christianity. But even the heralds of the cross, with all their noble and inspiring theme, have not penetrated further into the depths of savage wilderness or among the fiercest islands of the ocean, have not crossed mountains and deserts more desolate and terrific, have not plunged more fearlessly in the midst of horrid idolatry, cannibalism, and semi-demonism, than have these men of bales and merchandises in their search after trade. They have gone hand in hand with the missionary, where they have not acted as his pioneer. It was thus in the early history of America. Marquette and Allouez, fathers in the Roman church, were even distanced by the adventurous La Salle in the first visits which were made by civilized men to the howling wilderness westward of the Lakes. It is thus with the hunters and trappers of Oregon and California, who, as far upward as the Russian limit and south to Mexico, prosecute trade with the savage, as yet ignorant of his soul and of his Maker. It is most strikingly thus in the case of the Sandwich Islands. Commerce, acting as the adjunct or handmaiden of Christianity amongst the savages there, has transformed them into men and into citizens. We see a trophy won to civilization—a people added to the Christian nations of the earth.

"Let us take the extremest limit of the ocean, the stormiest islet of the sea, struggling against a thousand billows, and what do we find? The sailor and the trader have been there; and the return of the 'white wings' is hailed by anxious multitudes, who bring out their treasures, to be bartered for the veriest trifles of civilization. From the intercourse which arises, new wants are stimulated in their bosoms. They begin to think with the new objects which occasion thought. Their views and ideas are naturally expanded to a wider compass, and they are insensibly moulded in the type of those who have excited their highest admiration and wonder. Mysterious, beneficent and wise are the ways of Providence, when even the interests of men are called into requisition to work out the great problem of their existence.

"Commerce, in fine, is what it has been beautifully entitled: 'The golden girdle of the globe.' It binds together all the great families of men. It teaches that they are creatures of like wants, errors and necessities. It determines them to be component parts of a great and magnificent system which God has devised, and which requires the concurring movements of every part to be preserved in its perfection and duration. It forbids them to treat like the ancient Roman, the foreigner cast upon their shores, as a barbarian deserving of death, or to confiscate his shipwrecked effects, but urges rather the doctrine of humanity and justice. Even the laws which regulate it are based upon the immutable principles of right, and bind upon the consciences of men from their very nature. As Mansfield, the most celebrated commercial lawyer of his age, said of them, quoting the splendid language of Cicero: '*Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athænis; alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes, et omni tempore una lex et sempeterna, et immortalis continebat:*'—they are not one law at Rome and another at Athens; they did not fluctuate from extreme to extreme; but amongst all men, and in all times, the laws of commerce are one and immutable.

"I shall not, then, be regarded as overrating the importance of the merchant classes. In England, the degree of Thane was formerly conferred upon the successful prosecutor of three voyages. 'A Prime Minister of France, and several Grand Dukes of Tuscany, are examples,' says Mr. Beawes, 'which might countenance any one remaining in trade.' 'Wise and great traders,' says Mr. Postlewhait, 'have arrived at the dignity of Lord Chancellors of England, have been created peers of the realm, bannerets, and privy councillors,' and he enumerates a long line of such, at the head of which stands Michael de la Pole. It is unnecessary for us to refer to any of the later or more numerous instances, or to those eminent men who have, in all the States of this Union, from the commercial ranks, done so much to elevate our national character and prosperity. 'The splendor, the power, the dignity, being thus raised by trade, it must be unaccountable folly and infatuation to lessen that one article in our estimation, which is the only foundation whence we all, take us as a nation, are raised, and by which we are enriched and maintained.'

"How important, then, that the mercantile classes should be liberally educated for their pursuits, and in a country like ours, that the citizens of every pursuit be possessed, at least, of the general and leading principles of our commercial operations, which are among the most important of the age."

We come now to consider the speech of Mr. Everett, the caption of which we have already given. But before drawing upon his present effort for brilliant gems of thought (as we shall do presently) let us say a word of the author in a general way.

It has been the province of Mr. Everett beyond any other American writer, to dignify

and illustrate the business of making speeches. A volume of orations published by him thirteen years ago would sufficiently establish his fame as a orator and a rhetorician, had he produced nothing since; but it so happens that during these thirteen years Mr. Everett has been sending forth the most felicitous oratorical efforts of his life. A distinguishing excellence of Mr. Everett is found in the adaptation of his style to the theme and the occasion; it is severe, or ornate, but never tame or swoln, as the moment demands. Forming himself upon the established models of eloquence of all ages, he has learned from the great Roman master that there is a style for every kind of speaking.* Accordingly he never disappoints the public expectation. It is indeed true that his writings are artificial, but they are so in like manner with the finest productions of the brush and the chisel. Words are but the elements of style and he alone can acquire a perfect command of them who laboriously and patiently studies their arrangement and meaning. The mechanical finish of Powers seems to belong to Mr. Everett and when a composition has received the last touch of his pen, you can no more improve it by alteration or emendation than you can improve the Greek Slave by cutting down her features. The attempt would be equally to mar, in the one case as in the other. Mr. Everett has possessed himself of the spell which unlocks all the hidden treasures of language, he selects always the precise word for the transmission of his thought, and no synonyme can be found for it by the most dexterous critic. With these qualifications for high attainments in authorship, it has exerted surprise and regret that Mr. Everett has never produced a great work. It is possible that at this very time he is engaged upon such a performance. We should consider it a most valuable acquisition to English literature. But when we regard the many elegant specimens of oratorical skill that Mr. Everett has written of late years, and when we consider the large audiences that have been delighted and instructed by him from time to time, we are not disposed to wish that his studious moments had been otherwise employed.

This history of the present speech is as follows:

At an early period of the late session of the Massachusetts Legislature a memorial was presented praying that, when the school fund had reached the limit of one million of dollars prescribed by law, another fund of one half a million should be allowed to accumulate for the benefit of the Colleges. The afternoon of February 7th was appointed by the Joint Committee on Education for a public hearing, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, of the friends of the Colleges, in support of the memorial. President Hopkins appeared on behalf of Williams College, President Hitchcock on behalf of Amherst College, and President Sparks and Mr. Everett on behalf of Harvard College, with other gentlemen, officers or friends of the institutions respectively.

Mr. Everett addressed the Committee in support of the memorial and made an eloquent exposition of the benefits of the collegiate system. His position are not unlike those of Mr. Holmes, but from the nature of the circumstances are more directly enforced. We are gratified to learn that the efforts of the friends of the colleges have been so far crowned with success that the Joint Committee have reported a bill providing for the accumulation of a fund of $750,000, two thirds to be appropriated to the colleges and the other $250,000 for Normal Schools and other educational purposes. We cannot resist copying the following beautiful passage with reference to self-education. Mr. E. says:

"We hear of untaught men, Sir, of Franklin and Bowditch; and heaven forbid that in the city where one was born, and the other died, their names should ever be pronounced but with veneration. But in the first place to argue from the case of such men as Franklin and Bowditch to the case of the generality of minds, would be like putting a roguish boy apprentice to a woolcomber in order that when he grows up he might write another Hamlet. But what is a *self-taught* man, and what does he do? He is not an *untaught* man; nor does he go blazing through life, like a locomotive engine in a dark night, by the light of his own intuition. Sir, a self-taught man is a man of a strong mind and stronger will who, under discouragements and in the face of obstacles, acquires the rudiments of learning; and when he has done so carries on and completes his education, by placing his understanding in contact with the cultivated intellect of other regions and other times. Franklin is certainly a most favorable specimen of a self-taught man. He was a great original interpreter of nature. The History of Science has nothing more sublime than the Courage, with which he sent his armed kite into the thunder-cloud, and drew the electric spark with his finger from the key at the at the end of the cord. But Franklin was a man of books,—a studious man,—a friend of academical training. Listen to what he says about the learned languages in his project for the foundation of a College, which I quote from the appendix to his life, in the admirable edition of Mr. Sparks:

"'When youth are told, that the great men, whose lives and actions they read in history,

* Nam et causæ capitis alium quendam verborum sonum requirunt, alium rerum privatarum atque parvarum; et aliud dicendi genus deliberationes, aliud laudationes, aliud judicia, aliud sermones, aliud consolatio, aliud objurgatio, aliud disputatio, aliud historia desiderat.

Cicero de Oratore.

spoke two of the best languages that ever were, the most expressive, copious, beautiful, and that the finest writings, the most correct compositions, the most expressive productions of human wit and wisdom, are in those languages which have endured for ages, and will endure while there are men; that no translation can do them justice, or give the pleasure found in reading the originals: that those languages contain all science; that one of them has become almost universal, being the language of learned men in all countries; and that to understand them is a distinguishing ornament; they may be thereby made desirous of learning those languages, and their industry sharpened in the acquisition of them. All intended for divinity should be taught the Latin and Greek; for physic, the Latin, Greek and French; for law, the Latin and French; merchants, the French, German and Spanish; and, though all should not be compelled to learn Latin, Greek, or the modern foreign languages, yet none that have an ardent desire to learn them should be refused; their English, Arithmetic and other studies absolutely necessary, being at the same time not neglected.'

"Such is the estimate of college education formed by the self-taught Franklin, the poor boy who was born in Milk street, and whose parents fill an humble grave in yonder cemetery.

"Dr. Bowditch was perhaps more than Franklin, a self-taught man. So far is his example from proving the inutility of academic learning, that his first youthful struggle was made to acquire the Latin language; and when we think of the scientific attainments of his after life, it does make one who has had some opportunity of education in early life, hang his head in shame, to see the difficulties encountered by this great man in the outset; the simplest Latin words *tamen* and *rursus*, with their signification in English being written in the margin of the books first perused by him, in aid of a memory, which afterwards embraced the whole circle of the mathematical sciences in its iron grasp. And what was the first use made by Dr. Bowditch of the Latin tongue? to read the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton:—a man, if ever there was one among men not technically academic, who was nurtured in academic discipline:—a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; a professor of Mathematics; a man who passed fifteen years of his life in the cloisters of a College, and solved the problem of the universe from that turret over Trinity gateway, beneath which you, sir, (Mr. Henry Herbert, a member of the University of Cambridge in England,) have passed so often with emotions, I doubt not, of veneration toward the great mind which has given immortality to the spot. This was the kindred intellect with which the mind of Bowditch sought its first communion. In the beautiful memoir of his father, which the son of Dr. Bowditch has presented to us, we read the following interesting anecdote: 'From our venerable University at Cambridge he received the highest encouragement to pursue the career upon which he had entered. In July, 1802, when his ship, the Astrea, was windbound in Boston, he went to hear the performances at the annual commencement of the College; and among the honorary degrees conferred, he thought he heard his own name announced as Master of Arts; but it was not until congratulated by a townsman and friend that he became satisfied that his senses had not deceived him. He always spoke of this as one of the proudest days of his life; and amid all the subsequent proofs which he received of the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens, and the distinctions conferred upon him from foreign countries, he recurred to this with the greatest pleasure. It is, indeed, made the subject of express mention in his will.'

"Dr. Bowditch sent three sons to the University; and as a member of the Corporation, devoted the twelve last years of his life to the management of its affairs, giving them all the force of his transcendent talents; and I think I may add, without doing injustice to any other respected name, rendering to the institution services unequalled by those of any of his associates. Sir, if it were possible to leave the question before you to the arbitrament of Dr. Bowditch, our cause would be gained."

In enforcing the adoption of a large and enlightened policy of public instruction, Mr. Everett alludes to the California Gold-fever, the last epidemic of the day. We quote the passage, which happens to be the conclusion of the speech.

"We hear much at present of veins of gold which are brought to light in almost every latitude of either hemisphere; in fact, we hear of nothing else. But I care not what mines may be opened in the North or in the South, in the mountains of Siberia or the Sierras of California; wheresoever the fountains of the golden tide may gush forth, the streams will flow to the regions where educated intellect has woven the boundless network of the useful and ornamental arts. Yes, sir, if Massachusetts remains true to the policy which has hitherto in the main governed her legislation, and is not now, I trust, to be departed from, a generous wave of the golden tide will reach her distant shores. Let others

> Tempt icy seas where scarce the waters roll,
> Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
> Or under Southern skies exalt their sails,
> Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales,
> For me —

yes, for *me*, may poor old rocky, sandy Massachusetts exclaim, land as she is of the School, the Academy, and the College;—land of the press, the lecture-room and the Church,

> For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
> The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
> The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
> And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.

"It matters not if every pebble in the bed of the Sacramento were a diamond as big and as precious as the mysterious Ko-hi-noor, which we read of in the last accounts from India, on whose possession the fate of empire is believed, in those benighted regions. to depend. It matters not if this new Pactolus flow through a region which stretches for furlongs—a wide tract of solid

gold. The jewels and the ingots will find their way to the great centres of civilization, where cultivated mind gives birth to the arts, and freedom renders property secure. The region itself to which these fabulous treasures are attracting the countless hosts of thrift, cupidity and adventure will derive, I fear, the smallest part of the benefit. Could they be peopled entirely with the emigrants like the best of those who have taken their departure from among us, and who carry with them an outfit of New England principles and habits, it would be well; but much I fear the gold region will, for a long time, be a scene of anarchy and confusion, of violence and bloodshed, of bewildering gains and maddening losses, of any thing but social happiness and well regulated civil liberty.

"If we will not be taught by any thing else, let us learn of history. It was not Mexico and Peru, nor (what it imports us more to bear in mind) Portugal, nor Spain, which reaped the silver and golden harvest of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was the industrious, enlightened, cultivated States of the north and west of Europe. It was little Holland,—scarcely one fifth as large as New England,—hardly able to keep her head above the waters of the superincumbent ocean, but with five Universities dotting her limited surface; it was England, with her foundation Schools, her indomitable public opinion, her representative system, her twin Universities;—it was to these free and enlightened countries that the gold and silver flowed; not merely adding to the material wealth of the community, but quickening the energy of the industrious classes, breaking down the remains of feudalism, furnishing the sinews of war to the champions of protestant liberty, and thus cheering them on to the great struggle, to whose successful issue it is owing, in its remote effects, under Providence, that you, Sir, sit in safety beneath the canopy that overhangs this hall.

"What the love of liberty, the care of education, and a large and enlightened regard for intellectual and moral interests, did for the parent state, they will do for us. They will give us temporal prosperity; and with it what is infinitely better; not only a name and a praise with contemporary nations who form with us the great procession of humanity, but a name and a praise among enlightened men and enlightened states to the end of time."

Our quotations have been so numerous and so extended that only a short space is left us for honorable mention of the lecture of Judge Charlton. This gentleman is favorably known for an educated taste in letters and a very pleasing gift of versification. Regarding him as an ornament to the South, we are gratified to recognise in his recent publication, a pure and chaste style of prose composition. The subject is one which very fitly brings us to a conclusion,—after what we have read of busy traffic and toilsome study,—THE POETRY OF DEATH. The solemn change is what scholar and artisan must alike undergo, and when the silver chord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken at the fountain, we may well turn from the halls of academic learning and the marts of commercial industry to receive a new admonition of the fragility of our being. After depicting in sombre colors and with deep feeling the last moments of existence under different circumstances, the eloquent lecturer says,

"There is another scene which I would fain linger on, but which I feel it is not my province to describe. I speak still of Death—not on the field—not at the stake; I speak of that death which steals upon the frame worn down with sickness and decay; no spirit-stirring scenes are around it to cheer it on; no crowd of spectators to applaud its heroism; debility and pain are its internal and surrounding circumstances; but still you can see, in the dimmed eye, the flashes of an eternal light; you may hear, in the faint voice, the accents of an eternal love! You may view the glorious hope of immortality rising up upon angels' wings; and the last word, the last look, the last breath, tell not of doubt—not of fear, but of unshaken courage, of deathless trust. It is the death bed of the christian; the tearing asunder of the soul, washed in the blood of its Saviour, from the body of sin and suffering that encompasses it. Oh, well might the inspired penman break forth in view of such a scene and such an end, with the dauntless exclamation, 'Oh death, where is thy sting! Oh grave, where is thy victory!'

"And now, my hearers, am I wrong in asserting, that there is Poetry in Death? Surely you will not say so, in view of the pictures that I have presented to you, albeit they are sketched by a feeble hand. Why, what is Poetry? Ask the mere superficial reader and observer, and he will tell you that it is thoughts in rhyme; ask the learned, the acute, keen watcher of human affairs and of nature, and he will tell you that it consists in the beautiful, wherever that may be found; whatever touches the heart, whatever purifies the mind, whatever ennobles the intellect. The sweet look of a blooming maiden, is Poetry; the chivalrous deed, is Poetry; the open hand; the self-sacrificing action; the consistent life; all these are Poetry; lines written by the sweet pencils of nature or of grace; and if I am right here, is not a holy, a beautiful, a thrilling death, Poetry? Ah yes, it is the most sublime; no human pen can write such noble epic—no human tongue can read such glorious verse. We are too apt to couple it with pain and suffering; we are too much induced to think of it as associated with the grave and with corruption. We must take our eyes off this dark picture and look forward and upward; we must never forget that life, with all its afflictions, all its darkness, is nevertheless a great blessing; but we must, at the same time, not cease to remember, that its greatest blessing consists in its being a preparation for another and an immortal state, in comparison with which, it is but darkness; and he who has duly improved the advantages of existence, and feels that he has endeavored with humility and love to perform its duties to his Maker and his neighbor, may break forth, as it sees its

end approaching, in the joyful exclamation of the apostle 'the night is far spent,—the day is at hand,' the bright and beautiful morning of eternity!

"If we should regard it as an evil, still it is wisdom's part to look steadily upon it, for all evils may be mitigated by foresight and preparation. It is true that we may not avert this; it is the certain, the inevitable doom of all; we may each apply to ourselves the simple lines of the poet—

'To think of Summer yet to come,
That I shall never see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be.'

And we may take an enlarged view of it, we may see the mighty hand of our Maker brushing away from the face of the earth an entire generation, and then, calling out to the succeeding race, 'Come again, ye children of men;' and so shall wave after wave of mankind roll on, and roll away, until its last heave is lost in the bosom of Eternity!

EUREKA.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"I have found it!" quoth the child
With a merry, ringing shout,
Catching what his feet beguiled
The gay, painted butterfly,
And behold—the insect dies
In his grasp, before his eyes!

In the evening's gentle hush
"I have found it" breathes the maiden,
With a softly stealing blush;
"Love, life's sweetest bliss is mine:"
Fleeting joy;—she weeps alone
And her faithless lover's gone!

The flush of triumph on his brow,
"I have found it!" cries the bard,
"And what shall deprive me now
Of an everliving fame—
Of the laurel-wreath I crave?"
Lo, 'tis laid upon his grave!

"I have found it!" cries the king,
With a proud exulting smile,
As he clasps the signet ring
And the sceptre to his heart,
And his forehead feels the crown,
Which, alas, shall weigh it down!

"I have found it!" says the sage,
And uplifts his care-dim eyes
From the quaint, black-lettered page
He has scanned for live-long years;
Man! thy lore avails thee not,
Thou must share the common lot.

"I have found it!" with a sigh
Cries the weary of the world,
And my aching head shall lie
On the lap of mother earth,—
He speaks, and mighty death
Bears away his feeble breath.

"I have found it!" he can say
Who is near the narrow tomb,
Who beholds the final day
Disclosing heaven to his view,
And "Eureka!" he alone,
May exclaim with joyous tone.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1848.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER FOURTH.—DELOS.

If Athens was, as the great bard called it, the *eye* of Greece, the little island of Delos may, with quite as much justness of metaphor, be called the *heart* of Greece. Not that its soil was the richest of Greece, or its people the most warlike, its fortresses the most impregnable, or its citadel the most defensible. But that island, "*longe clarissima, cycladum media, templo Apollinis et mercatu celebrata,*" was the organ, as it were, of some of the strangest social feelings of the Athenian confederacy with which it was joined. It was their treasury, their Congressional city, the Bethlehem of their purest deities, the Mecca of their pilgrimages; the spot which they purified when their fortunes were, and their deities seemed, adverse; the altar to which they sent their most sacred and mysterious offerings by their fairest and noblest messengers; the port from which the sacred bark must return before even such enemies as Melitus and Lycon and Anytus would compel the hemlock to the lips even of so dangerous a prisoner as Socrates; the sacred isle which Cicero tells us, was safe without walls—*sine muro nihil timebat*—when the pirates were swarming in the Greek and Italian seas, which Polycrates of Samos spared when he was irresistible on the ocean, and which even the Persians themselves dared not violate in a war which laid Athens in ruins. That island we would see, in whatever sense the vision may be won. Yet a vision of Delos as it lies in the past is the only one which is worth having. As the island now is, there is no voice of glory heard in it save the voice of the memory of far remote centuries. Like Milton's Eden after the deluge, it is but "the haunt of seals and orcs, and seamew's clang." The whole island has

been rented as pasture-ground for twenty crowns a year!

Poetry sees and shows and sings Delos rising from the depths of the ocean, drifting in the Ægean sea, and at length fixed in its place, at a critical period, as a receptacle for that unpopular courtezan of the gods, the unwedded mother of Apollo. But the sterner pages of Herodotus and Thucydides exhibit scenes in Delos, in more sober colors, and more sober times, which we would rather have toiled to some high place to to witness, than even the emergence of the seeming leviathan, and the smack of the perturbed waves against the sands of Rhenea and Myconos, and the drifting about of the unsteady float, and the air-borne Latona alighting upon it, trembling lest so frail a floor should yet careen with her weight, and again go down; the stroke of Lothario Jupiter's sceptre which made it fast; the relinquished pursuit of foiled Juno, and the scene beneath the sacred olive-tree which gave Apollo and Diana to Greek adoration. Let us rather look upon the Delos of historic times.

There was an annual day, in later times, when the trailing-tuniced Ionians with their children and their modest spouses, from many an Ægean island, assembled at Delos in great, joyous, bustling festal crowds, for contests of pugilism and orchestry and song;* when, among others things which awoke the spirits and gave light to the eyes of the assembly, choirs of the brightest maidens of the islands, arrayed in the most imposing forms of Greek dress, walked in graceful order through the crowd, and uttered the purest sentiments of Greek imagination in tones of the wildest and richest music of the Greek islands.

It was on one of such days—we have a hint of it from the chief actor himself†—while these bands of the fairest maidens were moving through the great crowd with measured step and voice, that suddenly a voice was heard which was none of theirs, blending with their notes, and a half joy and half surprise arose among them, and looks of enquiry and wreathed smiles were exchanged, and one said to another among them: "O girls, what prince of singers is this man who has come among us here?" And when they have seen from whence the voice comes: "This man was announced as a poor stranger and we are all so delighted with his singing!" And when no answer is returned to the enquiry, and the stranger himself has heard the gossip of the merry maidens, he answers for himself: "A blind man and he dwells in rugged Chios."—Rather than any of the scenes of a cloudy mythology, we would see the assembly of that day, with its crowd of Ionian islanders who came there with their spirits steadfastly gazing forward into the then very imperfectly explored realms of human art and intellectual beauty, its bands of Ionian maidens at length collected on the day and at the place for which their highest odes and the sweetest melodies of their voices had been reserved, on the occasion of their purest worship offered to those of their divinities for whom, alone of all the pantheon, the purest cheeks among them need not blush. Suddenly there is a pause in their measured tread. They incline their ears to catch a new voice breathing through the song, as wild souls stricken with the music of the spheres are fabled to incline their ears to the stars at night, and listen to catch more surely the strange melody—and in their own partial silence it is now distinctly audible "new as if brought from other spheres," sweet as if from the lips of Apollo himself, easily confessed to be the voice of a prince of singers. Rather than any secrets of the Hyperborean mysteries on which Herodotus so expatiates, we would have heard the voice of that question—it was doubtless one of the most queenly of the island maidens who uttered it—"who can this prince of singers be, who was announced here as a poor stranger?" Rather than the blazing wheat-straw of the Hyperborean mysteries themselves, we would see that "ὑποκρίνασθε εὖ ᾄρως," that courteous, artful, smiling evasion of the others of the choir, as if they would make sign that the strange voice itself must answer; and more than all, the pausing step and voice and the reverting head of the blind man of Chios himself, his sightless eye-balls upturned, and their lost cunning transferred to the portals of the keen ear, while, with half sad, half smiling face, and in the same gentle kind voice which had called forth the question, he answers: "A blind old man, and he dwells in rugged Chios." That scene did linger in the spirit of him who was the jewel of it—HOMER—although it reached him only through the portals of the ear.

Delos on another day within the light of assured history would be worth seeing. It is a scene reminding us of the visions of the beings of the world above, which came to the Hebrew patriarchs of old, and the significant names and monumental places connected with those visions—their Nissi, their Bethel, their Mahanaim. It seems a visible motion, among the mysteries of this life, of a spirit greater than human, greater than Apollo, or Jupiter, or Fate.

It was not lawful either to be born or to die in Delos. Both were held impure. The couch of Latona might be the couch of no one else; in the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, no one else might be born. Those who were approaching

* Thucydides, lib. iii, 104.

† HOMER's Hymn to Apol., 165—176.

either of the two forbidden events were to embark immediately for the neighboring island of Rhenia, which had been devoted to these purposes by a solemn bond. Death and burial in Delos had been sometimes winked at when fortune smiled on the Athenians and adverse fate seemed afar off. Pisistratus had undertaken to purify the island before the Peloponessian war, but Ananias-like, he had deceived the Latoides, and done the work but partially. He had disinterred and removed only the dead bodies which were buried within reach of the eye from the Temple. The conscience of Attic Greece was only partially purified. Thucydides tells us,* that when the Peloponessian war broke out, there was a headlong rush to arms on both sides, each seizing their sharpest weapons, because there were many youths both at Athens and at Sparta who had never seen war, and thought of it only in the hues of its romantic glory, not in those of its crimsoned battle-fields. But at that time a prodigy occurred which checked even the martial fury of the Athenian warriors. Delos was shaken by an earthquake!—as it had not been, in the memory of man, and as it had been supposed that the stroke of Jupiter's trident secured it from ever being. This shook the hearts of the Athenians. Delos then was not acceptable to the gods. The conduct of Pisistratus came into remembrance. Delos was not perfectly purified! And rashly as they were rushing to battle, this earthquake, together with a "certain oracle" to the same effect, arrested their steps, and they sent a solemn deputation to purify the soil of Delos of all the dead who had been permitted there to sleep in the dust of the earth. Perhaps classic antiquity hardly presents another scene in which the mysteries of the moral life of the Greeks stand out so palpably, as on that strange day of resurrection at Delos. It is not summer; the forests are bare except the gloomy cypresses; the fields are not waving with ripe grain, that these groups of men which appear in them, should be thought to be Delian harvesters. Nor are they sportsmen; the precincts are too sacred to permit the rude revelry of field sports. Nor are they funeral processions employed in those solemn ceremonies of respect for the dead, which will release their manes from an hundred years of vagrancy on the hither shore of the Styx. They are not indeed Delians at all; but Attic men, reversing funeral obsequies, disinterring the dead, taking away from this island the odor of death which may offend those Immortal Powers who preside over the destinies of men; obeying the dictate of last summer's earthquake, complying with that deep and strange conviction which has seized on the minds of the Attic statesmen, that all is not right between themselves and the Immortal Impersonations of truth and purity. They are purifying this soil, that they may thus purify the spirit of the Attic confederacy, and prepare it to enter with firm heart into the struggle for existence with proud Sparta. They stand in the sight of all future ages testifying by the singular and significant action in which they are employed that there is an innate moral sense in man, bearing reference to his weal or his woe, distributed by Invisible Powers above. So let every nation purify its Delos.

* II—8.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY GRETTA.

I heard a lovely legend. It had birth
Amid that race, that swarthy warlike race
Once proud Columbia's kings; but over whom
A tempest's wrath has swept, and given to earth
The crested warrior and his gentle wife,
Children and parent, friend and foe alike,
Save a few stricken hearts that still beat on;
And which like seeds before that tempest swept,
Are scattered far in distant covert spots
To bloom in stealthy loneliness and die!
That race upon whose sepulchre we rear
Our temples and our hearth-stones, and whose names
Written in water, still as Time rolls on,
Are deep ingulphed within the rushing stream
Whose sweep is onward to Eternity.
But this I heard was in the olden time
When still the azure lake reflected back
To Indian maids, their dark-eyed loveliness.
Then, in the sweet spring-tide's bright breezy hours
They wandered forth, and sought an unfledg'd dove
And caged his callow limbs with gentlest care.
With dewy flowers, and fruits, and daintiest things,
They stored his ozier prison, till the down
Lengthened upon his pinions, and his heart
Throbb'd with quick pulse for native liberty.
But not yet must he go, nor till there came
At nightfall or at morn, some unseen thing
And gave the gift of song. Then when it gush'd
From his full throbbing throat, they bore him forth
Warbling the while his untaught melodies—
And on that spot in wild and shaded dell
Or flow'ry field begirt with murmuring stream,
Their place of graves, they oped the painted bars
And gave the panting captive to the skies.
But ere they said "be free," with soft caress
They pressed him to their lips, and whisper'd low
Fond messages of love and tales of grief
And yearning wishes, hopes and joys and fears,
And all that made life lovely, all that gave
To their dark sky its gloom; while fond tears fell
Spangling his pinions as they fain essayed
To try their new-born strength. Then when each heart
Had voiced its deep revealings, the restraint

Sudden was loosed, and lo! to the far heaven
He wings his onward course; while they below
Watch in mute faith his far careering flight,
Like Noah's children when the sign of Hope
Stretch'd its vast arch above the lifeless world.
For they believed—these wild-wood denizens—
Oh! fond belief! that this freed bird would soar
Onward and on, nor stoop to rest his wing,
Till far away beyond the walls of earth,
He saw the rivers in the heavenly land
And flow'ry groves in bright immortal bloom
And the Great Spirit's loved ones walking there.
Then would he pause, and seeking 'mid the throng
The kindred of the lonely hearts he left,
Pour forth in song their messages of love.
Thus held these forest children, year by year,
Their legend saith, communion with the dead.

And thou *my* ardent soul
  What message would'st thou give the white-winged dove
If far away to yon eternal goal
  In hope and yearning love,
He might go forth with thy fond burden laden
To the bright dwellers in the distant Aiden?

Go tell the aged there
  (Now in the vigor of immortal youth
But whose brows here were white with hoary hair)—
  Their wisdom and their truth
The lights from heaven with which our paths they bless'd
Have still been with us, now they are at rest.

Go tell the sons of song,
  They are not dead, that even on this earth
The music deep and strong
  Of their great strains immortal from their birth,
Still stirs our hearts, and all the songs we raise
Are but faint echoes of their mightier lays!

Tell them that lovely things
  Born of their breathings linger still around;
That in the wood, and by the gushing spring,
  Shapes of bright beauty, angels may be found
Which they drew down, and all the starry night
Is holy with their visions of delight.

Go tell the Brave
  Who battled in the council or the field,
No son of freemen now can be a slave.
  Tell them they cannot yield.
That they can die to save or to deliver
But live to know oppression—never! never!

Tell *him*, Columbia's sage,
  Who turned indignant from the proffered crown,
The proudest record on his country's page
  Is that which shows, which proves his fame our own,
And though foul discord every bosom claimed,
Brother would brother clasp, if *he* were named.

Tell him his home has grown,
  Fanned by the northern and the southern breeze,
That here wing'd Liberty has made her throne
  Wash'd by the billows of two subject seas,
And they her vassals sounding night and day
Bear her free notes to distant isles away.

* * * * *

And now forgetful heart!
  Hast thou no message for thy gentler dead,
Those whom Fame knew not; but whose holy part
  In silent faith was acted? Those who led
My infant footsteps. Those who made earth bright
Once to my eyes as Eden's holy light!

Yes—yes I send to *thee*
  Thou youthful dweller by the heavenly streams.
Oh! how we miss thy beauty and thy glee,
  Thy ringing laugh, thy smile like moonlight gleams,
Thou whose soft eyes could charm us like a spell,
Thou the bright angel one, the golden-haired Estelle!

Then on and softly sing,
  Oh! gentle bird, and seek amid those bowers
A little, lovely, laughing, fairy thing,
  Who fell asleep one day among the flowers,
Beneath whose bloom we laid her. Go, thou dove!
And find that spotless one, in yonder land of love.

And shall I name *thee* now,
  Thou whose dear memory moves me like a spell;
Oh! how I must have loved thee, though my brow
  Was youth's glad throne, and childhood's citadel.
For every look of thine, and every tone
Is graven on the heart, for thee now lone.

Long years have passed,
  But yet I cannot "cannot make thee dead."
The deep entrancing love around thee cast,
  Has not my parent with thy spirit fled.
Nay, seek him not beyond Life's distant bourn
For my heart's yearning cry would be "return!"

Cease my too trusting soul.
  No messenger is thine to speed away
With thy vain wishes to the eternal goal.
  A little while in hope and faith yet stay,
And thou earth-freed, and wearing wings of light,
May take thine onward, upward, heavenly flight.

Baltimore, 1849.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

If ever mortal "wreaked his thoughts upon expression," it was *Shelley*. If ever poet sang—as a bird sings—earnestly—impulsively—with utter abandonment—to himself solely—and for the mere joy of his own song—that poet was the author of "The Sensitive Plant." Of Art—beyond that which is instinctive with Genius—he either had little or disdained all. He *really* disdained that Rule which is an emanation from Law, because his own soul was Law in itself. His rhapsodies are but the rough notes—the stenographic memoranda of poems—memoranda which, because they were all-sufficient for his own intelligence, he cared not to be at the trouble of writing out in full for mankind. In all his works we find no conception thoroughly wrought. For this reason he is the most fatiguing of poets. Yet he wearies in saying too little rather than too

much. What, in him, seems the diffuseness of one idea, is the conglomerate concision of many: and this species of concision it is, which renders him obscure. With such a man, to imitate was out of the question. It would have served no purpose; for he spoke to his own spirit alone, which would have comprehended no alien tongue. Thus he was profoundly original. His quaintness arose from intuitive perception of that truth to which Bacon alone has given distinct utterance:—"There is no exquisite Beauty which has not some strangeness in its proportions." But whether obscure, original, or quaint, Shelley had no *affectations*. He was at all times sincere.

From his *ruins*, there sprang into existence, affronting the Heavens, a tottering and fantastic *pagoda*, in which the salient angles, tipped with mad jangling bells, were the idiosyncratic *faults* of the original—faults which cannot be considered such in view of his purposes, but which are monstrous when we regard his works as addressed to mankind. A "school" arose—if that absurd term must still be employed—a school—a system of *rules*—upon the basis of the Shelley who had none. Young men innumerable, dazzled with the glare and bewildered by the *bizarrerie* of the lightning that flickered through the clouds of "Alastor," had no trouble whatever in heaping up imitative vapors, but, for the lightning, were forced to be content with its *spectrum*, in which the *bizarrerie* appeared without the fire. Nor were mature minds unimpressed by the contemplation of a greater and more mature; and thus, gradually, into this school of all Lawlessness,—of obscurity, quaintness and exaggeration—were interwoven the out-of-place didacticism of Wordsworth, and the more anomalous metaphysicianism of Coleridge. Matters were now fast verging to their worst; and at length, in *Tennyson* poetic inconsistency attained its extreme. But it was precisely this extreme (for the greatest truth and the greatest error are scarcely two points in a circle) which, following the law of all extremes, wrought in him (Tennyson) a natural and inevitable revulsion; leading him first to contemn, and secondly to investigate, his early manner, and finally to winnow, from its magnificent elements, the truest and purest of all poetical styles. But not even yet is the process complete; and for this reason in part, but chiefly on account of the mere fortuitousness of that mental and moral combination which shall unite in one person (if *ever* it shall) the Shellyan *abandon* and the Tennysonian poetic sense, with the most profound Art (based both in Instinct and *Analysis*) and the sternest Will properly to blend and rigorously to control all—chiefly, I say, because such combination of seeming antagonisms will be only a "happy chance"—the world has never yet seen the noblest poem which, possibly, *can* be composed.

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In my ballad called "Lenore" I have these lines:

> Avaunt! to night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise—
> But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days.

Mr. *William W. Lord*, author of "Niagara," &c., has it thus:

> ——They, albeit with inward pain,
> Who thought to sing thy dirge, must sing thy Pæan.

The commencement of my "Haunted Palace" is as follows:

> In the greenest of our valleys
> By good angels tenanted,
> Once a fair and stately palace
> (Radiant palace!) reared its head.
> In the monarch Thought's dominion—
> It stood there.
> Never seraph spread a pinion
> Over fabric half so fair.
> Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
> On its roof did float and flow—
> This—all this—was in the olden
> Time long ago.

Mr. Lord writes—

> On the old and haunted mountain—
> (There in dreams I dared to climb,)
> Where the clear Castalian fountain
> (Silver fountain!) ever tinkling,
> All the green around it sprinkling,
> Makes perpetual rhyme—
> To my dream, enchanted, golden,
> Came a vision of the olden
> Long-forgotten time.

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This* is a thin pamphlet of thirty-two pages; each containing about a hundred and forty words. The hero, Alla-Ad-Deen, is the son of Alladdin of wonderful lamp memory; and the story is in the "Vision of Mirza" or "Rasselas" way. The design is to reconcile us with evil on the ground that, comparatively, we are of little importance in the scale of creation. This scale, however, the author himself assumes as infinite; and thus his argument proves too much: for if evil is to be regarded by man as unimportant because, comparatively, *he* is so, it must be regarded as unimportant by the angels for a similar reason—and so on in a never-ending ascent. In other words, nothing is proved beyond the bullish proposition that evil is no evil at all.

* "*The Dream of Alla-Ad-Deen, from the Romance of 'Anastasia.' By Charles Erskine White. D. D.* "Charles Erskine White" is *Loughton Osborn*, author of "The Vision of Rubeta," "Confessions of a Poet," "Adventures of Jeremy Levis," and several other works—among which I must not forget "Arthur Carryl."

I hardly know how to account for the repeated failures of John Neal as regards the *construction* of his works. His art is great and of a high character—but it is massive and undetailed. He seems to be either deficient in a sense of completeness, or unstable in temperament; so that he becomes wearied with his work before getting it done. He always begins well—vigorously—startlingly—proceeds by fits—much at random—now prosing, now gossiping, now running away with his subject, now exciting vivid interest; but his conclusions are sure to be hurried and indistinct; so that the reader, perceiving a falling-off where he expects a climax, is pained, and, closing the book with dissatisfaction, is in no mood to give the author credit for the vivid sensations which have been aroused *during the progress* of perusal. Of all literary foibles the most fatal, perhaps, is that of defective climax. Nevertheless, I should be inclined to rank John Neal first, or at all events second, among our men of indisputable *genius*. Is it, or is it not a fact, that the air of a Democracy agrees better with mere Talent than with Genius?

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It is not *proper*, (to use a gentle word,) nor does it seem courageous, to attack our foe by name in spirit and in effect, so that all the world shall know whom we mean, while we say to ourselves, "I have not attacked this man by name in the eye, and according to the *letter*, of the law"—yet how often are men who call themselves gentlemen, guilty of this meanness! We need reform at this point of our Literary Morality:—very sorely, too, at another—the system of anonymous reviewing. Not one respectable word can be said in defence of this most unfair—this most despicable and cowardly practice.

—

There lies a deep and sealéd well
Within yon leafy forest hid,
Whose pent and lonely waters swell
Its confines chill and drear amid.

This putting the adjective after the noun is, merely, an inexcusable Gallicism; but the putting the preposition after the noun is alien to all language and in opposition to all its principles. Such things, in general, serve only to betray the versifier's poverty of resource; and, when an inversion of this kind occurs, we say to ourselves, "Here the poet lacked the skill to make out his line without distorting the natural or colloquial order of the words." Now and then, however, we must refer the error not to deficiency of skill, but to something far less defensible—to an idea that such things belong to the essence of poetry—that it needs them to distinguish it from prose—that we are poetical, in a word, very much in the ratio of our unprosaicalness at these points. Even while employing the phrase "poetic license,"—a phrase which has to answer for an infinity of sins—people who think in this way seem to have an indistinct conviction that the license in question *involves a necessity of being adopted*. The true artist will avail himself of no "license" whatever. The very word will disgust him; for it says—"Since you seem unable to manage without these peccadillo advantages, you must have them, I suppose; and the world, half-shutting its eyes, will do its best not to see the awkwardness which they stamp upon your poem."

Few things have greater tendency than inversion, to render verse feeble and ineffective. In most cases where a line is spoken of as "forcible," the force may be referred to directness of expression. A vast majority of the passages which have become household through frequent quotation, owe their popularity either to this directness, or, in general, to the scorn of "poetic license." In short as regards verbal construction, *the more prosaic* a poetical style is, the better. Through this species of prosaicism, Cowper, with scarcely one of the higher poetical elements, came very near making his age fancy him the equal of Pope; and to the same cause are attributable three-fourths of that unusual point and force for which Thomas Moore is distinguished. It is the *prosaicism* of these two writers to which is owing their especial *quotability*.

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"The Reverend Arthur Coxe's 'Saul, a Mystery,' having been condemned in no measured terms by Poe, of 'The Broadway Journal,' and Green of 'The Emporium,' a writer in the 'Hartford Columbian' retorts as follows:

An entertaining history,
Entitled 'Saul, A Mystery,'
Has recently been published by the Reverend Arthur Coxe.
The poem is dramatic,
And the wit of it is attic,
And its teachings are emphatic of the doctrines orthodox.

But Mr. Poe, the poet,
Declares he cannot go it—
That the book is very stupid, or something of that sort:
And Green, of the Empori-
Um, tells a kindred story,
And swears like any tory that it is'nt worth a groat.

But maugre all the croaking
Of the Raven and the joking
Of the verdant little fellow of the used to be review,
The People, in derision
Of their impudent decision,
Have declared, without division, that the Mystery will do.

The *truth*, of course, rather injures an epigram than otherwise; and nobody will think the worse of the one above, when I say that, at the date of its first appearance, I had expressed *no*

opinion whatever of the poem to which it refers. "Give a dog a bad name," &c. Whenever a book is abused, people take it for granted that it is *I* who have been abusing it.

Latterly I *have* read "Saul," and agree with the epigrammatist, that it "will do"—whoever attempts to wade through it. It will do, also, for trunk-paper. The author is right in calling it "A Mystery:"—for a most unfathomable mystery it is. When I got to the end of it I found it more mysterious than ever—and it was really a mystery how I ever did get to the end—which I half fancied that somebody had cut off, in a fit of ill-will to the critics. I have heard not a syllable about the "Mystery," of late days. "The People," seem to have forgotten it; and Mr. Coxe's friends should advertise it under the head of "Mysterious Disappearance"—that is to say, the disappearance of a Mystery.

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The *pure Imagination* chooses, from *either Beauty or Deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto uncombined; the compound, as a general rule, partaking, in character, of beauty, or sublimity, in the ratio of the respective beauty or sublimity of the things combined—which are themselves still to be considered as atomic—that is to say, as previous combinations. But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements results in a something that has nothing of the qualities of one of them, or even nothing of the qualities of either. . . Thus, the range of Imagination is unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that *Beauty* which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness or force of the matters combined; the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining; and, especially the absolute "chemical combination" of the completed mass—are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of Imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the thoughtless, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking *why* it is that these combinations have never been imagined before.

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"He (Bulwer) is the most accomplished writer of the most accomplished era of English Letters; practising all styles and classes of composition, and eminent in all—novelist, dramatist, poet, historian, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, political pamphleteer;—in each superior to all others, and only rivalled in each by himself."

Ward—author of "Tremaine."

The "only rivalled in each by himself," here, puts me in mind of

None but himself can be his parallel.

But surely Mr. Ward (who, although he did write "De Vere," is by no means a fool) could never have put to paper, in his sober senses, anything so absurd as the paragraph quoted above, without stopping at every third word to hold his sides, or thrust his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth. If the serious intention be insisted upon, however, I have to remark that the opinion is the *mere* opinion of a writer remarkable for no other good trait than his facility at putting his readers to sleep according to rules Addisonian and with the least possible loss of labor and time. But as the *mere* opinion of even a Jeffrey or a Macaulay, I have an inalienable right to meet it with another.

As a novelist, then, Bulwer is far more than respectable; although *generally* inferior to Scott, Godwin, D'Israeli, Miss Burney, Sue, Dumas, Dickens, the author of "Ellen Wareham," the author of "Jane Eyre," and several others. From the list of foreign novels I could select a hundred which he could neither have written nor conceived. As a dramatist, he deserves more credit, although he receives less. His "Richelieu," "Money" and "Lady of Lyons", have done much in the way of opening the public eyes to the true value of what is superciliously termed "stage-effect" in the hands of one able to manage it. But if commendable at this point, his dramas fail egregiously in points more important; so that, upon the whole, he can be said to have written a good play, only when we think of him in connexion with the still more contemptible "old-dramatist" imitators who are his contemporaries and friends. As historian, he is sufficiently dignified, sufficiently ornate, and more than sufficiently self-sufficient. His "Athens" would have received an Etonian prize, and has all the happy air of an Etonian prize-essay re-vamped. His political pamphlets are very good as political pamphlets and very disreputable as anything else. His essays leave no doubt upon any body's mind that, with the writer, they have been essays indeed. His criticism is really beneath contempt. His moral philosophy is the most ridiculous of all the moral philosophies that ever have been imagined upon earth.

"The men of sense," says Helvetius, "those idols of the unthinking, are very far inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts."

When the Swiss philosopher here speaks of

"inferiority," he refers to inferiority in worldly success:—by "men of sense" he intends indolent men of genius. And Bulwer is, emphatically, one of the "men of passions" contemplated in the apopthegm. His passions, with opportunities, have made him what he is. Urged by a rabid ambition to do much, in doing nothing he would merely have proved himself an idiot. Something he has done. In aiming at Crichton, he has hit the target an inch or two above Harrison Ainsworth. Not to such intellects belong the honors of universality. His works bear about them the unmistakeable indications of mere talent—talent, I grant, of an unusual order and nurtured to its extreme of development with a very tender and elaborate care. Nevertheless, it is talent still. Genius it is not. And the proof is, that while we often fancy ourselves about to be enkindled beneath its influence, fairly enkindled we never are. That Bulwer is no *poet*, follows as a corollary from what has been already said:—for to speak of a poet without genius, is merely to put forth a flat contradiction in terms.

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Quaintness, within reasonable limits, is not only *not* to be regarded as affectation, but has its proper uses, in aiding a fantastic effect. Miss Barret will afford me two examples. In some lines to a Dog, she says:

> Leap! thy broad tail waves a light.
> Leap thy slender feet are bright,
> Canopied in fringes.
> Leap! those tasselled ears of thine
> Flicker strangely fair and fine
> *Down their golden inches.*

And again—in the "Song of a Tree-Spirit."

> The Divine impulsion cleaves
> In dim movements to the leaves
> *Dropt and lifted—dropt and lifted—*
> In the sun-light greenly sifted—
> *In the sun-light and the moon-light*
> *Greenly sifted through the trees.*
> *Ever wave the Eden trees*
> *In the night-light and the moon-light,*
> With a rustling of green branches
> *Shaded off to resonances*
> Never stirred by rain or breeze.

The thoughts here belong to a high order of poetry, but could not have been wrought into effective expression, without the aid of those repetitions—those unusual phrases—those *quaintnesses*, in a word, which it has been too long the fashion to censure, indiscriminately, under the one general head of "affectation." No poet will fail to be pleased with the two extracts I have here given; but no doubt there are some who will find it hard to reconcile the psychal impossibility of refraining from admiration, with the too-hastily attained mental conviction that, critically, there is nothing to admire.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE II.*

This remarkable book was written more than a century ago. The author's son, the third Earl of Bristol, became possessed of the manuscript, and "gave strict injunctions in his will that no publication should be made of it until the decease of his Majesty George III." Certain causes, principally the fact that persons still lived whose immediate ancestors were pourtrayed with either too much truth, or too much malevolence, (perhaps with too much of both,) occasioned a still greater delay in the publication. In the meantime the existence of the Memoirs, announced by Horace Walpole in his catalogue of Royal and noble authors, has been a matter of interest to men of letters; some of whom, Lord Hailes amongst them, have looked to the eventual publication as a means of explaining some mysteries as to which historians were at fault. The work has at last been published, and we propose to give a somewhat extended notice of it. Perhaps we should have done this some months ago; but Delay seems to have been the Fate of the book, and it has touched even us. We have, however, the certainty, from the character of the Memoirs, that we shall not be raking after a dead book, or going on the track of an ephemeral production the value and interest of which have ceased to be considered. Indeed we are pretty sure that those of our usual readers who have become familiar with the Memoirs, will be the most willing to go over again with us some of the remarkable portraits and some of the spicy trifles with which they abound.

John, Lord Hervey belonged to a family whose peculiarities of mind and character are much noticed by contemporary writers. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu "divided the human species into *men*, *women*, and *Herveys*." Carr, Lord Hervey, our author's elder brother, who died at an early age, was a man of every irregularity of conduct, but of rare endowments: Horace Walpole says that "he was reckoned to have had parts superior to those of his more celebrated brother;" Pope speaks of him as one "whose early death deprived the family of the Herveys of as much wit and honor as he left behind him in any branch of it." He was celebrated for his "feminine style of beauty, for winning manners, for an original wit, and for the licentious practices which brought his rash and brilliant life to an untimely end." Horace Walpole, as marked a

* Memoirs of the Reign of George II., &c. From his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John, Lord Hervey. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

man as most in the list of English authors, was probably another of these Herveys; Lady Louisa Stuart declares that he was notoriously the son of Carr, Lord Hervey. Whether he was or was not, the reader of these Memoirs will doubtless come to the conclusion that Sir Robert Walpole was just the man, incredulous of virtue, and below, (he would have said *above*,) the common sensibilities of wronged husbands, to think on the one hand the illegitimacy of his wife's son quite probable, and on the other hand to care nothing at all about such a trifle.

Lord Hervey, our author, was as peculiar as any of his peculiar family. He was distinguished by a mordicant and bitter wit, utter want of heart, a penetrating intellect, the feminine beauty which we have noticed in his brother, and by many graces and accomplishments personal and intellectual. He was an orator of considerable pretension, if not of considerable force. His style as a writer is clear, sharply edged and telling; perhaps he carries antithesis to extremes. Pope has given us a malicious, exaggerated portrait of him, which would yet destroy him to posterity if he had been a much better man than he was. He is the Sporus of the prologue to the satires, (epistle to Arbuthnot)—

P. Let Sporus tremble—
A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings!
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys;
Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
Or at the *ear of Eve*, familiar toad!
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now *Master* up, now *Miss*,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord,
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have expressed
A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest!
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

There is no escape from the effect of such a closing, as that, of the venomous teeth; Pope was a bitter, malignant little wretch, who made his brilliant genius and exquisite skill in his art the instruments of injustice and hatred, but nevertheless Sporus is demolished.

The means which Lord Hervey possessed of knowing those matters of which he writes were abundant. He was vice chamberlain to Queen Caroline, her confidante, the *friend* whom Sir Robert Walpole kept for fourteen years of his ministry "squat at Eve's ear," a master of court festivals, a getter up of tableaux and games for the amusement of the princesses Emily and Caroline, the king's occasional antagonist at whist or ombre or even *put*, for the royal taste in gambling was not over-nice, in a word a fixture of the court with abundant opportunities to know its secrets and the characters of all who belonged to it. In addition he was long a member of the House of Commons, and came eventually into the House of Lords, and of course was fully cognizant of the politics and public temper of his times. With such opportunities afforded by his position Lord Hervey seems to have dealt in the spirit of a Boswell; no saying, or occurrence, or trait of character, if there was point in it, seems to have been so minute as to escape him.

The court of George II., as we find it presented in these volumes was pretty much a combination of Dutch grossness and French licentiousness. The king was a pragmatical little man, fond of chariots and fat mistresses; he insulted every one about him habitually, and played the by no means conflicting parts of coward to his people and tyrant to his household; he seems to have been utterly unable to perceive the least meaning in such words as sentiment and generosity; he hated his eldest son and heir apparent, Frederick, so genuinely, that the death of "poor Fritz" gave him a pleasure too intense for concealment; he snubbed his daughters so incessantly that with quite a similarity of disposition these estimable princesses were accustomed to call him a brute at his back, and to sulk in his august presence; he wronged, scolded, worried, his shrewd and submissive queen, who yet, by flattery and caresses, and by a cunning interpolation of her ideas with his own until all seemed his own alike, led him by a fine hook in the nose; he was altogether as worrying, as ill-tempered, as vain-glorious, as intensely selfish, as fussy, as strutting, as utterly disagreeable a little beast as ever wore the royal lion's skin. One evil thing he was not—he was not a tyrant to his people; but then it must be considered that he was dreadfully afraid of them, that the House of Hanover has only ruled by popular permission, that a very small matter would have fired the petard and hoisted him out of his British dominions; besides it was quite in his power to indulge his despotic disposition in a petty but constant way against wife, children, mistresses, courtiers, grooms and other servants—and his ebullitions found this safer escape. The only act at all tinctured wi

generosity, which Lord Hervey has recorded of his majesty, was a gift of some Flemish horses which he made to the queen; a gift, says our author, which operated a convenience to the donor, not to the receiver, for his majesty had the use of the horses whilst the queen paid out of her separate income for keeping them. To what uses his majesty put the animals of his stud we are enabled to form a lively idea. Those seem to have been awful days to Lord Hervey, when the king made him a party in the drivings and counterdrivings, with which, fancying that to move rapidly was to be energetic and usefully busy, he so often afflicted his household. The queen, sick, forlorn, with inflamed eyes, a cold in the head, a weary spine, groaning *helas!* to her vice-chamberlain who clings desperately to a mettlesome, galloping cob at her chariot window, and chokes with dust, and meditates, as well as the thumping bounds of his horse permit, upon the beauties of regicide,—this is a picture to which our author no doubt often reverted to quicken his ferocity against his royal master. Whilst on this subject of the royal charioteering, we must request the reader to give particular notice to an anecdote in the Memoirs, very characteristic, and showing the relative values which the king attached to the lives of grooms and carriage horses.

It is possible that his majesty possessed along with his brutality, selfishness, and habitual insolence, the capability of being thrilled by the narration of heroic deeds. But as the possession of such a capability generally infers something of the heroic temper itself in the possessor, we are hardly clear upon the point. We were struck with the manner in which his majesty is made, in the Memoirs, to speak of the character and fate of a brave Frenchman, Count Plelo, who fell at Dantzic. This Count Plelo, a man bred in camps, but who had become ambassador of France at the court of Denmark, volunteered to re-lead a repulsed body of the French to the breach at Dantzic. In a civilian's dress and with only a gentleman's rapier in his hand, this high-spirited man marched to the breach shouting *avancez—avancez!* He was slain by a shot from some officer behind him—of his own party—whose cowardice the fine gallantry of the count rebuked. Lord Hervey tells us that "when the king of England related this history of Count Plelo to his courtiers at Richmond, he said *with tears in his eyes*—'It was a brave action; he was a fine fellow. I think a prince is too happy who has such subjects.'"

It must be a nature in some respects fine that can shed *genuine* tears over an action of high daring and a gallant death. But his majesty's family, who doubtless knew him very well, were accustomed to sneer at his heroic ardors as affectations. And to confirm their judgment on this head we have some circumstances attending one of the returns from Hanover. On the eve of the king's embarkation at Helvoetsluys the weather threatened so stormily that Sir Charles Wager, admiral, refused to put to sea. His majesty urged the *vehis Cæsarem* until his trembling pages were full of admiration; and Sir Charles sulking and swearing attempted the voyage. In three days the king's yacht crept back to Helvoetsluys as much damaged as the royal courage was—which is saying a great deal. *It was with considerable difficulty that his majesty could be got on board again, to re-attempt the passage, even after a long delay, and the apparent return of safe fair weather.* But sea-sickness may be too much for even a hero—who may have a "doughty stomach" under all other trials. Altogether it is impossible to know whether his majesty would have distinguished himself in battles had he fought them, or enacted the hero had occasion offered. Sir Robert Walpole, a sensible people, and his own Dutch economy, made his reign pacific, and the caged Lion could only show his martial ardors by roaring.

But one thing, at least, George II. did very well; he wrote letters to women in a most graceful and charming style. Whilst in Hanover, where he spent so much of his time,* he wrote to his wife at about the rate of forty pages weekly. These letters were often shown to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Hervey, and the former was accustomed to say "if the king was to *write* to women, and never to strut and to talk to them, he would get the better of all the men in the world with them." The forty pages weekly were chronicles of his amours; this singular little husband made his wife a confidante in such matters. Her indulgence to his irregularities of this kind was indeed a principal means of swaying him.

* The king's visits to Hanover made the subject of a great many pasquinades, caricatures, &c., amongst his English subjects. "An old, lean, lame, blind horse was turned into the streets with a broken saddle on his back, and a pillion behind it, and on the horse's forehead this inscription was fixed: 'Let nobody stop me; I am the King's Hanover equipage, going to fetch his majesty and his —— to England.'

At the Royal Exchange, a paper with these words was stuck up:

'It is reported that his Hanoverian majesty designs to visit his British dominions for three months in the spring.'

On St. James's gate this advertisement was posted:

'Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish; whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwarden of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N. B. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a *crown*.

[*Memoirs*, vol. 2, p. 150.

From his answer to one of her letters advising him to bring his mistress, Madame Walmoden, the heroine of the singular ladder-story recounted in the Memoirs, home with him, we have a few sentences extracted which show in a small compass the extreme grace and elegance of his majesty's style.

"Mais vous voyez mes passions ma chère Caroline! Vous connaisez mes foiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plût à Dieu que vous pourriez me corregier avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer!"

How the king possessed the Gallic genius for this sort of graceful writing, in conjunction with his Hanoverian atrocities and bestialities, is wonderful enough. In one of his letters is the most extraordinary proposition ever made by husband to wife. If it were not so characteristic of his majesty, we should certainly hesitate to quote it, although the fastidious English editor, who has expurgated the Memoirs, has permitted the passage to appear. His majesty desires the queen to contrive if she can that Francis d'Esté, Prince of Modena, who is expected to visit England, shall bring with him his wife, the beautiful but not virtuous Charlotte Aglaï, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans; and gives as a reason that he had heard that her Highness is no better than she should be, and that he has the greatest inclination to pay his addresses to a daughter of France—"un plaisir que je suis sûr, ma chère Caroline, vous serez bien aise de me procurer, quand je vous dis combien je le souhaite."

We conclude our notice of the king with a specimen of his manner to his dying wife. The poor queen lies on her bed with eyes fixed on vacancy: his majesty remonstrates—"Mon Dieu, madame! why do you fix your eyes so? What do you regard there? Your eyes resemble the popped eyes of a calf when they go to cut his throat."

So much for his majesty George II., of whom our much is the merest possible trifle compared with the atrocities recounted of him in the book we review.

Queen Caroline, as Lord Hervey pourtrays her, was on the one hand a jolly, fun-loving, vivacious matron, somewhat addicted to the "spite and smut" in which Sporus seems to have been a proficient; but this honest and fruitful matron with her broad humor, and flowing spirits, was singularly sagacious, capable of long continued dissimulation, and could, when occasion offered, wield her tongue like a rapier, and slay character, or parry sharp assaults, in quite an elegant and glittering manner. Sir Robert Walpole called her on one occasion "a fat b—h;" but her conversations are often sparkling and pretty; her fidelity to the king and her approved friends, seems to have been unalterable; and even where most implacable to her enemies she is often so piquant, transfixes so beautifully, that, caring nothing at this distant day for her victims, we are delighted. Such a woman, in spite of her *embonpoint*, is scarcely the human animal which Sir Robert's silhouette dash of description would make of her. Lord Hervey lived on terms of great intimacy with the queen; he was her 'poor my Lord Hervey,' her 'opinionàtre devil,' &c.; she seems to have treated him at all times with affectionate freedom, whilst he speaks as well of her as it was in his nature to speak of any one. We have many a sly and detractive observation upon his patroness, and her last sickness is detailed with a bestial indecency, and a clear want of feeling, worthy of that devoted character, Sir Mungo Malagrowther, who was so fond of visiting his friends in their affliction.

The queen abhorred her eldest son, Frederick Prince of Wales, as much as the king did; and her animosity was the most effective of the two, for whilst his majesty only cheated him out of his revenue, and "damned him daily for a liar, a scoundrel, a fool, a beast, a disgusting puppy," &c., &c., the maternal tongue rained sarcasms, clinging nicknames, calumnies, pointed contempts, sufficiently to quell not only "poor Fritz," but every forlorn courtier that, speculating on a *post obit*, clung to his skirts, from Carteret down to Bubb Dodington. The mother could however, condescend at times to abuse as bluntly as the father. On one occasion—"My dear Lord Hervey," quoth the queen, "I will give it you under my hand, if you are in fear of my relapsing, that my dear first born is the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish he was out of it." The reader will find much both to amuse and to sicken him in the quarrels of the households of the king and prince. The whole story of the scamperings, mysteries, and dangers attending the birth of the Prince's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick, whom Lord Hervey saw in her infancy, and describes as "a little rat of a girl about the bigness of a large tooth-pick case," is quite as droll as any thing we have recently met with.

As the king, like master Rodolph, the steward of the Prince of Little Lilliput, was fond of having very short persons about him, so his middle-aged queen was fond of having for foils a parcel of elderly dowdyish ladies. Alas! for the

court that rejects the fair looks of young beauty while it retains its unchaste wiles!

We must hurry over the rest of the royal family. We give the character of the Princess Emily in Lord Hervey's own words.

"Princess Emily had much the least sense, except her brother, of the family, but had for two years much the prettiest person. She was lively, false and a great liar; did many ill offices to people and no good ones; and for want of prudence, said as many shocking things to their faces, as for want of good nature or truth she said disagreeable ones behind their backs. She had as many enemies as acquaintances, for nobody knew without disliking her."

Princess Caroline, with whom Lord Hervey was suspected of maintaining too great an intimacy, was, we are told, amiable, but dowdyish in her person, corpulent, and afflicted with rheumatic pains in her legs.

The Princess of Orange, the married sister of these royal maidens—or, to use a safer expression, damsels—was silly, self-willed, and until she became too corpulent a great romp; from a sluggishness or absence of the imaginative faculty she was not so expert a liar as her sister Emily, but, like stout Hubert the archer, she did her best. Her husband, the Prince of Orange, is described by our amiable author as follows:

"When he was undressed and came in his night-gown and night-cap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of every body who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs."

With this abominable body the prince possessed a gallant, truthful, and gentle spirit, and a grave firmness worthy of his great predecessor, William the Silent, but of course Lord Hervey was not fond of perceiving high qualities in man or woman.

As for the "whipping boy" of the Memoirs, Prince Frederick, here is a condensed character written in balanced phrases.

"He was at once both *false* and *sincere*; he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths whenever any body else had confided in him. He was at once both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place; he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take any body's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced, (so prevalent in weak people, and consequently those who are most influenced,) always made him say something depreciating, to the next comer, of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by every body, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible any body could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?"

We have quoted the queen's wish that "Fritz was out of the world;" the dutiful son retaliated it honestly. When the queen lay on her deathbed "the prince used to sit up in his house in Pall Mall almost the whole night and every night, sending messengers continually to St. James's, showing the utmost impatience for their return, and saying with equal prudence and humanity to the people who were with him, 'Well, sure we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer;' and talked all day long in the same strain to every body about him."

Beyond the precincts of the royal family, with whom we have been dealing, and with whom we have perhaps tarried too long, moved many bright and noble figures—Bolingbroke, Chatham, then Cornet Pitt, undistinguished but beginning to be feared, Chesterfield, Pulteney, and a crowd of others. Lord Hervey slaughters them in a magnificent manner. Here we have Bolingbroke.

"His character was so mixed that he had certainly some qualifications that the greatest men might be proud of, and many which the worst would be ashamed of: he had fine talents, a natural eloquence, great quickness, a happy memory, and very extensive knowledge: but he was vain, much beyond the general run of mankind, timid, false, injudicious, and ungrateful; elate and insolent in power, dejected and servile in disgrace: few people ever believed him without being deceived, or trusted him without being betrayed: he was one to whom prosperity was no advantage, and adversity no instruction: he had brought his affairs to that pass that he was almost as much distressed in his private fortunes as desperate in his political views, and was upon such a foot with the world that no king would employ him, no party support him, and few particulars defend him; his enmity was the contempt of those he attacked, and his friendship a weight and reproach to those he adhered to. Those who were most partial to him, could not but allow that he was ambitious without fortitude, and enterprising without resolution; that he was fawning without insinuation and insin-

core without art; that he had admirers without friendship, and followers without attachment, parts without probity, knowledge without conduct, and experience without judgment. This was certainly his character and situation; but since it is the opinion of the wise, the speculative and the learned, that most men are born with the same propensities, actuated by the same passions, and conducted by the same original principles, and differing only in the manner of pursuing the same ends, I shall not so far chime in with the bulk of Lord Bolingbroke's contemporaries as to pronounce he had more failings than any man ever had; but it is impossible to see all that is written, and hear all that is said of him, and not allow that if he had not a worse heart than the rest of mankind, at least he must have had much worse luck."

And here we have Lord Chesterfield:—

"Lord Chesterfield had more conversable entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humor and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirits and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation, was a shield from those pointed glittering weapons which seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. As for want of principle he often sacrificed his character to his interest, so for want of prudence he often sacrificed his interest to his vanity as a wit. In person he was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite. Such a thing would disconcert Lord Chesterfield as much as it would have done anybody who had neither his wit nor his assurance on other occasions; for though he could attack vigorously, he could defend but weakly, his quickness never showing itself in reply any more than his understanding did in argument. * * * He never considered what was true or false, but related every thing, in which he had no interest, just as his imagination suggested it would tell best. * * * Patriotism, adherence to a party, the love of one's country, and a concern for the public, were his common topics for ridicule; he would not scruple to own that he thought the laws of honor in men and the rules of virtue in women, like the tenets of an established religion, very proper things to inculcate, but with the people of sense and discernment, of both sexes, to be professed without being regarded, and transgressed whilst recommended. * * He was a dishonest, irresolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy."

Of Lord Townshend we are told that—

"He was much more tenacious of his opinion than of his word; for the one he never gave up, and the other he seldom kept. It was as difficult to make him just as to make him reasonable; and as hard to obtain anything from him as to convince. He was blunt without being severe, and false without being artful; for when we designed to be most so his insinuating grin was so shocking that every one was naturally repelled or put upon guard. He had been so long in business that notwithstanding his slow blundering capacity, he might have got through the routine of his employment if he had not thought himself as much above that part of a statesman as all mankind thought any other above him. He loved deep schemes and extensive projects, and affected to strike what is commonly called great strokes in politics—things which, considering the nature of the English government, a wise minister would be as incapable of concerting, as Lord Townshend would have been of executing them if there was a necessity. He had been the most frequent speaker in the House of Lords for many years, and was as little improved as if there had been no room for it."

In addition to these elaborated portraits of the more prominent characters of the time the memoirs abound in descriptive dashes which doubtless with much wild exaggeration present some truth: here is one of these common beetles with a pin stuck through him, exhibited with a vengeance.

"It was as much a matter of wonder in the town, how so insignificant a creature as Lord Clinton (Hugh Fortescue, afterwards Earl of Lincoln) when he was dismissed from court, could contrive to make himself considerable enough to be turned out, as it was at his entrance there how he had been thought of consequence enough ever to be taken in. He was a man of a mean aspect, a meaner capacity, but meanest of all in his inclinations: his dialect and his whole conversation was a heap of vulgarisms both as to sentiment and expression, and his only mark of thinking was his pursuit and love of money."

Of Lord Carteret's style as a writer, Lord Hervey says, in one of his conversations with the Queen,—

"What I have seen of it always seemed to me to be inaccurate, with a strong touch of bombast mixed with vulgarisms; and like some ungenteel people's dress, whom one sees at once over fine and yet fine but by halves, in a coat embossed instead of embroidered, and a dirty coarse shirt."

The portraits, specimens of which we have given, abound in the memoirs; there are perhaps hundreds of them; all are marked by ill-nature, and all are wonderfully clever. Of course no work of this sort, coming from one so bitter, so full of a venomous and detractive animosity to his kind, can be quite trusted. The very style moreover in which the quoted passages are written should excite our distrust. This eternal an-

tithesis tempts the author prodigiously to exaggeration or positive falsehood. If the character subjected to comment possesses a virtue there *must be* a vice to balance against it or there can be no antithesis: and your piquant dexterous, exquisitely polished writers who run a pen through character with no evident reluctance, are hardly the persons to sacrifice artistical effects to truth or humanity. The see-saws of these antithetical writers—Pope himself included in the category—have, we suspect, pretty generally a truth at one end of the plank and a lie at the other. Lord Hervey, in particular, seems to us to have been scarcely the person to hesitate to damn an acquaintance where the point and polish of his sentences required it.

There is one remarkable omission in these volumes; with the exception of Gay, who is called *one* Gay, and only alluded to in connection with the political under-meaning of the Beggar's Opera, there does not occur once the name of any contemporary literary character, in the whole work. This strikes us as very singular when we reflect upon the social position of the best of the brilliant literary men of his time, and the extent to which for a large space in his life Lord Hervey must have been associated with them. He had graduated at Cambridge, travelled on the continent, returned and become a favorite at the court which George II., then Prince of Wales, maintained at Richmond, as early as 1717. This was the very period of those fantastic amusements which, at that court, Pope—submitting his little, feeble and crooked person to affected endearments which forced tears of pain and smiles of vanity to his poor boyish face—shared with the mad-caps, Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepell. Lord Hervey was one of the set; he soon after married the most beautiful and witty of these hoydens—Miss Lepell. At Chelsea, beyond the rural district lying between Kensington and the Thames, long since absorbed by the exorbitant city but then a region of green hedges and fields bright with daisies, frequented by cockney sportsmen and milk-maids, Addison, the husband of a countess, still lived in Holland House. These were persons certainly of sufficient note (even if the crowd of others, Ambrose Phillips, Tickell, Budgell, Steele, clever writers all, were not) to be mentioned in the memoirs of a man of fashion and letters, writing of those times; and Lord Hervey could scarcely have been in want of materials for a few racy chapters concerning them. Perhaps the verses which we have quoted, in an early page of this article, furnish the cause of such omissions, by having given him a *dégoût* for the set pretermitted.

We must come to a close.

Lord Hailes, in a note to his compilation of the opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough, says:

"I cannot discover what was the real cause of the unhappy quarrel between George II. and his son the Prince of Wales. The Duchess seems to think that it originated in the motion for augmenting the Prince's revenue. It is probable that the whole matter will be explained to posterity should the memoirs of Lord Hervey ever see the light. I have reason to believe they are written with great freedom."

The memoirs do not, as they have come down to us, cast additional light on any first serious cause of the quarrel. The English editor (the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker) suspects that information on the subject may have been contained in certain portions of the manuscript which have been destroyed by time or accident; chasms frequently occur in the volumes. We think this, however, altogether improbable, for the reason that the work contains in many different parts of it, long passages concerning the Prince, and malignant *summings up* of his offences; and we find in these no mention whatever of any peculiar or single cause of quarrel. If the prince had been guilty of any especial atrocity, in the first instance, justifying the sort of domestic outlawry which seems to have followed him we should certainly have been informed of it in some of these summings up. If the cause of hatred had originated with his majesty, Lord Hervey did not love this latter a whit too much to upbraid him with it, even whilst he slaughtered the character of the miserable Prince. We think it altogether probable that such fine solemn old gentlemen as Lord Hailes are commonly in error in matters of this sort. They overlook a number of small ordinary causes, for the grouping of which they have no talent, and go groping for some one large and sufficient cause. We take the truth of the matter to be this: his majesty was a brutal father, the Queen wanted maternal affection, the Princesses were obliged to take a side in the domestic quarrel, and naturally took that the advocates of which they were most under the control of, and most heard. Then as for the prince he was a miserable scoundrel who, like many a better Prince of the royal families of England, received the advances of his father's opponents, and made himself the prop of ruined politicians, whose most ardent prayers were constantly for the swift approach of some kindly apoplexy to cut off the royal breath. Besides, as the shrewd old Duchess of Marlborough suggested, there were pecuniary causes; his majesty cheated the Prince who, guided by the designing courtiers about him, assumed *popular* ground, made the paternal frauds upon his reve-

nue the subject of public comment and commiseration, and even appealed to parliament to right him. It is not singular that a brutal father and scoundrel son should get to be on indifferent terms with each other, with no better cause for dissension than character itself affords; then small wrongs and angry speeches begin, and these aggregating occasion in the end the extreme malignity and irrevocable rupture which we perceive in the case of George II. and his eldest son. When we first, in these memoirs, become acquainted with Prince Frederick, we find him on *growling* terms with his father. The subsequent frauds of the king, and coalition of the Prince with members of the opposition—all known to historians without aid from these memoirs—ought to have been enough to satisfy Lord Hailes and put a stop to his speculations upon farther hidden causes of the unseemly and disreputable feud.

We recommend to our readers to read Lord Hervey's memoirs at once—that is if they have not forestalled us and already enjoyed the racy pages which we have been so tardy in recommending to them. We have never seen a book so full and detailed in the account of manners, ephemeral opinions, habits of life, and the various trifling things which, shifting as society does, go to show an age, in all its peculiarities clearly to us. There have been reigns more illustrious, to be sure, than that of George II; there have been reigns in which vice was more brilliant and captivating in its displays; but then where we are deprived of noble and wise deeds, or of those bright masquerades which the sweet sins of storied courts have wantoned in, we can be satisfied with something inferior, if it happens to be droll and peculiar. And all is droll and peculiar in Lord Hervey's book—from the stables to the palace—from Jack Groom to the pragmatical little king and talkative queen.

> "Since England was England there never was seen
> So strutting a king or so prating a queen."

Strut and *prate* are visible and audible in these volumes; so is much else, which the reader has found rather hinted at in our remarks than displayed with a full justice.

CHARADE. BY MACAULAY.

Cut off my head, and singular I act—
Cut off my tail and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and wondrous fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.

What shall I call my first—a bounding sea?
What shall I call my third—a flowing river?
And in the lowest depths of ocean dwell,
Parent of sweetest sounds—but mute forever?

THE KING OF TIPSY-LAND.

From the French of Béranger.

There was a king of Tipsy-land,
  Whom history doth not name;
At noon he rose, at night he slept,
  Nor cared a fig for fame.
With Joan, at sunset, he lay down,
A cotton night-cap for his crown,
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

His palace it was built of straw,
  Four meals a day he ate:
And, on a donkey, through his realm
  He rode in royal state,
His jovial heart ne'er felt alarm,
With Tray behind he feared no harm—
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

He had no costly appetite,
  Except the love of wine;
But, while he makes his subjects blest,
  A monarch still must dine.
He levied toll on every cask,
Nor wanted help to drain his flask—
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

Both maid and matron welcomed him,
  Where'er he chanced to call:
The children learned to bless his name,
  —The father of them all.
No war filled parents' hearts with grief,
The conscripts met to shoot for beef—
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

He ne'er was known o'er neighbors' lands
  To stretch his royal paw:
A pattern he for potentates,
  For pleasure was his law.
Till with his sires he went to sleep,
His people had no cause to weep—
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

The portraits of this worthy prince
  Are kept with pious care;
And country taverns prosper still,
  Where he swings in the air.
On holydays, the tippling crowd
Will often chorus long and loud,
    Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
    Ah! what a jolly little king
                Was he!

THE NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

The following paper was read by Lieut. M. F. Maury before the Virginia Historical Society at its last annual meeting. As an account of the operations of the National Observatory it possesses high interest, while it has some passages of great rhetorical beauty, which were received by the audience with unbounded manifestations of delight. We copy it from the Historical Register, the organ of the Virginia Historical Society.

[*Ed. Mess.*

There are a few facts relating to the early history of the Observatory which I should be glad to have placed among the records of this Society.

They are like the under currents of the ocean, which seldom rise to the surface and which generally escape the observation of the world, though they bear a most important part in the benificent system of aqueous circulation which tempers the frigid and cools the torrid zones of the earth.

These under-tows, whether in the physical or the moral world, are felt perhaps, with their true force, only by those whose course in life is affected by them.

Many of the little events that are passing round us in silence, are to constitute the fillings-up of history. They are the under-currents, the eddies, and the drifts in the tide of Times, by the effects of which the main current is made to pass along down to posterity with the proper force, clearness and beauty.

On taking charge of the National Observatory, my first duty, after getting the instruments in proper position and adjustment, was to train a corps of observers. As soon as this was done, I began to cast about for that plan of operations, which should be the most useful to the world and creditable to the country.

The Sun and Moon, the planets, and certain fixed stars of the larger magnitudes, called fundamental stars, have been the subjects of observation ever since practical Astronomy assumed the character of an exact science. It is nevertheless necessary to continue observations upon them, in order to obtain the requisite data for the American Nautical Almanac: But the time required for this would afford full employment neither to the instruments nor the observers. What then should be done with the spare time? Should it be left unoccupied: or should we follow the example of most of the Government Observatories in Europe, and fill it up with observations on the stars at random having neither definite object, aim or system in view? The genius of our Institutions and the habit of thought among the American people forbade this. For to the honor of the one and the glory of the other, be it said, they are eminently utilitarian and practical in their exactions.

When the American people in their national character understand any thing, they never do it by halves. Their National Observatory is furnished with a most splendid set of instruments. There is but one observatory in the world superior to it in this respect. And when I was ordered to the charge of it, I felt that a heavy responsibility had been imposed upon me. It is a post that I never sought, but being assigned to it in the line of duty, I could not as an officer decline with propriety. I knew that the public expected it so to be conducted as to afford results the most useful to the world and creditable to the country. Therefore, besides the observations already alluded to, I resolved to give effect to a favorite idea, and to commence a catalogue of the stars upon a plan which, when complete, would afford a work which I thought would not be altogether unworthy of the Nation.

With splendid instruments, and industrious observers; with beautiful skies, and more of the heavens above us than they in Europe have, arrangements were commenced for a catalogue of the starry host upon a larger scale, and a more comprehensive plan than had ever before been attempted by any single astronomer. The want of such a work as a book of reference for Astronomers, has been felt for ages.

I do not mean to intimate that there are no catalogues of stars; but I mean to say there is no catalogue of *the* stars that are visible at any one place. Nor is there any one catalogue, which, besides magnitude, R. A. and Declination, gives also color, angle of position and distance, with maps of the binary systems, and clusters of the stars with drawings of the Nebulæ. There are catalogues, too numerous to mention; but the most extensive are Lalande's, Struve's and Bessel's.

Lalande's was commenced in 1789 and ended in 1801: It extends from the North Pole to the Tropic of Capricorn, and contains about 50,000 stars, but it gives position and size only down to the ninth magnitude. Bessel commenced in 1821 and finished in 1833. He worked from 45° N. to 15° S. Declination, and obtained a list of about 75,000 stars to which he assigned position and magnitude only.

Struve's is the most extensive catalogue, by far, of the double stars. It gives magnitude, color, angle of position and distance; but it does not pretend to be a complete catalogne even of all the double stars that are visible in Russia; and yet it is considered as one of the most valuable contributions of the age to Astronomy.

The plan finally adopted for the Washington

Catalogue, was to penetrate regularly and systematically with some one of our powerful telescopes, every point of space in the visible heavens, for the purpose not only of determining accurately the position of every star, cluster, and nebula, that the instruments can reach, but for the purpose also of recording magnitude and color, with angle of position and distance of binary stars, and of making drawings and giving descriptions of all clusters and nebulæ. And for this, arrangements were commenced in 1845.

Now it may be asked, why make this work so extensive? Why comprehend in it objects that never have been, and never can be seen by the naked eye?

The answer is ready with reasons abundant. The heavens like the earth, are obedient to the great law of change. The stars are undergoing perpetual change, some change their position, some vary in magnitude, some in color, and some have blazed forth like flaming meteors in the sky, dazzled the world, and then disappeared forever.

The appearance of a new star in the firmament induced Hipparchus before the Christian era to undertake the first catalogue, which although lost to the world was productive of great practical good. Ptolemy is said to have borrowed over freely from it.

In November, 1572, a star appeared all at once in great splendor. It surpassed Sirius in brilliancy, and was brighter than Jupiter in perigee. It could be seen in the day time, with the naked eye, and after two years it passed away and disappeared. Its place in the sky is now vacant. It induced Tycho Brahe to undertake his catalogue.

It may be that there is now, at this very time in the firmament above, a world on fire. „Argus, a well-known star in the Southern hemisphere, has suddenly blazed forth, and from a star of the 2nd or 3rd magnitude, now glares with the brilliancy of the first.

It is man's boast that he was made to look aloft; for his alone is the privilege to pry into "Nature's infinite book of secresy," and can it be therefore profitless to him and of no value to posterity to survhy the skies, map the stars and contemplate "the eternal flowers of heaven?"

The generation that succeeds is always wiser that that which precedes; for this begins with knowledge, advancement, and discovery where that left off. Our ancestors gathered facts, and recorded observations, which in our hands have become clues guiding to knowledge, or leading to discovery. Shall we do less? He who has the privilege of interrogating nature in the name of society, and yet fails to preserve her answers, is regarded by the scientific world as one who betrays his trust, and thereby wrongs the living and defrauds posterity.

In 1795, Lalande saw a star, and entered it upon his catalogue. In 1847 it was discovered at the Washington Observatory that that star was the planet Neptune. Thus, by the fidelity of that observer, and the means of his catalogue, we are enabled to know at once what otherwise we should have had to wait fifty years to learn. But for that observation of Lalande, astronomers would have had to watt half a century for data to enable them to determine the orbit of that planet as accurately as Mr. Walker, formerly an assistant at the National Observatory, has done in consequence of the discovery there.

Perhaps the most exquisitely beautiful objects in the heavens, are the double stars, with their contrast of colors. When the telescope is turned upon these objects, the most richly-colored orange star may be seen dancing along with its companion of bright green, or smalt blue. They are arranged in pairs or groups, with their components diversified with almost all the colors of the rainbow.

It was a long time a question whether these stars were really double, or only optically so. It was thought they appeared double, only because they happened to be situated nearly in the same direction; that one was placed at an infinite distance beyond the other. It was said, therefore, that they appeared optically near each other only, like lamps afar off in a dark night, which, though at a great distance apart, appear close together to one who sees them nearly in the same straight line.

These stars are so remote from us, that a snail might travel at his usual gait many times around the earth, before that type of velocity with us, a cannon ball, could reach the nearest of them. How then could it be ascertained whether they were physically double, or only optically so?

Catalogues and the resources of science have enabled astronomers to settle the question.

If while looking at the leaves on the trees of a forest, I hold up a dime at a certain distance before me, I will see that it hides certain leaves. If now I hold a dollar at the same place, I will find that the additional leaves hid by it, will exceed, many times in number the first, because the leaves are situated one beyond the other. They are optically close together; and the additional space optically hid by the dollar is much larger than that hid only by the dime.

Now apply this test to the double stars. Take the space in the heavens about each star, that would be hid by a pin's head when held at a convenient distance for vision, and count the stars that would be included within the space so hid. Now hold a half dime at the same distance

from the eye, and count the *additional* stars hid by it.

The first will be found to exceed the last in numbers many times. Thus the probability was established that these stars were in physical and not in mere optical connection. The Telescope was now brought to bear. Observations were made and recorded in Catalogues, and, after a lapse of years, it was discovered that many of these stars were suns actually revolving about each other.

Thus systems in which there are many suns and the most complicated motions have been detected. In some, one sun revolves about another. In others, one pair of suns is seen revolving about each other, and they two around another pair. Some have suns of sapphire blue, emerald green, orange yellow, or flaming red. And there, instead of having the alternations of light and darkness as we have here, it may be supposed that their days and nights alternate with blue, green, red or yellow light, according to the color of the sun which may be in the ascendant.

There may be some ready to say,—though I am sure there are none such here,—of what good is it to us to know that there be suns among the stars, and days of different hues, in the remote regions of space! I hold myself to be a *utilitarian* of the strictest sect. But I regard every fact that man can gather from the physical world to be of value. In the book of nature we see God's own hand-writing; and there is not to be found throughout his handy work, a single fact, word or syllable which does not relate to the destiny of man. We may not understand its bearings or comprehend its import, but it is not because it is without meaning,—it is because we are not wise enough to read the interpretation thereof. We have received more than any generation ever received of its ancestors, for the generation that preceded us had its own treasures of knowledge added to all that it received from the world before, to hand down to us. As we have received more, we are required to give more. Therefore, let us interrogate nature diligently for her laws, and for facts which are the expounders of her laws, feeling assured that the course of Man is upward and onward, and that if we ourselves can make nothing of her answers, there may be DANIELS coming after us, who will have the wisdom to read them aright, be they in characters never so strange and incomprehensible to us.

It is a part of the plan of the American Catalogue accurately to determine distance and angle of position of the double stars,—to record magnitude, color, right ascension and declination, and so enable those who come after us hundreds or thousands of years hence to compare their observations with ours and to determine therefrom the orbits and Anni Magni of these wonderful suns and curious systems. The oldest of the observations of this kind that have been handed to us, are too recent, in comparison with the myriads of our years which some of these suns require to complete a single revolution, to enable us to determine any thing as to their periods.

Perhaps of all the objects in the sky, the Nebulae are the most wonderful and mysterious. We may trace them up through the telescope from shapes the most fantastical to forms the most symmetrical and graceful. They are beyond the reach of the unaided eye. But with the telescope turned in a certain direction, we may see a mere sploch of curious light, presenting a Nebula without form, and apparently void;—with the telescope in another direction, we will see them beginning to assume regularity of outline, with marks of aggregation and condensation, as though they were in process of formation, and these several shapes were merely the nebulous stuff in different stages of growth. Some have the graceful convolutions of the smoke curl,—some are spiral,—some are rent in pieces as though they were curdling into more dense aggregations of matter; these leave black rents in the sky, through which stars are often seen to peep out from the darkness apparently at an immense distance beyond. Following them on, we trace them up into the circular form, with marks of condensation about the centre; then comes the globular appearance, with a decided nucleus; and finally, we come across the perfectly formed star, surrounded with a thin haze of nebulous matter, as though it had not yet all been quite condensed into the shining substance of the star.

The oldest observation upon these wonderful objects is of too recent a date to tell us anything as to their changes and growth, if growth they have.

The Catalogue contemplates accurate drawings of the Nebulae and the leaving by this means to posterity, the clue to that knowledge, with regard to this class of objects, which we ourselves would be so glad to have.

Under the space-penetrating powers of the telescope many of these objects are resolved into stars. Among the clusters are to be seen at one view and in a single spot not larger than Ahab's Cloud, aggregations of stars, far exceeding in number all that the unaided eye of man ever beheld in the azure vault above.

God "by his spirit hath garnished the heavens." But it is not until one of these gorgeous clusters is seen through the telescope, that one

can feel in its full force the prophet's saying—"The host of Heaven cannot be numbered."

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?"

It may be that catalogues and the telescope have enabled us to see, though darkly, the scope of the Almighty question.

By means of catalogues it has been discovered that the stars in a certain quarter of the heavens are getting optically closer and closer together, while those in an opposite quarter, are apparently separating from each other and getting wider apart, precisely in the same way as though we were receding from the one set and approaching the other.

This, therefore, suggested the idea, that our system itself might be moving in obedience to the influences of some vast center of revolution in the remote regions of space. And it has recently been shown, with such *verisimilitude* as to throw the onus of proof upon those who deny the conclusion:—that the sun with its splendid retinue of planets, satellites and comets is in motion about a center inconceivably remote; that though we are moving about it at a rate of many millions of miles in a year, the period is so immense, the distance from the center to the circumference of the orbit so great, as to require myriads and myriads of ages to complete a revolution. *And that center is in the direction of the star Alcyon*, ONE OF THE PLEIADES. Who, therefore, can "bind those sweet influences," which guide the sun and moon and earth through the trackless regions of space, and hold them so they fall not?

To me the simple passage through the Transit instrument of a star across the meridian is the height of astronomical sublimity.

At the dead hour of the night, when the world is hushed in sleep and all is still; when there is not a sound to be heard save the dead beat escapement of the clock, counting with hollow voice the footsteps of time in his ceaseless round, I turn to the Ephemeris and find there, by calculation made years ago, that when that clock tells a certain hour, a star which I never saw will be in the field of the telescope for a moment, flit through and then disappear. The instrument is set;—the moment approaches and is intently awaited;—I look;—the star mute with eloquence that gathers sublimity from the silence of the night, comes smiling and dancing into the field, and at the instant predicted even to the fraction of a second, it makes its transit and is gone! With emotions too deep for the organs of speech, the heart swells out with unutterable anthems; we then see that there *is* harmony in the heavens above; and though we cannot hear, we feel the "music of the spheres."

The time is recorded and the declination being determined, the star is entered in the Catalogue, there to stand as a record forever of its magnitude and position for that day and hour. Thus for every star, a point will be given from which in time to come Astronomers may reckon its motions.

When the sky is clear, there is every night, and all night long, an eye at every telescope in the Observatory, working for this Catalogue; and that no star shall escape us, the part of the heavens that is gone over to-night, is reëxplored to-morrow night by fresh observers with different instruments. Thus every star is to be seen at least twice, by two observers, and on two occasions; so that in time to come, it may be said by astronomers, such a star was in the heavens at the date of the Washington Catalogue, because it is in that work; but it has since disappeared, because it is not now in the heavens; or, such a star which is now visible was not so at the date of the Washington Catalogue, because it is not in that work.

Already, as the result of the first year's work, about 15,000 stars have been observed for the Catalogue; most of which are new.

Should this work be carried on and completed according to the original plan, the time may come when facts connected with the history of it will not be altogether without interest.

Here is an official order in relation to it.

"*Navy Department, March 6th*, 1846.

SIR,—Desirous that the numerous and able corps employed at the National Observatory, at Washington, may produce results important to maratime science, and to the Navy, I approve your course in making the series of Astronomical Observations, more immediately necessary for the preparation of a Nautical Almanac.

The country expects, also, that the Observatory will make adequate contributions to Astronomical science. The most celebrated European Catalogues of the Stars, 'Bessel's Zone Observations' and 'Struve's Dorpat Catalogue' of double stars, having extended to only fifteen degrees South of the Equator, and the Washington Observatory, by its geographical position, commanding a zone of fifteen degrees further South; and being provided with all instruments requisite for extending these catalogues, you are hereby authorized and directed to enter upon the observation of the heavens commencing at the lowest parallel of South Declination, which you may find practicable. You will embrace in your Catalogue all stars even of the smallest magnitude which your instruments can accurately observe. You will, when convenient, make duplicate observations of stars for each Catalogue; and, when time permits, you will determine with precision, by the Meridian instruments, the position of the principal stars in each pair or multiple of stars.

Simultaneously with these observations, you will, as far as practicable, determine the positions of such stars as have different declinations or right ascensions assigned to them in the most accredited Ephemerides.

You will, from time to time, report directly to this Department the progress of the work.

Respectfully, yours,

(Signed) GEORGE BANCROFT.

LIEUT. M. F. MAURY, Superintendent
Of the Observatory, Washington."

"The foregoing is a true copy of a letter printed in the Appendix to the 'Washington Astronomical Observations.'

J. S. KENNARD,
Passed Mid'n U. S. Navy."

This order is the surface current, and without looking deeper, it may hereafter be construed into the original first idea. Its date is "March 6;" but here is the little under-current which took its rise two months before, and makes the upper one clear.

"ORDER

OBSERVATIONS FOR 1846.

A regular series to be kept up on Polaris, αLyrae, and 61 Cygni, and on the Sun, Moon and Planets; and by the West Transit on the Moon culminators of the Nautical Almanac.

At least ten observations with each of the Meridional instruments are to be made on every Nautical Almanac Star visible during the year.

The list of clock stars to be revised. The Prime Vertical will continue its observations upon αLyrae daily; and upon 61 Cygni. and *m*Lacertae, as soon as the last two shall be in position. It will also observe upon as many stars of the first or second magnitude as practicable, and will catalogue between the Zenith and 30° N. Declination.

The Meridian and Mural Circles will Catalogue in alternate belts of 5° Declination, the former commencing with 45° South, and extending to 35° South; one observation upon each star, cluster and nebula will suffice for the Catalogue in this part of the heavens.

The West Transit will sweep in belts adjoining the Mural.

Each instrument will number its own stars beginning with No. 1, and will also quote magnitudes of the stars (standards for which have been given) and assign weight to every observation.

(Signed) M. F. MAURY.

January 5th, 1846."

"The above is a true copy of an order printed in the Appendix to the 'Washington Astronomical Observations.'

J. S. KENNARD,
Passed Mid'n U. S. Navy."

I have therefore chosen, gentlemen, to take this memorial from its humble place in the Observatory, to bring it with me, and ask to have it placed on record here with the Historical Society of my native State. It may be useless—we cannot tell. It is our duty to keep the stream of history as it passes by us, pure and clear; and then, we can safely leave the rest to time.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, *April* 1849.

"Cooper's new novel"—a phrase once of far more pleasing import than at present—has just appeared. Its title, "The Sea-Lions or the Lost Sealers," promises much more than it performs. I cannot say that I have read it; I endeavored honestly to do so, and failed. It is very dull, and bears no more comparison to "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," or even "The Two Admirals," than does the drone of a bagpipe to the merriest horn in Gung'l's band. Mr. Cooper grows garrulous in his old age. He was never remarkable for good temper, and seems to have lost the little that he once possessed. In these two ill-printed, dingy little volumes, there is hardly

> —— "A dash of purity and brightness
> To show the man of sense and of politeness"—

but such and so frequent are the carping and scolding—irrelevant strangely to the subject-matter—that one associates the author with his idea of Tam O' Shanter's spouse, when she sate in the chimney-corner,

> "Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Ever since Mr. Cooper's return to his own country from a somewhat "lengthy" expatriation, he has looked upon himself as a victim to "the ingratitude of Republics." He has, accordingly, omitted no opportunity to expatiate on our faults and foibles. In "Home as Found" his anger triumphed over his judgment, so that he condescended to reflect, with undue severity, even on the conduct and manners of his fair compatriots. I have sometimes wondered what Mr. Cooper expected on his return home. Did he presume that he should be hailed with universal acclamations? Did he look for an ovation? Were victorious wreaths to crown his brow, and arches of triumph to be thrown over his pathway? Were people to be astonished out of their usual equanimity? Was he to be regarded as a prodigy? Surely, if he expected aught beyond the deference and attention commonly paid to men of talent, he was grievously disappointed. "Progress" had been doing great things during his absence abroad. The mind of the country had grown upward,

and expanded into a noble maturity. Many writers had sprung up—some like flowers, some like trees, some like fungi. A literary man was no *rara avis in terris*. Mr. Cooper had seemingly forgotten this: he thought he should find things, in all respects, precisely as he had left them. He fully believed that Mr. Irving and himself were the only living American authors of any note whatsoever. He was undeceived quickly and forcibly. His presence excited little or no observation. Not a being turned to look at him, as he walked, consciously celebrated, up Broadway. No digit was pointed in his direction. Few, except his old friends, came to pay their respects or "see the elephant." He was not "dined" or "partied" more than any respectable gentleman would have been under the circumstances. Scarcely was he *lionized* at all. He found himself "one of many."

Instead of receiving such neglect coolly, Mr. Cooper scolded, and took upon himself the duties of an offended and unappreciated Mentor. Among other matters which he had failed to note was the advance in power of our newspaper press. It was small enough when he first went to Europe. It had, moreover, always lauded him, even while he was gone (except on one occasion, when he attributed a severe criticism on the "Bravo" to the envy of the king of the French) "to the top of his bent." What must have been his surprise, his indignation, his scorn, upon finding that the newspapers dared to animadvert upon the line of conduct he thought fit to pursue—upon his severe comments on his native country, his invectives, his sarcasms, his ridicule, his unconcealed contempt? Instead of meeting the editors with their own weapons, in a fight which he had wantonly commenced, on a field of his own choosing (for he began in the newspapers) he fled to the Sanctuary of the Law! instituted numerous "civil suits" for libel, procured indictments from Grand Juries, and did his "little best" to annoy and worry the press into silence. He failed lamentably. The press, even to this day, continues its strictures on his books, and proclaims "the truth with boldness." For myself, I write utterly without prejudice. I would praise Mr. Cooper's "new work," as the publishers say, as readily as another man's; but no fears of so irate an author would deter me from "scoring" him, when he merits such an application. I hesitate not to pronounce "The Sea-Lions" a very stupid novel, tedious, dismal; loose in its style, ill-constructed, poorly begun, feebly continued, and lamely ended; and, being an "independent American," I beg leave to observe to the illustrious author in the words of Patrick Henry, "if that is a libel, sir, *make the most* of it!"

Do not, Mr. Editor, esteem me in a fault-finding mood, when I tell you that I am disappointed in another book "just out." Mr. Melville's "Mardi" is likewise a failure. The attempt was considerable; the labor of production must have been great, since every page fairly reeks with "the smoke of the lamp." I read "Typee" with very great pleasure, and was among the first to set forth its extraordinary beauties, not readily appreciated by the public. I also liked "Omoo," though wisely and not "too well." "Mardi" is the superlative third in descending degrees. "Typee" good; "Omoo" less good; "Mardi" least good. Let me quote the latter's preface. It is brief—and in this praiseworthy—almost "as the posy of a ring." *Le voici.*

"Not long ago, having published two narratives of voyages in the Pacific, which, in many quarters, were received with incredulity, the thought occurred to me of indeed writing a romance of Polynesian adventure, and publishing it as such: to see whether the fiction might not possibly be received for a verity; in some degree the reverse of my former experience. This thought was the germ of others, which have resulted in Mardi."

The above clumsily expressed paragraph means, I presume, that as Mr. Melville's facts have been mistaken for fictions, he wishes to see if his fictions will be mistaken for facts. On this point he may set his mind entirely at rest. Although it is by no means a good way to make people receive the false for the true, by forewarning them of your design, there can be no reader so intensely verdant, as not to discern the grossness and utter improbabilities of the fabrications in "Mardi." There is, moreover, a continual straining after effect, an effort constantly at fine writing, a sacrifice of natural ease to artificial witticism. To borrow an expression from the stable, Mr. Melville "feels his oats." He has been overfed with praise. He has a reputation to lose, and he must write up to it. He is "somebody." When he, unconscious of his fine genius, created "Typee," he was nobody, on Fame's record. His very name had a doubtful, romantic sound. It was thought to be a mere "*nom de plume*." But it was real. whatever was "Typee," and so it became "great in mouths of wisest censure." What a pity! For we might have had more such delightful books as Typee!

Mr. Irving's "Book of the Hudson" is cool and pleasant summer reading. Its style is very like the flow of a river "at its own sweet will." Let me commend the charming volume to all travellers.

I have not read Mr. Willis's "Rural Letters and other Records of Thought at Leisure," except in some of those parts of which the whol

is composed; but, since it comprises "Letters from under a Bridge," "Open air Musings in the City," &c., it must be a most agreeable collection. I regret to see that Mr. Willis, in his title-page, adopts the fashionable affectation of calling himself by his middle name, thus—N. Parker Willis. Why not give the whole—beginning with the good gospel Nathaniel, or simply the initials? This affected mode always puts me in mind of the motto on the United States coat-of-arms—"*E Pluribus Unum*"—as if a Mr. *Unum* has been christened *E. Pluribus*.

There has been a very amusing, though by no means unprofitable, controversy going on in "The Literary World" about the orthographical question, between "Websterian" and "Q." "Websterian" is Professor Goodrich—Professor of rhetoric and the belles lettres—of Yale University in New Haven, and "Q" is Edward S. Gould, a merchant of this city, a gentleman of fine talents and scholarship. The merchant has decidedly the better of the argument. He most adroitly overthrows the Professor. Had the latter known how "valiant" and "cunning in fence" was his antagonist, he would, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "have seen him damned ere *he'd* have challenged him." This discussion seems to me to set the question at rest. Henceforth people will have one Johnson and Walker on their tables, instead of the seven editions of Webster, with their diverse and ever-changing orthography.

Longfellow's new book, "Kavanagh," (is it Irish?) is looked for with high-wrought expectation. The author has of late published two exquisite poems in Sartain's Union Magazine. Let those who are disposed to deny him the title of ποιητης, the Greek word for creator, read these admirable verses. They breathe the true afflatus.

Two editions of Lamartine's "Les Confidences" have been issued by rival publishers—the one translated here, and the other in England. The former is said to be the better; but the work itself falls far below the standard claimed for it by the French announcements. It contains a pathetic story—a beautiful episode, called "Graziella;" but is, in parts, extremely puerile. Nothing but a want of money, or an egregious vanity, could have induced any author of celebrity to give the world such a production. Is it not strange, that since Lamartine's political ascent, since his brilliant spoken improvisations as a legislative orator, he has written nothing at all comparable with his early poems and essays?

Under the able direction and management of Prosper M. Wetmore as President, the AMERICAN ART UNION has culminated to its present unprecedented prosperity. The List of Paintings already purchased for distribution in December next, includes pictures of great merit, by our first American artists. The payment of five dollars constitutes any one a member of this excellent institution, which has already done so much for the encouragement and growth of the Fine Arts in the United States. The funds of the Institution, which may now be estimated at an average of $50,000 a year, are, after paying necessary expenses, applied to the purchase of paintings, statues and engravings—the work of Americans, or of those who have become naturalized-citizens.

George P. Putnam, who deserves sincere commendation, on account of the careful, neat and elegant style, in which his books are always published, has issued a specimen of Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Hints on Public Architecture, containing among other illustrations, Views and Plans of the Smithsonian Institution; together with an appendix relative to building materials—prepared on behalf of the Building Committee of the Smithsonian Institution." The work is to contain one hundred and thirteen engravings, and promises to be of much value and importance. The specimen presents four designs on wood, exquisitely executed, and printed on paper of fine quality, besides a tinted lithograph of the Church of the Holy Communion in this city. The woodcuts are of the house of Jacques Cœur at Bourges, in which the celebrated Condé spent his early school-days, of the Hotel de Ville at St. Quentin, France, the diagram of a church ground floor, and of a Moorish Interior in a Mosque at Cordova. As an example of Mr. Owen's pleasant style and correct views, I make this extract:

"A little habit not only reconciles the eye to the irregular variety of Gothic, but causes it to be sought for and esteemed, far beyond the rigidly formal. Even in street architecture, its effects are happy and striking. Take an example from the ancient provincial city of Bourges—the mansion of Jacques Cœur, on the old Gothic balustrade of which the great Captain, (Condé,) as a modern essayist has suggested, may have read and adopted as his own, the inspiriting motto—'*A vaillants cœurs rien impossible.*' But it is not the attractive exterior, striking as it is; not the picturesque beauty, which characterizes alike its boldest outlines, and its most delicate details; nor yet the pictorial effects, varying with every changeful aspect, which the rich variety of its irregular masses successively present; it is not these, which chiefly influence my preference for Arch-Architecture. That preference is mainly founded on considerations more prosaic and practical. That same picturesque irregularity, which pleases the eye and charms the fancy, is an important feature in an Architecture that is to satisfy modern wants. The flexibility which the Norman and Gothic manners possess; the facility with which they assume whatever external

forms may be suggested by internal purpose; the easy freedom with which they lend themselves, as occasion arises, to amendment or addition; all these are essential conditions in an Architecture, that is to secure lasting freedom among us: all these are essential characteristics in an Architecture that is to attain, in our utilitarian age and in our matter-of-fact country, to the character of national."

The same publisher, likewise, announces "The Works of Fennimore Cooper." From the remarks made at the beginning of this letter, you will infer my reason for doubting, whether a republication of the entire romances of this writer would be a profitable speculation. But I have no doubt that the best part of them—a faithful selection—would be well received. I have on my table the first pages of "The Spy." It is preceded by an original introduction. It is also revised, corrected, and illustrated with notes. The introduction, after the fashion of Sir Walter Scott in his last edition, (Cadell's,) of the Waverly series, gives an account of the origin of the story, and of the incidents on which it is founded. It concludes with certain reflections, which are given in so much milder a mood than Mr. Cooper's usual comments, that, considering they have not yet elsewhere appeared, I am tempted to present them, for the sake of imparting a better opinion of their author to your readers than most persons now entertain.

"The style of the book has been revised by the author in this edition. In this respect, he has endeavored to make it more worthy of the favor with which it has been received; though he is compelled to admit, there are faults so interwoven with the structure of the tale that, as in the case of a decayed edifice, it would cost perhaps less to reconstruct than to repair. Five-and-twenty years have been as ages with most things connected with America. Among other advances, that of her literature has not been the least. So little was expected from the publication of an original work of this description, at the time it was written, that the first volume of 'The Spy' was actually printed several months, before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. The efforts expended on a hopeless task are rarely worthy of him who makes them, however low it may be necessary to rate the standard of his general merit.

"One other anecdote connected with the history of this book, may give the reader some idea of the hopes of an American author, in the first quarter of the present century. As the second volume was slowly printing, from manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositor's hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed and paged, several weeks before the chapters, which precede it, were even thought of. This circumstance, while it cannot excuse, may serve to explain the manner in which the actors are hurried off the scene.

"A great change has come over the country, since this book was originally written. The nation is passing from the gristle into the bone, and the common mind is beginning to keep even pace with the growth of the body politic. The march from Vera Cruz to Mexico was made under the orders of that gallant soldier, who, a quarter of a century before, was mentioned with honor, in the last chapter of this very book. Glorious as was that march, and brilliant as were its results in a military point of view, a stride was then made by the nation, in a moral sense, that has hastened it, by an age, in its progress toward real independence and high political influence. The guns that filled the valley of the Aztecs with their thunder, have been heard in echoes on the other side of the Atlantic, producing equally hope or apprehension.

"There is now no enemy to fear, but the one that resides within. By accustoming ourselves to regard even the people as erring beings, and by using the restraints that wisdom has educed from experience, there is much reason to hope that the same Providence, which has so well aided us in our infancy, may continue to smile on our manhood."

But the greatest book of the season—of which, though published at a high price, a large edition (1,500 copies) has already been sold—is "Nineveh and its Remains," and for this splendid publication, the more cultivated minds of our country have also to thank Mr. Putnam. It richly deserves an extended review in your pages, but as I have not at present the leisure, and perhaps lack the ability and learning, requisite for the due preparation of a careful article, I must content myself with a description of the book; first advising all men, who desire to gratify their curiosity, feast their imaginations, enrich their understandings, and arouse the noblest and best of associations, to stop not at an expenditure, comparatively trifling, but possess themselves of this treasury of great wonders. It is written, as such a work—a work which must be standard—ought to be, with the utmost care and correctness, with great clearness and directness of style, with little attempt at expatiation, no self-glorification, but rather with a modest deference, which wins your confidence, while it assures your respect. It is printed with large type, in two volumes, royal octavo—the first containing 320 pages of letter press, and eighteen illustrations, and the second 373 pages, including a copious index, and no less than 85 plates, woodcuts and plans—all very well executed. The learned Dr. Robinson, of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, furnishes an interesting Introductory Note, which is followed by a brief and modest preface and Introduction, by the author; in the latter of which he gives "a slight sketch of what has

been done in the field of Assyrian Antiquities," previous to his own researches. The whole work is divided into two parts—the first of which, to the 94th page of Vol. 2, is occupied with faithful and accurate accounts of Mr. Layard's excavations in the buried city, of his adventures among the inhabitants, and excursions into various parts of the region round about. The latter comprehend his visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil-Worshippers. The second part comprises an Inquiry into the manners and arts of the ancient Assyrians, and in this he treats of the materials for their history, lately disclosed, of their monuments, their writing, their arts, embroideries, furniture, knowledge of mechanics, their armour, ship-building, wealth, domestic habits, and numerous other matters, calculated to inspire the deepest interest. Mr. Layard considers the manners and customs of the descendants of the Assyrians, as much the remains of Nineveh and Assyria, as are the rude heaps and buried palaces. He therefore describes both with equal pains, and thus shows himself to be a true philosopher, no less than an indefatigable explorer.

I should have mentioned that the book is strongly and handsomely bound in cloth, with a golden stamp of "the winged bull."

The bookseller's price is $4 50.

Butler & Co. of Philadelphia have just issued, in handsome octavo, (*fac-similes* of the London edition) by far the best, neatest, and most *correctly spelled* edition of Macaulay, which has appeared. It is sold at a price which cannot be more than its cost, namely $1 a volume. Accordingly, Harper & Brothers immediately lowered the charge for their best (Websterian) edition to 60 cents a volume! This is the very same which was first, and, till rival publishers appeared, constantly sold for $2. What kind of justice is this to the first purchasers? I do not pretend to understand book-selling ethics, but were I a considerable purchaser, I should wait hereafter till a book had been published three months at least.

I take much pleasure in sending you, for publication in the Messenger, an exquisite translation from the German by Stoddard, one of our most graceful and accomplished, though youngest poets. I presume it will be too late for May; but let your readers expect a most delicate and beautiful poem in the June number. Mr. Stoddard has a fine original genius, and he is self-instructed. An artizan, by profession, while his hands shape the homeliest of metals, his brain produces the most beautiful of thoughts.

Yours ever,

B.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Zoological Recreations: by W. J. Broderip Esq., F. R. S., &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

One of the most readable books of the day. It is just what its title imports: not a scientific treatise, full of *genera* and *species*, and hard names in Latin and Greek: but a popular, pleasant, little book of anecdotes and gossip—a desultory series of sketches, suitable for easy, after-dinner, reading. It treats of singing birds, cuckoos, owls, swans, turkeys, and parrots: of dogs, cats, apes, elephants, and dragons. We find, condensed in a few words, the latest and most authentic views of the learned, concerning the origin and habits of these, our natural born subjects: relieved and illustrated by frequent quotations from books, and short stories, which are told with much naiveté and humor. We have not had time to read it through—a pleasure yet in store for us: but, while glancing at other portions, we could not resist the temptation of the Chapter on Dogs. In respect of these almost human companions, we are not a whit behind the author, in point of affectionate regard. Our earliest recollections of fun and frolic, no less than our first ideas of faithful and tender friendship, are bound up with the memories of two or three of the race, who were our playmates, guides, and guardians, in infancy. Poor old Milo! We see him now, keeping patient watch by our coat and hat, while we—that little urchin in gray breeches—are racing up and down the green, and making tired the echoes with shouts of merriment. And now old Milo is relieved—a hat is put in his mouth—and he is turned loose to be hunted. Twenty pursuers are in chase of him—he is headed off, surrounded, hemmed in on all sides—but he is not to be taken. Never for a moment overrunning the prescribed bounds (Milo, like Mrs. Hannah Battles, always played the rigor of the game), he nevertheless winds, doubles, dodges, with matchless dexterity—and when, hard pressed, spies out some unwary antagonist, darts between his legs, and overthrows him in a twinkling. But we grow garrulous—Mr. Broderip sums up the merits of our favorites thus—"Yes! dogs *are* honest creatures, and the most delightful of four-footed beings. The brain and nervous system may be more highly developed in the Anthropöid Apes, and even in some of the monkeys; but, for affectionate, though humble companionship, nay friendship; for the amiable spirit that is on the watch to anticipate every wish of his master—for the most devoted attachment to him, in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, an attachment always continued unto death, and frequently failing not, even when the once warm hand that patted him is clay cold; what—we had almost said—*who* can equal these charming familiars? Hungry though he be, he will leave his food for you; he will quit the strongest temptation for you; he will lay down his life for you. Truly spake he who said, 'man is the God of the dog.'"

We have no doubt this little volume of near 400 pages is equally entertaining throughout; and we commend it to all of our readers who have any taste for chance gleanings in the field of Natural History.

Nineveh and its Remains: By Austen Henry Layard, Esq. George P. Putnam: New York. 1849.

For a notice of this splendid work, we refer our readers to the letter of our New York correspondent, which has anticipated what we designed to say.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

PROSPECTUS.

This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selection: and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste. *May*, 1844.

TERMS.

The Living Age is published every *Saturday*, by E. Littell & Co., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	- -	$20 00
Nine "	" -	40 00
Twelve "	" - -	50 00

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The following Letters on the plan and execution of the work have been received:

Dear Sir,—I have read the prospectus of your proposed periodical, "The Living Age," with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage, long enough and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone, not only to our literature, but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false

I wish it every success; and my only fear is, that it may not meet as full success with the public as it deserves. I shall be glad to be a subscriber. I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

JOSEPH STORY.

Cambridge, April 24, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I approve very much of the plan of your work, to be published weekly, under the title of the "Living Age:" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

I wish it abundant success, and that my name be added to the list of subscribers. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

New York, 7th May, 1844.

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Boston, May, 1844.

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GEO. TICKNOR.

Boston, 5th August, 1844.

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GEO. W. BETHUNE.

Philadelphia, October 29th, 1844.

WASHINGTON, 27TH DECEMBER, 1845.

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September, 1848.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XV., No. 6. JUNE, 1849. Whole Number, CLXXIV.

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1849.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XV. RICHMOND, JUNE, 1849. NO. 6.

GLIMPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Far up in the north of Europe stands the grim, old castle of Cronenberg. Its lofty, elegant towers rise high above the massive buildings at their feet and the white cross of Denmark looks proudly down upon land and sea. It is a strange, mysterious castle, the palace of Cronenberg, and a thousand dark stories hover around its drawbridges, its gloomy archways and silent, deserted walls. Here mourned for a long, dreary winter the unhappy queen, Carolina Matilda of England, whose only fault was that none could behold her without admiration, none know her and not love her. And poor, brilliant Struensee who, from a low-born, humble physician, rose to be a king's master and Denmark's true sovereign, Struensee, whose lofty ambition soared higher yet, knew her and loved her. A woman's jealousy—all queen that she was—betrayed their secret, and the same day saw the fair queen humbled, disgraced, a prisoner in the dark, old castle, and the young count lay his head on the block and breathe her name even under the executioner's axe.

Across a dreary common, close to the palace, there is an old, deserted garden; a house stands, tenantless, in the centre; a few broken defaced statues lie in utter desolation about, whilst the soft moss oozes in patches from the broken terrace-steps, and on a high bank there smile a few stray flowers, entwined with graceful vines. A willow stands there alone; its delicate leaves tremble in the evening breeze and the long, weeping branches gently kiss the humble grave which they tenderly shroud. Beneath it lies Hamlet.

There are the ramparts, too, which he paced to and fro, musing or waiting for him whom he alone not feared. There are the proud walls of Elsinoer, there also the dark-blue waters of the Sound, and in the distance the dim line of the Swedish coast with the huge fortress of Helsingborg in the background. A breeze has sprung up and sail after sail rises above the horizon, and vessel after vessel passes close under the guns of the old castle. A gigantic full-rigged ship, the cross of England flying from its mizzen-mast, bears down through the narrow passage; suddenly, her head off shore, she heaves to with her fore-topsail aback, a small cutter approaches, an officer boards her and patiently has she to wait for Denmark's pleasure. A Frenchman follows, several Swedish schooners running down before the wind are close upon his heels and a clumsy, old-fashioned Dane comes slowly, majestically to join the crowd. But all, the moment they reach the ominous passage, haul up their fore course and let their top-sails settle on the caps, until they also are boarded. A fleet is assembled; the flags of all nations are run up to salute the Danebrog, and without murmur, they heave to and let go their anchors. But what are those sharp, low clipper-built vessels that come coursing down from the north-west, the jibboom of the second almost touching the stern boat of the first? How they dash the foam from their sharp sides; how gallantly they come on under a cloud of canvass with studding sails alow and aloft! But see, they have reached the first gunboat lying across the passage and they dart past it, unmindful of the stern command with which they are ordered to heave to. Not a sound is heard on board the bold vessels. A white cloud rises on the ramparts of the old castle, a strange whizzing noise is heard and a heavy cannon ball falls a few fathoms beyond the foremost. Still no sign of life. A second shot nearly touches the bowsprit. The strangers see the firing is in earnest and, as if by magic, a large flag is run up, the breeze quickly unfolds it and the star-spangled banner floats proudly over Denmark's waters. Almost at the same time the second schooner comes up, nearly abreast of the bark, and as their ensign greets the eyes of the crew, three cheers rise in the clear air until the walls of the fortress echo the sound and send it across to the Swedish coast.

And they do not heave to; they pass the English and the French vessels; they pass the fortifications of the Danes, bristling with cannon, and the low, black man of war that lies threatening on the opposite side; they sail down towards the city of Copenhagen and, with wonder in their eyes, the astonished Danes turn around and ask who the bold strangers can be, that dare pass the Sound when Denmark has closed the Baltic to the nations of the earth? But before an answer is given, a small but beautiful yacht glides gracefully out from a narrow bay under the very ramparts of the castle; her white sides glisten brilliantly in the golden light of the setting sun and with her sails loosened and her ensign streaming she skims over the waves and hastens to rejoin

the strange vessels. They know her, however, the good Danes, they recognize now the stars and stripes that have so often covered the fine, spacious deck of the hospitable yacht, when, under America's flag, her generous owner drank the health of Denmark, whose fair daughters loved to dance as their fathers loved to sail on board the fastest vessel that ever passed the Sound.

And how were such most precious privileges obtained? Not by the tortuous policy, the cunning devices, the skilful negotiations of European diplomats, but by the plain, straight forward, but determined declarations of a representative of the Great Republic. A simple citizen of the Union, her minister, had represented to the Danish Cabinet the injustice of imposing the same restrictions upon the continental powers of Europe and the far-distant republic, who by her ships and her intercourse could but benefit the small islands, and who had no interest in the struggle with the rebellious provinces. And such had been the force of his arguments—such the influence which the name of his country and the respect entertained for his personal character had brought to bear on the subject, that the proud flag of the Union alone of all the maritime nations of the earth passed unmolested through the waters of Denmark.

They were closed to all others, for Denmark, small, insular Denmark, was at war with great, powerful Germany. A noble sight, indeed they were, these bold islanders, as, few in numbers, unsupported by friends or allies, trusting alone in the God of their forefathers and the sacred right of their cause, they hesitated not to risk their lives and their fortunes in a war against the forty-four millions of Germans, who spoke of crushing them in a few months and threatened to blot their kingdom from the maps of Europe. But they are a bold and stubborn race; the undaunted courage of the Northman animates even now the bold Dane, and the hot blood and the fearless spirit of the Viking of old has been proved even in our day by many a bold exploit and many a bravely fought battle. Can we withhold our admiration when we see a kingdom, the smallest of the small, poor in soil, but thinly inhabited, cursed with a cruel climate and fearful storms, and strong only in faith and in courage, occupied at the same time with the consolidation of its national liberty and engaged with all its might in the defence of its right, its territories, its own children,—struggling hard, but ever honorably in sustaining a foreign war abroad and subduing reckless insurrection at home? If Denmark is no longer, as she *has* been for centuries, the powerful state of the North, giving kings to England, holding half of Germany in subjection, ruling all Sweden and Norway—if she has lost successively her German provinces, Sweden, and finally even her much beloved daughter, rugged, stern, but affectionate Norway—if England has burned her fleet and Sweden robbed her of her commerce, her children at least have lost none of their virtues, and a brave and noble race, they have proved themselves worthy of their time-honored name and the proud renown of their fathers.

This war, it is true, is not one of mere national pride, or of unimportant interests; they have given their fortunes and laid down their lives not merely for the recovery of one or two fertile provinces: the Danes fight for their very existence. They cannot exist without the so-called duchies of Schleswig and Holstein; the crown of Denmark loses its brightest jewels in those rich, fair lands, that have been to Denmark what Java has been to Holland; one half of her inhabitants, nearly three-fourths of her revenue, are at stake, and with the loss of those rebellious provinces falls the great wall which alone has prevented the German element from invading the peninsula and from destroying forever the nationality of the Danes.

For here also, in this fearless struggle of a small, but bold and determined people against the great Empire, we see the question of nationality mixed up with the desire of freedom. Here also, the rights of the race and the rights of the individual have been joined in a common cause, and the principle that Germany ought to extend wherever the German tongue is spoken, has proved itself as strong as the loudest clamor for Liberty and Independence. Here also, we must not forget, the conflict is not of yesterday, rising with the first gusts of the revolutionary tempest and subsiding as its last dying sighs pass over the fearful traces it has left on Europe. It is not a new movement; it is one of long duration, sedulously fanned by ambitious politicians, carefully nursed by the interested sympathy and well-calculated cöoperation of Germany, which dates as far back as the earliest, ever ready ambition of her great Emperors to extend her limits to the uttermost boundaries of the firm land. What else was it that eight hundred years ago brought the great Emperor with his most renowned knights, his most famous warriors, their lances in rest and their hands on their swords, across the Dannevirke, there to display their lofty valor in vain and to leave their bright renown on that great bulwark of Scandinavia? What else was it that carried the proud Otho, one of Germany's greatest sons, with his swarm of priests and monks, singing their holy chants in the shade of a thousand crosses and Christian banners, across the small stream that, a second Rubicon, has for a thousand years divided the

bold islanders from the Continent? What else induced the world-famous Count Geert of Holstein, whose courage was so dazzling and whose strength so amazing, that the incredulous multitude thought him possessed by the Berserker rage of the old Northman heroes, to make all Jutland German by the force of his sword and the unsupported bravery of his bold followers? What, finally, has of late sent the cold, calculating Prussian, the warm-hearted Rhinelander, the impetuous Suabian, towards the same fatal battle-fields, and caused Germany to spend her millions and venture her armies at a time when her own lands were threatened with the fearful scourge of civil war and discord reigned in her own councils? It is true, her scholars, her statesmen, and, above all, her kings—yes, even her kings on their tottering thrones, had long cherished magnificent dreams of the restoration of the once so great German Empire. Buried apparently in profound slumber, living only as the unconscious plant vegetates, they dreamed and thought of the great German race, that had built up powerful Empires at home, counted brothers all over Scandinavia, and had sent out from their own midst the fathers of those Anglo-Saxons who, the ever-active messengers of civilization, had carried their blood and their fame over into Great Britain and across distant oceans to a New World. The idea gained ground and won favor with every year: to consolidate the German race by all requisite institutions, and to extend its natural frontiers by a somewhat unscrupulous interpretation of public law, became the favorite idea of the so-called Historical School. Statesmen and sovereigns were easily led to adopt and support such views; for was it not a disgrace that Germany, great Germany, should be without maritime power? For centuries she had struggled towards the sea-board as the plant struggles towards the light, and always had Denmark, little Denmark interposed her proud ships, and the bold eagle of the Empire had shrunk back before the humble cross of the Danebrog. There, before the eyes of ambitious Germany, lay the fine harbors, the extensive coasts, the opulent cities of Denmark with their sea-bred populations; there, at the mouth of her own mighty rivers, lay the great seaports of Hamburg and Lubeck, of Kiel and of Flensburg, which were not hers, and whose flag was honored abroad, and poured the treasures of distant continents into their lap, whilst she saw with envy and jealousy their increasing wealth and political power.

Nor was it a mere dream: nations dream not in vain, and even the indefinite longing of awaking youth, in the history of races, produces events which future ages only see clearly and the eye of the historian alone can trace back to their first germ. Thus the German also did not in vain think of the island that lay so temptingly right at his door, and as the ardent longing for the golden fruits and the genial sun of the south carried emperor after emperor and army after army over the snow-clad Alps into Italy's fertile plains, so were noblemen and artisans, renowned warriors and humble serfs seen to cross the fatal stream, the Eyder, the "*ultimus terminus Imperii Romani*" to settle on the green fields of Southern Denmark. The wealthy farmer of Holstein was pleased with the gently rolling, fertile meadows of Schleswig and built there his massive houses and still grander stables, until the fields and the woods, the banquet-hall and the servants' rooms resounded with the broad, affectionate language of the North. The opulent merchant of the Hanse Towns foresaw with never erring penetration the future greatness of the wide harbors of Kiel and Flensburg and brought wealth, energy and wisdom to the towns of Schleswig, where the haughty alderman in his council and the busy clerk in his counting-room, the sturdy wagoner in the narrow streets and the bold mariner from the vast deep spoke German from morning till evening. Artisans were called in and brought, with the art and the skill of the German, his tongue also to every hamlet of Schleswig. Then came the Reformation and replaced the unintelligible Latin of the monks by the newly-formed language of the great Luther himself, teaching a new faith in a new tongue and spreading it all over the duchy, so that German prayers were heard in the house of the Lord and around the family-altar, and the word of God was preached far and wide in the Reformer's own idiom. Scholars and authors followed soon; pleadings were held in German, sentence was given in German, governors ruled in German, and teachers taught in German, year after year, century after century, until the idiom had nearly conquered the country and where formerly Danish had been the language of the solemn council assembled in Thing, of the judge on his bench, of the family round their fireside, it now was a forbidden tongue and a royal edict (1824) *allowed* the use of the Danish only to such representatives in the National Assembly as did not know enough German to make themselves understood!

Thus Schleswig became German in almost all its external features, in law, religion and instruction; its trade, its coins, even its customs and manners were German. Railroads continued the conquest by connecting the duchy, separated as it was only by a small stream, more closely still with Germany itself, and gradually the honest and affectionate German became the

true ally of the bold and proud man of Schleswig, who called the Dane his master but the German his brother, and who looked to Copenhagen for taxes and imposts but to Germany for the light of science, the benign influence of the arts and the blessings of the true faith.

This silent, slow and gradual invasion of a new idiom and a new nationality was the more easily accomplished and resulted in the more complete amalgamation as there was in truth originally little difference of race or tongue. Saxony had been the cradle of the English people in common with the land of the Angle and the Jute; one dialect was originally spoken in all the low lands of Northern Germany and the adjoining islands, and the Anglo-Saxon of Great Britain understood and used both Danish and Low-German with equal facility. Even the geographical position of Denmark facilitated such a union: the peninsula seems to the eye of the casual observer, and is to the geologist, only a continuation of Lower Germany; the Eyder separates it but little more than for a part of its boundary, and whilst Sweden and Norway have a formation of their own and rear their gigantic piles of granite towards their ever-threatening sky, Denmark slopes gently down from Germany's lofty mountains towards the blue ocean. Like Holstein it extends its level lands, mostly rich, fertile meadows, to the Elbe, the Baltic and the North Sea, and hence also shows the same intimate connection with Germany in all the peculiar features of its national character. Quiet, because slowly moved, but earnest, and when once roused never to be bent from his self-proposed aim, the inhabitant of Schleswig has little fancy or poesy in him, but hides his deep, warm feelings under a rough, and seemingly stolid exterior. Speaking but slowly and not without a certain timid hesitation in a harsh and most unmelodious dialect, he shows still in what he says far more practical good sense and sound judgment than his more lively neighbors. Although for ages accustomed to bend his neck under the hard yoke of the most absolute monarchs, and a loyal subject of his sovereign, he is not without the old Saxon pride and dignity, and many a bloody war and fierce encounter has he had with too harsh a master or too arbitrary a ruler.

For a warlike race they are, the people of both Schleswig and Holstein, all peaceful and quiet as they appear in the steady pursuit of their rural occupations; and if they love no longer to rove over distant seas and oceans, to ride up the mighty rivers of the continent on their prancing sea-horses, and to carve out for themselves kingdoms and empires wherever the fair lands and rich treasures of the weak Southerner may tempt them, they are still ever found ready to seize the deadly weapon and, from their sweet fields and placid lakes to rush forth into the very midst of the fiercely raging battle. Warm friends of those they love and faithful subjects of the kings they honor, they have century after century risen in arms against the foe abroad and the enemy in their own fair lands. Powerful kings have despaired to force them into subjection, while youthful leaders, self-chosen, have led them like children. Emperors have marched their armies against them to return defeated and yet a few kind words have extinguished the flames of blazing rebellion. Bitter is their hatred of the enemy, warm and not easily shaken their love of the friend. And who has ever been a dearer friend, a more beloved brother to them than the tall, proud son of Holstein? With him they are connected by a thousand ties of blood; the same rich pastures with their sleek white heads of Europe's finest cattle, spread over the lands of the brothers; the same home-like houses with their air of patriarchal simplicity and all the comforts of abundance are scattered over the German duchy of Holstein and the Danish duchy of Schleswig; as friends and as brothers they greet each other across the fair river Eyder and brave on board their far-famed vessels the same dangers, hand in hand and heart to heart. Shall a river divide those whom one father, one faith, one tongue and one nature have made brothers? Has the old father Rhine left Aix la Chapelle to the Frenchman or the mighty Danube been a barrier against the Sclavonian?

Nor does history say that those whom nature, descent and fraternal love have united, should be divided by the will of the Great on earth or the dead letter of fading parchments. Free men on their own soil, owing allegiance to none and never enslaved by the sword of the conqueror, they have entrusted their own rights to self-chosen sovereigns and from time immemorial the duchies have said to each other "your master shall be my master and your laws my laws!" Thus in the great charter of rights of the two countries, (1460) the basis of all their privileges and the only decisive authority in the dispute of last year, King Christian, of Denmark, declares "that the estates of Schleswig and Holstein are to remain forever and ever undivided; that they have of their own free will and by their own inherent right, without any regard to his being king of Denmark, chosen him for their Duke and Count, and that after his death and whenever he should have but one lawful heir to succeed him on the throne of Denmark, they should have the right to choose their own chief, provided only he be of the kin and lineage of the deceased."

This charter sworn to with a solemn oath be-

fore the States General of the duchies and acknowledged by all Danish sovereigns, successors of Christian of the house of Oldenburg, must secure to them and guaranty their ancient rights. Their sovereigns were accidentally kings of Denmark, but they knew them only as dukes of Schleswig-Holstein; their laws might be adopted by the Diet of Roeskilde, but they knew them only as their own, and never was tax imposed, or war-contribution demanded of them without the express consent of their own National Assembly and the undoubted understanding that it was all to be expended for their own interests alone. Many, it is true, were the disputes and many the wars to which the complicated right of succession of the German law led subsequently; the house of Oldenburg, divided into numberless lines of cognates and agnates, were constantly at law or at war, clamoring aloud for their claims to the succession or trying to substitute the right of the stronger for the power of the law. Sovereign after sovereign had to fight the battle over again and council after council met to decide whether the duchies were to be held as a military, or a simple, or a hereditary fief of Denmark. Emperors were appealed to and popes were called upon to determine the right of the contending parties; royal edicts were issued and solemn protests entered against them, long negotiations were carried on, and bloody wars were fought to settle this vexed question—but in vain! The laws of Denmark declared the duchies permanent and inalienable possessions of the Danish crown; the decrees of the States of the duchies claimed for them perfect independence and a mere personal union in the reigning monarch of Denmark. Thus it was when, after the bloodless revolution of 1660, the old elective constitution was overturned and the crown became hereditary in the Oldenburg dynasty, to which the duchies did *not* subscribe nor swear allegiance. Thus it was also in the often quoted peace of 1720, when Sweden, England and France agreed to guaranty to the crown of Denmark "that part of the duchy of Schleswig which His Danish Majesty has (had then) in hand." Nor was the peaceful relation between the duchies and Denmark undisturbed from abroad: pretenders arose from all sides, tenth and twentieth cousins claiming fabulous rights and satisfied with paltry sums paid as compensation, and powerful monarchs of Sweden or Russia, anxious to secure the Sound and pacified only by an arbitrary exchange of lands and souls.

For nowhere perhaps has the curse of the principle on which absolute monarchies raise their gorgeous but fragile structures, been more severely felt than in the unfortunate duchies. Their lands, tilled by the hands of their fathers and dear to them by the sacred recollections of long ages, were given away, exchanged, presented and accepted as so many bales of merchandise; their own lives, the gift of their God and the hope of their children, were dealt with as the private property of sovereigns and princes, until they knew no longer who was their master, and when Germany at last called upon all her brave sons and the cry of Union and Liberty came from the oak-forests of the old mother-country down to the shores of the Baltic, they remembered that they too were men, free born and possessing inalienable rights: the cheering words of forty millions of brothers spoke to their hearts and found an echo there that drowned the voice of artificial duties, based upon treaties they had not contracted and imposed by men they had not chosen to be their masters. In Lauenburg, in Holstein, in Schleswig, the German rose and demanded to be free once more and a German once more. The days of their ancient glory rose again before their eyes: the proud banners of the Danes were again lowered before the lions of Schleswig and Holstein, as of old, when on the plains of the Lohheide, (1261) they fought till evening dusk, and victory, glorious victory, crowned their manly efforts; the crowns of the three kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden and Norway lay once more at the feet of their leaders as they did after the fearful day of Immervad (1739) when King Erich bowed his haughty head before their invincible valor; their triumphs over the Ditmarshes were sung in many an ancient war-song; their victories over the Swedes were told in a hundred old legends, and gray-haired men would relate the glorious part they had taken in the famous battles against the Emperor.

But where were now those banners and flags under which they had so bravely fought for centuries, those eternal symbols of all that their country had done and had suffered? They had been taken from them and their valiant sons fought under the red and white cross of the Dane. Where were the proud vessels that had carried their children through tempest and storm, over the distant oceans and through their own dangerous waters? They sailed under Danish commanders with the humiliating words "Dansk Eiendom," (Danish property,) past the flags of nations that had formerly greeted them with respect and admiration. They listened with the sacred love of their country in their hearts, to the orator who spoke of the lofty deeds of their ancestors; they joined with enthusiasm in the patriotic songs of their poets who sang of the fame and the glory of their fathers, and found themselves commanded by Danish officers, judged by Danish judges, and ruled by Danish magistrates. Their last farthing was taken from them to fill

the treasure of the king of the Danes; their own coins were superseded by the paper-money of the Danes; their own schools were transferred to the island of the Danes, and their appeals, their demands—their humble prayers even were met with a cold refusal or with haughty scorn. In vain did they hold meetings and adopt resolutions; in vain did they plead that the kings of Denmark themselves had done all in their power to strengthen the union between the two duchies, giving to both one administration, one army, and one commander in the person of the heir presumptive, the duke of Holstein-Augustenburg; in vain did they protest against the attempts of Denmark to reconquer their own lands, and appeal even, as early as 1822, to the German Diet for aid against the oppressor. Ever since the Congress of Vienna, no year passed by without some attempt of the duchies to assert their rights; their papers and those of Germany were filled with arguments and pleadings; pamphlets and books were written on the vexatious question; discussions, long and animated, were maintained between the Universities of both countries, and neither warnings were wanting, nor preparations omitted, for the war that all felt must at last decide. Already in 1844 the States General of the duchies had openly proclaimed their intention of maintaining and, if God's clemency would not prevent it, maintaining with sword in hand, that Schleswig and Holstein were independent States—that according to the German Law prevailing among them, the male line alone could inherit the sovereignty over them, and that the two duchies were forever inseparably united. But when in 1846 the then reigning king issued letters patent, determining the succession in Schleswig and Holstein after the Danish law, "so that the integrity of the Danish monarchy might not be altered," when it became evident that the present king, Frederick VII., would die without issue and the crown descend on his feeble and childless uncle, Ferdinand, who himself would be succeeded by the female heirs of the last occupant—then they rose with one cry of deep, general indignation. For they claimed that no king had a right to determine the succession for the duchies, without at least the consent of their States, and that no king could create a new Denmark with their own lands as mere provinces. Their law, a private law, which no sovereign could alter without the consent of all parties concerned, made the male heirs of their self-chosen master, Christian I., alone their dukes; the duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, whom Denmark had already given *them* as their natural protector and governor, was their only righteous lord, and him they would choose or none. Was it fair, they asked their brethren in Frankfurth assembled, that Schleswig and its beloved neighbor of Holstein, with whom identity of race, tongue, laws, and national character had united them for centuries, should take their laws from Denmark, with whom no tie of blood, no sworn constitution united them, whilst the only bond, the personal union, would cease with the extinction of the male line? Were their citizens to be subject to a Danish governor in Copenhagen; were their soldiers to be commanded by a Danish general in Jutland, and their pulpits to be filled by ministers taught in Danish seminaries? Had they not ever had their own German Foreign Office, their own German Governor, and their own German Supreme Court in Schleswig?

The fatal month of February, (1848,) brought here also matters to a crisis; the flame, long glimmering under the ashes, broke forth in a bright blaze, and a few months afterwards the roar of the cannon and the din of battle were heard all over the north of Germany.

For the Dane was not willing to let Germany have his richest lands and his finest harbors. To the claims of the duchies, he opposed claims not less strong and enforced by the advantage of actual possession. All Holstein, he acknowledged, might be German, half of Schleswig at least was Danish no longer, but had not he opened the door of his hospitable house to the stranger and taken the foreigner by the hand with all the hearty kindness of the North and bid him welcome in his own fair lands? Had he warmed a viper in his bosom? It was surely, he said, a poor reward for his friendship, now legally to claim the very country that had fed them when they were hungry and clad them when they were naked. For nine long centuries had Schleswig been Danish, so truly so, that no other province from heathen ages had ever been more Danish, and now the German, who had come as a guest, if not as a beggar, to the rich pastures and fair rivers of the Jute, had brought his tongue and his customs to the friendly neighbor only to drive the children of the soil from their own inheritance. Did even long indulgence, the hospitality of centuries, give him a prescriptive right? Let Germany take Holstein, he said, that ever was a German province, a fief of the Empire, and be satisfied with robbing her weak, defenceless neighbor—but let her not claim Schleswig, that always was one of the brightest jewels in Denmark's crown. It is not fair—it is not lawful. And whose would the German arrest his invasion, if once allowed to cross the Eyder, that natural boundary line, which ever since Denmark made Europe respect her proud banner of the Danebrog and the daring Norman made his name renowned through all Christendom, had been the great barrier between his isle and the continent? In

defending the Eyder, Denmark defended ancient Scandinavia against the encroachment of Germany. But still other dangers threatened. Denmark had long been the guardian of the Baltic, and her strong castle of Elsineor alone had kept the stormy waters of the North in the possession of the Teuton. If she falls, the ancient, ever watchful sentinel on the lofty towers of the Sound, the Slave would send his proud ships into the seas that wash the German shores, and the Baltic would become the bride of the barbarian Russian, as Venice had been the betrothed of the Adriatic. The cross of St. Andrew, that already began to threaten the crescent on Constantinople's strong bastions, and to contest the right of Great Britain to the fair Mediterranean, would soon claim the waters of the North as her own, and by land and by sea once more invade the west of Europe.

And who were, they finally asked, the rebels themselves, and what did they demand? Denmark yielded as far as she could by giving up Holstein, which by language, political institutions and national character, truly belonged to Germany and now wished, naturally, to join the new, great confederacy. She sacrificed willingly all her ancient, well-established rights, sanctioned by solemn treaties and guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna. She offered to Schleswig her own provincial States, left her to use whatever language she preferred, granted her all privileges ever conferred or asked for, and allowed her to send as many representatives to the National Assembly as all the rest of Denmark together. Was not this more than just—liberal and even generous? What then had brought the scourge of civil war on their happy island? They knew it: the ambition of a nobleman, the embarrassment of Frederick William of Prussia, and the mad theories of the men of Frankfurth! A proud and a haughty man, the duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, had long been anxious to establish his doubtful claims to the succession in the duchies. A large and very wealthy landowner in Schleswig, he was, though a duke but in name, the presumptive heir to both the duchies and had long been active in agitating the land by notes, pamphlets and newspaper polemics. Diplomatic notes had been sent to the continental courts appealing to them for assistance in securing his threatened rights, promises had been made to the German powers of future maritime advantages and no means left unemployed in strengthening his position and bringing matters to a crisis. Among these were skilful appeals to the magnanimity of the Prussian king who loved to play the protector of the pretended oppressed, and to recover by the implied flattery of such an appeal, part of his lost popularity. His throne was tottering and his life even had been in danger; his subjects were rife for open rebellion, and by his weakness and inconsistency his brave troops had been compelled to leave the capital in disgrace. Here was a cause now, apparently just and honorable, in which to raise himself again in the esteem of his people; here a field where his chafing, discontented guards could wipe out the stain on their banners; here was finally an occasion to show himself, what he loved so much to call himself, the sword and the shield of all Germany, and thus to secure his ambitious views upon her Imperial crown. He also had a danger to avert: with his provinces in fermentation, his capital in open rebellion, his army bound only by their most noble loyalty, could he allow so near a neighbor as Holstein to proclaim the people sovereign and to raise a brand that would at once set fire to all his possessions?

A willing agent therefore of German ambition, and seeing in Schleswig-Holstein the cradle of a future German navy, he eagerly seized on the offer to become the hero of the Empire, and sent his impatient troops at once into Holstein, without waiting for the orders of the Diet at Frankfurth, or even condescending to give the usual notice of a declaration of war.

The invasion found Denmark little prepared to defend herself; the administration of the late king had been ruinous, the army for the sake of economy reduced to a mere skeleton, the ships laid up in docks, or with the exception of a single man-of-war, left without rigging or crews, the finances exhausted and one-third of all her territory in open rebellion. Success, it is true, had hitherto accompanied the Danish troops against Schleswig-Holstein, and the towns of Flensburg and Schleswig had been easily retaken, but now that all Germany sent her powerful armies against the small insular kingdom, what could valor and patriotism avail against such overwhelming force?

It was a fair day of Spring, when the Sound was filled with vessels of all nations that came crowding down under the protection of the strong walls of Copenhagen. The king had left his beautiful palace of Fredericksberg and come to town to consult with his ministers. With care on his brow and vexation in his features, he stood on his balcony and looked down upon the blue waters before him, where the Danebrog floated yet so proudly from castle and masthead. There lay his gigantic three-deckers, with their prows towards the ocean, as if impatient to glide once more from the fettering stocks into the deep sea,—there the sun played on the bronze guns upon the walls of the strong forts in the Sound,—there too lay the dark steamers of Russia, a terrible force, and the more terrible, as nobody knew

yet whose friend and whose foe the Slave was to be. His eye sought the distant Swedish coast where the brother of Scandinavia lived, who would surely not leave him to lose his fair islands and fall a victim to the German's selfish ambition. But there was no energy in those sensual and still pale lips, in that full, drooping chin; dissipation had bloated his face and debauchery extinguished the fire of his eye. The brilliant uniform sat but ill on his debilitated frame, and the receding forehead, the glazed eye, the unmeaning expression—all gave evidence that a wreck only was left of Denmark's proud king. No friend stood at his side with useful counsel and heart-soothing sympathy; for Frederick VII. had subjects only, no friends. No sister came to comfort him, as the greatest of the Bourbons, Louis Philippe's beloved friend, had done—the king of Denmark had royal relations, but knew not the love of a brother. No wife was there to smooth his anxious brow and pour the balm of sweet love on his wounded heart: two fair and lovely queens had he bought, but like drooping flowers that the rude storm had wantonly broken, they had fled to their beloved homes, gladly exchanging a lofty throne for a peaceful, humble shelter under a parent's tender care. Willingly would he have followed the eighth Henry's example, but crowns had strangely fallen in value of late, and even sovereigns, warned by the rising waves of rebellion, remembered that they were fathers also and not monarchs alone.

There was but one man, whose noble soul and lofty mind bade him stand by the side of his king when all others abandoned him and when danger, fearful danger, threatened his native land. The chamberlain's soft voice has not reached the king's ear; the folding doors open wide, and with a firm step, but self-respecting reverence in his whole manner, the head of the great family of the Moltke's, the "noble count," as the people call him, enters slowly. And a noble man he appears, as his powerful figure strides through the lofty hall, and his venerable head bows humbly before his royal master. The friend of three kings, the idol of two generations, imposing in his simple, quiet dignity, and winning all hearts by his warm, affectionate kindness, he had for years stood aloof from a court whose manners shocked his high-toned principles, and from a king whom the loftiest loyalty alone could induce him to honor. Surrounded by a family that almost worshipped him, in the midst of rich treasures of literature and works of art, he had hoped to spend a quiet and happy old age in befitting preparation for the life to come. But his country was in danger, his king called and there he was once more at his post, once more ready to sacrifice all on the altar of beloved Denmark. His noble, striking features that apprehension had marked but the more strongly, were full of hope and confidence as his king's eye fell upon him; his step grew firm, his carriage erect, and his bright, dark eye shone brilliantly from under the golden lashes of Scandinavia's fair son. Long was the interview between the despending monarch and the loyal subject; but the result was soon known and hope and enthusiasm revived once more in all hearts.

The long deserted docks were again busy with a thousand eager hands, and as vessel after vessel, raising their tall masts and unfurling the proud Danebrog to the evening breeze, sat throned once more on the dark waters of the Sound, shouts of joy and anticipated victory rose in the air and were taken by ship after ship until they reached the sister land, and the deep echo of Sweden's rock-bound shore, sent them back across the broad channel. Eager crowds of stout young Northmen rushed to the banners of Denmark and swore to defend her against the faithless German; merchants and bankers offered their riches, and high and low, young and old, anxiously asked permission to contribute their mite. From far and near, from Italy and distant America, the children of the island hastened home to join their brethren; bear-hunters left the eternal snow of Northland's lofty mountains, and bold seamen came from the wintry harbors of ice-bound Norway to help the threatened sister-isle. A noble youth, the son of Norway's viceroy, enlisted as a private soldier, and finding that more yet ought to be done, hastened home, appealed to the Norwegians, in Storthing assembled and returned with a valiant band of brave warriors, soon, alas, to fall gloriously under the very banner they had come to defend. For the sons of Norway felt themselves still the children of Denmark; for long centuries they had been one house and one family, and the narrow Sound, the well-known sea was less of a barrier between them, than the impassable mountain ridge that separates them from Sweden. Nor did the third sister, old Soerige herself, withhold her warm sympathy and cordial friendship from her threatened neighbor, with whom common blood and common interest united her closely in spite of the long jealousy and rivalry that had so often arrayed them against each other. Her fleet was held in readiness, her army increased, and twenty thousand men sent into the islands themselves to march against Germany as soon as Scandinavia proper, Jutland, should be invaded.

Before, however, the unequal contest was begun, which was to decide the fate of one of Europe's most ancient and most honored kingdoms, negotiations were opened at Hamburg, the Danish troops ordered to remain inactive and only

the blockade of the German ports continued. Suddenly, whilst rumors of peace were filling the souls of men with bright hopes, and the trumpet had called the pious Danes to assemble round the cross of our Saviour, to celebrate the holy day of Easter, General Wrangel fell upon the unsuspecting Northmen with double their force and all the advantages of unexpected surprise. For eight hours did the fearful battle rage; now the admirable skill and unsurpassed discipline of the Prussians would carry them into the very midst of the enemy; now the fearless bravery and almost sacred enthusiasm of the Danes would gain the day. Here the mild spring sun fell upon the brilliant accoutrements of the German regiments; there a passing cloud would darken the stern features of the Norwegians, as, with cool contempt of death, they allowed the Prussian troops to approach closely, then fired and suddenly rushed forth, smashing with the butt-ends of their rifles the bright helmets of the retreating guards. It was a tremendous conflict, and as the mantle of evening fell on the bloody battle-field with its sad ruins and pale corpses, the Germans sank exhausted to the ground, whilst the Danes retreated with sounding trumpet and waving banners across a small arm of the sea to the island of Alsen, unconquered and unmolested.

There, upon a steep, wild eminence, lay the old castle of Sonderburg, its walls bristling with cannon, its windows walled up, and a thousand loopholes threatening death to the daring invader. A line of formidable batteries protected the coast, against which the breakers rose with their white crests as if they too promised to raise the dark rocks underneath in defence of their beloved island. Long, black vessels are anchored in the channel itself, and so covered as to admit the passage of troops and artillery; but a few moments would suffice to free them again and to bring the fire of their long guns to bear on the opposite coast. Deep ditches, high, smooth walls and impenetrable palisades defend the approach to the bridge, and blockhouses, with guns on their roofs and permanent garrisons within, promise, at the last extremity, a successful resistance. But where are the smiling fields and sweet meadows that used to charm even the traveller from distant lands and happier climes? Where the neat, snug houses with their bright windows and tidy out-buildings? Bayonets glitter under the canopy of the venerable beech trees, and guns threaten behind the blackened walls of ruined mansions. And high over the deserted village church rise the tall masts of the corvette that lies in the shady little harbor close to the old palace, and half a dozen gun-boats rise slowly with the long swell that alone betrays the near ocean. But farther out two low, mysterious vessels, without mast or rigging, are seen gently gliding down towards the batteries on shore. Two high walls of sand bags protect their bulwarks, and long rows of gigantic rifles are ranged within. They are Denmark's great, secret weapon, the Espingole; that fearful instrument of death, which sends forty shots in less than two minutes to a distance of 600 yards with never erring precision.

Farther inland long white rows of gay tents stretch along the edge of beautiful, old forests; there the neighing of horses betrays the heavy dragoon in his brilliant, red uniform; here the ancient banner of Norway and the stern, solemn air of the men, indicate the sharp-shooter of Bergen, whilst close by his side the merry laugh and incessant chattering speak of the livelier nature of the Schleswig soldier.

Leaving the head-quarters of the Danish army and crossing another arm of the sea, we approach the island of Fuhnen, where the brave Swedes are encamped. There floats the proud banner that sent terror into the hearts of the great Czar of Russia; there is the blue and yellow flag that bold Charles made even the savage Turk respect; there are the three crowns of old Soerige, that brought victory to the stranger and comfort to the Protestant, when Gustavus Adolphus, than whom history knows no nobler king, gave up his life on Lutzen's bloody plains for the cause of religious liberty. And how the Danes left their fields and their houses to welcome once more the stern but warm-hearted brother! How merrily their church bells rang and their gay flags waved, how heartily their cheers rose and their hands pressed the hand of the stranger when he at last came! For miles and miles eager crowds stood anxiously waiting to grasp his hand and bid him welcome to their own sweet home. And the Swede looked around him and when the "God with you!" of his native land fell upon his ear and touched his throbbing heart he would turn aside to hide the falling tear, and with silent joy press the brother to his bosom. And when he followed him under his humble roof and the feeble, old patriarch rose from his seat of honor in the chimney-corner, shading his weak, old eyes to read in the stranger's features the common blood and common faith, the bold soldier knelt down and, after his country's usage, kissed the trembling hand that bade him welcome and asked for his "father's" blessing. For the Swede has still a God, the God of his forefathers, whom he has learned to love in the solemn loneliness of his ever-silent, snow-covered mountains and on the deep dark waters of his mysterious, granite-bound lakes. And when the Sabbath-morning breaks, the trumpet sounds

and the roll of the drum passes from regiment to regiment; but not a word is heard and not a command is given, no deadly rifle is shouldered, no prancing horse is mounted. Silent, collected, with grave but cheerful mien, the bold soldiers assemble in the wide court-yard of the old castle or on the gay green-sward before the ivy-covered chapel. Dark and heavy clouds hang over the solemn scene, as the officers take off their plumed hats and the long lines of brave old grenadiers doff their tall bear-skin caps. Down they kneel, their eyes to the ground, their hearts turned up to their Father in Heaven, and from a thousand lips is heard the sacred chant; "a tower of strength is the Lord!" As they rise again, the chaplain of each regiment steps forth in his simple gown, and as he speaks of the God of peace whom they are to implore for aid in conquering peace by the valor of their arms, as he tells them that the glory of victory and the splendor of triumph are like the poor light of man, darkened by a single ray of the sun, the dark clouds part, the deep blue ether smiles once more upon them and the sun himself plays with his golden radiance around the silver-crowned head of the pious servant of the Lord. Nor is it the Sabbath alone that reminds them of their God. At home or abroad, in garrison or on the march, in peace or before the bloody battle, as soon as the first faint dawn rises on the distant horizon, squad meets at the side of squad, and the sergeant reverently laying aside his sword, uncovers his head, and with a low and humble voice repeats a short prayer; then all unite in a hymn and a loud "God save the king!" passing along the line and taken up by regiment after regiment, gives the sign for the resumption of the march. But behind the hedges and walls, kneeling down in the shade of lofty trees or standing with folded hands, side by side, the Danish peasants listen to the impressive sounds and invoke the blessing of the Lord on their beloved brethren. And when on the day of the Lord their dear wives and sweet children have heard their own priests' kind words and have prayed for their king and their land, an old white-haired Dane might be seen slowly to rise and, looking for support in the eyes of the friends around him, say to the priest in his pulpit, "Father, wouldst thou not also pray for the Swede?"

But it was not to her land troops alone that Denmark looked for support in her danger. Had not her brave sons ever been renowned for their glorious deeds on the decks of their noble vessels? Had not the Danebrog floated triumphantly over the cold waters of the north and the fair Mediterranean, long ere the cross of St. George was known upon the ocean? It is true, her fleet had been burnt in her own harbor and her ships were laid up; but still she had a navy yet, and fearful were the curses heaped by the Germans upon the head of the young midshipman who, with a handful of men, held a proud Hanse Town in terror and cruising indefatigably up and down, sent one rich prize after another to cheer the hearts of his friends at home. Vessel after vessel was thus brought in, and a stately fleet they looked as they lay in the western part of the Sound, close to the old fort near the city; but sad were the hearts of the poor prisoners who filled the hulks of the gigantic men of war and thence saw the Danish flag from many a beautiful ship they had known in their own sweet home.

But if Germany deplored having not a single armed vessel and chafed in her helpless, disgraceful position, she saw her troops do honor to their great country. Town after town fell into their hands; all Schleswig was in their possession, and their bold, old general, the fierce but brave Wrangel, hesitated not to advance even into Jutland proper. Then it was that diplomatic negotiations were opened once more; Denmark engaged the aid and mediation of Sweden and appealed to Russia's interest in all that concerned the Baltic, and to her old hostility against Germany. A Russian fleet, under the command of a son of the Czar, appeared near the Danish Islands, strong remonstrances came from Stockholm to the courts at Berlin and the assembly at Frankfurth, and England also claimed her right of intervention as one of the parties to the treaty of 1720.

In the meantime the war had continued with undiminished bitterness and varying success. In small skirmishes and bold attacks the Danes were rarely unsuccessful; in larger battles German gallantry and Prussian discipline remained triumphant. Thus at the famous battle of Duppel. A long interruption of hostilities and plausible reports of a truce had lulled to sleep the vigilance of the Danes. It was a warm summer-morning, not a breath stirring and only the bees and the birds gave life to the silent landscape. Here and there the Danish riflemen lay lazily slumbering in the high grass and even the horses of their brave dragoons neglected the rich pasture around them. In the camp a few sentinels were drowsily walking up and down, and now and then a face would appear at the opening of a tent, and quickly withdraw from the scorching blaze of the sun. In the Prussian camp all was life and animation; early in the morning the bugle had sounded and the drum had been beaten to appel; a grand review was to be held in honor of the birthday of the King of Hanover, and all the pomp and circumstance of war were to be displayed to do honor to the old king whose

troops were here fighting for the cause of their common fatherland. The sun shone brilliantly upon the bright helmets and shining cuirasses of the Prussian troops as, with admirable and unfaltering precision, regiment after regiment fell into line and unfolded its ball-riddled flags. On the left wing heavy well-mounted dragoons and dashing light hussars vied with each other in fine mettled horses and gorgeous uniforms, whilst on the right cannon was ranged near cannon and the dark masses of justly-feared sharp-shooters followed the clear, piercing call of their bugles. There were the magnificent guards, the pet of Prussia's pomp-loving king, there the unsurpassed cavalry of Hanover, and when the old hero of many a battle, the Wende Wrangel, covered with orders and decorations, the veteran chief, Halkett, the Hanoverian general, at his side, and their brilliant staffs, passed down the line, and one band of music after another took up the martial air of triumph, and banner after banner was lowered to do honor to the great commander, then that feeling of enthusiasm, that conviction of victory which makes armies almost invincible, animated all hearts and filled all minds. As if to fan the fire into bright flames a light breeze arose, unfolding the proud banners that had triumphantly been borne in many a fierce battle and carrying the strains of their soul-stirring music far over land and sea; their horses pawed the ground with impatience, their hands sought the deadly rifle or grasped more firmly the sword and one thought passed from mind to mind: oh, that we could even now go into battle! And suddenly the old general appears again before them and without a word of explanation, merely pointing out to them the camp of the Danes, gives the command of march! and like an avalanche from lofty Alps the whole army rushes down upon the unsuspecting enemy! Light hussars dash ahead, with their fleet horses over ditches and hedges, picking off sentinel after sentinel; the infantry follows in quick step, not a man beyond the line and still the whole advancing in admirable order; the enemy must give way, there is no resisting such an attack. And now the ranks open here and there, and in the dark gulf between them the threatening mouths of cannon appear and, as the men fall back, vomit streams of fire and send death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy. How merrily the shells and shrapnels leap right into the midst of a forming battalion, and bursting into a hundred sparkling fire-balls, scatter the frightened troops! How gracefully the large, black ball dances along the green turf, rebounding from knoll to knoll until it reaches the very spot at which it was pointed! In vain does the enemy rally his troops from time to time; as the swollen stream carries the fallen tree and heavy rock along with it in its foaming waters, so does the German army pass over square after square and force every line that the brave Danes oppose to their impetuous adversaries. Now they fall back into the old forest near the sandy shores of the channel; the noble old beech-trees, Denmark's pride, shelter them behind their gigantic trunks and refresh them with the cool shade of their thick, impenetrable canopy. But in vain! Prussian sharp-shooters scatter themselves along the flanks and pick their men with unerring rifles from behind the trees; they must abandon the forest and retreat towards the sloping coast. The enemy follows; but as the glittering helmets appear from under the dark shade of the wood and the Prussian eagle is seen on its edge, the Danish gun-boats pour a galling fire upon them and immense shells, from the island of Alsen, passing as if endowed with instinct, high over the heads of the children of the soil, strike terror into the German columns. The earth trembles. New brigades, hastily collected, approach to support their Danish brethren. Regiment after regiment marches up, presenting but a small front to avoid the enemy's fire, and when under the shelter of their own gun-boats and batteries, suddenly unfold from behind and display their imposing forces in brilliant array. Four hours did the fearful struggle continue; with admirable patience did the troops stand firm, exposed to General Wrangel's deadly fire; three times did the Danes kill every man and every horse of some of the Prussian batteries until dismounted lancers, with fearless courage, dragged the disabled guns out of the reach of the enemy. At last—the evening shades began already to fall—an officer is seen dashing up the steep hill on which the Danish guards are impatiently waiting the order to prove once more their well-earned renown. "Are your bayonets sharp, children," he asks, and a loud hurrah! from a thousand eager, brave soldiers, drowns his command. How madly they rush down into the plain, and with bayonets fixed, and stern passion in their bronzed features, pass over hedges and ditches! There is no withstanding such an attack. Half an hour passes and the town of Duppel is retaken; one moment the Prussians stand and the next they are seen in wild confusion, hastening in large masses up the hill in their rear, to fall back upon the main body of their army. Burning houses and blazing haystacks shed a fearful light upon the sad spectacle—dark night covering here one portion of the battle-field whilst there a brilliant illumination exhibits a scene of carnage and terror. Now the terrible Espingoles are heard to explode with nervous quickness, whilst the long rolling fire of platoon after platoon forms a con-

stant accompaniment, until just as the sun once more appears between the deep black curtain of approaching tempest-clouds and the horizon, the retreating masses of the German army with their banners in rags and their ranks in disorder are seen moving along the outline of the long ridge of hills, every figure and gun marked with magic distinctness on the golden, illuminated background.

Wherever they met, in their frequent skirmishes, in short but fierce engagements or in tremendous battle, the Danes showed a steady, bold and true courage; their brilliant charges with the bayonet even the German general mentioned in his bulletins with admiration; the fire of the gunboats was terrible, and their light dragoons on their excellent horses unsurpassed in sudden onsets, or successful pursuit of fugitives; Norwegians and Swedes vied with each other in daring feats and undaunted bravery. Nor were their noble seamen inactive. All the ports of Prussia were blockaded; vessels, richly laden vessels, were cut out from among a hundred foreign ships in the very harbors of Hamburg and fortified Stralsund, until the commerce of Prussia was ruined, and the Hanse Towns bitterly repented their participation in the war.

When therefore in June Denmark offered once more to negotiate and England to mediate, public opinion in Germany compelled the Diet, in Frankfurth assembled, to authorize Prussia to conclude a truce, that might serve as a basis for a future treaty of peace. The representatives of the three powers met first at London, then at the small Swedish town of Malmoe, and a truce of three months was readily agreed upon, the main difficulty being only in the provisional form of government for the two duchies. Germany insisted upon the continuation of the present board of regents. Denmark refused to acknowledge an administration appointed by, and consisting of rebels, until a mixed board, selected by the two belligerent powers, conciliated both parties. The sudden and inexplicable refusal of the veteran-commander, General Wrangel, well-nigh destroyed the work of months and the hopes of all the continent. Unwilling to give up the favorable position of his army and much more to dismiss his troops, displeased with some of the articles of the treaty and doubtless supported by his own king, he refused to ratify the articles under the pretence that the signature of the Vicar of the German Empire was not affixed to the treaty. A greater danger for the peace of Europe arose with the equally sudden, patriotic exaltation of the Parliament in Frankfurth, which also at first refused to grant their consent to a treaty in their eyes disgraceful to the honor and the armies of Germany. A week's sober reflection, aided by the loud and determinate expression of the will of the people, sufficed however to convince both the Diet and their great captain, of the fatal effects of such a policy. The treaty was, with few and slight modifications, ratified in August; Schleswig breathed once more freely as the last German soldier passed over the frontier, and the crews of a hundred vessels joyfully threw out their sails to the welcome breeze as they left the long-closed harbors of Prussia. With shouts of exultation and thankful hearts, the sons of Schleswig unfolded again their own proud flag and took possession of their beloved fatherland, whilst the quays and wharves of every port on the German coast were filled with eager crowds watching anxiously for the released vessels that were to bring back to their own hearths and dear kindred those who had suffered in long and painful captivity.

But it was a truce only, and all felt that the first soft breezes of returning spring would bring war, fearful war, once more to the islands of Denmark. The long Northern winter, it is true, would now avail nothing to the German who, otherwise, might have marched his formidable armies across the frozen channels into the very heart of the kingdom, but, in exchange, it gave him time to build a fleet and to form a navy of his own. No moment was to be lost on the part of Denmark, and with an enthusiasm which he only feels whom Fate calls upon to defend his hearth and his altar, with a patriotism worthy of the most brilliant success, every measure was taken and every sacrifice made to prepare for the impending conflict. Men-of-war were rigged, manned and carefully fitted out; troops were levied, sailors were called home from abroad, foreign officers invited by generous promises, riflemen from Norway called upon to assist their brethren, and contributions poured in from all sides. The expenses of Government were reduced, personal sacrifices made by all the officers of the kingdom, and loans of several millions contracted. The king, taking, from indolence or habitual preference to sensual pleasures, but little part in official business, the whole burden fell upon the newly formed Cabinet with Count Moltke at its head. But wonders were done; a navy was created as if by magic, an admirable army was sent into the field in a few months, and hope revived in every heart. Relying with confidence upon the well-tried gallantry of their troops and the far-famed excellence of their bold sailors, the Danes counted still more upon the internal dissensions of Germany, whose great powers, Prussia and Austria, they hoped would soon find sufficient employment for their armies at home. Nor did they forget to draw hope from that humiliating, but powerful support which thrones

find in our days in the very debts which burden their countries. If proud England's national debt was one of her main stays, had not Denmark, like little Rhodes of old, her famous Sound-duties—those strange, vexatious duties she levied of every vessel, under whatever flag it sailed, that passed the great Belt, the Schleswig-Holstein canal, or the river Elbe in her duchy of Lauenburg? And were not these very duties pledged as security for a national debt of thirty-seven millions, thus affording her in the interest of her creditors a stronger support than all the arguments of international law?

But Germany also, busy as she was and sorely troubled with her own affairs, was not idle. A cordon of troops was drawn all along the boundary line of Jutland; the lands of Schleswig, with the powerful fortress of Rendsburg in the centre, were strongly garrisoned and fresh troops held in readiness to march the very day the truce should expire. But more energy still was shown in the creation of a German navy. The favorite idea of all Germany for years, this scheme had met with unbounded enthusiasm and warm sympathy at home and abroad, wherever the German tongue was spoken. The rich provinces vied with each other in magnificent donations, and few days passed in the Assembly of Frankfurth that the walls of St. Paul did not echo the loud shouts with which contributions from distant lands were invariably received. In Kiel a naval school was established and the German's heart beat high as he saw the first young mariner of his own blood proudly step the deck of a German vessel; Bremen armed the finest of her own ships, Lubeck prepared gun-boats of formidable strength, Hamburg had her flotilla of armed steamers, Stettin boasted of her well drilled battalion of marines, and there was not a harbor, a bay, or the smallest inlet along the low shores of the Baltic, where a gun-boat or a schooner might not be seen gradually rising on the stocks. Negotiations were opened to purchase steamers of foreign powers and English companies, and to enlist navy officers of the maritime nations of Europe and even distant America.

All these measures were accompanied by other less striking, but perhaps all the more impressive demonstrations. Pamphlets and books innumerable were published, abounding with German erudition and passionate pleading on the part of the Danes; the history of the duchies was studied with untiring zeal but to complicate the question, and human ingenuity taxed to its uttermost to invent new arguments but to see them quickly refuted by the equally ingenious adversary. The States-General of Schleswig told the Vicar of Germany that Holstein could not be separated from Schleswig unless the whole Empire marched in arms against them, and two thousand high-born ladies of the duchies appealed to England's fair queen for assistance. Propositions also were made for a fair arrangement of all the difficulties: Denmark proposed to give up Holstein and to retain her own province Schleswig only as an independent duchy, connected with Denmark by a "personal union" and a common army, navy and foreign office. Prussia's liberal king spoke of the erection of a new North-Albingian duchy(!) with the duke of Oldenburg, whose adoption by the Danish monarch he proposed, on its throne and a transfer of Oldenburg, as it now is, to the disappointed Augustenburg. Doubts, however, were entertained of the willingness of the people thus to be transferred from master to master. The Parliament at last proposed a division of Schleswig-Holstein according to the national character of the inhabitants, leaving the Danish part to Denmark, the German part to Germany.

The truce has expired and the campaign has opened with terrible events. Who will conquer? The small, isolated kingdom which, strong only in its right and the justice of its cause, stakes its very existence and makes its last desperate effort, preferring an honorable death on the battle-field to a disgraceful peace, or the immense, powerful Empire with its formidable armies and forty-four millions of inhabitants, its high-soaring ambition and far-seeing plans of aggrandizement? Let Denmark fall and history will revere the brave warrior who lost all but his honor: but let Germany also remember that Justice, although often slow, still comes at last, and that a righteous God knows but one law for the one and the many—for the individual and the nation!

AN ENIGMA.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

In the middle of day, I always appear,
Yet am ever in darkness, in sadness, and fear.
I'm in anguish and pain, yet always in health,
In the midst too of happiness, pleasure and wealth.
I was formed since the flood, yet am part of the ark,
And seen in a candle, a lamp and a spark.
Tho' ne'er out of England, I'm always in France,
Stay in Paris and Amiens, Bordeaux and Nantes.
I'm found in the foam and the waves of the ocean,
In steamboats and cars, yet am never *in motion*.
I'm always *in land*, yet ne'er out of water,
And without *me* you can't name a son or a daughter.
In short I'm in *all* things, there's no lake, or sea,
Or island, or cape, but contains *little* me.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by John R. Thompson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.*]

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"I'll tell you a story if you please to attend."
G. Knight.

Merlin Brand, a Norwegian, entered the service of Charles the twelfth of Sweden a short time before the battle of Pultowa, and remained with his royal master quite to the end of the mad comedy of Bender. He saw the czar Peter, he came in contact with the rival kings of Poland, he traversed the parched plains between the Boristhenes and Otzacow with Mazeppa the Hetman, he witnessed the state of three viziers, and the muster of Turkish armies on the beautiful levels of Adrianople, he was brought into daily intercourse with brave and distinguished gentlemen of many countries, he was much about the person of the king his master and read the nature of that most remarkable of the monarchs of the time closely: some chapters of his life, therefore, cannot fail to interest the reader, if they are written with even a small degree of skill. Apart from these adjuncts of a higher and more widely interesting character, his private adventures were not wanting in romantic incident. With so much of prologue, I begin my narrative of some passages in the life of the Chevalier Merlin.

The country north of Lake Vettern, in the Swedish province of Gothland, has long been a region of parks and barley fields, with frequent residences of the wealthier classes of Swedish society. The highway between Carlstadt, where you see the blue range of the Norwegian mountains, and Nykoping where you hear the tumult of the Baltic, traverses this region. In the year 1708, on a pleasant day of early summer, a man travelling on foot with the staff and wallet of a barley reaper, but wearing a military dress, and armed with an immense sword, and the petronel or short carbine of a cavalier, the last of which weapons he bore slung at his back, turned aside from this highway and followed the course of a little stream that ran noisily from a clump of beeches to leap into the Vettern. This traveller was Merlin Brand, a young giant, with a broad handsome Norse face, blue eyes set far apart, and auburn hair and beard, both growing short and closely curled. Taller than tall men by a head, the young giant possessed, notwithstanding, an extraordinary degree of symmetry, and stepped with a quick and bold precision. He came presently to the well-head of the little stream, seated himself by the rocky margin, opened his wallet, and taking provisions from it began to eat with an excellent appetite. From his post by the fountain he could see much of the surrounding country, and after surveying it with a sweep of his wide eyes, he confined so much of his attention as he could bestow from his repast, to a single point in the extensive view. On a hill, a mile away, stood the dwelling-house of a Swedish gentleman—a rambling sort of building with a Peel House for the centre, and wider and lower erections of gray stone clustering around it. Merlin Brand looked to this edifice, half fortalice and half grange, and found leisure to say to the beech trees for want of better companions:

"That is the house of the Senator Sture: but how am I to get into it?"

The beech trees, with the assistance of a breath of wind from Lake Vettern, whispered an answer, but Merlin Brand could make nothing of their language. After his meal, he stooped to drink of the fountain; he had not taken his draught when he heard the hoof-strokes of a galloping horse. The sounds came from the north. Presently, along a narrow path, rode into view a singular looking horseman. His equipment was that of a Caucasian Tartar; his figure was slight; he ruled his horse with easy address. He drew rein suddenly, as Merlin Brand stood up to receive him.

"I salute you, stranger," said the Norwegian with a hearty utterance.

The horseman, a very young man with dark sad eyes, and a visage altogether melancholy, was slow to answer the greeting, and when he did so spoke in a tongue compounded of bad French, and worse Swedish. He seemed to be assured of the peaceful humor of the Norwegian, and coming to the fountain, permitted his horse to bury his muzzle in it. The animal bore marks of severe usage, but not of distress; his instinct seemed to make him put a restraint upon his thirst for a little time, and he plashed the water to his knees with his nostrils.

"Your horse," said Merlin Brand, "is a sensible beast; he will not injure his constitution for love of his beverage. I wish, sir, that I possessed a cup of strong waters, that I might damage my own, as well as do courtesy to you. In the mean time I must drink of this pure and innocent liquor."

So saying, he knelt and drank at an untroubled edge of the fountain. The horseman dismounted at the same moment, loosed his girdle, and bathed his hands and lips with water.

"Ah! this is a sweet fountain of the hills," he sighed in his compounded tongue.

Merlin Brand, observing his unknown companion closely, said:

"You came very fast, and looking behind you as if the avenger of blood followed in your track."

"We drink at this fountain, and part to meet each other no more," the stranger replied.

"I understand you," said the Norwegian; "you rebuke my curiosity. I can tell you a part of the truth however; you are a stranger to these Swedish hills; you come from a very distant country, where the sun lies molten on the plains, and where horses discharge fire from their nostrils. By night it is said by some poetic authors to be a sublime spectacle to see a few squadrons of the magnificent animals approaching; they surround their heads with a sort of luminous haze, brighter than the northern streamers which one sees from the hills of Drontheim."

"It is a vision of the poets," said the stranger. "The steeds of the grassy plains, as well as of the sands, possess the true fire of the spirit, but do not breathe the actual flame which consumes."

"The poets are grand men," said Merlin Brand, "and fill the visible world, which to one of cold nature is but rocks, earth, water, and herbage, with a finer life of beauty. Also they teach us divine morals, which we sometimes say are sublimated, and over-fine for practice: and so they may be, as nectar is too excellent a drink for man. Tartar, Turk, or mere juggler, whatever you be, the poets whom you revile are the elected cup-bearers who proffer to our too coarse spirits draughts from a celestial wine-vat."

"I do not revile the sweet singers, man of the north," his companion answered. "The verses of Saidi, and of Hafiz, have passed the mountains, and the borders of the inland sea, and clustered like bees on the lips of the maidens of my country. I myself have cheered my heart with strong morsels of their stimulating wisdom as I reigned my steed on the plains—and later," he added with a sigh, "when it beat heavily in captivity."

"From what land do you come?" the Norwegian asked, with a sullen lapse from the restraint which he had put upon his curiosity.

"Carry the secret of your own bosom," replied the stranger—"pry not into mine." As he spoke he looked northward with eyes full of alarm, then, bending his head, listened.

"They come on my path," he said, and drawing his girdle, turned quickly to his horse. Merlin Brand laid a hand upon the stranger's skirts, and would have detained him.

"You speak of my prying into your secrets," he said. "This language offends me; but you are probably a benighted person from a land of barbarians, and would not understand me if I desired a punctilious satisfaction of the wrong. I forgive it: tarry, stranger, and let us discourse of foreign countries. Your French is bad, your Swedish is execrable, but I take pleasure in your conversation."

The stranger, arrested in the act of departing, turned and said:

"Release my garment from your hand, man of the north."

"Nay, man of the east," Merlin Brand replied, "we part over suddenly for fair fellowship."

With a quick movement, the horseman threw himself in the rear of the gigantic Norwegian, who continued seated, and drew from his bosom a slim and pliable dagger. He pressed the weapon under the Norwegian's shoulder, and then, with a bound, attempted to free himself from the clutch on his skirts. Merlin Brand did not release his hold, but got rapidly to his feet; the stranger, finding escape impossible, endeavored to strike again with his weapon. Merlin caught him by the girdle, and lifting him from his feet threw him to a distance of full ten paces upon the sod; he fell lightly, recovered his footing speedily, and, gaining the side of his horse, leaped into the saddle, and rode roundly away.

The Norwegian, left alone, endeavored to examine the wound which he had received. He could scarcely do so with any precision; but satisfied himself that the knife had followed, instead of penetrating the ribs, and that the hurt was slight although it bled freely.

"There is one thing good in this," he presently said. "A bleeding wound will give me a show of excuse for demanding the hospitalities of the Senator Sture." Then, as he prepared to renew his travel, he hummed some verses of an old song.

"A wounded man came feebly
To the gate of his lady's bower,
Saying—'sweet are these wounds, my dearest,
And kind was my foeman's power.
I have bled at the heart, my dearest,
For thy love this many a day;
But these real drops are the ruddy keys
That open the golden way—my love—
That open the golden way.'"

As he hummed this stanza, he looked toward the house, to which he seemed to consider his wound a fortunate plea of entrance. A grove of stately trees covered a portion of the slope, a little to the left of his line of vision, and some moving objects on the edge of this grove drew his attention. He presently became singularly interested.

"I think," he said, "that Rubezahl, or some of that fantastic race must have made this basin of bubbling water a centre of attracting spells. First comes, drawn by its music and its promise of cool purity, a Norse giant. Then we have

whirled in like a blade of grass to a vortex, that wild fellow with the melancholy eyes. Now we are about to have new arrivals. The bright lady of my adoration is positively approaching. Who is it comes with her? Strangle him, Rubesahl; and dispose this beautiful lady, Mariana Sture, to be prodigiously affected by the blood which I have permitted to flow over my garments."

The Norwegian placed himself in a posture expressive of bodily weakness, and began to rehearse the part of a man drooping from severe wounds. But he seemed little pleased with his success, and presently said with a natural and honest tone:

"But imposture is not befitting so pure a presence, or that noble ardor which this flower of Swedish beauty has quickened in my nature."

With this desertion of the part which he had determined to assume, he became serious and prepared himself with honest resolution for an encounter extremely interesting to him, but still somewhat nerve-shaking.

The persons who approached the fountain were, as his speech has shown, a man and woman. The latter came with the slow step, and inclined head of one listening; the palm of her right hand held the left elbow, whilst her left hand seemed to sustain the left cheek. Her figure was tall, rounded, and slender; her well borne head was adorned with a superb flow of glittering hair, of that light hue which we generally see in the locks of the purely descended women of the north, in whom race has retained its ancient characteristics. A light hat with drooping plumes crowned this most admirable of natural ornaments. Her face was wonderfully beautiful: long blue eyes with a rare width of the upper lid, a small nose slightly aquiline, a sweet mouth, a well-rounded chin, a complexion of that exquisite clearness which bespeaks at once health and delicate nurture, these were made the more captivating by an expression singularly gallant and daring to have its home in a female face. The most striking portion of the dress of this beautiful woman was a short *surtout* of pure azure, open except where a jewelled girdle bound the waist. On the arch of each instep, ornamenting the slender high-heeled shoes, was an immense rose of ribands. Her companion was apparently both a courtier and a soldier. His face was marked by a long blue scar, and there was a military stiffness in his gait. He wore a great black wig, a laced hat, an embroidered coat, and fringed gloves. To reduce his pace to the slow gliding step of the lady, he seemed to tread the air, making, like a high-stepping coach horse, a considerable exertion without a proportionate degree of speed. He carried in his hand a sheathed rapier, with which, as he discoursed volubly, he gave a greater effect to his gesticulation. The two drew slowly to the fountain. The Norwegian, coming suddenly from the shade of the beeches, saluted the lady. Her companion, with his rapier poised, arrested in his discourse, stared at the gigantic apparition. He presently muttered,

"This is an Anak!"

The lady recovered her self-possession, which had been for a moment lost, and said in French, which had become the polite language of Stockholm in spite of the Swedish king's contempt for it, and refusal to speak it:

"Kinsman, I introduce to you Monsieur Brand, whom I have known in Christiana, a gentleman of worth and highly held by our uncle, the Bishop of Aggerhuus. Monsieur Brand I introduce to you my cousin, Captain Gustavus Piper."

Captain Piper and Merlin Brand fulfilled the ceremonies of salutation. The blood upon the buff coat of the latter was at once observed by the lady. Questions were asked and answered. And now it was that the debility which the Norwegian had determined to feign proved real. In the expectancy of his recent situation he had been unconscious of the extreme flow of blood from a wound which he was persuaded was quite trivial. His face, when the flush, occasioned by the meeting had passed off, became very pale; his immense frame swayed like a heavy structure with an insecure foundation. The anxiety of the lady was excited, although she by no means manifested it in a melodramatic manner. Captain Piper, cutting unceremoniously through the wounded man's apparel, saw the hurt, and staunched it; he then suggested that Monsieur Brand should lean upon him, and endeavor to reach the house of the Senator Sture. As this proposition was accepted, the captain poked at the wallet with his rapier, and lodged it among the rocks.

"We must advance," he said, "without our munitions, in a case of emergency like the present."

Supported by Captain Piper, and, after a few steps, by the lady, Mistress Mariana Sture, Merlin Brand moved slowly in the direction of the distant house.

"This is something of an adventure," said his male supporter. "My friend, rest a little more firmly upon my shoulder; to my imperfect observation it seems that the inclination of this enormous bulk of yours is to the lady."

"Yea, sir; you speak the truth," Merlin Brand answered, and then bore heavily upon the martial shoulder of Captain Piper.

"It seems to me, sir," said that gentleman as they proceeded, "that we are bearing an unnecessary addition, in respect that this thundering

sword of yours, which just now came near overthrowing the whole of us by getting between my legs, might be left behind, and brought to you by several servants and a wheeled carriage. The weapon appears to have been made in a rough imitation of those which are described in the Sagas. I conjecture it to weigh at the least a ton."

There was a tone of banter in Captain Piper's speech which displeased the Norwegian.

"My weapon is that of a poor soldier, and rude enough, but of good temper. I wield its great weight readily, for God has made me larger than my fellows. If the kind office which you have assumed is too burthensome, cease to support me by the way."

"I am a jester, my fine fellow," said Captain Piper, "and spoke as befitting my nature. But, to be serious, I will bring you to the house of my kinsman, if I am compelled to separate you into parts, and bestow you piece-meal. I am not of the shifting nature to fail in an engagement."

"I am obliged to you for so much friendly ardor," the Norwegian replied. "I think that I grow stronger"—he added, addressing himself to the lady—"I will only retain so much of the support which your gentleness has yielded to me, as this beautiful hand, held in my own, will afford."

These words seemed to make an impression on Captain Piper. He seemed indeed to become somewhat gloomy with jealousy.

"You have rather an elegant mode of expressing yourself, Anak," he said; "but be more reserved in your address, where a Swedish lady of rank, and—what is of a more personal application in the present case—my kinswoman, is concerned."

Merlin was about to make a good-humoured reply, when Mariana Sture pointed to the north, and said:

"That is the calash of my father. He is just now returning from Orebro. Be assured, Monsieur Brand, that he will give you that hospitable welcome which is a Gothland custom."

The three pedestrians, and the senator Sture, bowling on in his bright-yellow calash, reached the house at nearly the same moment. The senator, a massive old man, with a face as firm in its lines as though it had been cut out of the Swedish granite, came with a book spread before him—like the treasurer of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, whom holy Philip saw reading Esaias in his chariot.

"What news, sir?" shouted Captain Piper, as the old man alighted.

"We have an arrival from Courland," replied the senator. "His majesty is making a muster at Grodno, to pass the Boristhenes."

Captain Piper stroked his beard, and muttered some words to himself.

"We can discuss the details of the foreign news at our leisure," the old gentleman continued. "By the way, the captive prince Artzilou, the Georgian, whom his majesty sent to us after Narva, has escaped from Orebro. I heard that he had been traced in this direction.

Merlin Brand gained in this remark a clew to the mysterious encounter at the fountain; he had indeed met, and been wounded by, that unhappy prince who, retaken by his keepers, soon after died in a Swedish castle; but the Norwegian was presently diverted from all thought upon the subject by the ceremonies of that Gothland welcome which had been promised by the daughter of his host. The great swinging doors of the edifice opened and closed behind the entering party, and Merlin Brand found himself in the haven to which he had looked, from a distance, with an eye of doubt and desire.

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CHAPTER SECOND.

"But Ingeborg, the child of kings,
Sitting alone a ditty sings;
Or weaves a woof wherein there be
Brave scenes of war by land and sea.
On wool as white as drifted snow,
Woven in gold, the bucklers glow;
As red as blood the lances stream,
And coats of mail in silver gleam."

The Frithiof of Tegner.

It was on the day following that Merlin Brand, with as becoming an addition to his plain military dress as his restored wallet enabled him to make, entered an apartment in which the daughter of his host sat to receive him. The walls of this room were hung with plain gray tapestry; it was only in some articles of a readily portable character that a costly elegance had been attempted. A small carved cabinet—a musical clock from Hamburg—some vases of the Rhenish Protogine, now filled with fresh flowers from which the dew had not escaped, were the principal ornaments of the room. Amongst several evidences of the graceful occupations of the lady was a piece of unfinished embroidery which still remained fastened upon its heavy frame. The needle had told enough of the story, which it was the object of the silken pantomime to illustrate, to enable one to catch its meaning. A jarl of the islands quaffed his last cup of hydromel in a great hall, one casement of which opened to the sea. A circle of his sons and followers, with glittering armour and bright mantles, watched the draining of the cup. The pale blue face of Hela, the Scandinavian Death, peered in at the casement, and a lean hand, with hooked

talons was extended to touch the jarl's shoulder. It was some such story as that of the king of Thule. As the Norwegian passed the door-sill, the Hamburg clock, noting the hour, played a solemn tune; Mariana, playing upon the virginals, made a sweeter music to mingle with this dirge of the departed hour.

Merlin Brand came to the side of the lady, with the manner of one deeply and tenderly moved. He ventured to take her hand into his own, and to press it to his lips; as he did so, his eyes filled with tears.

"It is a great blessing, Mariana," he said, "that I meet you—that I hold your hand—that I look into your pure eyes—before I go into an exile from which I may never return."

"Do you hold it so great a blessing?" the Swedish girl replied. "Then retain my hand, whilst our discourse continues; but we may be interrupted at any moment; tell me, therefore, rapidly what has chanced to you since we parted, and what your designs are."

"When you left Christiana, I found my life become most unhappy," said the Norwegian. "The good Bishop found my devotion to the ancient learning, with which he used to confound our young heads, very much abated; he gave me long lectures in which he censured me, and extolled his beloved Humanities; he desired even to become personally my instructor. This from so great a dignitary, to Merlin Brand the poor wanderer from the coast of Bergen, was irresistible. So I became in fact his pupil. I remained so for a year, and made more progress in those modern tongues in which the Bishop is also a proficient, than in the elder languages. During that time I wrote to you, Mariana, more than once, and I am but repeating what my letters perhaps told you."

"Not so," answered the girl. "Your letters were too full of sentiment for any statement of fact. They contained much brotherly affection, and a great many poetic remarks respecting the beautiful past, and a great many expressions of your determination to become renowned, in some way or other, in the future, but they gave me not the least information."

"You amuse yourself at my cost, Mariana," said Merlin. "It was always so. But let us be serious in these flying moments. I grew sick of books, whilst the world was up and in tumult, and living men were making a history greater than the written ones. You would have proved Syren enough to bind me to a life of sloth; but your mantle had long since fluttered over the heights of the Stor Elve, and you were departed like a star out of my miserable view."

"That means, my friend," said Mariana, that Axel Orde, who came to convey me home from Christiana, had driven me in the yellow calash over the hills of the Stor Elve on a winter's day, when I wore a great cloak to save me from freezing."

"You mention your departure in one set of phrases—I in another," replied Merlin. "I determined at last to become a soldier; I maintained my resolution against the remonstrances of the paternal Bishop; I began my journey to Carlscron, there to take ship for Riga. Can you tell what lured me aside and brought me to the house of your father? I came yesterday to the fountain under the beech trees. I received the slight wound which excited your pity, and from which I feel that I have already recovered sufficiently to continue my journey. As for the future, I must join the king of Sweden at Grodno, where he makes his muster to pass the Borysthenes. I will do my duty, and brave death in every shape—for I must win honor or lose life. Mariana—Mariana—the prize I play for is this hand which I hold in my own."

The manner of the Swedish maiden wholly changed with these concluding words. A flush of modesty mounted to her temples. She was presently enabled to say:

"I have been on the verge of this discovery, and was strangely blinded. And yet, may it not be that this which you now take to be an ardent passion, is after all no more than the attachment growing from our childish intercourse, so long continued at Christiana?"

"It is the diviner passion—yea is it," Merlin answered. "It is the true consuming flame. I ask no avowal now of a return from your own glorious nature. I am utterly unmatched with one of so high a fortune. But, Mariana, bugles are sounding on the sunnier plains of Europe; the great king has gathered the nations as to a tourney; the ring is set; bright eyes are looking on from distant hills; the ladies of the cold north are looking down from the blue ranges, and you among them; in the martial ring is the splendid prize to the best arm and truest heart. When I have waded through blood to the prize, I will come back as one whose claims are of a nature to be respected by the coldest and most worldly wise of your friends. Then, Mariana, I will woo you."

"And in the mean time," said the lady who had regained somewhat of her former humor, "you think it unnecessary to waste wooing upon me. What assures you that I will abide your leisure for wooing, as mistress Mariana Sture, whilst prepossessing gentlemen, living in ease, away from the toil and dangers of war, come to sue for my hand?"

"What assures me? I will answer you. I know the true metal of your nature, Mariana.

Not passed through the red-flame or icy waters of adversity, it yet possesses the noble temper. You are a proud, gallant, and honor-loving woman. When you hear from a distant land that Merlin, the Norwegian, passed into the gulf of the battle, where other hearts failed, and did, in all things, his duty truly, I know that your blue eyes will flash, and that your soul will speak triumphantly—'this is the champion whom love for me made a seeker of glory, a worker of great deeds.' I know you well, Mariana; and it is because you are noble, and utterly true, that I hope."

"Merlin," replied the girl, more beautiful for the sweet seriousness which her countenance expressed in aid of her words, "I have no wish to chill an ardor which aims so high and so well. Be it then as you say. Let there be the troth-plight between us. I err: you have not asked so much—but you have said that you will one day ask it. I do not shrink from plighting myself to you now—even now. If you live unworthily our contract falls, and I will cease to believe in human worth. But I am firm in hope. I think that I read you surely. If you die in these wars, I will lament your death as one widowed. If you return, I believe that you will do so in honor; whether you return with those rewards of gallantry and good conduct of which you speak, or without them, will not affect my feeling whatever influence your fortune may have upon those who controul my action. Merlin, may God protect you, and lead you back to me—yea to me—a good, great, and successful man."

The white arms of the lady were elevated; Merlin seized her to his bosom, and kissed her brow devoutly. As he did so the door by which he had entered opened without a grating of the lock. Captain Gustavus Piper came forward with his visage fiery red, except so much of it as the blue seam of the long scar occupied.

"You make a good use of opportunity, my fine fellow," said Captain Piper.

Merlin turned promptly; but Mariana placed her hand at once upon his lips. Instead of speaking he only kissed the tender palm. The girl spoke, in his stead, to Captain Piper.

"Kinsman," she said sweetly, "I introduced Monsieur Brand to you as an old friend whom I had known at Christiana; I introduce him now to you as my affianced husband."

Captain Piper from a state of passion fell into a state of bewilderment. His surprise proved that he had heard little of the conversation of the lovers. Before he could find words, Mariana continued:

"So much in explanation of the scene which you have witnessed. Now, kinsman, be kind enough to explain, in turn, by what means you have become a witness of what surely did not in the least concern you. If you can give no good explanation, I shall venture to say that you have committed an unworthy act."

"I might have expected this," Captain Piper answered with a confounded air. "Charge a lady with an indiscretion, and she will invariably put you on your defence for a crime. Fair cousin, if you are disposed to have a love-passage in future, use the precaution to close your doors, or repress the exuberance of your affection into whispers, sighs, and murmurs. It is a nice matter of art, but attainable, to be eloquent in a whisper, and to kiss in a murmur. Remember the lesson, Anak."

"Guard your tongue, sir; its licence goes too far," said the Norwegian.

"Damnation," exclaimed Captain Piper.

Mariana interrupted him.

"You will be kind enough, kinsman, to leave me." She added, to Merlin: "I trust that for my sake, if not for your own, you will not embroil our engagements at their very commencement. Be guarded, and bear long; indeed avoid, as far as a gentleman may, strife with this madcap cousin of mine, who is, after all, Monsieur Merlin, a good heart."

"Mariana," said Captain Piper, "I assure you that I object to your engagement with this unknown person utterly."

"I am grieved to learn it, kinsman. Is that all?"

"All!—by no means. I undertake to inform your father thoroughly in the business. I tell you so plainly. I have not been an eaves-dropper. I heard and saw only as one coming directly into a room by a door already open, may honestly hear and see. I would be as loth to go skulking with a secret betrayal to your father, as to bend my ear to a keyhole. I tell you boldly that I shall presently go to him."

Mariana replied with warmth—

"I will at once save you the labor by communicating the whole to him with my own lips. Kinsman, you are ungenerous."

So saying she departed upon this resolute errand, with a stately carriage, and haughty step.

"Softly, Anak," said Captain Piper, grimacing until his face wore an expression of grotesque amiability; "have you discovered a pretty bit of sod under the southern edge of the grove yonder? It is a delicious spot for amorous meditations, and commands a fascinating view of the lake. You are apt to have the devil about your ears for this pleasant business. When you have been trundled out of the house, if the bones of that carcass of yours are in a reasonably sound condition, make a turn to the spot I mention; I

shall find an opportunity to join you, and minister a bit of consolation to you. I take you to be little better than a peasant, but I am so charitably disposed just now that the question of rank shall not trouble me."

"Captain Piper," the Norwegian retorted, "you are a beast. I will meet you, and trust to chastise you most thoroughly for your gross and intolerable insolence.

Captain Piper exchanged his affected placidity for real, as his adversary thus readily accepted his challenge. The certainty of the promised encounter made a lull in his passions.

"I am curious to witness the end of the affair within doors," he said. "I will therefore adhere to my proposal of a moderate delay—how long will depend upon the time that it takes the old gentleman to come to an explosion. Listen; I promise you the crash will come presently. My kinswoman is slow in applying the match."

Captain Piper had muttered for the tenth time, "suspense is intolerable"—when a messenger came to summon the Norwegian to the presence of the senator Sture. Captain Piper did not hesitate to receive the message as an invitation to himself also.

"Do not be too much alarmed," he said to his hostile companion. "A good cudgelling will perhaps be the worst result, and you are a stout fellow, well able to bear it. I will make favour with Axel Orde, who commands in the buttery; he shall preach moderation to his forces, when they are called to apply the correction."

"Grinning devil!" the Norwegian retorted, "do not tempt me beyond endurance; if you chatter in this insolent manner I may brain you before we gain the sod."

"We will wait. Let us enjoy the sport to the utmost," Captain Piper replied.

The two gentlemen reached the apartment to which one of them had been summoned.

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CHAPTER THIRD.

"The grave good man made merit know her strength—
And those that lacked it to suspect, at length,
That nature had no seal of rank impress
In men, but every bravest was the best;
That any wight, the poorest, might by aid
Of worth approved, mate with the best-born maid."

Ben Jonson.

The face of Mariana expressed neither exultation nor disappointment; she met the looks of her cousin, and lover, with calm eyes and serene brow. As for her father, the fine old gentleman possessed grandeur of countenance, and dignity of demeanour, but he did not add to these attributes of Jupiter Tonans the thunder-bolts, the descent of which Captain Piper had seemed to anticipate. It was to his nephew that the senator first addressed himself.

"Gustaf," he said, "I learn from Mariana that you have insulted my guest, without cause. It becomes you to atone to him for so doing."

Captain Piper, in anger and astonishment, replied:

"Atone! Do you desire me to atone to this unknown person, for gently, and moderately, signifying to him that I deemed him infernally presumptuous in aspiring to the hand and affections of the most beautiful of the gentlewomen of Sweden?"

"I have confidence, nephew, in the purity and wisdom of my daughter. If they err, appeal should be made to me, not to you."

Captain Piper reflected a moment, and then said with easy assurance:

"You desire me to atone to Monsieur Brand for the language which I have supposed myself justified in holding. I will do so. He, indeed, has already my promise to that effect. At present I perceive that I am not a welcome party in this strange business, which you seem, my good uncle, to approach with preternatural calmness." With these words Captain Piper withdrew in high dudgeon.

The senator looked after the retiring form of the soldier.

"Go, Mariana," he said, "and appease Gustaf. My discourse with this gentleman will be free and sincere. Your presence would embarrass us."

When the lady had departed, the old gentleman said with prompt directness:

"And so, sir, you are a suitor for the hand of my daughter."

Merlin's embarrassment was infinite. He uttered an awkward assent to this opening proposition. Then the venerable Swede, fixing a kindly regard upon his modest countenance, smiled. This was a cheerful substitute for the fulminations which the Norwegian had been led to expect. He became more self-possessed.

"You must acquit me, sir," he said, "of a part of the folly which, without explanation, my conduct must seem to wear. I could not have been so presumptuous as to speak to you, in my present state, of an alliance with your daughter, who by right of birth, and excellence, might well mate with the proudest noble of the Swedish realm."

"And yet," said the old gentleman, "in your discourse with Mariana you spoke of love."

"Certainly, sir," Merlin replied. "The young listen trustingly to the utterance of hopes which the old pronounce to be idle dreams. Your daughter heard me speak of my purposes, and of the results of my action, as I meant to direct it, with credulity and confidence. Sir, a truth of

Tacitus comes to my mind—'*non eadem omnibus decora.*' The confiding credulity with which your gentle daughter heard me recount my hopes, would scarcely become you; I could scarcely propose to myself to gain from the hopeful nature of your daughter, and from your tried wisdom, the same favourable hearing. And yet, after all, the contract into which we have entered, is one which a man of sense might perhaps venture to avow to a man of sense. If I achieve rank, fortune, and an honorable reputation, then am I, and not before, to presume to say to you—'give me your daughter to be my wife.' If I do not achieve these things I shall not dare to utter such a petition."

The senator paused upon these words, and then said:

"Inform me concerning your parentage. I understand that it is humble. Give me, indeed, the outline of your past life."

"I can briefly do so, sir," the Norwegian answered. "My father, Merlin Brand, was a fisherman of the province of Bergen. He was wrecked and drowned on one of the northern Fiords, whilst I was yet very young. It is indeed true that we have family traditions which trace our descent from Vikings through more modern rovers of the sea, to the humble condition which we have at last reached. It is also said, in one of these traditions, that one of my ancestral Vikings brought with him from Northumberland, in the Island of Britain, a child whom he found sleeping on the sands of the beach; this foundling, a boy of remarkable beauty, received the name *Merlin* from the superstition of the rovers, who could discover nothing of his parentage, and when he became a man wedded the daughter of his chief. The name, Merlin, now my own, dates back to that early day. You smile, sir, at these things."

The senator said kindly—"I do not, by any means, smile in derision. Many a noble lineage traces back to as idle a foundation as your remote traditions. Go on, and speak freely."

Merlin resumed:

"My mother died before my father. I do not remember her. When his friends had found the drowned remains of my father, and came bearing them up the rocky steeps which break the waves on that coast, they found me like a young wolf howling under the walls of our round stone hut. They buried their dead comrade, and gave me to the pastor of one of the mountain congregations of Bergen—a kindly and humane man, and a rare scholar. He began my education. At his death I found that he had bestowed upon me the whole of his moderate property, and secured for me the patronage of the Bishop of Aggerhaus. I went to Christiana, where the Bishop, your kinsman, resided. There I lived—in what manner I prefer that you should learn from himself. There I met, almost daily for many years of my boyhood, the lady your daughter. I am now on my way to the camp of the King of Sweden, to sacrifice my life or establish my hope. I am not worthy, sir, to mate with your high-born daughter, so excellent in all points of worth—and no good result of my career will render me worthy; but if I am greatly successful, there will be at least a show of reason in my petition to you for her hand."

"You speak frankly, and well," said the senator. "I make a contract with you. You will join the king—serve him like an upright man, and good soldier, so long as he needs your service, and return with some mark of his approbation. If you do so, Mariana shall be free to use her pleasure. As for riches, they are scarcely to be gained under the banner of a just and God-fearing king. It is approved virtue, sir, and an honorable name that will advance your suit."

Merlin Brand bent his looks to the floor; the generosity of this stranger unmanned him for a moment. When he spoke it was to say with much emotion:

"You are generous, and noble, sir. I will go as far and as well as the infirmities of my nature will permit me to go, upon the path which you desire me to pursue. The hand of your daughter will be an inestimable reward, but next to it my great object shall be to justify your good opinion."

"I must say to you in conclusion," said the senator—"and in explanation of my prompt decision, that I have learned to rely upon the excellent sense, and pure heart of my daughter. Mariana has known you for years. I do not oppose my ignorance to her knowledge and the affection which springs from it—in a case where all consent to delay. Take the blessing of an old man, my son, upon the honorable enterprise which you propose to yourself. I advise your speedy departure, as his majesty will soon be in motion for the Russian provinces. My servants will convey you to the coast."

Merlin bent over the hand of the benignant old gentleman, and left the room—his vision blinded by those tears which a noble generosity, in those who have the power to controul our fortunes, brings to our eyes. Through the mist which they made, he presently caught a dim view of a bright face. It looked as rosy and joyous as the front of Aurora, in the Florentine paintings, when that mistress of the dews smiles over misty mountain tops. This Aurora of the vaulted passage was Mariana. Merlin, encircling with his arm the neck and flowing locks of the tall maiden, kissed her lips so gently, and

with so modest a grace, that even Captain Piper must have been satisfied with his manner of enforcing his sweet privilege.

It was with a feeling of extreme annoyance that the Norwegian recurred to the necessity of keeping his appointment with the Swedish soldier. His spirits were jubilant and full of alacrity; he shrank, as the bravest will shrink, from putting in jeopardy a large stock of suddenly acquired happiness; he also saw in his success, should he prove successful, a peril scarcely less than that which would attend his defeat. But the spirit of the age was exalted and punctilious in all matters of the duello. His reflections were at length determined by a hint from Monsieur Eugenius Flavel, the valet of Captain Piper. This lean and obsequious Frenchman informed him that his adversary awaited him on the chosen ground. Merlin at once escaped into the grove, and strode on rapidly to the grassy area which lay behind it, forming an elevated terrace overlooking the placid expanse of Lake Vettern. Captain Piper expected his coming with impatience; he paced up and down with a bundle of rapiers under his arm.

"We can pair the weapons, and you will take your choice," said Captain Piper, after a ceremonious greeting.

"But I do not choose these weapons at all," Merlin answered. "The right of election in this controversy, as far as it touches time, place and arms, is undoubtedly with me. I have yielded in time and place, but I do not yield in arms."

"What the devil! Do you propose to come against me with that Excalibar of yours?"

"It would be but fair if I did so," replied the Norwegian. "You have outraged me grossly, and then, by a strange contradiction, demanded this meeting in satisfaction of the wrong which you have inflicted."

"Have at you then," said Captain Piper, drawing a rapier from its sheath. "If you came against me with a weaver's beam, I would maintain my quarrel against you."

"Stop, sir, for one moment," replied Merlin. "I have not chosen the weapon which you seem to prefer, but I abide by your choice. The skill of that rare master of the rapier, Dirk Maas, of whom I learned to use the slight weapon, will doubtless befriend me. But, sir, I did not mean to assail you with the sword which I wear. I would fight you with a wand from this beechen bough rather than fight you at a decided advantage."

Captain Piper, whose humours were rapid and capricious, seemed much struck. With the hesitancy of a brave man who finds his adversary generous, and begins to suspect that his own conduct has been encroaching and unjust, he postponed the encounter for a few moments.

"Sir," he said, with some approach to serious feeling—"you have wronged me more than you suspect. But yet it may be that you are in no respect blame-worthy. With your pleasure we will play with our weapons until blood is drawn, to remove the awkwardness of parting like a pair of boastful triflers who become pacified when swords are drawn. Any more serious question between us may be adjourned for the present. Mark now, fellow," he added to his valet, "you have received your instructions. If this gentleman should, by superiority of fortune, run me through, you are to deliver the sealed note to the senator Sture, and you are further to declare the truth, that it is done in fair combat, upon my challenge. Monsieur Brand, the knave will do you justice. I have bestowed sharp usage enough upon him to bring him to the humour to tell the truth against his master."

The valet bowed with polite humility. The gentlemen took position, and began their sword-play. They had scarcely begun, when, as if summoned by the clatter of the meeting weapons, Mariana Sture came suddenly into the area. Her cheeks were flushed with haste, and her curls hung in disorder. Her presence at once put an end to the duel.

"Cousin," she said, "is it at your invitation that this meeting has taken place?"

"Yes, Mariana."

"Then," said the lady, "I who have witnessed such wrongs as might well have urged Monsieur Brand to compel redress from you—I do say this for a truth, that you have proved yourself in this matter utterly wanting in courtesy, in justice, in respect for me, perhaps even in honour. If your weapon is raised in this quarrel, against this gentleman, except upon his demand, I declare to you that no tie of kindred or friendship shall ever more be respected between us."

"Then, Mariana, I sheathe my weapon, and will not again draw it against Monsieur Brand. Sir, I wish you to consider my challenge withdrawn, and my respect for you increased."

Merlin at once avowed his own indisposition to prosecute the quarrel for satisfaction of the wrongs which he had sustained.

"This is good, and worthy," said Mariana, "and now, Gustaf, we are again kind cousins. You have made yourself very disagreeable today, but we must forget."

Captain Piper replied with a sigh and in a low tone:

"If you venture upon this gentle and affectionate mode of talking, Mariana, I shall explode like a grenade. Abuse me to your heart's content. There would be something consoling in

the belief that you were a *Skoldmar*, and a vixen."

The three, with Monsieur Flavel, the valet, following at a modest distance, and bearing the rapiers, returned to the house.

I do not delay farther amongst the details of this opening stage of the career of the Norwegian adventurer. A few days later, burthened with wise counsel from the Swedish senator—a good representative of the grave, honourable, and hospitable men of Gothland—and ennobled by such aspirations as belong to love and youth, Merlin Brand was upon the Baltic, and passing with swift sails for the haven of Riga.

LINES,

On the Death of Col. Pierce M. Butler, of the Palmetto Regiment, who fell in the Battle of Churubusco, August 20th, 1847.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"He has been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their hallowed dead—
With bitter, but proud tears."—*Halleck.*

The darkening air was dense and dun with hot sulphureous smoke,
And thro' its deep and dusky veil, no brightening beam had broke,
Save when at intervals a flash, like to a meteor-star,
Shot o'er the sombre face of Heaven a blood-red light afar.

There floated from the plain of death, the sad sigh of the breeze,
It lingered 'mid the drooping flowers—it mourned among the trees—
And with it there was borne a cry of wild despair and dread,
A wail of warriors in their wrath—a requiem o'er the dead.

Then suddenly o'er earth and sky, did a deep calmness fall,—
A silence that the soul might *feel*, hung heavy, like a pall,—
And the shouts and shrieks of fiercest strife in echoing murmurs sank,
While a cold, electric shudder ran from bristling rank to rank—

A moment more!—a moment more!—and the loud war-peal rose,
As if a hundred clarions rang defiance to the foes—
Bear back! bear back! oh, Mexic host! St. Mary do not hide,
The shock! the rage!—the o'erwhelming power of that tumultuous tide.

Vengeance hath nerved each valiant hand; vengeance hath fired each eye—
Now the soldiers of the standard-starred, rush like a whirlwind by—
Cheer rose on cheer!—the foe is turned—the glorious field is won—
On their ramparts, let the Freeman's flag float 'neath the setting sun.

Why doth the voice, whose cheering tone but now rolled clear and high,
When bold hearts quailed and courage failed, join not in victory?—
Why 'mid the Chieftains gathering fast yon glittering standard 'round,
Is not the noblest chief of all, the dauntless HERO found?

Alas! a dark shade veils his eye, and the death-damp chills his brow—
The arm of might is prone in dust and the proud lip silent now—
The fire is quenched—the last spark fled—"life's fitful fever o'er"—
And the warrior-spirit passed from earth to seek the shadowy shore.

His gallant sword is firmly grasped: hold! let it linger there—
The spotless blade that BUTLER bore, *another* must not bear—
He kept his honor like the steel—the bright steel by his side,
And only clasped the treasure close—still *closer* when he died.

What! weep ye comrades o'er his corse?—stern men of iron mould?
Weep on! the heart that slumbers here, *for the first time is cold!*
And we have seen *him* shed like us—the good chief and the brave—
Warm tears of sympathy above the humblest soldier's grave.

Weep on!—how pure from sorrow's fount the tears of manhood swell!
The soul must give one parting sigh—must breathe one last farewell—
Yet there are those who when they bend beside the mouldering bier,
Will own, oh! bitterer grief than ours—the wild grief of despair.

Cover the pale face of the dead: ere long the flowers will bloom,
And scatter o'er his honored grave their glory and perfume:
Ere long *they* too will withering lie, like the cold dust beneath—
But round his name *the flowers of fame will form a fadeless wreath.*

P. H. H.

Charleston, April, 1849.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Pure Diabolism is but Absolute Insanity. Lucifer was merely unfortunate in having been created without brains.

—

When a man of genius speaks of "the difficult" he means, simply, "the impossible."

—

We, of the nineteenth century, need some worker of miracles for our regeneration; but so degraded have we become that the only prophet, or preacher, who could render us much service, would be the St. Francis who converted the beasts.

—

The nose of a mob is its imagination. By this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

—

Samuel Butler, of Hudibrastic memory, must have had a prophetic eye to the American Congress when he defined a *rabble* as—"A congregation or assembly of the States-General—every one being of a several judgment concerning whatever business be under consideration". . . . "They meet only to quarrel," he adds, "and then return home full of satisfaction *and narrative*."

—

The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an Eagle—a Dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with ten-fold devotion.

—

"He that is born to be a man," says Wieland in his "Peregrinus Proteus," "neither should nor can be anything nobler, greater, or better than a man." The fact is, that in efforts to soar above our nature, we invariably fall below it. Your reformist demigods are merely devils turned inside out.

—

It is only the philosophical lynxeye that, through the indignity-mist of Man's life, can still discern the dignity of Man.

—

It is by no means an irrational fancy that, in a future existence, we shall look upon what we think our present existence, as a dream.

—

In drawing a line of distinction between a people and a mob, we shall find that a people aroused to action are a mob; and that a mob, trying to think, subside into a people.

Tell a scoundrel, three or four times a day, that he is the pink of probity, and you make him at least the perfection of "respectability" in good earnest. On the other hand, accuse an honorable man, too pertinaciously, of being a villain, and you fill him with a perverse ambition to show you that you are not altogether in the wrong.

—

With how unaccountable an obstinacy even our best writers persist in talking about "moral courage—"as if there could be any courage that was *not* moral. The adjective is improperly applied to the subject instead of the object. The energy which overcomes fear—whether fear of evil threatening the person or threatening the impersonal circumstances amid which we exist—is, of course, simply a mental energy—is, of course, simply "moral." But, in speaking of "*moral* courage" we *imply* the existence of physical. Quite as reasonable an expression would be that of "bodily thought" or of "muscular imagination."

—

In looking at the world *as it is*, we shall find it folly to deny that, to worldly success, a surer path is Villiany than Virtue. What the Scriptures mean by the "*leaven* of unrighteousness" is that leaven by which men *rise*.

—

I have now before me a book in which the most noticeable thing is the pertinacity with which "Monarch" and "King" are printed with a capital M and a capital K. The author, it seems, has been lately presented at Court. He will employ a small *g* in future, I presume, whenever he is so unlucky as to have to speak of his God.

—

"A little learning," in the sense intended by the poet, *is*, beyond all question, "a dangerous thing:"—but, in regard to *that* learning which we call "knowledge of the world," it is *only* a little that is *not* dangerous. To be *thoroughly* conversant with Man's heart, is to take our final lesson in the iron-clasped volume of Despair.

—

Not only do I think it paradoxical to speak of a man of *genius* as personally ignoble, but I confidently maintain that the *highest* genius is but the loftiest moral nobility.

—

The phrase of which our poets, and more especially our orators, are so fond—the phrase "music of the spheres"—has arisen simply from a misconception of the Platonic word μουσικη—which, with the Athenians, included not merely the harmonies of tune and time, but *proportion* generally. In recommending the study of "music" as "the best education for the soul," Plato re-

ferred to the cultivation of the Taste, in contradistinction from that of the Pure Reason. By the "music of the spheres" is meant the agreements—the adaptations—in a word, the proportions—developed in the astronomical laws. He had *no* allusion to music in *our* understanding of the term. The word "mosaic," which we derive from μουσικη, refers, in like manner, to the proportion, or harmony of *color*, observed—or which should be observed—in the department of Art so so entitled.

—

A pumpkin has more angles than C—, and is altogether a cleverer thing. He is remarkable at one point only—at that of being remarkable for nothing.

—

Not long ago, to call a man "a great wizzard," was to invoke for him fire and faggot; but now, when we wish to run our *protégé* for President, we just dub him "a *little* magician." The fact is, that, on account of the curious modern *bouleversement* of old opinion, one cannot be too cautious of *the grounds* on which he lauds a friend or vituperates a foe.

—

It is laughable to observe how easily any system of Philosophy can be proved false:—but then is it not mournful to perceive the impossibility of even fancying any particular system to be true?

—

Were I called on to define, *very* briefly, the term "Art," I should call it "the reproduction of what the Senses perceive in Nature through the veil of the soul." The mere imitation, however accurate, of what *is* in Nature, entitles no man to the sacred name of "Artist." Denner was no artist. The grapes of Zeuxis were *in*artistic—unless in a bird's-eye view; and not even the curtain of Parrhasius could conceal his deficiency in point of genius. I have mentioned "the *veil* of the soul." Something of the kind appears indispensable in Art. We can, at any time, double the true beauty of an actual landscape by half closing our eyes as we look at it. The naked Senses sometimes see too little—but then *always* they see too much.

—

A clever French writer of "Memoirs" is quite right in saying that "if the *Universities* had been willing to permit it, the disgusting old *debauché* of Teos, with his eternal Batyllis, would long ago have been buried in the darkness of oblivion."

—

"Philosophy," says Hegel, "is utterly useless and fruitless, and, *for this very reason*, is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving attention, and the most worthy of our zeal." This jargon was suggested, no doubt, by Tertullian's "*Mortuus est Dei filius; credibile est quia ineptum—et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile.*"

—

I have great faith in fools:—self-confidence my friends will call it:—

> Si demain, oubliant d' éclore,
> Le jour manquait, eh bien! demain
> Quelque fou trouverait encore
> Un flambeau pour le genre humain.

By the way, what with the new electric light and other matters, De Béranger's idea is not so *very* extravagant.

—

I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of any individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of *all* mankind—that he would be considered a madman, is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

In like manner, nothing can be clearer than that a *very* generous spirit—*truly* feeling what all merely profess—must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction—its motives misinterpreted. Just as extremeness of intelligence would be thought fatuity, so excess of chivalry could not fail of being looked upon as meanness in its last degree:—and so on with other virtues. This subject is a painful one indeed. That individuals *have* so soared above the plane of their race, is scarcely to be questioned; but, in looking back through history for traces of their existence, we should pass over all biographies of "the good and the great," while we search carefully the slight records of wretches who died in prison, in Bedlam, or upon the gallows.

—

My friend, ——, can never commence what he fancies a poem, (he *is* a fanciful man, after all) without first elaborately "invoking the Muses." Like so many she-dogs of John of Nivelles, however, the more he invokes them, the more they decline obeying the invocation.

—

The German "*Schwarmerei*"—not exactly "humbug," but "sky-rocketing"—seems to be the only term by which we can conveniently designate that peculiar style of criticism which has

lately come into fashion, through the influence of certain members of the *Fabian* family—people who live (upon beans) about Boston.

—

"This is right," says Epicurus, "precisely because the people are displeased with it."

"*Il y a à parier*," says Chamfort—one of the *Kamkars* of Mirabeau—"*que toute idée publique—toute convention reçue—est une sottise; car elle a convenue au plus grand nombre.*"

"*Si proficere cupis*," says the great African bishop, "*primo id verum puta quod sana mens omnium hominum attestatur.*"

Now,

"Who shall decide where Doctors disagree?"

To me, it appears that, in all ages, the *most* preposterous falsities have been received as truths by at least the *mens* omnium hominum. As for the *sana* mens—how are we ever to determine what that is?

—

There are moments when, even to the sober eye of Reason, the world of our sad humanity must assume the aspect of Hell; but the Imagination of Man is no Carathis, to explore with impunity its every cavern. Alas! the grim legion of sepulchral terrors cannot be regarded as altogether fanciful; but, like the Demons in whose company Afrasiab made his voyage down the Oxus, they must sleep, or they will devour us—they must be suffered to slumber, or we perish.

—

What can be more soothing, at once to a man's Pride and to his Conscience, than the conviction that, in taking vengeance on his enemies for injustice done him, he has simply to do them *justice* in return?

—

Talking of puns:—"Why do they not give us quail for dinner, as usual?" demanded Count Fessis, the other day, of H—, the classicist and sportsman.

"Because at this season," replied H—, who was dozing, "*qualis sopor fessis.*" (Quail is so poor, Fessis.)

—

An infinity of error makes its way into our Philosophy, through Man's habit of considering himself a citizen of a world solely—of an individual planet—instead of at least occasionally contemplating his position as cosmopolite proper—as a denizen of the universe.

—

The Carlyle-ists should adopt, as a motto, the inscription on the old bell from whose metal was cast the Great Tom, of Oxford:—"In *Thomæ* laude resono 'Bim! Bom!' sine fraude:"—and "Bim! Bom," in such case, would be a marvellous "echo of sound to sense."

—

Paulus Jovius, living in those benighted times when diamond-pointed styluses were as yet unknown, thought proper, nevertheless, to speak of his goosequill as "*aliquando ferreus, aureus aliquando*"—intending, of course, a mere figure of speech; and from the class of modern authors who use really nothing to write with but steel and gold, some, no doubt, will let their pens, *vice versâ*, descend to posterity under the designation of "anserine"—of course, intending always a mere figure of speech.

ELD.

In a mist-enshrouded valley
  Rolls a river deep and wide,
Bearing many a freighted vessel
  Swiftly on its rushing tide;
From a darksome cave it cometh,
  Rolling on in haughty might,
Down unto a shoreless ocean
  Silent as the reign of night.

Where the waters, slow receding,
  Long have left the lifeless strand,
Fearful in its solemn stillness
  Doth a hoary castle stand:
Darkly rise the ruined towers,
  Whence all sign of life hath fled—
Ghostly seem the vacant windows,
  Like the cold eyes of the dead.

Heavily the brooding shadows
  O'er the trembling wave are cast—
O'er the threshold stone, for ages
  Living foot hath never passed;
For a grim and wanded warder
  Ever at the gate appears—
Drooping is his spectral figure
  With the weight of countless years.

Not a word the warder speaketh—
  Points one shadowy hand within;
Forward eagerly declining,
  Listeth to the river's din;
Mingling with that wild commotion
  Steadily his pulses chime;
Who upon that rushing river
  Heeds the throbbing pulse of Time?

Ever through the open portal
  Pale and shadowy forms appear,—
Some with proud and haughty bearing,
  Some with mein of guilt and fear:
Warriors clad in rusted armor,
  Queenly ladies, bright and fair;
Some with bosoms bare and gory,
  Some with pale hands clasped in prayer.

In a dim and wan procession
  Slowly pass the phantoms by,

Each as into distance gazing
With a fixed and glassy eye;
There is heard no clang of armor
As the stony pave they tread—
Not a word and not a whisper,
From the pale lips of the dead.

There within a spacious chamber
In the spectral light, alone,
Sitteth one of aspect hoary
High upon a crumbling throne.
In his hand so cold and stony
Still the iron pen is held—
On the dusky pavement scattered
Lie the Chronicles of Eld.

Once, within that dreary castle—
So those olden records say—
Gallant knights and beauteous ladies
Walked in splendor's proud array;
There within those gorgeous chambers,
Princely pageants brightly shone;—
There amid those silent dungeons,
Many a guilty deed was done.

There was seen the gleam of jewels,
There was heard the trumpet's clang;
Mingled with the sounds of wailing
Richest strains of triumph rang.
Now those haughty tones are silent,
Now those radiant forms are fled—
Now those halls are haunted only
By the pale and silent dead.

SUSAN.

Richmond.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, April, 1849.

The great event of the month with us has been, without dispute, the production of Meyerbeer's new opera. Coming elections and instant Cholera, the struggles of internal factions, the rise and fall of the Italian republics, and even the agony of the Austrian Empire have been for a few days forgotten.

"Have you heard *The Prophet?*" is the first question upon the meeting of friends upon the boulevards or the Champs Elysées.

From every group in all the saloons and *cafés*, the exclamations *C'est magnifique! quelle belle decoration! quel luxe d'harmonie! C'est etonnant!* are sure to apprise you that *The Prophet* is the theme.

And learned and wearisome have been all the feuilletons in all the journals in their criticisms upon *The Prophet*.

In the midst of all this it is not surprising that they who have not heard it, should vote The Prophet to be a great bore. They go to the opera and forthwith join the cry—*C'est charmant! C'est magnifique!*

We had begun to fear that this opera, so long promised, so long deferred, so much desired, would never make its appearance. Meyerbeer has been ten years elaborating it. Such persisting application of Horace's rule is rare in these days of hot haste, when the grand contention seems to be who can produce, *à la Alexandre Dumas*, the greatest number of volumes per month.

Sæpe piget———
Corrigere, et longi ferre laboris onus.

The great composer was determined to sustain the reputation of the author of "*Robert le Diable*" and the "*Huguenots.*" By admission of all he has done so. His last work is worthy of its predecessors, and will increase the fame of Meyerbeer. The poet composer carries us back three hundred years. *John of Leyden*, the fanatic prophet of the early Anabaptists, is the hero of the poem. His rise and fall, the capture of Munster, and the chief events which signalized the ephemeral kingdom of *New Zion* which he established there, are graphically pourtrayed in the music of Meyerbeer, and the words of *Scribe*. The music of this composer is characterized by a grandeur and an elevation which peculiarly fit it for the expression of deep and stormy passion. Rossini, with the pure and luminous melody of the Italian school, of which he is so great a master, could not have produced, with even greater labor, so effective an opera upon this subject. But Rossini would not have chosen that subject. The Prophet is German, entirely German—author, subject, style. It has been brought out upon the boards of the French Opera in Paris with unequalled magnificence. The administration has surpassed all preceding efforts. Sun-rise never, save by Nature herself in the glorious eastern sky, has been presented to the eye in so magical, so startling a reality! The effect is produced by the aid of electrical light employed in this way here for the first time. This, with the interior of the Cathedral of Munster, and the awful conflagration which closes the representation, show that Meyerbeer is not the only master whose powers have been tasked to insure this greatest operatic success, which has been known for many years. The stage decorations, the landscapes, the costumes being all of rigorous truthfulness, belonging to the age, the country, and the people represented, leave upon the mind of the spectator, after leaving the theatre, the impression of having spent the evening listening to delightful music, in the country of Holbein and Albert Durer.

Meyerbeer, if report be true, has applied for naturalization as a French citizen, with the in-

tention of making Paris his permanent future residence.

The last steamer bore to the United States the sad intelligence that the great Italian composer, *Rossini*, tormented by enormous revolutionary taxation and threats of massacre on the part of the Roman republicans, had lost his reason. There would seem to be no truth whatever in this report. The illustrious *maestro*, to whom the world is indebted for *The Barber of Seville*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Cenerentola*, and so many other of the masterpieces in his art, is in excellent health and spirits, and at the present moment residing in Florence without the reach of personal harm from his democratic countrymen. Frequent and heavy impositions have been laid upon his property, but that has not affected his mind or even his spirits. Rossini is no republican—what sensible man could be in Italy?—and the latest accounts speak of him as engaged in the composition of a *cantate* in honor of the restoration of the Grand Duke to the throne of the Medicis upon the ruins of the republic.

The past has been a glorious month for *Scribe*. Beside the triumph of The Prophet, which he shared with Meyerbeer, he has connected himself by his new *drame*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, with the brilliant and triumphant appearance of *Rachel* in quite a new sphere. The *drame* itself is admitted not to possess remarkable literary merit: and if Scribe were so wanting in good sense as to show himself much elated by the success of *The Prophet*, and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* one would be tempted to remind him of the apples in the fable: for the grand attraction that drew all Paris to the Theatre Francais on the 14th of April, was the *debut* of the great *tragedienne*, in a piece written in *prose*. Hitherto Rachel had confined herself to a very limited number of *rôles*. Her matchless talent had revived the worship of the French classic tragic writers, and she for years resisted all persuasions to abandon for a moment their pompous Alexandrines. She would honor no modern author, however famous, by consenting to become his interpreter. It was not till after the revolution of February 1848, that she appeared upon the stage except as the heroine of strictly classic tragedy. Her first step without the circle was marked by a success well calculated to embolden her to advance. It was the *Marseillaise*. I had heard it sung in the street by torch-light, by a thousand revolutionary young Frenchmen. It was thrilling. But they were republicans of 1848, and they failed to impart to the *Marseillaise* the character of startling, soul-stirring actuality, by which it appealed so irresistibly to Frenchmen of former times. The imagination was still tasked to account for the terrible potency with which it swayed the popular mind in 1793 and 1794. But sung, or rather chaunted by Rachèl and the Marseillaise in vivid, painful, oppressive reality stereotyped itself in your memory; you had it as Rouget de l'Isle conceived it in a moment of rapt and patriotic inspiration. It was the *fury* of Paris for two months: and by the special influence of Ledru-Rollin, Mlle. Rachel left Paris for a tour in the provinces to wake up throughout France, by singing the Marseillaise, a revolutionary republican spirit, preparatory to the April elections. But Ledru-Rollin is dethroned, the reactionists have succeeded him, and Rachel sings the Marseillaise no more.

Encouraged, however, by that success, she ventured another departure from the circle of tragic *rôles* by appearing in the *Moineau de Lesbie*, a classic *comedy*, in one act, in verse, by M. Barthet. This was a daring adventure—far more so than the first: for the Marseillaise, if not a tragedy, is essentially tragic, and Rachel could hardly be said to have departed, in reciting it, from that special walk of her art which she has so illustrated by her talent. Rachel, too, as she will have to admit ere long, is herself essentially tragic by nature and by habit: and I predict she will only diminish the intensity of her fame by attempting to enlarge its area. Rachel could hardly fail, whatever she might essay: nobody mentioned but to praise her personification of the Roman *Lesbie*. But it did not run the town mad—and that is almost a failure for her. The *drame* is neither quite tragedy, or quite comedy, but *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, in which Rachel appeared two weeks ago for the first time, is a sad story, amounting in dignity and incident almost to tragedy. Adrienne Lacouvreur, a celebrated actress of the French Theatre, flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century. She loved the celebrated Count Maurice de Saxe as a devoted woman loves the man of her choice. The Count loved her as any illustrious general and gallant young nobleman, upon the worst possible terms with his wife, would love an actress. But a noble lady of the court is also enamored of the gallant Count. She is jealous of Adrienne, perfidiously poisons her, and the closing death-scene is highly tragic, affording fine scope for the powers of Rachel. This time it was a veritable triumph, and deservedly so. Rachel was all herself. She uttered the prose of Scribe with as much ease and elegance and power as if she had been all her life accustomed to it on the stage. Yet it was the first prose piece she ever bore part in. The house was full to overflowing. Many hundreds were refused at the door for want of room. It has been repeatedly performed since and always to crowded boxes. But it is remarked that the severe and classic

representative of the heroines of Corneille and Racine, cannot prevail upon herself to submit her head to the sacrilegious powdering which strict conformity to the customs of one hundred and fifty years ago would enjoin. Adrienne appears amongst the powdered Marchionesses and duchesses of those days, her hair *coiffed* in modern style, smooth, glossy and black as jet. This is an affectation of which she should be ashamed, and a caprice which should not be permitted even in the undisputed queen of modern tragedy. In all other respects, her costume, as Adrienne, is unexceptionable, of surpassing richness and most exquisite taste. Rachel must regret that the exigencies of her profession as tragedian so inexorably exclude the gratification of her vanity as woman. As Adrienne, she is beautiful: but I have never thought her so in any of her strictly tragic characters.

Jenny Lind, the charming Swedish singer, has just relieved the apprehensions which had begun to be entertained of her permanent retirement from the stage. She re-appeared at the Queen's Theatre in London, in the Somnambula. Never, perhaps, say the English papers, noticing the event, has the theatre been thronged with so numerous and so brilliant a company. It would seem that her entrance by marriage into the family of a high dignitary of the established church is postponed for the present. Jenny Lind cannot be persuaded to visit Paris. I can hardly blame her. A lady of her spotless purity of mind and life, of her anti-Gallic character and habits, would enter at Paris into a most uncongenial social medium.

Mlle. Alboni who is, or is going to be, hardly less famous than the Lind, finds, on the contrary, in France her congenial element. There is much greater social sympathy and similitude between France and Italy, than between France and Sweden. Alboni is reaping a golden harvest in the provinces, where her tuneful voice is attracting something more agreeable than stones. Singing nightly at the rate of two thousand francs per night is a highly satisfactory operation: and will enable her to pay the penalty of the French leave which she took of her Parisian manager two or three days before the legal expiration of her engagement. Alboni is admitted to be of a kind and generous nature. She is beloved no less than she is admired by the members of her profession. This is convincing evidence of the goodness of her heart, if it be not of her professional excellence. A needy brother artist was about giving a concert for his own benefit. A promise of Alboni to sing upon the occasion was sufficient to insure the beneficiary a handsome sum. The concert, with the irresistible attraction of Alboni's promise, was announced two weeks in advance. In the meantime Alboni hastily left Paris. With her engagement at the opera she had forgotten also the promise to her needy brother. As the day approached, numerous were the inquiries addressed to the anxious artist if Alboni, whose departure from Paris was generally known, would really be present.

"*Je n'en sais rien!*" was the disconsolate reply. "*Elle me l' a promis.*"

In fact, Alboni, who had really forgotten her promise, recalled it to mind just in time to take post *instanter*, and arrive at the hour of the concert. This she did: and her appearance in the *salle*, just after the commencement of the concert, caused to the company assembled hardly less surprise than pleasure. The evil was done however—the Alboni had not been expected—and many were the vacant seats. It was a novel sight for Alboni's eye to dwell upon, so many unoccupied places. She sang, however, and in her best style.

After the concert was over, she beckoned to her side her unfortunate friend, whom she had honestly meant more effectually to serve.

"*Mon ami*," said she, "what may be the amount of your receipts this evening?"

"About a thousand francs," was the reply.

"And but for my sad blunder they would probably have been double that sum?"

"*Ma foi, oui, signora!* but it can't be helped now."

"It must be helped though," replied Alboni. "Believe me, I am heartily ashamed of my forgetfulness, and must repair the consequences of my error—accept this," at the same time placing in his hands two five hundred franc notes—"and I'll endeavor to have a better memory next time!"

Mdme. Pleyel reputed to be the most accomplished pianist living, is now in Paris playing at a series of concerts. Her concerts cannot be said to be *popular*: but they are much frequented by the aristocracy, who are attracted by the high price of the tickets, which perhaps even more than the character of the music, gives to these *reunions* the welcome prestige of exclusiveness.

Rome, if unfortunately the doomed republic should exist much longer, is destined to lose, and this time, for ever, many of those matchless works of art, which with but one short interval, have for ages formed the principal attraction of strangers within its walls. Bonaparte, the illustrious robber, removed nearly all that were capable of transportation into France to gratify his Parisians and ornament his Louvre. Upon all such the visiters of Rome have for many years past read a little label, upon which is written, "Brought back from Paris in 1815." This label was perhaps to most visiters the best, if not the only evi-

dence of the artistic value of the object before them. What the destroying Goth spared, what the plundering Frank was compelled to restore, Rome herself in the middle of the nineteenth century is selling! The Republic wanted money—the republicans, whose only idea of freedom is license and exemption from taxation, refused to pay—and they hoarded their gold. But of what use to the Republic are the jewels and mosaics, the paintings and the statues that now encumber the walls of the churches and museums! There are fools in the world who will gladly pay for them. Money, money, money. Sell! sell! Rid the Republic of this trash and turn the Vatican into a National Workshop! And lo! with well-lined doublets flocked to Rome from Germany and France a horde of mercenary traffickers in objects of art—and wealthy virtuosos took post for the eternal city, ready to profit by the occasion, and exchange, pound for pound, their rubles and guineas against the master-pieces of the Roman museums, thenceforth destined, far from their natural home on the banks of the classic Tiber, to be lost to the world in the palaces of the Neva and the Thames. Much it is known has already been thus sacrificed. The Emperor of Austria anticipating the havoc which was about to be made, generously issued a proclamation forbidding his subjects to purchase any of the objects coming from the museums of Rome, Florence and Venice, (for all the Italian republics were making the shameful appeal to foreign cupidity.) Even the transit through any portion of the Austrian dominions, of objects thus acquired, was forbidden upon pain of seizure without indemnity, to be restored to the museums from whence they were taken. Mr. O'Connell endeavored to provoke from the English government a similar measure in behalf of the Pope. But, as might be expected in a country where the principles of liberty are so well understood and practised, the application was in vain. Lord John Russell could only reply, that if such articles were attempted to be introduced into the kingdom of Great Britain, they should be subjected to all legal duties, and that government would not become the purchaser. It is amusing to read the indignant comments of many of the French papers upon the conduct of the Italian governments who sell, and of the English and Russian and German *amateurs* who buy Italian statues and pictures. They forget the French wholesale robberies in 1797 and subsequent years. The most lamentable instance of disappropriation which has yet become public, is the reported transfer to an Englishman, for $5,000, of the world-famous master-piece of Raphael, *The Transfiguration*. It was his last and greatest work. Of course it bears the honor of the label—"Brought back from Paris in 1815." I ought to mention a further report in connection with this painting, namely, that the purchaser bought it to save it and means to restore it to the Pope, when the Pope himself shall be restored. If he does so, so soon as this last event takes place, The Transfiguration will soon resume its place in the Vatican. For the cause of Italian liberty wisely understood, for the good of the Romans themselves, their republic has already existed too long by just the number of days it is able to count. Among the innumerable objects of minor value which have without doubt been lately ravished from Rome, is a well-known statuette of the Virgin Mary in massive gold, called *La Vierge aux Anges*, taken from the chapel where the Pope daily worshipped. It is the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Its eyes are composed of diamonds of the value of $1,000, and the eyes of the angels at the feet of the Virgin are diamonds also of great price. The fortunate purchaser, at a very inadequate price, of this interesting work of art, is an English merchant. He exhibited his acquisition in Paris a few days since on his way to England.

The Palace of the Tuilleries, the last residence of the kings of France, which, during the first months after the revolution, was converted into a hospital, is now being fitted up for an appropriate destination—the annual Exposition of modern painting and sculpture. Heretofore the long gallery and other portions of the Louvre have been used for this purpose, to the great inconvenience of the public, and injury of the permanent objects of art forming the museum of the Louvre, which had to be removed, or covered, to make room for the exhibition of modern works during six or eight weeks of each spring. This new destination of the Tuilleries will restore animation to one of the most interesting monuments of the capital, which for the last year has worn a most lugubrious aspect, contrasting strongly with its brilliancy while the royal residence.

Since the date of my last, the Academy of Medicine of Paris, after solemn discussion and deliberation, has pronounced a verdict in favor of the use of Chloroforme as an agent for the production of insensibility. The investigation was provoked by the Ministers of Justice and Public Instruction. Several deaths had occurred in cases where this agent had been employed, under circumstances which left the public and the judicial authorities in doubt whether or not Chloroforme were the cause. A medico-legal jury was formed by the Academy and Chloroforme was duly put upon its trial. Written documents were read, oral testimony in relation to the suspicious cases was heard, the most able men of the profession pro and con were invited to the

discussion, and the verdict was "not guilty." Not unanimous however. It still has some determined and irreconcilable enemies in the medical profession in France: but the general opinion seems to be that the knowledge of the stupifying effects of Chloroforme is one of the most brilliant and useful discoveries of modern science. Its use should by all means be continued; but with wise discretion and only by the hands of scientific and experienced practitioners. Imprudent as has hitherto been the use of it, the number of deaths indisputably chargeable to Chloroforme is very few. For the future the number may be lessened. It should be administered with much reserve to children, and females of susceptible nervous systems: to persons subject to hemorrhage or to attacks of epilepsy, of which Chloroforme would provoke the return: to persons whose lungs or heart are diseased, or who are subject to fainting for slight causes. Care should be taken to have Chloroforme pure. It should be administered in moderate doses proportioned to the age, constitution and temperament of the patient. According to M. Guerin thirty-one grains suffice to produce sleep and insensibility: forty-five or sixty might produce death in less than fifteen minutes: and with one hundred and fifty or sixty, animals were struck motionless in one or two minutes. An apparatus that would measure the exact quantity inspired, would certainly be preferable to the sponge or handkerchief ordinarily used. Special care should be taken to allow during inhalation sufficient atmospheric air to mingle with the vapour of Chloroforme to insure unimpeded respiration and circulation.

If some few cases of death may be attributed to Chloroforme, it is, on the other hand, proved that since the use of this agent, the number of deaths in grave surgical operations is materially lessened. Returns made by *Simpson* show mortality to be lessened 11 per cent. Similar returns by *Roux* for 1847–8, show twenty-five deaths for one hundred operations. The two preceding years gave thirty-three in a hundred.

By the way, M. Stanislaus Julien, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, has lately been making researches among Chinese authors—where so many of the discoveries of modern science which were supposed new have been proved to be some hundreds of years old—to ascertain if the use of Chloroforme, Ether, or some similar agent to paralyze nervous sensibility, could not be detected in Chinese practice. In a biographical memoir of the Chinese physician, Moatho, he came across the following passage, dating from the sixteenth century:

"But in certain cases when these remedies could not be applied, he gave to the patient a preparation of hemp. In a few moments the patient became insensible as if he were dead drunk or even deprived of life. While in this state the physician performed his surgical operations, making openings, incisions, amputating limbs and removing the cause of the evil. After a few days the patient was completely restored, without having experienced during the operations which had been performed upon him, the slightest degree of pain."

A new *calculating machine*, invented by a couple of indigent young Frenchmen, after many years of privation and persevering toil, has lately been the subject of a highly flattering report on the part of a committee appointed by the Academy of Sciences for its examination. It is said to be much more perfect that any which have yet been invented, and destined to facilitate, in a most important manner, the long calculations of the astronomer. The inventors MM. Maurel and Jayet, accompanied by two members of the Academy, have had the honor of presentation at the Elysée-Bourbon and of exhibiting their machine to the President of the Republic. Being very poor they have received from government small sinecures, which will enable them at their ease, to perfect and superintend the construction of their machines till they shall be ready for delivery to the public.

The political sky of France is darkly overcast. I begin to apprehend that another terrible struggle like that of June will usher in a short reign of the Democratic and Socialist Republic, led by that pestilent demagogue, Ledru-Rollin. I have been hoping that the strong government, of which France has need, would be arrived at without passing as was done fifty years ago by ultra-democracy, and Terror, and Despotism. But most alarming symptoms are now discernible. It is to be feared that the army, upon which alone reliance was placed for the maintenance of order, has since June become deeply infected with the pernicious socialist doctrines preached by the red republican journals and agents. Taught by the experience of June, that their cause was utterly hopeless unless they could gain the army, they, about six months ago, organized a propagand for this special object. Obeying a word of order from the chiefs, a complete union took place between the socialists pure and the advanced democratic republicans; and all their organs, with the most striking unanimity and almost instantaneously, commenced paying court to the army—to the rank and file—and especially to the non-commissioned officers. Prior to June the army was the subject of their daily abuse—they insisted upon the removal from the capital of all regular troops. For a season the Provisional Government was intimidated into submis-

sion, and not a soldier of the line, horse or foot, was seen in Paris. But the evident revolutionary projects of the ultra party, the commotions consequent upon the establishment of the National Workshops, compelled government with as little parade as possible,—in some cases almost secretly—to introduce many regiments into the city. The crisis came. And it was the army alone which decided in favor of the cause of Order. From that time sixty thousand troops have been quartered in the capital. It was impossible again to procure their removal—it was impossible to conquer them. It was determined to win them, or at least so many of them as to paralyze their action in case of another insurrection. Hence their propagand was prosecuted with such success, that two months ago Ledru-Rollin openly boasted that the omnipotent *Idea* would prevail and the democratic and social republic be established in spite of all the reactionist parties. "It suffices," he tauntingly told the ministers, "it suffices for your regiments to be only six weeks stationed in Paris for them to become socialist!" In truth, notwithstanding the studied denials in behalf of Government, several regiments have been sent away from Paris, and a camp formed without the walls in order to remove them from socialist influence. Many of the socialist teachers were arrested, their tracts and journals were strictly forbidden entrance into the barracks, soldiers were punished for reading them. These coercive measures very naturally increased the evil they were intended to suppress. The soldiers felt, and their discontent was carefully fomented by their socialist friends, that their dignity as men and their rights as freemen were violated by these measures. They attended clubs, and banquets, and electoral ultra-democratic meetings, in spite of orders and punishment. The democratic socialists of Paris have just announced their list of candidates for the elections of the 13th instant for members of the new assembly. Three of the twenty-eight nominees belong to the army—a lieutenant and two sergeants. The result of all this is, I fear, that in the struggle—*I mean the insurrection*—which the socialists democrats are now preparing, the army will not be found where it was in June last, firm, united, obeying implicitly and promptly its officers, on the side of order.

These mischievous, but alluring socialist doctrines, have even made notable progress among many companies of the National Guards which in June marched resolutely to the storming of the barricades.

The socialist republicans all counted from, I am satisfied, a very small minority of Frenchmen: but their opponents are divided into four or more hostile parties. They are united, desperate, daring men, who have little to lose, and all to gain by change. If they have succeeded, to the extent apprehended, in seducing the army, they will not fail in a second appeal to the barricades of Paris. As Paris goes so goes France: the departments have not yet—free and republican though they pretend to be—effected their emancipation from metropolitan domination—and lo! the red republic and Terror reign in France! If things should come to this sad pass, their reign will not be of long duration, ere a strong monarchical government shall end at once Anarchy and Liberty.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is showing so little haste to put away the Republic; he persists so pertinaciously in retaining beside him the Barrot Cabinet, which is divided between the Orleanist and Bourbon factions, that the Bonapartists pure, in their hot haste to restore the Empire with its internal order and external glory, are beginning to desert him and take as their leader *Napoleon Bonaparte*, son of Jerome. This young man, from a warm supporter of the President, has lately become the opponent of his government. He is now becoming his rival. He will be run for the legislative assembly in thirty or forty different departments: and he hopes by this means, though he can represent but one department, to cover himself with the prestige of several millions of votes of which Louis made so much political capital. The ministry were so annoyed by his presence in France that they sent Napoleon as ambassador to Spain. On his way to Madrid, he publicly spoke, in conference with the ultra-Bonapartists, so disrespectfully of the President and so insultingly of his ministers, that Louis Napoleon wrote him a gently admonitory letter, which was published in the papers, doubtless with the privity of the President, even before it could have reached its destination by mail. Napoleon promptly, without leave, without even paying a farewell visit to the queen, left Madrid for Paris. Advised by the telegraph of this step of the young ambassador, the President instantly published in the *Moniteur* the dismissal of his cousin. They are now avowed opponents; and are rapidly severing the Bonapartist party. The majority, however, seems as yet disposed to adhere to Louis, waiting his own time, to put the Republic aside, and uniting cordially in the coming elections with the other monarchical parties against the anarchist red republicans. Unhappy France! "They would have had me become a Washington!" said the Emperor. "But it was impossible for me to be other than a *Washington crowned*. To avoid a counter-Brumaire, I was forced to pass by the Dictatorship!" The same necessity exists now. France wants a crowned Washington. But she will sooner find another Napoleon!

W. W. M.

FLIRTATION.

BEING AN ESSAY BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

> Without thee, what were unenlightened man?
> A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds—
> Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
> Nor grace, nor love were his.—*Thomson's Seasons.*

There is so little stirring now-a-days, that we feel disposed to discourse a trifle upon a subject much talked of, but little understood.

In saying that Flirtation is a subject much talked of, but little understood, we make no rash assertion. Every science has its pretenders, and none has more ignorant worshippers than this. Be it ours, writing from a chair, which, like its occupant, has seen better days; be it ours to expound some of its mysteries for the benefit of youthful "hearts *now* pregnant with celestial fire."

In the first place then, Flirtation is not love-making, nor any thing like it. For in the one case, a man starts on a voyage at the commencement of which he casts aside the rudder of reason and trusts to prosperous breezes and the favor of the gods for reaching in safety "the haven where he would be." In the other, like the experienced mariner sent to explore a hitherto unknown coast, he approaches it warily, sounds the depths and shallows, sends out boats hither and thither to make observations, takes the bearings of the headlands and inlets, carefully notes them all in his log-book; and, when all has been explored, sails away to other lands. In an expedition of this kind, however, there is no mistaking icebergs for continents, as the English journals say was the case with our famous Exploring Expedition.

Nor in the next place, is Flirtation to be mistaken for Coquetry. The foam of champagne is not that of the juice of night-shade, though the one resembles the other. There is some difference between an exhilirating beverage and a deadly poison. We need not caution our own sex, however, against the practice of coquetry. This belongs by prescriptive right only to women. The theory on this subject is, that there are no broken hearts amongst them; that they do not surrender their tender affections until their Papas have been duly consulted; but, as soon as leave is asked and obtained, that then the gentle feeling darts like lightning into their souls, subduing, controlling and changing their characters. But to them we would address a word of warning as to the use of this power, for we have known some manly hearts, beating high with generous aspirations, completely wrecked in this way; and the curse of a wounded spirit never fails to cling.

Nor in the next place is Flirtation to be mistaken for friendship. They are not only distinct, but in most respects, antagonistic. Perhaps I cannot better explain this principle to the students of this science, than by relating the following narrative. They can also sharpen their wits by studying it.

Mr. A., a young law-student, left a certain town to the Eastward, for the purpose of attending a law-school. Whilst there, he became acquainted with Miss B., who had much to recommend her; at least sufficient to cause him to fall in love with her. He had reason to suppose that she was not indifferent to him, but being proud and unpossessed of fortune, whilst she was very wealthy, he tore himself away, pursued his studies elsewhere, and on obtaining his license, cast anchor in one of our large cities, there to struggle with those trials and mortifications, to suffer those anxieties, those sickening hours of hope deferred, which only a young, unfriended lawyer can fully know, and which drive some to the fearful guilt of self-destruction.

Nearly two years had elapsed, from the time that he first saw her, when she, whose image was graven on his heart, made an unexpected visit to the city in which he resided. He called to see her. She was cold and distant. Still something in her manner bade him call again. He went, went frequently. At last he addressed her. She refused him. He threw himself back on his pride, and although gentle and friendly in his demeanor, yet he laid aside his love for her altogether. She appeared perplexed. The period fixed for her visit expired, yet she lingered. At last she went, and they parted *friends*.

They met twice or thrice during the two years next succeeding. From each interview they parted *friends*. Another year passed on. They met again. Something in her tone brought back old times. His heart told him that he had not made due allowance for her wounded pride—that he should have said something in explanation of his abrupt departure from the law-school, before addressing her. So he once more stood before her as a lover.

"It was too late," she said. "Once she had admired—perhaps loved him—but it was too late."

No matter what happened further at that interview, nor what happened subsequently. As she well said—"it was too late"—but the heart of an ambitious and distinguished lawyer often turns despondingly to dream of the past, and to think of his *friend*.

We ought in the next place, after having shown what Flirtation is not, to define what it is. But

Mephistopheles truly says—"he who wishes to define any living thing, seeks first to drive the spirit out of it. He then has the parts in his hand, only the spiritual bond is wanting." Such a catastrophe we by no means desire, for Flirtation we consider not only a spiritual thing, but one essentially and entirely spiritual. To drive the spirit out of it then would not even leave the parts in our hand. So we will proceed to consider the various shapes in which this "living" thing developes itself.

And here we premise that a flirtation, like man himself, is the creature of circumstances. The relative position of the parties is always so modified by the accidents of birth, wealth, personal appearance and the like, that it would be vain to attempt laying down rules invariably to be followed. But certain maxims, the result of experience and observation we may disclose, which if shaped a little to suit the occasion, may prove of service to those ambitious of becoming masters in a science of so much delicacy and dexterity as Flirtation.

As the first of these, we would say: Let no man enter on a flirtation with a lazy mind—*Cogenda mens ut incipiat* says Seneca, and in nothing is this precept more true than in matters of this kind. The intellect must be aroused, the faculties strained, memory made to yield up its hoarded stores of information, imagination to shed its varied lights over passing scenes, perception awakened to every tone of voice, to every light and shadow which passes over the countenance, while the will, like a strong man armed, must preserve a calm, serene composure within.

We admit that all this is difficult to attain. But let no one suppose it unworthy of his best efforts. In point of fact, woman constitutes, in one way or another, the principal object of man's existence during that long period, which reaches from boyhood to the grave, from the hour that we form dim, fantastic visions of happiness to be realized through her instrumentality, to the time when we look back with sorrowful hearts over dissipated delusions and dwell in those recollections which are "pleasant but mournful to the soul."

And here let an "old fellow," (as we are familiarly called by the wanton juveniles around us,) let one, who is no longer an actor in gay scenes, say somewhat as to the pleasures of memory. They are after all the most certain. We soon learn that the phantoms of hope glide delusively before our eyes; that to-morrow may deceive us; that the once loved may prove faithless; that change may come even to the wanderer, weary with his too long sojourning on earth.

But of the past, nothing can rob us. It changes not. Yesterday cannot deceive us. The well-known voice, the friendly face, the trusty hand, are ours forever. But a truce to our digressions.

We were saying that a flirtation was worthy of a man's best efforts. We deliberately repeat our assertion. No man can enter upon one with a woman of talent and feeling, without being greatly improved thereby both mentally and morally. To illustrate our meaning.

Many years ago, a friend of ours, about one-and-twenty, good looking, intelligent, and ambitious of improvement, had occasion to visit one of our large cities for some three or four months. Soon after his arrival there, he became acquainted with two young ladies, one of whom was staying at the house of the other on a friendly visit. My friend had his evenings entirely at his command, and as they told him that they approved highly of innocent Flirtations, he determined to try his powers by encountering two sprightly girls at once. A bold man, truly! But he succeeded, and returned to his home in appreciation of character and capacity to use his powers ten years older. Such had been the mental exercise to which he had been subjected.

My friend is one of those who are disbelievers in the theory held in polite society, that women never die of broken hearts. Accordingly he tells a touching story of one of these girls, which I cannot forbear relating briefly. It has a moral in it; besides which it has the rare merit of being true.

She was just seventeen the night he first became acquainted with her. Her portrait, which we have seen, bespeaks her as eminently beautiful, and yet all who ever knew her say, that it wants the holy lustre which shone upon her countenance. The beauty of her person, the charms of her conversation, the fascination of her manner, proved too much for my friend. He was young. His will was not yet the strong man armed. He loved and was loved.

She was to return some two or three weeks before the time fixed for his departure. The evening before she left, she sang to him once more the plaintive melodies which had so often delighted his ear, for not the least of her attractions was a sweet voice. She shed many tears at the thought of parting, for a presentiment that they would next meet in sadness came over her.

In the morning a little package reached him. It contained a lock of hair and a note, in which she prayed to the God, who is ready to answer the petitions of the pure in heart, that He would bless the object of her love.

He was hurried off to a distant part of the country:

"The Southern breeze was on his brow."

Travelling and exciting occupations soon changed the current of his thoughts, and he came to regard the whole affair as one of those childish attachments, which spring up like a flower and are just as short-lived.

But towards the close of the summer, chance made him acquainted with a gentleman from the place where the girl resided. She became the subject of conversation, and then my friend learnt that her family thought she was dying of consumption.

He had matters to detain him where he then was, but he cast all considerations aside other than the thought of ministering to her grief. He hastened as rapidly as possible to her father's house. It was late in the afternoon when he reached it. He paused as he lifted the latch of the wicket. The honey-suckle and the jasmine gave forth their perfumes, and the roses and lilies displayed their beauties.

He sat down for a moment, for he was sick at heart. But nerving himself, he entered the house. Was she indeed dying? No! She was only more beautiful than ever.

Several hours were spent together that evening—hours of fearful anguish and self-accusation on his part, of truthful forgiveness and gentle blessings on hers. She had never doubted him. She had only blamed herself. Day after day did she take less and less interest in the amusements of society, in the occupations of study. Her only recreation was to sing over, so long as the physicians would allow her, the songs which he had loved. Her only consolation was to dream that the past was no longer the past, but was once more the present. Night and morning had her prayers ascended to the throne of grace in his behalf. She was happy now, and felt that she should soon get well, for he loved her.

Ere the dawn of the next morning had fairly broken, my friend was called to her room.

She was dying. The death damps were on her brow, and yet her eye lighted up with something of its former glory as she turned to gaze on him. A few words of parting—a promise to watch over him through life—an entreaty so to live that she might welcome him to Heaven when he came to die—a prayer for his happiness—and her angelic spirit had left its mortal abode.

Three days of watching beside her corpse,—more than beautiful in death,—three days of that agony which man can know but once; one night beside her grave; and then—out again into the wide world.

But to return to my maxims. Another general maxim is—be careful to select a woman in a transition state. My language must appear as mystic as that of the Delphic oracle; but I will do what the Pythoness never did. I will explain.

"One who is formed," says Goethe, "there is no such thing as pleasing; one who is forming will always be grateful." For example: take a young girl before she fairly embarks in society, to whom all things promise enjoyment, who hastens impetuously to snatch the pleasures which mother earth spreads so bountifully before her, and if you can so command your powers as to render yourself agreeable to her, I know few things more likely to afford a summer's amusement than to study the developements of her mind, the fluctuations of her feelings, and your mutual action and reaction upon one another.

Another maxim is—that a flirtation in the country differs essentially from one in town. In the latter case, the comparative unfrequency with which the parties meet, and the variety of topics afloat, enable the gentleman to go always prepared; whereas, in the former, he is thrown back on his own resources, and is compelled to affect sentiment and to cherish a taste for the beauties of nature. On the other hand he seldom derives as much improvement from a flirtation in the city as from one in the country; because, in the city, he sees the lady chiefly in the masquerade which "good society" teaches its members to wear; but in the country he can enter more deeply into her character, explore more accurately her motives of action—and, by the way, if wise, he will make some of these discoveries a staple of conversation.

Speaking of conversation—let him be careful to cultivate a sportive, half-quizzing mode of talking, even upon the most seriously sentimental subjects. The most daring propositions may be made in a jocose manner with perfect impunity. The least touch of the lachrymose and a man is gone. He has given up "the ribbands." Besides, women admire that graceful way which some men have of passing over the dull and dwelling only on the sprightly parts of a subject. The way in which a man talks is, with them, of more consequence than the matter. Let him not, however, forget the remark of De Staël (a great authority in these things)—*en toute chose c'est la froideur qui offense, et l'imagination, au contraire, a presque toujours de la bonhommie.*

"A knack at rhyming" is also quite necessary and must be cultivated. A little satire, or a bit of tenderness, or raillery, when put into tolerable verse, will often prove of most essential service. As examples: here is something for an over-confident belle.

*Here's to broken hearts a plenty!
Bravo! fill the goblet high!
Never, until maids are scanty,
Never cease to woo and sigh.

*These verses have been set to the music of an air from the opera of L' Elisir d' Amore, *Io con rico.*

Theirs' are hearts were made for breaking
  Fragile things indeed are they—
Don't then disappoint the making,
  But in flirting pass the day—

Who in woman's faith believeth?
  Let the fool his cap put on—
Her glory is that she deceiveth
  Trusting hearts too quickly won—
But to him who her well knoweth,
  Who in her doth not confide,
At his feet she lowly boweth,
  Lays aside her "female pride."

Truth and Honor heaped upon her
  Are like water, poured on sands
Thirsting 'neath the suns of summer—
  Truth and Honor buy no lands.
But bring wealth, and straight you'll gain her.
  "Quick! my lady's carriage call"—
Magic words those are to win her—
  Take her to your lofty hall.

And here is something for a sentimental Miss.

I care not for Fame,
  I care not for wine,
I care but for woman
  In her beauty divine.
I know that good wine
  Its pleasure can give,
But with woman's dear love
  In rapture we live—
    So give me not Fame—
      Give me not wine—
    Give me but woman
      In her beauty divine.

I know Madam Fame
  Her glory can shed
O'er the brows of the living,
  And the tombs of the dead.
Still glory is but fleeting
  And fadeth away,
Like the dew of the morning
  Before coming day—
    So give me not Fame—
      Give me not wine—
    Give me but woman
      In her beauty divine.

I ask but in dying,
  On her bosom to rest,
In her white arms folded,
  To her beating heart prest—
To feel the tear falling
  From her soft beaming eye—
To know that she drinks in
  My last earthly sigh.
    So give me not Fame—
      Give me not wine—
    Give me but woman
      In her beauty divine.

Or by way of mystifying some would-be man-killer, verses like these might be sent.

Oh, Leslie's Kate! Oh, Leslie's Kate!
  When first with thee I met,
I little thought 'twould be my fate
  A lesson strange to get—
But ever since I thee have known—
  I know no reason why—
Thy face upon my path hath shone
  Like stars in twilight sky.

Oh, Leslie's Kate! 'twill not be soon
  That I forget the dance,
When to thy side I bent me down
  To catch their earnest glance—
And then the pleasant morning call,
  When by your side I sat—
You hinted that of all the ball
  You only thought of that.

Nor, Leslie's Kate! will time so soon
  That evening's spell efface,
When magic tricks and arts were shown
  To childhood's wondering gaze—
For me, enchantments had no charm;
  The arts did idle seem,
For near me breathed the living form
  Of some bewitching dream.

We met no more in such gay hours—
  For soon affliction came—
More potent far that life of ours
  To nourish my wild flame.
I knew not that it lurk'd within—
  But in my pulse it stirr'd
'Till other eyes were all unseen,
  And other tones unheard.

I dream'd that Honor, Faith and Truth,
  All in thy bosom dwelt—
Ah! shattered was the dream of youth,
  And 'fore my God I knelt—
I prayed that I might thee forgive,
  This world I might forget,
And in his awful presence live
  Though but too sinful yet.

I wandered 'neath those sunny climes
  Rich in the gems of art—
The music of Cathedral chimes
  Stole o'er my broken heart—
But not the halls where genius dwells
  Could wake life in my breast;
And to mine ear the old church bells
  Spake of eternal rest.

Sad, solemn thoughts steal o'er me now—
  We'll meet not as we've met—
For Death upon my youthful brow
  His icy seal hath set.
Yet happy are the early dead—
  In peaceful graves they sleep—
But may life's sweets on thee be shed
  And God thy spirit keep.

These are given, not for their merit, but by way of specimens to the reflecting student. Valentines also come very well into play in their proper season. We once knew a very doubtful field carried by a judicious use of this species of artillery. Like verses, however, they should be spicy, rather than sentimental.

Another maxim is—rather under, than over, dress. This may seem a startling paradox; nevertheless it is true. That passion which St.

Paul has so appropriately called "the lust of the eye" has but little more than a momentary influence over women. A dazzling exterior may produce a first impression, but no one, who is merely "varnished over with good-breeding," as Sir Fopling has it, can hope to expect any thing more thereby.

The attentive student, however, will carefully note the dress of women. Nothing perhaps is so indicative of female character as female costume. From the ill-made, awkwardly put on gown and unbecoming hat of the elderly Puritan female, whose heart is overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," to the "gay and debonair" attire of the fashionable belle, which is so well calculated to display in luxurious freedom the charms of the wearer; female fancies, tastes, feelings and principles are disclosed to the discerning eye in ribbands, flowers, jewels and frocks. There are indicia to be found here from which conclusions may be drawn with almost unerring accuracy. The Philosophy of Female dress is yet to be written. One of these days a little entreaty from my young female friends may extract something from me on the subject. One thing I will now say: Let my student behold yonder girl. The neat straw hat, so delicately yet so tastefully trimmed, that ten minutes after she has left your sight you cannot say whether it was trimmed or not; the quiet yet well-chosen color of that dress, so modestly made, so neatly fitting, coming up close to the well-formed throat which emerges from a little frill of lace, like the bust of Iris from the lotos leaf: the well-arranged hair, gracefully brushed back from the temples, giving thereby the clear line of that part of the face where genius most loves to dwell, and disclosing the small white ear sitting close to the head: the little edging of lace-cuff just falling on the well-selected glove: the snowy stockings and the neat but easy slipper scarcely, yet still, visible beneath a dress neither too long nor short: let him behold her well, then flee away. Depart! Let him not seek lessons of her. It may not be. She is too earnest and beautiful of soul. She looks upon life with too trustful an eye, too confiding a heart. Like the sensitive plant she may not be touched without suffering, and though too gentle doubtless to express her feelings in words, yet let him beware. The curse of a wounded spirit never fails to cling.

I have not even opened this subject. I had something to say on the Italian adage *Donna che prende, tosto se rende*, and quite a little sermon to deliver on that pithy, pregnant remark of Mephistopheles to Faust:

> Mein guter Freund, das wird sich alles geben;
> Sobald du Dir vertraust, sobald weisst Du zu leben.

I had something to say about the various classes of women, the prude, the blue, the belle, *et omne id genus*; and the different modes of approaching them; some more maxims to suggest, and some more tales to tell. But I am not expected to say so much as to take up a whole number of the Messenger, and therefore I will say no more at present. But I have left my address with my friend, the Editor, who will duly forward all packages, and I stand ready to counsel with any one disposed to seek and take the advice of an elderly gentleman.

One word, however, before I close this essay. We all remember the tale in the Arabian Nights, in which Ali Baba (I believe) goes to the cave of the thieves, and on pronouncing certain magical words, the door opens and he enters a store house full of curiosities and treasures. Thus, I confess, human nature appears to me a vast receptacle of wondrous mysteries, of hidden oracles,

> *οὐδε*
> Μην ποτε λαθα κατακοιμασει.
> Μεγας εν τουτοις ΘΕΟΣ.*

prophecies, eternal in their nature, with Divinity mighty in every line. To *this* cave,—filled with mournful truths, unexplained problems, unsatisfied desires, unheeded sympathies,—Flirtation is the key, the "open sesame" by which we gain admittance. If we are wise we will return to our homes laden with jewels and all manner of precious stones.

*Sophocles.

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

From the German.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A cloven-footed faun was found one day
Beneath an oak asleep, the shepherds found him;—
(This was in Arcady, of olden time!)
Said they, "Come let us bind him to the tree,
And he shall sing a song before we loose him;—
They say these fauns are sweet and pleasant singers;—
One would not think so, they are clad so rough!"
They tied him to the tree, with viny strings,
And pelted him with acorns, and they stung him,—
He turned and rubbed his eyes, and woke at last,—
"Where am I?" said the faun, "where is my flute?
My slender flute?—where is my goblet gone?
I see my flute—and yonder lies my cup—
Shivered to pieces—Bacchus! I have broken it!
I must have been quite jolly! I am tied too;
Who has been fooling with me? Ah! I see you
Peeping around the trunk. I see your crook,

My quaint Arcadian—and you, my lad,
Perched on the swinging limb—(take care, you'll fall!)—
Cease pelting me, you hurt me, let me loose;
Undo these viny fetters if you please!"
"But no," said they, "we do not please at all;
Sing us a song and we will set you free."
"What shall I sing about, mischievous boys?
I cannot sing, as I was wont to do,
For I have dropped my flute and broke my cup.
I'll sing about my goblet, sit beside me."
They sat beside him, and the faun began.

I.

Alas my goblet!
My goblet was exceeding beautiful!
I never saw its like, and I've seen many.
Pan's is not richer, and it is the gift
Of golden Midas, and he gave it to him,
To shame Apollo at their piping match,
(For which he made his ears as long as mine!)
It was the jewel of my cave; I had
A corner where I hid it, in the moss,
Between the jagged crevices of rock;
I used to drain it twenty times a day,
Pledging the Dryads and the Hamadryads;
And when a wood-god or a nymph passed by,
I filled it to the brim with bravest wine,
And offered them a draught, and told them Jove
Had nothing richer on Olympus' top;—
His nectar is not richer than my wine,
Said I, and for my goblet—look at it!
But well-a-day! 'tis broken, my sweet cup;
Its precious fragments strew the common dust!

II.

Alas! my goblet:—
Sometimes my brothers of the wood, the fauns,
Held gay carousals with me in my cave;—
I had a skin of Chian wine therein,
Whereof I made a feast, and all who drank,—
(I'd like to see the faun, who failed to do it!)—
Made ditties on the figures, and the tales
Engraven on the part their lips had kissed;—
But we shall drain the goblet never more,
My brothers of the wood, and never more
Make ditties on it, never, never more!
For I have shivered, broken my sweet cup;
Its precious fragments strew the common dust!

III.

Alas, my goblet,—
Pan was engraven on it, rural Pan,
And all the story of his nymph transformed;—
He stood in horror, in a marshy place,
Clasping a bending reed; he thought to clasp
Syrinx, but clasped a reed and nothing more!
There was another picture 'graved below it;—
Pan, after he had learned to play the flute:—
He learned it by the wind among the reeds,
Solemnly sighing o'er the vanished maid:—
He sat at noon within a shady bower,
With all his herds around him, and he piped;—
(I thought at times I saw his fingers move,
And caught his music, but I must have dreamed!)
And Satyrs danced around, and Dryads peeped
From out the mossy trunks of ancient trees;
And nice-eared Echo mocked him, till he thought
—The simple god—he heard another Pan,
Playing, and wonder shone in his large eyes!—
I shall behold those pictures never more!—
Ah never more, for I have broke my cup,
Its precious fragments strew the common dust!

IV.

Alas! my goblet!
And Jove was pictured on it—Jove himself,
Transformèd for the nonce into a bull,
Bearing forlorn Europa through the waves,
Leaving behind a track of ruffled foam!
A-mort with fear, she held him by the horns,
Her golden tresses streaming on the winds!
And Cupids sported round on wingèd dolphins,
And sea-gods peeped from out their weedy caves,
(The deep was full of wonder-startled faces!)
And on the shore were maids with waving scarfs,
And hinds a-coming to the rescue—late!
Alack! I shall not see the like again,
Since I have broken my delightful cup
And cast its precious fragments in the dust!

V.

Alas! my goblet!
And youthful Bacchus, too, was pictured there;—
He sat in a green arbor hung with vines,
A loving nymph reclining by his side;—
His arm was thrown around her slender waist,
His head lay in her bosom, and she held
A cup a little distance from his lips,
And teased him with it, and he wanted it!
A pair of spotted pards were sleeping near,
Couchant in shade, their heads upon their paws,
And revellers were dancing in the woods!
But all is vanished, lost, forever lost!
Wail! Ai! Ai!—my divinest cup,
Earth's paragon, is shivered at my feet,
Ruined and trampled in the worthless dust!

The swains unbound the faun, delighted with him;—
He gathered up the fragments of his cup
And gave them each a piece and went his ways.—
—This is the Idyll of the Broken Goblet—
I told you of, when we were wandering
To seek our straying flocks: I've marred it some,
I own in singing:—I am like the faun,
And can not sing as I was wont to do;—
I have been sleeping—drunken with the wine,
The enchanted and voluptuous wine of Love,
And in my slumber I have dropped my flute
And broken the bright cup of Poesy!
Alas, and I have broken the rich cup
Unwittingly, and trampled under foot
The golden fragments in the dust of Earth!

The Epic Paintings of Thomas Cole.*

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

"His departure has left a vacuity which amazes and alarms us. It is as if the voyager on the Hudson were to look to the great range of the Catskills, at the foot of which Cole, with a reverential fondness, had fixed his abode, and were to see that the grandest of its summits had disappeared, had sunk into the plain from our sight. I might use a bolder similitude;—it is as if we were to look over the heavens on a starlight evening and find that one of the greater planets, Hesperus or Jupiter, had been blotted from the sky."

[*Funeral Oration by William Cullen Bryant.*

Upon the romantic life of the greatest of American Landscape Painters, it is not our province to discourse, for that task has been assigned to a gifted poet and friend of the departed—the reverend Louis L. Noble;—nor do we purpose to expatiate upon his beautiful character as a man, and his genius as an artist; for that labor of love has already been accomplished by the eminent poet, from whom we have borrowed our motto. The only idea that we have in view, is simply to describe the truly Epic productions of the late Thomas Cole, for the edification of those of our readers who have never had an opportunity of examining them.

In the first place, then, we will turn our attention to the series of five pictures, entitled "*The Course of Empire.*" This work is an epitome of the life of man, and is conceived and executed in a manner which must convince the beholder that the artist possessed many of the attributes of the philosopher, the poet and the Christian.

In the first picture we have a perfectly wild scene of rocks, mountains, woods, and a bay of the ocean, reposing in the luxuriance of a ripe Spring. The clouds of night are being dissipated by the beams of the rising sun. On the opposite side of the bay rises a lofty promontory, crowned by a singular, isolated rock, which would ever be a conspicuous landmark to the mariner. As the same locality is preserved in each picture of the series, this rock identifies it, although the position of the spectator changes in the several pictures. The chase being the most characteristic occupation of savage life, in the foreground we see an Indian clothed in skins, pursuing a wounded deer, which is bounding down a narrow ravine. On a rock, in the middle ground, are other Indians, with their dogs surrounding another deer. On the bosom of a little river below are a number of canoes passing down the stream, while many more are drawn up on the shore. On an elevation beyond these is a cluster of wigwams, and a number of Indians dancing round a fire. In this picture we have the first rudiments of society. Men are already banded together for mutual aid in the chase. In the canoes, huts, and weapons, we perceive that the useful arts have commenced, and in the singing, which usually accompanies the dance of savages, we behold the germs of music and poetry. The Empire is asserted, to a limited degree, over sea, land, and the animal kingdom.

Ages have passed away, and in the second picture we have the Simple or Arcadian State of Society. The time of day is a little before noon, and the season early summer. The "untracked and rude" has been tamed and softened. Shepherds are tending their flocks; a solitary ploughman, with his oxen, is turning up the soil; and in the rude vessels passing into the haven of a growing village, and in the skeleton of a barque building on the shore, we perceived the commencement of Commerce. From a rude temple on a hill the smoke of sacrifice is ascending to the sky, symbolizing the spirit of Religion. In the foreground, on the left hand, is seated an old man, who, by describing strange figures in the sand, seems to have made some geometrical discovery, demonstrating the infancy of Science. On the right hand is a woman with a distaff, about crossing a stone bridge; beside her, a boy is drawing on a stone the figure of a man with a sword; and beyond these, ascending the road, a soldier is partly seen. Under some noble trees, in the middle distance, are a number of peasants dancing to the music of pipe and timbrel. All these things show us that society is steadily progressing in its march of usefulness and power.

Ages have again passed away, and in the third picture we have a magnificent city. It is now mid-day, and early Autumn. The Bay is now surrounded by piles of architecture, temples, colonnades, and domes. It is a day of rejoicing. The spacious harbor is crowded with vessels, war-galleys, ships, and barques, their silken sails glistening in the sunshine. Moving over a massive stone bridge, in the foreground, is a triumphal procession. The conqueror, robed in purple, is mounted on a car drawn by an elephant, and surrounded by captives and a numerous train of guards and servants, many of them bearing pictures and golden treasures. As he is about to pass the triumphal arch, beautiful girls strew flowers in his path; gay festoons of drapery hang from the clustered columns; golden trophies glitter in the sun, and incense rises from silver censers. Before a Doric temple, on the left, a multitude of white-robed priests are standing on the marble steps, while near them a religious

* Nearly all the matter contained in the following article has already been printed elsewhere, but only in detached paragraphs, and never before, in the condensed form in which it now appears

ceremony is being performed before a number of altars. The statue of Minerva, with a Victory in her hand, stands above the building of the Caryatides, on a columned pedestal, near which is a company of musicians, with cymbals, "trumpets also, and shawms." From the lofty portico of a palace, an imperial personage is watching the procession, surrounded by her children, attendants and guards. Nations have been subjugated, man has reached the summit of human glory. Wealth, power, knowledge, and taste have worked together and accomplished the highest meed of human achievement and Empire.

Another change—and lo! in the fourth picture, the Vicious State, or State of Destruction. Behold the consequences of luxury, in the weakened and debased condition of mankind. A savage enemy has entered the once proud and happy city; a fierce tempest is raging; walls and colonnades are lying in the dust, and temples and palaces are being consumed by the torch of the incendiary. The fire of vengeance is swallowing up the devoted city. An arch of the bridge, over which the triumphal procession had before passed, has been battered down, and broken pillars, ruins of war-engines, and the temporary bridge which had been thrown over, indicate that this has been the scene of direst contention. Now there is a terrible conflict on the bridge, whose insecurity accelerates the horror of the conflict. Horses, and men, and chariots, are precipitated into the raging waves. War-galleys are contending; others in flames; and others still, sinking beneath the prow of a superior foe. Smoke and flames are issuing from the falling and prostrate edifices; and along the battlements and in the blocked-up streets the conflict is dreadful indeed. The foreground is strewed with the bodies of the dead and dying. Some have fallen into the basin of a fountain, tinging the water with blood. One female is sitting in mute despair over the dead body of her son; another leaping over a battlement, to escape the grasp of a ruffian soldier; and other soldiers drag a woman by the hair down the steps, that form the pedestal of a mutilated colossal statue, whose shattered head lies on the pavement below. A barbarous enemy has conquered the city; Carnage and Destruction have asserted their frightful Empire.

The last and most impressive picture of this series is the scene of Desolation. The sun has just departed, and the moon is ascending the twilight sky over the ocean, near the place where the sun rose in the first picture. The shades of evening are gradually stealing over the shattered and ivy-grown ruins of that once great city. A lonely column rises in the foreground, on whose capital a solitary heron has built her nest, and at the foot of it her mate is standing in the water, both of them apparently conscious of being a living mockery. The Doric temple and triumphal bridge may still be identified among the ruins, which are laved by the waters of the tranquil sea. But though man and his works have perished, the steep promontory with its isolated rock, still rears itself against the sky, unmoved, unchanged. Time has consumed the works of man, and art is resolving into its elemental nature. The gorgeous pageant has passed, the roar of battle has ceased, the multitude has mingled with the dust, the Empire is extinct.

The first, second, and last of these paintings are the best of the series, not only in the poetry they pourtray, but in their execution. The style is more varied and natural, and has less the appearance of paint than many of the artist's later productions. As to the third and fourth paintings, the conception of both is exceedingly fine and poetical, but they are deficient in execution. The architecture is admirably done, but the numerous figures which it was necessary to introduce, are poorly drawn and arranged; and there is a feebleness in the effect. It would be, perhaps, too much to ask that an artist should be a great painter of scenery, and also a master of the human figure. As a whole, however, the Course of Empire is a work of art worthy of any nation or any painter. These pictures were painted for the late Luman Reed, at a cost of eight thousand dollars, but are now the property of the New York Gallery, which institution owes its existence to Mr. Reed, whose collection of Pictures formed the foundation thereof.

The next work to which we would call the attention of our readers is called "*The Voyage of Life.*" It is a series of four pictures, allegorically pourtraying the prominent features of man's life, viz: childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. The subject is one of such universal interest, that it were almost impossible to treat it in an entirely original manner, but no one can deny that the conception of the painter displays a high and rare order of poetic power.

In the first, we behold the dawn of a summer morning. A translucent stream is issuing from an unknown source, out of a deep cavern in the side of a mountain. Floating gently down the stream, is a golden boat, made of the sculptured figures of the Hours, while the prow is formed by the present hour holding forth an emblem of Time. It is filled with flowers, and on these a little child is seated, tossing them with his upraised hands, and smiling with new-born joy, as he looks upon the unnumbered beauties and glories of this bright world around him; while a guardian angel is at the helm, with his wings lovingly and protectingly extended over the child. Love, purity, and beauty emanate like incense

from the sky, the earth and water, so that the heart of the gazer seems to forget the world, and lose itself in a dream of heaven.

A few fleeting years are gone, and behold the change! The Stream of Life is widened, and its current strong and irresistible, but it flows through a country of surpassing loveliness. The Voyager, who is now a youth, has taken the helm into his own hands, and the dismissed angel stands upon the shore looking at him with "a look made of all sweet accord," as if he said in his heart, "God be with thee, thoughtless mortal!" But the youth heeds not his angel, for his eyes are now riveted by an airy castle pictured against the sky, dome above dome, reaching to the very zenith. The phantom of worldly happiness and worldly ambition has absorbed the imagination and eager gaze of the wayward voyager, and as he urges his frail bark onward, he dreams not of the dangers which may await him in his way. To the boat, only a few flowers are now clinging, and on closer observation we perceive that the castle in the air, apparently so real, has only a white cloud for its foundation, and that ere long the stream makes a sudden turn, rushing with the fury of a maddened steed down a terrible ravine. The moral of the picture it is needless to elucidate.

Another change, and lo! the verge of a cataract and a fearful storm. The rudderless bark is just about to plunge into the abyss below, while the voyager (now in the prime of manhood) is imploring the only aid, that can avail him in the trying hour, that of heaven. Demoniacal images are holding forth their temptations in the clouds around him, but he heeds them not. His confidence in God supports him, the previous agony of his soul is dispelled or subdued, by a reflection of immortal light stealing through the storm, and by the smiles of his guardian angel, visibly stationed in the far-off sky.

The Voyage of Life is ended, and our voyager, now white with hoary hairs, has reached that point where the waters of time and eternity mingle together—a bold conception, which is finely embodied by the daring genius of the painter. The hour-glass is gone, and the shattered bark is ready to dissolve into the fathomless waters beneath. The old man is on his knees, with clasped hands and his eyes turned heavenward, for the greenness of earth is forever departed, and a gloom is upon the ocean of Eternity. But just above the form of our good voyager is hovering his angel, who is about to transport him to his home; and, as the eye wanders upward, an infinite host of heavenly ministers are seen ascending and descending the cloudy steps which lead to the bosom of God. Death is swallowed up in life, the glory of heaven has eclipsed that of the earth, and our voyager is safe in the haven of eternal rest. And thus endeth the allegory of Human Life.

With regard to the mechanical execution of these paintings, we consider them not equal to some of the earlier efforts of the same pencil. They are deficient in atmosphere, and have too much the appearance of paint. The water in the first, second and third pictures, is superior, but the perspective and atmosphere in the second are masterly. In all of them the figures are very fine, considering the difficulty of managing such peculiar characters. In the first we are pleased with the simplicity of the composition; in the second, with the variety, there being portrayed the elm of England, the plains of Tuscany, the palm of tropic climes, the mountains of Switzerland, and the oak of America; in the third, with the genius displayed in using the very storm to tell a story; and in the fourth, with the management of the shadows, and the apparent reality of the light from heaven. These pictures were painted for the late Samuel Ward of New York City, and the price received for them was six thousand dollars. During the last year, however, they were purchased by the American Art Union, and distributed among the prizes at their annual lottery in December.

Duplicates of the above paintings were executed by Cole, and sold to a gentleman in Cincinnati in the year 1846.

The last, and in many respects the most impressive, of Cole's more ambitious productions, is a series of five pictures entitled *The Cross and the World*. The designs or studies for these pictures were all executed, but owing to the untimely death of the artist, only two out of the five were ever finished on a large scale. This series of pictures constitute a christian poem of a high order, and in describing them, we shall employ the language of one who has probably studied the entire work more thoroughly than any other man. The idea is that two youths enter upon a pilgrimage—one to the cross and the other to the world.

In the first picture the eye of the beholder first strikes the bold termination of a chain of mountains, with craggy peaks lost in the clouds.

The same lofty range is seen through the entire series.

To the left, a straight and narrow path takes its way up a rugged gorge, down which there beams a silvery light from a bright cross in the sky. The path at first leads off through fields of real flowers, betokening the early part of the Christian life, neither difficult nor uninviting. In the distance a dark mist, hovering over the track, conceals from the advancing way-farer the real difficulties of his journey, and betoken

the sorrows which of necessity befall him. To the right, a gracefully winding way leads down into a gently undulating and pleasant vale. Stretching forward through delightful landscapes, it finally fades away, and leaves the eye to wander on to the dim pinnacles and domes of a great city. A golden light falls through an atmosphere of repose, and lends warmth, softness, and beauty, as well to crag and precipice as to the rich valley. By-paths, serpent-like, steal up upon the sunny slopes of the mountain, inviting the traveller to the enjoyment of the prospect and the coolness of the waterfall.

Vegetation of unnatural growth, and gorgeous and unreal flowers skirt the borders of the way.

At the foot of the mountain stands Evangelist with the open Gospel. A little in advance are the waters, symbolical of Baptism.

Two youths, companions in the travel of life, having come to the parting of their road, are affectionately and earnestly directed to the shining cross. While one, through the power of truth, enters with timid steps upon his holy pilgrimage, the other, caught by the enchantment of the earthly prospect, turns his back upon Evangelist and the Cross, and speeds forward upon the pathway of the world.

In the second picture we have a wild mountain region now opening upon the beholder. It is an hour of tempest. Black clouds envelope the surrounding summits. A swollen torrent rushes by, and plunges into the abyss. The storm, sweeping down through terrific chasms, flings aside the angry cataract, and deepens the horror of the scene below. The Pilgrim, now in the vigor of manhood, pursues his way on the edge of a frightful precipice. It is a moment of imminent danger. But gleams of light from the shining cross break through the storm, and shed fresh brightness along his perilous and narrow path. With steadfast look, and renewed courage, the lone traveller holds on his heavenly pilgrimage.

The whole symbolizes the trials of faith.

In the third picture the beholder looks off upon an expanse of tranquil water. On the right are the gardens of pleasure, where the devotees of sensual delights revel in all that satiates and amuses. Near a fountain, whose falling waters lull with perpetual murmurs, stands a statue of the goddess of Love. An interminable arcade, with odorous airs and delicious shade, invites to the quiet depths of a wilderness of greenery and flowers. A gay throng dances upon the yielding turf, around a tree, to the sound of lively music. Near an image of Bacchus, a company enjoys a luxurious banquet.

On the left is the Temple of Mammon, a superb and costly structure, surmounted by the wheel of Fortune. Beneath its dome, a curiously-wrought fountain throws out showers of gold, which is eagerly caught up by the votaries below.

From the great censers, rising here and there above the heads of the multitude, clouds of incense roll up and wreath the columns of the temple—a grateful odor to the God. The trees and shrubbery of the adjacent grounds are laden with golden fruit.

Far distant, in the middle of the picture, a vision of earthly power and glory rises upon the view. Splendid trophies of conquest adorn the imposing gateway; suits of armor, gorgeous banners, and the victor's wreath. Colonnades and piles of architecture stretch away in the vast perspective. At the summit of a lofty flight of steps stand conspicuous the throne and sceptre. Suspended in the air, at the highest point of human reach, is that glittering symbol of royalty, the crown. Between the beholder and this grand spectacle are armies in conflict, and a city in flames, indicating that the path to glory lies through ruin and the battle-field. To the contemplation of this alluring scene the Pilgrim of the World, now in the morning of manhood, is introduced. Which of the fascinating objects before him is the one of his choice, is left to the imagination of the spectator. The picture symbolizes the pleasure, the fortune, and the glory of the world.

In the fourth picture, the Pilgrim, now an old man on the verge of existence, catches a first view of the boundless and eternal. The tempests of life are behind him; the world is beneath his feet. Its rocky pinnacles, just rising through the gloom, reach not up into his brightness; its sudden mists, pausing in the dark obscurity, ascend no more into his serene atmosphere. He looks out upon the infinite. Clouds—embodiments of glory, threading immensity in countless lines, rolling up from everlasting depths—carry the vision forward toward the unapproachable light. The Cross, now fully revealed, pours its effulgence over the illimitable scene. Angels from the presence, with palm and crown of immortality, appear in the distance, and advance to meet him. Lost in rapture at the sight, the Pilgrim drops his staff, and with uplifted hands, sinks upon his knees.

In the last picture, desolate and broken, the Pilgrim, descending a gloomy vale, pauses at last on the horrid brink that overhangs the outer darkness. Columns of the Temple of Mammon crumble; trees of the gardens of pleasure moulder on his path. Gold is as valueless as the dust with which it mingles. The phantom of glory—a baseless, hollow fabric—flits under the wing of

death to vanish in a dark eternity. Demon forms are gathering around him. Horror-struck, the Pilgrim lets fall his staff, and turns in despair to the long-neglected and forgotten Cross. Veiled in melancholy night, behind a peak of the mountain, it is lost to his view forever.

The above pictures are in the possession of the artist's family.

We did think of describing at length *all* the imaginative productions of our great master in landscape, but upon further reflection we have concluded merely to record their titles, by way of giving our readers an idea of the versatility of Cole's genius. They are as follows:—*The Departure and Return*, which is a poetical representation of the Feudal Times, *The Cross in the Wilderness*, *Il Penseroso*, *L' Allegro*, *The Past and Present*, *The Architect's Dream*, *Dream of Arcadia*, *The Expulsion of Adam and Eve*, and *Prometheus Bound*. As the last mentioned picture is owned in England, and is unquestionably one of the wildest and most splendid efforts of the painter's pencil, we cannot refrain from a brief description. The scene represented is among the snow-covered peaks of a savage mountain land, and to the loftiest peak of all, is chained the being who gives the picture a name. Immediately in the foreground, is a pile of rocks and broken trees, which give a fine effect to the distant landscape, while, just above this foreground, is a solitary vulture slowly ascending to the upper air, to feast upon its victim. The idea of leaving the devouring scene to the imagination, could only have been conceived by the mind of the most accomplished artist. The time represented is early morning—and the cold blue ocean of the sky is studded with one brilliant star, which represents Jupiter, by whose order Prometheus was chained to the everlasting rock.

This is one of the most truly sublime pictures we have ever seen, and possesses all the qualities which constitute an epic production. The unity of the design is admirable,—one figure, one prominent mountain, a cloudless sky, one lonely star, one representative of the feathery tribes, and one cluster of rocks for the foreground,—and it is also completely covered with an atmosphere which gives every object before us a dreamy appearance. In point of execution we cannot possibly find a fault with this glorious picture, and we do not believe that the idea of the poet was ever better illustrated by any landscape painter.

With regard to the actual views and other less ambitious productions of Cole, we can only say that the entire number might be estimated at about one hundred. The majority of them are illustrative of European scenery, but of those which are truly American, it may be said that they give a more correct and comprehensive idea of our glorious scenery, than do the productions of any other American artist. In looking upon his better pictures of American scenery we forget the pent up city, and our hearts flutter with a joy allied to that which we may suppose animates the woodland bird, when listening in its solitude to the hum of the wilderness. Perpetual freedom, perpetual and unalloyed happiness, seem to breathe from every object which he portrays, and as the eye wanders along the mountain declivities, or mounts still farther up on the chariot-looking clouds, as we peer into the translucent waters of his lakes and streams, or witness the solemn grandeur and gloom of his forests, we cannot but wonder at the marvellous power of genius. The style of our artist is bold and masterly. While he did not condescend to delineate every leaf and sprig which may be found in nature, yet he gave you the *spirit* of the scene. To do this is the province of genius, and an attainment beyond the reach of mere talent. The productions of Cole appeal to the intellect more than to the heart, and we should imagine that Milton was his favorite poet. He loved the uncommon efforts in nature, and was constantly giving birth to new ideas. He had a passion for the wild and tempestuous, and possessed an imagination of the highest order. He was also a lover of the beautiful and occasionally executed a picture full of quiet summer-like sentiment: but his joy was to depict the scenery of our mountain land, when clothed in the rich garniture of autumn. He was the originator of a new style, and is now a most worthy member of that famous brotherhood of immortals whom we remember by the names of Lorraine, Poussin, Rosa, Wilson and Gainsborough.

The name of Cole is one which his countrymen should not willingly let die. A man of fine, exalted genius, by his pencil he has accomplished much good, not only to his chosen art, by becoming one of its masters, but eminently so in a moral point of view. And this reminds us of the influences, which may be exerted by the landscape painter. That these are of importance no one can deny. Is not painting as well the expression of thought as writing? With his pencil, if he is a wise and good man, the artist may portray, to every eye that rests upon his canvass, the loveliness of virtue and religion, or the deformity and wretchedness of a vicious life. He may warn the worldling of his folly and impending doom, and encourage the Christian in his pilgrimage to heaven. He may delineate the marvellous beauty of nature, so as to lead the mind upward to its Creator, or proclaim the ravages of time, that we may take heed to our ways

and prepare ourselves for a safe departure from this world, into that beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death. A goodly portion of all these things have been accomplished by Thomas Cole. As yet, he is the only landscape painter in this country who has attempted imaginative painting, and the success which has followed him in his career, even in a pecuniary point of view, affords great encouragement to our younger painters in this department of the art. He has set a noble example, which ought to be extensively followed. Observe, we do not mean by this that his subjects ought to be imitated. Far from it; because they are not stamped with as decided a national character, as the productions of all painters should be. Excepting his actual views of American scenery, the paintings of Cole might have been produced had he never set foot upon our soil. Let our young artists aspire to something above a mere copy of nature, or even a picture of the fancy; let them paint the visions of their imagination. No other country ever offered such advantages as our own. Let our young painters use their pencils to illustrate the thousand scenes, strange, wild, and beautiful, of our early history. Let them aim high, and their achievements will be distinguished. Let them remember that theirs is a noble destiny. What though ancient wisdom and modern poetry have told us that "art is long and time is fleeting!"—let them toil and persevere with nature as their guide, and they will assuredly have their reward.

ENGLISH BALLADS.

The earliest poets of Europe were the *Scalds*, or bards of the Scandinavian tribes. Their name is explained to mean "Smoothers (or Polishers) of Language;" though some derive it from "skal," a word which often occurs in their poems. Coming from the East, with Odin and his followers, when those wild hordes overran the countries which lie along the shores of the Baltic, they celebrated in verse the great wants in the history of their people, and the martial renown of their kings and heroes. They were held in the highest esteem and reverence—were honored with the companionship of monarchs and warriors—and looked up to by the inferior classes with superstitious veneration. It was their province to preserve the memory of glorious deeds of arms, and to transmit to posterity the fame of the illustrious brave. Unlike the laureates of later days, they are said to have exercised their high calling with great independence, and to have denied the immortality of song to such as were unworthy of it. Hence it was not uncommon for the leaders to place them near their own persons when going into battle: that the Scalds might be eye-witnesses of the prowess which they were expected to commemorate. Thus the warlike temper of the nation and the heroic spirit of the bards stimulated each other, and united to swell the tide of war, upon which the Gothic conquerors rode triumphantly over the armies of the Roman Empire.

The Anglo-Saxons, and perhaps their predecessors, the Britons, were descendants of these fierce barbarians: the Danes were a later swarm from the same great northern hive: and even the Normans were but the remote progeny of kindred-tribes who had possessed themselves of a part of Gaul some centuries before the memorable invasion of England. In the history and traditions of them all, antiquarians trace the presence and agency of the old bards; modified, at one time, by local circumstances—at another by revolutions in the political or social condition of the people; and changing their name and character with the vicissitudes of language and manners. It is related of the great Alfred, that in the year 878 he entered the Danish camp in the disguise of a minstrel, accompanied by one trusty friend who officiated as harp-bearer. Secure of hospitable treatment in his assumed character, he had leisure to survey all their military arrangements, and to plan the attack, which resulted in the overthrow of the invaders. Sixty years afterwards the Danish king Aulaff (or Olave) tried the same experiment upon the Saxon, Athelstan, but with different success. He got out of the camp in safety: but was observed to bury the money which he had received; which circumstance excited suspicion and led to a discovery of the stratagem. Whether these tales be received with implicit credit or not, it is fair to presume that they must have accorded with the manners of the age in which they gained currency and belief. And, thus considered, they prove not only that the Danes and Saxons retained their hereditary regard for the masters of song, but that, even in time of war and amid hostile armies, their profession entitled them to great and peculiar privileges.

Among the Normans the combined arts of poetry and music (acts always combined in their infancy, and separated only in a very advanced state of society) were cultivated to a much higher degree of excellence than among their contemporaries. Their minstrels preceded by more than half a century the famous Troubadours of Provence, who exerted so large an influence over the poetry of France, Italy and Spain. And

one of the most romantic incidents connected with the Norman Conquest is to be found in the conduct of Taillefer, a minstrel, at the battle of Hastings. Having obtained the permission of William he advanced to the combat, in front of the Norman army, rousing the hearts of his countrymen by chanting ballads in praise of Charlemagne, and of the gallant peers who fell at Roncesvalles: till at last inflamed by the ardor with which he sought to inspire others, he rushed forward into the thickest ranks of the Britons and, fighting desperately, was slain.*

During the first ages after the Norman Conquest, the language of the conquerors was the only one spoken and written at Court. In the Norman French, therefore, the minstrels, who aspired to please noble ladies and knights, composed their romances: and hence the productions of Englishmen, at that period, are very difficult to be distinguished from those of their contemporaries in France. Another cause has contributed to this confusion. We refer to the common usufruct, which all the romances of Europe then enjoyed, in the heroes of chivalry and their adventures. So that an English poem about King Arthur or Charlemagne, Roland or Sir Lancelot, would have been nearly, or quite, the same thing in subject matter, dialect and style, as if it had been produced on the other side of the channel.

But the exclusive preference of the Court and nobility for their hereditary language was not at all shared by the middle and lower classes of the conquered Saxons—nor by the relics of their aristocracy, who cherished in retirement the memories of former days, and loved the native tongue which preserved them. To all these the Saxon harper or gleeman was still a welcome guest, and oftentimes a favored officer in the service of the great. In process of time the vigor of the old language prevailed over its more polished but weaker antagonist: and, enriched by additions, not only from the modern dialects of Europe, but from the classic originals of Greece and Rome, it has become the nervous, varied and comprehensive English of the present day.

But while "the pure well of English undefiled" has been certainly replenished and refreshed by the tributes thus poured into it, we have to lament, on the other hand, the loss of the early ballads and romances, the diction of which was rendered by these changes obsolete and uncouth. Ritson, a critic of unsurpassed erudition and acuteness, gives it as his opinion, that not more than two ballads have descended to us of a higher antiquity than the age of Elizabeth: though Dr. Percy and other eminent scholars have received a much larger number as genuine productions of the preceding reigns. However, this may be, it is obvious, that almost all of the ballads now extant are either modernized versions of the older poems, translated as it were (time after time) from a dead into a living dialect, or acknowledged imitations of them, which have attempted only to clothe the substance of the ancient poesy in the familiar phraseology of the eighteenth century. Both of these processes, while they have added to the smoothness and elegance of the verse, have detracted not a little from its boldness, energy and fire: as will readily appear to the reader of taste, who will take the pains to compare the few genuine reliques which have come down to us, with the paraphrases and imitations already alluded to.

We cannot choose a better illustration of these remarks than that which is to be found in the two versions of "Chevy Chase" now extant: although even to the elder of the two is not ascribed an earlier date than the reign of Elizabeth, while the later one was so old, in the time of Addison, as to have been mistaken by him for its more venerable predecessor. His admirable critique upon this ballad, in Nos. 70 and 74 of the Spectator, is familiar to every English reader, as well as the eulogium of the gallant Sir Philip Sidney, there quoted, which obviously referred to the old ballad—"I never heard the old song of Peirce and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which beeing so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!" We fully agree, by

* This occurrence is almost literally described in the exquisite "Troubadour" of Hortense Beauharnais, and seems certainly to have suggested it. The noble authoress was born too late. She was far better fitted to grace the age of chivalry, as it appears to us in poem and romance, than to be lost in the theatrical parade and vulgar magnificence of the Court of Napoleon. We subjoin the last verse of the ballad referred to, and the translation by Sir Walter Scott.

"Ce troubadour, pour prix de sa vaillance,
Trouva bientôt le trepas en chemin;
Il expira sous le fer d'un lance,
Nommant sa belle, et chantant son refrain.
Mon bras a ma patrie
Mon cœur a mon amie
Mourir gaiment pour la gloire et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour!"

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive:
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring, sung the exulting stave:
My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

the way, with the illustrious critic in his dissent from this objection of Sir Philip to the rude style and evil apparel which (in his eyes) disfigured the beauty of the poem. It would have been no gainer by being travestied in the fashionable elegance and quaintness of Sydney's contemporaries; nor even by assuming the classic attire and the lyric fervors of the Grecian bard. We have more reason to lament, that it did not enjoy the good fortune of Addison's acquaintance: whose keen appreciation of the merits of the paraphrase sufficiently indicates what would have been his admiration of the original.

The following quotations from the two ballads will serve to exhibit the contrasts in style and language, already suggested:—

Old Version.

The Perse owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountaynes
Off Chyviat within days thre,
In the mauger[1] of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I will let[2] that hontyng if that I may.
* * * *

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas[3] the dear;
Bomen[4] bickarte[5] uppone the bent[6]
With ther browd arus[7] cleare.

Then the wyld[8] thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear;[9]
Grea-hondes[10] thorowe the greves[11] glent[12]
For to kyll thear dear,

The[13] began in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly[14] on a monnyn[15] day;
Be[16] that it drewe to the oware[17] off none,[18]
A hondrith[19] fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort[20] uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;[21]
To the guyny[22] then the Persè went,
To se the bryttlynge[23] off the deare.
* * * *

Later Version.

The stout Erle of Northumberland,
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:
Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport—
* * * *

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then, having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire bucksides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deere—
* * * *

While the English are busily engaged in "the bryttlynge off the deare," and while the Percy is in the act of expressing his chagrin at the non-appearance of Douglas, according to the challenge sent and accepted, the Scottish army is seen approaching—"twenty hundrith spearmen bold:" and the "fifteen hundrith archares" of merry England make ready to receive them. Douglas, with the courage and humanity of a noble heart, purposes to spare the lives of their respective followers, and to decide the quarrel between Percy and himself by single combat. To this Percy eagerly consents: but their purpose is defeated by the resolute spirit of an English squire, named Wytharynton or Withorington, whose refusal to stand idly by, as a spectator, brings on a general engagement.

Old Version.

"Leave off the brytlyng of the dear," he sayde—
"And to your bowys[24] look ye tayk good heed;
For never sith[25] ye wear on your mothers borne
Had ye never so mickle[26] need."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede[27]
He rode att his men beforne;[28]

Later Version.

—"O cease your sports," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede:—

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett,
In Scotland or in France,

His armer glytterydde[29] as dyd a glede;[30]
A bolder barne[31] was never borne.

"Tell me what men ye ar," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays[32] in the spyt[33] of me?"

The first mane[34] that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt[35] was the good lord Persè:
"We wyll not tell the[36] what men we ar," he says,
"Nor whos men that we be:
But we wyll hount hear in this chays,
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat,
We have kyld,[37] and cast to carry them away"—
"Be my troth," sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayne,
"Ther-for the ton[38] of us shall de[39] this day."

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè—
"To kyll all these giltless men
Alas! it wear great pittè!"[40]

"But, Persè, thowe[41] art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle[42] callyd within my contre;[43]
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;[44]
And do the battell off the and of me."[45]

"Nowe Christes cors[46] on his crowne," sayd the lord Persè
"Who-soever ther-to says nay;
"Be my troth, doughtè Doglas," he says,
"Thow shalt never se[47] that day;

"Nethar[48] in Ynglonde, Skotlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and[49] fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on."[50]

Then bespayke a squyar[51] off Northombarlonde,
Ric: Wytharynton was his nam;[52]
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
"To king Herry the fourth, for sham—[53]

I wat[54] you byn[55] great lordes twaw,[56]
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,[57]
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,[58]
I wyll not fayl both harte and hande."

* * * *

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "wee list not to declare,
Nor show whose men wee bee:

"Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

"Ere thus I will outbraved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an Erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

"But, trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy said,
"By whome this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I, a squier alone:

"I'le doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
I'le fight with hart and hand."

* * * *

The battle was commenced, as usual, by the English archers; whose cloth-yard shafts told fatally upon their enemy, at a distance too great for the employment of other weapons. But the intrepid advance of the Scottish spearmen soon placed them foot to foot with their adversaries; who now threw aside bows and arrows and fought no less valiantly, sword in hand. And now also the heroic leaders encountered each other. A fierce conflict ensues between them; followed by a short breathing time, and what Addison aptly terms "a generous parley." Their discourse is unhappily cut short by an English arrow, which stretches Douglas dead upon the field: and his loss is speedily revenged by the fall of his gallant foe, beneath the spear of Sir Hugh Montgomery.

Old Version.

The Ynglyshhe men let thear bowes be,
And pulde owt brandes[59] that wer bright;
It was a hevy sight to se
Bryght swordes on basnites[60] lyght.

Later Version.

They closed full fast on every side
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

Thorowe ryche male,[61] and myne-ye-ple[62]
Many sterne the stroke[63] doune streght;
Many a freyke,[64] that was full free,
Ther undur foot dyd lyght.[65]

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to* captayns of myght and mayne:[66]
The swapte[67] together tyll the both swat[68]
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllan.[69]

Thes worthè freckys[70] for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,[71]
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes spreute,[72]
As ever dyd heal[73] or rayne.

"Holde thee, Persè," sayd the Duglas,
"And i'feth I shall thee brynge
Wher throwe shalte have a yerl's wagis[74]
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight[77] the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightying."

"Nay then," said the lord Persè,
"I tolde it thee beforne,[78]
That I wuld never yeldyde[79] be
To no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
Forthe off a mightie wene,[80]
Hit hathe strekene[81] the yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and lengs bathe[82]
The sharp arrowe is gane[83]
That never after in all his lyffe days,[84]
He spake mo[85] words but ane
"Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys[86] ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd[87] with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare[88] of hande,
Was not in all the north countrè."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;[89]
He spendyd[90] a spear a trusti tre:

He rod[92] uppon a corsiare[93]
Through a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde,[94] nar never blane,[95]
Tyll he came to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte,[96] that was full soare;
With a suar[97] spear of a myghtè tre
Clean throwe the body he the Persè bore.

Athe[98] tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:[99]
Towe better captayns wear not in Christiantè
Then that day slain wear ther.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men, lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood,[76] they layd on lode,[76]
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd;
In fayth I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king:

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yet was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold[91] never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas die,
Who streight in wrath did sow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who with a spere most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Erle Percye's body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

* Two.

An archar off Northanberlonde
  Say slean[100] was the lord Persè,
He bar a bende-bow[101] in his hande,
  Was made of trusti tre:

An arow, that a clothe yarde was lang,
  To th' hard stele halyde[102] he;
A dynt, that was both sad and soar,
  He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry—

The dynt it was both sad and sar,
  That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars,[103] that his arrowe bar,
  With his hart blood the wear wete.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
  Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceiv'd
  The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
  Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
  Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Montgomerye,
  So right the shaft he sett,
The grey-goose winge that was thereon,
  In his hart's blood was wett.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Addison says of the thought in the last stanza, that "it was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil." The remainder of the ballad is mostly taken up with an enumeration of the nobles and knights slain on either side: but there are two or three particulars worth notice.

The impetuous Witherington made good his boast at the beginning, and not only fought as long as he could stand, but afterwards. In the old ballad, his obstinate valor is described in appropriate terms: but, in the late version, the language partakes so much of the ludicrous, that Addison feared to expose it to the "little buffoons," who would not "take its beauty"—

Old Version.

"For Wethanyngton my harte was wo,
  That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis[104] wear hewyne[105] in to,
  Yet he knyled[106] and fought on his kne."[107]

Later Version.

"For Witherington, needs must I wayle
  As one in doleful dumpes;*
For when his legs were smitten off,
  He fought upon his stumpes."

* * * * * * * *

The poet, obviously an Englishman, has not failed to glorify his countrymen. They go into the battle with fifteen hundred men: the Scots with two thousand. Fifty-three Englishmen survive the fight, and only fifty-five of the Scots. But in one point of contrast, it seems to us, that the author has overshot his mark, and placed the conduct of the Scottish king in a far more attractive light, than the behavior of "King Harry the Fourth." We allude to the speeches of the two monarchs, on receipt of the fatal tidings—

Old Version.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
  To Jamy the Scottisbe kyng,
That doughati Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
  He lay slean Chyviot within.

His hands dyd he weal and wryng,
  He sayd—"Alas! and woe ys me!
Such another captayne Skotland within,"
  He sayd "y-feth shuld never be."

Word is commyn to lovly Londone,
  Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tenants of the Merchis,
  He lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his soll," sayd king Harry,
  "Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hundrith captayns in Ynglande," he sayd,
  "As good as ever was hee:
But, Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
  Thy deth well quyte shall be."

Later Version.

The news was brought to Edden-borrow
  Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
  Was with an arrow slayne.

"O, heavy newes," king James did say,
  "Scottland may witness bee,
I have not any captaine more
  Of such account as hee."

Lyke tydings to King Henry came,
  Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
  Was slaine in Chevy-Chese:

"Now, God be with him," said our king,
  "Sith it will noe better be;
I trust I have, within my realme,
  Five hundred as good as hee;

Yet shall not Scotts, nor Scotland say,
  But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all,
  For brave Erle Percye's sake."

* * * * * * * *

* It is the *writer*, who wails "in doleful dumpes"—*i. e.* laments with deep grief.

The lamentation of King James is a natural and affecting tribute to the memory of his best and bravest subject, thus suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness. The false and vain-glorious boast of the English king, and his assumed indifference to the loss of Percy, betray far more of unfeeling arrogance, than of the kingly magnanimity which the poet intended. It is not, however, wholly out of character.

We fear that we have trespassed already too much upon the pages of the present number, to be indulged in making further extracts from the "Reliques." Perhaps we may crave admission for them hereafter.

Notes to the foregoing.

[1] In spite—[2] Prevent—[3] Raise;—[4] Bowmen—[5] Coursed or traversed—[6] Grassy field or hill-side—[7] Broad Arrows—[8] Wild deer—[9] In every direction—[10] Grey hounds—[11] Groves—[12] Glanced—[13] They—[14] Early—[15] Monday—[16] By the time—[17] Hour—[18] Noon—[19] Hundred—[20] A signal of the death of the deer—[21] Assembled from every quarter—[22] Slaughtered Game; [23] Quartering or cutting up—[24] Bows—[25] Since—[26] Much—[27] Steed—[28] Rode before his men—[29] Glittered—[30] Red hot coal—[31] Baron—[32] Chase—[33] Spite—[34] Man—[35] It—[36] Thee—[37] Killed—[38] One—[39] Die—[40] Pity—[41] Thou—[42] Earl—[43] Country—[44] Stand apart—[45] And thou and I do battle—[46] Christ's curse—[47] See—[48] Neither—[49] If it be my fortune—[50] I dare meet him, one man for one—[51] Squire—[52] Name—[53] Shame—[54] Know—[55] Are—[56] Two—[57] Field—[58] Weapon wield—[59] Swords—[60] Helmets—[61] Rich coats of mail—[62] Many folds—[63] They struck—[64] Stout man—[65] Fall (or lie)—[66] Strength—[67] Struck hard—[68] Sweated—[69] Milan steel—[70] See ([64])—[71] Desirous—[72] Spurted—[73] Hail—[74] Fortune or income—[75] Mad—[76] Laid on heavily—[77] I promise thee here—[78] Before—[79] Yielded—[80] One—[81] Stricken—[82] Both liver and lungs—[83] Gone—[84] Days of his life—[85] More—[86] Whilst—[87] Parted with—[88] Nor—[89] Put to death—[90] Spanned or grasped—[91] Could—[92] Rode—[93] Courser—[94] Stopped—[95] Lingered—[96] Blow—[97] Sure—[98] At the—[99] More—[100] Saw slain—[101] Bore a bent bow—[102] Drew to the hard steel head—[103] Swan-feathers—[104] Legs—[105] Hewn [106] Kneeled—[107] Knee.

LINES.

BY MRS. SARAH H. WHITMAN.

"Away, away! Thou speakest of that which in all my earthly life I have not found and shall not find."

Jean Paul.

I bade thee stay. Too well I know
The fault was mine, mine only;
I dared not think upon the past
All desolate and lonely.

I know not if my soul could bear
In absence to regret thee,
To strive alone with its despair,
Still seeking to forget thee.

Yet go—ah go! those pleading eyes,
Those wild, sweet tones appealing
From heart to heart, ah! dare I trust
That passionate revealing?

For ah, those dark and pleading eyes
Invoke too keen a sorrow—
A pang that will not pass away
With thy light vows to-morrow.

A love immortal and divine
Within my heart is waking—
A dream of passion and despair
It owns not but in breaking.

Isle of Rhodes, March 1849.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

A PENINSULAR ADVENTURE.

In the neighborhood of the Haymarket, London, there are several minor chess, whist, and gossip clubs, held principally at cafés, in an apartment which, for club evenings, is sacred to the members, consisting chiefly of superannuated clerks, actors, and other professional mediocrities, with a sprinkling of substantial, steady tradesmen. In one of these modest gatherings, Captain Smith, an extremely communicative and anecdotical gentleman, may occasionally be met with, surrounded by an attentive circle of admiring friends, listening, with all their ears, to one of the many marvellous adventures it has been his lot to encounter during a wandering and varied life. He is not a frequent visitor; his tastes inclining him to scenes of more boisterous conviviality than cigars and coffee, with a seasoning of theatrical and political gossip, can afford or supply; and he accordingly uses these, to him hum-drum assemblies, only as resting, or halting-places between more exciting orgies; valuable chiefly for affording him listeners, much more easily amused and astonished than men of larger life-adventure and experience. He is, however, a *real* captain, and I fancy something of a hero too, in the conventional use of the term, as he seems to have very different, and, I believe, much truer notions of war and glory, than gentlemen who shout about "bright swords," and dilate with a periphrastic unction of "red battle-fields." A lithe, active man is he; and stiff as a ram-rod withal. His harsh, stubbly hair, is brushed in one particular direction with parade precision; and his high, bald forehead, when in convivial mood, glistens as brightly as his sharp, gray eyes; which, one can see with half a one, have been wide open all his life. He rose, it is understood, though he never mentions it himself—perhaps from a

feeling of modesty, a quality, albeit, in which, like most field heroes, he is somewhat deficient—from the ranks. From his perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue, (he passed his youth at Gibraltar, with occasional trips to the Spanish coast with his father, who turned an honest penny in the smuggling line,) he was frequently employed during the Peninsular war by the British commanders in the very necessary, but extremely ticklish, duty of making himself *personally* acquainted with the state of the French camps and fortresses—in other words, as a *spy*; an exceedingly uncomfortable office for any gentleman troubled with "nerves." Captain Smith frequently thanks God that he never had any, to his knowledge, in his life; no more, he sometimes says, after reading the debates—no more than a member of parliament.

Thus much premised, suppose we step in for a minute, and make his acquaintance. That is the captain with his back to the fire. The gentleman who has just handed him a cigar, and is addressing such martial queries to the old campaigner, is a neighboring haberdasher. Just before we entered, he inquired, as is his nightly wont, if the waiter was sure the clock was quite right. He is always a little nervous about the time, as his spouse is apt to be unpleasantly lively for a lady of her colloquial and other prowess, if he is not at home at half-past ten precisely. He loves peace "at home," as much as he seems to delight in war "abroad," and is consequently extremely punctual. But see, Tape is tapping the captain again. The veteran cannot fail to flow forth presently; at first, perhaps, a little jerkingly—*glug*, *glug*, *glug*—but after a little coaxing, in the freest, easiest style imaginable.

"A splendid march, Captain Smith, that of Wellington upon Ciudad Rodrigo?"

"Sloppy, Mr. Tape, sloppy; nothing but mud, and snow, and slush. Winter-time; I remember it well," replied Captain Smith.

"Beautiful account Napier gives of it," rejoined the martial Tape. "Wellington," he says, "jumped on the devoted fortress with both his feet!"

"Does Napier say that?" demanded the veteran, knocking the consumed ashes off the end of his cigar on the mantelpiece. "*Does* Napier say that?"

"Yes indeed he does."

"Then Napier tells what is ——," replied the matter-of-fact captain. "The lightest, longest-legged of the 'Light Bobs' could'nt have done it, much less the duke. The duke's short in the legs—sits high in the saddle, though—long body, dumpy legs. Could no more do it than he could fly; did'nt try either. All a flam!"

Mr. Tape explained that the jumping was metaphorical; and, after a time, Captain Smith seemed to have acquired a misty notion of what was meant. Still, it was, he said, a very bad way of writing "history;" which species of composition should, he emphatically observed, be all facts, and no mistakes.

"The retreat from Burgos was a masterly affair," persisted warrior Tape; "masterly indeed—uncommon!"

"I dare say it was; and as you seem to admire it so much, I wish you had been one of the 'prentices under the master, just to see how it was done, and how agreeable and pleasant such a masterly job is to the people that do the work. I was one of them; and I declare to you I had much rather have been in this café, smoking this abominable cigar, which *wont* smoke"—and the captain threw the unsatisfactory weed into the fire; immediately, however, accepting another from the ready hand of the obsequious Tape. That, fortunately, drew uncommonly well; the spiral columns ascended with the fulness and freedom in which the veteran loved to luxuriate. He swallowed his *demi-tasse* at a gulp; and his sharp, gray eyes twinkling with fresh lustre, said—"It was in coming from Burgos that I got into one of the miserablest scrapes I ever experienced in my life; and all owing to my tenderheartedness, the very worst thing for a campaign a man can carry about him."

"Tell us, captain! What was it? How was it?" cried half a dozen voices. Two elderly gentlemen, who had been playing draughts for the previous four or five hours, finding it impossible, amidst so much clamor, to bestow the requisite attention on their extremely intellectual game, also drew near to listen, as the very best thing, after draughts, they could do.

Captain Smith smiled graciously, seated himself, indulged in a few prefatory whiffs, and proceeded. "During the many journeys I at different times made through the province of Leon in Spain, I fell in with a very worthy couple, whom I took a great liking to. Pedro Davila was by trade a cooper; he made all the casks and tubs for miles round the little town near which he lived; which was situated, I should tell you, a good deal out of the direct road, or rather the nearest road—for there is nothing very direct in that country—from Burgos to Asterga. For my part I preferred round-about ways at that time to straight ones; I found them safer. Pedro had a nice garden too, beautifully cultivated, and the prettiest little black-eyed Andalusian wife—Pedro was also a native of the south of Spain—a man's eyes ever lighted upon. Pedro, in his youth, had taken service with a Spanish grandee, who being compelled to fly his country—a common, every-day thing abroad—took up his

abode in Paris; and there Pedro got rid of his fine old constitutional prejudices against foreigners, and obtained in exchange some modern universal philanthropy—about the most dangerous article to go to market with in Spain it is possible to imagine. And sure I am that if Pedro had known what a dreadful mess his turning philosopher would get *me* into, to say nothing of his wife, he was far too good a fellow to have done any thing of the sort."

"But what on earth, Captain Smith," interrupted Tape, "could philosophy, Pedro's, or any one's else, have to do with you?"

"You will hear, Tape: it was his liberal-mindedness and my tender-heartedness joined together, that played the mischief with us both. An excellent fellow, notwithstanding," continued the captain, after a brief pause, "was Pedro Davila, *too* good for a Spaniard, much; one could hardly believe it of him. I was going to say he was equal to an Englishman, but that, perhaps, would be pushing it *too* far. Many a skin of wine have we emptied together; none of the sloe stuff you get here, but the genuine juice of the grape itself." The captain smacked his lips at the pleasing reminiscence, and then, to reward them for the exercise, imbibed a portion of another *demi-tasse*, craftily qualified to his taste.

"At the time I speak of, it was highly dangerous to harbor, succor or conceal any Frenchman, woman or child. Death, or worse punishment, was pretty sure to be the doom of any one offending against that law of vengeance; and it happened that one of the most ferocious of minor guerilla leaders, a relentless hunter and slayer of miserable fugitives, was Ramez, a native of the village or town near which Pedro lived. He was seldom long absent from home; and was, in fact, the real governor of the place.

"Well, it chanced one unfortunate day, that a wounded French officer, who had been chased for several days by Ramez and his fellows, crawled into Pedro's cottage, and implored shelter and succor. His request was, as you may anticipate, after what I have told you of Pedro's notions of philosophy, granted; and the hunted man was successfully concealed, carefully tended, and restored to health. The day of his departure had arrived; he was carefully disguised, mounted on Pedro's mule, and was just bidding his benefactor good-by at the garden gate, (Marietta, fortunately, as it turned out, was not at home,) when who should poke up his diabolical snout from the other side of the hedge but Ramez! The ugliest rascal, gentlemen," continued Captain Smith, with violent emphasis, "the most ill-favored scoundrel I ever saw in my life was Ramez: and that from a man who has been twenty years in the army, and who has lived upwards of twenty in London, is saying a great deal."

This was quite cheerfully assented to. The ugliness that after such a lengthened and first-rate experience bore off the palm, was pronounced necessarily incomparable by the entire auditory.

"He gave poor Pedro," continued the captain, "one most diabolical look, (I'll be bound the streaks from his eyes—he always squinted both sides inwards when he was in a passion—crossed each other within an inch of his nose,) then rushed forward, and bawled lustily for help. The Frenchman spurred furiously into the adjoining forest and escaped. Pedro was seized, and the alpha and the omega of it, as the chaplain of the old half-hundredth used to say, was, that he was lugged to prison, tried a few hours afterwards, and condemned to death as a traitor. It was a wild time then: most places managed their own affairs their own way, and this was master Ramez and the alcalde's way. Pedro was to have been strangled, *gavotted* they call it, but there was no apparatus handy, and nobody that particularly liked the job; so, as a particular heavenly grace to him, the alcalde said, it was determined he should be shot on the third day after his arrest."

"It happened," resumed the captain, after again refreshing himself, "that I was, on the very day after Pedro's arrest and condemnation, returning from Burgos to General Picton's headquarters, a good way beyond Astorga; and being near, and in no very particular hurry, I turned out of my road to visit Pedro. When I arrived at the cottage, I found things, as you may suppose, in a very different state from what I had been imagining for the last hour or so. Instead of wine, there was hysterics; and for an omelette and salad, shrieks and faintings. Marietta clung round my neck with tremendous energy—I should not have thought, if I had not experienced it, that a pretty woman's embrace could have been so very unpleasant—frantically beseeching me to send for the British army to liberate her Pedro. Extricating myself from her grasp as speedily as possible, I began to cast about in my mind as to what could be done; but I could not at all clear up my ideas. Remembering that I never had been able to do so on a lean stomach, I suggested that we should first dine, and then perhaps I might hit upon something for poor Pedro's benefit. Marietta agreed with me; and we had, considering that her husband and my dearest friend was to be shot the day after the next, a very nice, comfortable dinner indeed—very—and some capital wine afterwards; and then, gentlemen, the father of mischief, or the wine, or Marietta's black

eyes, I don't know which, perhaps all together, induced me to make as spoony a proposal as ever fell from the lips of a green cockney."

"There are clever, sensible men in the city," interjected Tape, as the Captain paused an instant to supply a himself with a fresh cigar.

"Perhaps so, Mr. Tape, but those gentlemen seldom volunteer into the army, I believe. I knew," said the veteran, continuing his narrative, "that I might as well whistle jigs to a milestone, and expect it to get up and turn partners, as ask the general in command of the division, about forty miles off, to rescue Pedro from the grasp of the Spanish authorities. The British generals never meddled with the administration of Spanish justice under any pretence whatever; but I also knew that if he received a message stating that *I* was in danger, he was bound by general orders to afford me every assistance in his power. 'Marietta,' said I at last—'the wine *must* have been unusually strong—I have hit upon it. We'll save Pedro yet, in spite of them all!' The pretty creature jumped up, clapped her hands, and sobbing, laughing, and talking, all in a breath, exclaimed, 'Dear Inglese, I knew you would!' 'You, Marietta,' said I, as soon as she was sufficiently calm to listen, 'go to Ramez and the alcalde, and tell them you will deliver into their hands the famous Afrancesado spy, Henriquez Bajol, on condition of their releasing Pedro. If they consent denounce *me*.' 'You, Henriquez?' said she, staring bewilderedly. 'Never you mind,' I replied. 'A note to General Picton—I'll write it at once—will soon get *me* out of their clutches, whoever I am.' I wrote the note and gave it her. 'Now mind, Marietta,' said I solemnly, 'that Pedro sets off with this note the instant he is liberated. How soon can he reach the General on foot?' 'By to-morrow night,' she answered. 'Very well; and now then about it at once.' She was off in a twinkling, and I was at leisure to reflect on what I had done. To tell the truth, I did not, after a few minutes' quiet cogitation, feel excessively comfortable. They would be certain to believe the story; Henriquez being, I was sure, known to none of them personally. I was a precious deal more like a Spaniard then than an Englishman; and I spoke the language so well—not altogether grammatically, it is true, but so like a native of the south of Spain—that I felt I should have some difficulty, should occasion require it, to undeceive them. Then they had such a pestilent way of making not only sure, but *short* work with whoever they suspected of commerce with the hated French, that it flashed unpleasantly across my mind—the General's help might perhaps arrive too late! However, I was in for it; and so, taking another glass of wine, and re-filling my pipe—there 's great philosophy in a pipe, as we all know—I awaited the result of my charming scheme as calmly as I could.

"It was not long coming. About half an hour after Marietta's departure, the door was slammed open, and I found myself sprawling and kicking, or rather sprawling and trying to kick, for they wouldn't let me, in the arms of five or six ugly rascals, who, showering upon me all the time the vilest abuse, hurried me off to prison. Into it they thrust me like a dog; and there, when I could recover breath and speech, I greeted Pedro, my fellow-prisoner. The alcalde and Ramez had only *promised* to release him, and, of course, when the object was gained, refused to abide by the bargain. If I had not been the most consummate ass that ever browsed or brayed, I might have guessed as much. Ramez had now two victims, and that promised a *double* holiday.

"Well, gentlemen, this was, you may suppose, a very unpleasant situation to find myself in; but as, thank Heaven, I was never much troubled with nerves, I did not so much mind it after a bit. Marietta, I was sure, would be off to the general with her best speed when she saw the ugly turn matters were taking: so that if my captors were not in a very patriotic hurry indeed, there was a chance on the cards yet. Pedro obtained some cigars of the jailor, an old acquaintance of his; they were first-rate, and we both became gradually calm and composed. Ah, gentlemen, I have often thought that if the moral observations I addressed that evening to my friend Pedro, upon the duty of respecting national prejudices, particularly with regard to sheltering wounded foreigners, and the shocking folly of making rash engagements with young women, especially after dinner, had been taken down by a short-hand writer, they would have raised me to the next rank after Solomon!"

"No doubt of it," said Tape, looking nervously at the clock; "but do get on, captain; don't stop, *don't!*"

"I will not, Tape; but don't you hurry me as they did. Well, the next day I was dragged before the alcalde and that rascal Ramez, where, to my very great and most unpleasant surprise, two men, guerilla soldiers, swore that they had frequently seen me in communication with the French outposts, and that they verily believed me to be no other than the infamous Henriquez. Vainly I protested, finding the thing was getting much too serious, that I was an English officer; my assertions were laughed at, and I was reconveyed to my dungeon, after having heard myself sentenced to be shot at the same hour which was to see the last of Pedro. Mr. Tape, please to touch the bell. I'll take another cup; for my

tongue always feels dry and hot when I come to this part of the story."

Mr. Tape did as he was desired, quickly, and bade the waiter who answered the summons "jump about." The anxious haberdasher had but just three minutes to spare.

"That, gentlemen," continued the captain, "was a very uncomfortable night. I was never, from a child, particularly fond of water-drinking; but I remember crawling off the straw many times during the night, and almost emptying *both* pitchers. At ten o'clock we were to suffer, to be shot to death by half a dozen rusty muskets. It was dreadfully aggravating! Day dawned at last; six, seven, eight, nine, *ten* o'clock tinkled through the jail; the door opened, and in stalked Ramez and the alcalde, followed by the rusty shooting-party. We were politely informed that 'time' was up, and that we must both come to the scratch at once, as the spectators didn't like to be kept waiting. They then kindly pinioned us, and away we marched. You never, perhaps, walked in your own funeral procession, Tape, did you?"

"Lord, Captain Smith, how can you ask such a horrid question?"

"Well, if you ever should, you'll remember it, that's all. Seeing King Lear is nothing to it, though that's reckoning pretty deep. On we marched, the priests praying, the bells tolling, and the infernal musket-men eying us as if to make up their minds exactly where to have the pleasure of hitting us. One scoundrel, with a short, ugly snub of an apology of a nose, meant, I could see, to send his bullet through my Roman. Altogether, it was the most disagreeable walk I ever took in my life. We soon arrived at the place of sacrifice, and were ordered to kneel down. 'Pedro,' said I, 'that jewel of a wife of yours has played us a sweet trick; but perhaps she'll arrive in time, if she comes at all, to return thanks for all the good things we are about to receive; and that's a consolation anyway.' I then took another look in the direction in which the expected succor *ought* to appear, when I saw, and tried to rub my eyes with my elbows to make sure I saw, but couldn't, a horsewoman on a summit of the hill; it *was* Marietta! I roared out like a raging bull, and Pedro gave chorus. As soon as Marietta caught sight of what was going on, she curbed her horse sharply back, and beckoned with eager gestures over the hill. A minute afterwards the ridge was crowned by half a regiment of British dragoons. The instant they saw us they gave one loud cheer and came on like a whirlwind.

"'A narrow escape, Smith!' said the commanding officer. 'But come, mount at once. There is a large French force in the neighborhood, and the general's orders are not to halt an instant.' I was delighted to hear it. The less said was, I felt, the soonest mended. If the general, thought I, were informed *why* he had been put to this trouble and risk, our meeting would scarcely be a very amicable one. 'Who is this?' said the officer, pointing to Pedro, who, though he had hallooed lustily was by no means out of the wood. 'One of ours,' I boldly replied. 'Then mount, my good fellow, at once,' replied he, motioning to one of the led horses. Pedro understood the gesture, though he did'nt the language; and giving Marietta, who had unpinioned him, one hug, was in the saddle in a jiffy. 'Out of the way,' cried the commanding officer to the alcalde, who, instigated by Ramez, was approaching to claim Pedro at least as lawful prize. 'Out of the way, fellow!' and he struck him sharply with the flat of his sword. The frightened functionary tumbled out of our path; the bugle sounded and we were off safe, sound, and merry."

"Bravo!—Hurra!—Hurra!" resounded in irregular chorus through the room. Tape was off like a shot; the unfortunate man was full seven minutes behind his time.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Smith, after the applause had subsided, "do not, if you please, forget the moral of my story. Everything, the chaplain used to say, has a useful moral—even short rations—though I never could agree with him to that extent. The moral of this adventure I take to be this—*Never, under any circumstances, assume to be what you are not; for if shot or hanged in a wrong character, you will never be able to amend the 'errors of description.'*"

Chambers' Journal.

TO ONE SLEEPING.

Sleep on! thy meek and thoughtful brow
Is free from care and sorrow now,
And weareth not
The traces of the frequent tear,
And pain, and weariness, which here
Have been thy lot.

Sleep on! for ever in thy dream
The lost ones, whom thou lovest seem
Again to stand
Close by thy side, and round thee press
With looks of love and tenderness,
A spirit band.

Sleep on! for here on earth no more
Shalt thou find love, like that of yore.
When thou didst give
Thy heart's affection, not in vain,
To him with whom thou seem'st again
In dreams to live.

The little one, who from its rest
On thine, has passed to Jesus' breast
In peace to dwell,
Is with thee, lovelier than when thou
In meek submissiveness did'st bow,
And say—"Tis well."

Sleep on! for oft the spirit seems
To pass from earth, and catch bright gleams
Of hidden things;
Hears voices from the better land,
And earthly slumberers are fanned
By angel wings.

"He giveth his Beloved sleep;"
Oh, then dream on, nor waking weep
When *dreams* they prove;
These holy visionings are given
As foretastes of the promised Heaven
Prepared above!

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston, Mass.

IDIOCY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We perused with interest a communication in the February No. of the Southern Literary Messenger with regard to the "Education of Idiots," containing interesting extracts from letters of Dr. Conolly and Mr. Sumner concerning the condition of this unfortunate class of beings in the institutions established in Europe for their relief, and it was not without some feeling of pride in the reputation acquired by our ancestral State that we read the following sentence of the conclusion of the article to which we refer—"we do not *know*, but we will lay any wager, even 'our dukedom to a beggarly denier' that Massachusetts has done something decided, something generous upon this subject before now!"

Through some delay in the reception of our Nos. of the Messenger, the communication of which we speak has but recently met our eye, or we should sooner have replied to it, for it has been both our duty and our pleasure to procure such information as we might with regard to the degree of attention which this subject has received from the Legislature of Massachusetts, happy, if through our humble efforts, a wider sympathy may be created in behalf of these sorely-stricken ones, and if the example of our own State may impel sister-states to exertion in their cause.

Through the kindness of Dr. S. G. Howe, Principal of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, at South Boston, a gentleman whose philanthropic exertions are too well known to need comment here, we have been furnished with works* from which is derived the information which we present to the correspondents and readers of the Messenger.

"Strange," says Dr. H. in an article on this subject in the Massachusetts Quarterly, "strange how men reading the lessons of the past can be heedless of the cries and demands of humanity in the present! but so it ever is. Nobility in his saddle, Aristocracy in his coach, Respectability in his gig, Property in his counting-room, Propriety in his pew, ever have, and still do cry—'Peace be still!' when the poor and lowly strive to struggle up a step higher upon the platform of humanity. The foremost countries of the world (and Massachusetts is one of them) are, however, beginning to heed the warning of the past and the threatening of the future. Some of the claims of the poorer classes are beginning to be understood, and granted, though still too much as boons, rather than rights. The time was when colleges were considered all that was necessary for national education; the time has come when the common school is considered still more necessary; and the time is at hand when universities for the rich alone shall dwindle into insignificance compared with the vast machinery which shall be put in operation for the education of the children of the poorest citizens. The pay of the dismissed soldier, and the honor now paid to his tawdry tinsel shall go to encourage and elevate the teacher, and the hulks of navies shall be left to rot, that the schoolhouse may be built up and adorned. In the way, too, of what is called charity, but which should be called religion and duty, we are advancing. The time was when deformed children were exposed and left to perish; a Saygetus and Eurotas were everywhere at hand for those who could not be reared to beauty and strength, but now the more deformed they are the more solicitude is manifested in their behalf. The sick are gathered into hospitals, the dumb are taught to speak, the blind to read, the insane to reason, and at last the poor idiot is welcomed into the human family."

"The frightful number of these unfortunates," remarks in another place the same writer, "will dwindle away as the light of knowledge makes clear the laws which govern our existence. But in the meantime," he urges, "let none of them be lost, let none of them be uncared for,—but whenever the signal is given of a man in distress—no matter how deformed, how vicious, how loathsome even, he may be,—let it be regarded as a call to help a brother."

Under an act of the Massachusetts Legisla-

* Report to the Massachusetts Legislature upon Idiocy. The causes and prevention of Idiocy. Coolidge & Wiley, 12 Water St. Boston.

ture, April 11th, 1846, Dr. Howe was appointed chairman of a Committee "to inquire into the condition of the Idiots of the Commonwealth, to ascertain their number and whether anything can be done in their behalf." A report was returned in March, 1847; in the meantime the commissioners had been actively employed, both in personal visits and inspection, and also in extensive correspondence, not only in their own State and country, but in Europe. The result of a second year's labor in this cause was reported to the Legislature in February 1848. The first part of the report contains remarks upon the various definitions of the terms Idiots—Idiocy—upon their numbers, condition and capacities in Massachusetts, followed by many valuable suggestions as to treatment (gentle or harsh) physical care, &c., from which we would gladly quote did the limits of this article permit. Kind and gentle management has been uniformly found in their case as in that of the insane, most beneficial; and illustrative of this we would cite here an affecting instance mentioned in the Supplement to the Report, of an idiot youth of violent and irritable disposition whose parents had endeavored to overcome this temper by corporal punishment but without success. We will give the account in the narrator's own words.

"The father spared not the rod, but healed not the child who, on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The lessons in punishment were not lost upon him. Whatever object offended him he would beat and punish just as he had been punished. If it were a tool of any kind he would smash and break it in pieces; if it were a dumb beast he would beat and abuse it.

"It happened one day that a zealous member of the Peace Society was a visitor at the house and witnessed a scene of contest in which the father barely came off victor. The visitor urged the father to follow a different course with his unfortunate son, to abandon all blows, all direct use of force and try mild measnres. By his advice Johnny was made to understand that if he should commit a certain offence he would be mildly and kindly remonstrated with, have nothing but bread and water for supper and be obliged to lie upon the floor with only a little straw under him. Very soon he began to practice this mode of punishment upon the cattle. If the cow offended him, instead of flying into a passion and beating her, he addressed her gravely, telling her the nature of her offences, and assuring her of the consequences. He would then lead her out, lay some straw upon the ground, bring a little water and a crust of bread, and tell her that was all she could have for supper. One day being in the field he hurt his foot with the rake, and instead of getting angry as he was wont to do and breaking the instrument to pieces, he took it up mildly but firmly, carried it home, got some straw and laid the offending tool upon it; then he brought some bread and water, and demurely told the offender that it had been very naughty—that he did not want to hurt it—but it should have no other supper and no bed to lie on.

"By such means he has been much improved, not only in behavior but in temper. He is growing less violent and more manageable every day."

Truly—"he that *feareth* is not made *perfect in love*."

The first attempt in Europe for the education of Idiots is thus noticed by Dr. Howe—"It is a singular and interesting fact that the first regular attempt upon record to educate an idiot was made with a view to prove the truth of the theory of the sensualist school of philosophy which was so much in favor, in France, during the Revolution. A wild boy who had been found in the forest, was brought to Paris and became famous as the Savage of Aveyron. Great was the delight of the wise men when they found that this man could not speak any human tongue, and was devoid of understanding and knowledge. The celebrated Itard undertook to teach him, and it was expected that he would prove that all our ideas are derived immediately from the senses and that our mental faculties are only sensations transformed. According to the theory, by causing certain sensations, certain ideas would be generated, and from these a given character produced. No one was better fitted than Itard for giving the experiment a fair trial, and he labored as far as man can whose feet are upon moving sand. But it was all in vain, and would have been nearly in vain under any system, for it became evident that the supposed savage was only an idiot. Itard, however, was not merely a philosopher, but a man of humanity, he became interested in the subject and followed up his attempts to instruct this poor creature with great zeal and ability for several years, and his labor was not lost. He saw what might be done for idiots and his thoughts and hints have been since acted upon by a disciple worthy of such a master—Mr. Edward Séguin."

Dr. Howe also mentions the praiseworthy efforts of Dr. Belhomme, of Paris, Mons. Ferrus, Mr. Falret, and Dr. Voisin. Their principal exertions have been made since the year 1824. "It is however," says Dr. Howe, "due to Edward Séguin to say that to him, more than to any other person, seems to be owing the great and rapid improvement which has been made in the *art* of teaching and training idiots. He has labored with that enthusiasm and zeal in a beloved object which almost always ensures success. He

has put forth a degree of courage, energy and perseverance, which, if exerted in the art of destroying men and cities would have covered his breast with those crosses and decorations and tawdry baubles, so highly prized by vulgar minds. But how utterly worthless would be such tokens of excellence in a bloody and barbarous art compared with the high reward of an approving conscience which must ever follow labors of love in the field of benificence. We do not know that Seguin has a title; but surely one of field-marshal or peer of France, which might have been given at the whim of a man, could never equal in true honor that of friend and benefactor of the most afflicted of the human race; a title which he has gained by long years of patient toil, and which shall be held in honor when that of destroyer shall cease to be prized by any but barbarians."

Extracts are also made from letters describing the schools for Idiots—from those of Dr. Conolly and Mr. Sumner, already quoted by the correspondent of the Messenger, and which we therefore omit here, proceeding at once with Dr. Howe's appeal—

"No systematic efforts," says he, "have yet been made in this country to teach a class of these sorely bereaved creatures, but individual efforts have not been wanting in Massachusetts. The success here obtained for the first time in the education of persons who by the English law are considered to be necessarily idiots as 'wanting all those senses which furnish the human mind with ideas,' has encouraged attempts to educate idiots.* The results thus far are most satisfactory. In view of all these circumstances, we earnestly recommend *that measures be at once taken to rescue this most unfortunate class from the dreadful degradation in which they now grovel.*

"It is true that the plea of ignorance can be made in excuse for the neglect and ill-treatment which they have hitherto received; but this plea can avail us no longer. Other countries have shown us that idiots may be trained to habits of industry, cleanliness and self-respect; that the highest of them may be measurably restored to self-control, and that the very lowest of them may be raised from the slough of animal pollution in which they wallow; and can the men of other countries do more than we? Shall we who can transmute granite and ice into gold and silver, and think it pleasant work, shall we shrink from the higher task of transforming brutish men back into human shape? Other countries are beginning to rescue their idiots from further deterioration and even to elevate them, and shall our Commonwealth continue to bury the humble talent of lowly children committed to her motherly care, and let it rot in the earth, or shall she do all that can be done to render it back with usury to Him who lent it? There should be no doubt about the answer to these questions. The humanity and justice of our rulers will prompt them to take immediate measures for the formation of a school, or schools, for the instruction and training of idiots."

Acting upon these suggestions of their Commissioners, the Legislature of Massachusetts appropriated the sum of $2,500, annually, for three years, to try the experiment of education upon ten idiots. Mr. James B. Richards, who was appointed teacher, visited the schools in Europe, to derive such information as might aid him in his task, and in October, 1848, began his labors with four pupils, whose number has since increased to eleven—all of them boys. The establishment is under the supervision of Dr. Howe, and under the same roof with the Perkins Institute for the Blind,—a large and commodious building, occupying an airy and delightful position upon that part of South Boston known as Mt. Washington.

The benefits of the Institution are not limited to the ten for whom the present fund provides,—private pupils being also received.

The school is yet in its infancy—only seven months having elapsed since its commencement. No report of its progress therefore has been offered to the public, but we are happy to lay before our readers such information as a recent visit thither afforded us.

The unfortunate children who a few months since were unable to control their limbs, had no idea of size, form, or number, we found seated at desks, of the usual kind, and when called upon to do so by their teacher, stood up before the black-board, on which was printed in chalk part of the alphabet, designated the letters, and combined them into words of three letters. After this they proceeded to exercises which would enable them to control and direct their muscles at the example of the teacher; such as folding their arms across the chest, placing them at the side, and extending them—the lessons not having been yet applied to the use of the left arm or of the feet. In the room were also placed ladders which they were taught to climb; (a straw mattress being placed on the floor to prevent injury in case of any falling.) Pupils who, when first received into the school, manifested much timidity, and indeed almost entire inability to mount one step, are now climbing up and down with facility, and seem to enjoy their newly acquired knowledge. One child who, on his arrival, knew

* Two blind idiots are under training at the Institution for the Blind in Boston.

the names of but four objects, and was not able to bring any of them when called for, went for several articles when sent, brought the teacher's hat when told, placed it on his head, and gave other indications of improvement. It should be remembered that these pupils were for the most part apparently from six to ten years of age, selected from pauper families, and suffering when brought to the school from every disadvantage and neglect.

One child only is incapable of using his lower limbs; but Mr. Richards hopes to find him much improved in that respect in the course of a couple of months more; his other faculties had made sufficient progress to excite the wonder and gratitude of his father, who burst into tears, on marking his improvement when he visited him a few weeks since.

The school, as we have before stated, is but an experiment, and a recent one; but its results are such as to encourage renewed and continued exertion. Shall not little ones like these whom a few months has seen so far reclaimed from their miserably abject state, as to be at least "fed and clothed," be at length found sitting at the feet of Jesus and in their right mind? Yes, truly; in the heavenly home they shall; but let us hope with striving for such a state of things even here!

We have collected the above statements, not in boast of what has been done, but to show what may and ought to be done. And, we ask in conclusion, what will our other States do in behalf of these, their desolate, and helpless children? Let those whose voices may be heard in our public councils protest in the name of humanity, against a neglect which leaves, sunk in degradation, any portion of our population!

As surely as the good seed is sown in faith, so surely shall the sunshine of Gods's grace, and the dew of his blessing descend upon it, till it bring forth an harvest.

We know that the work is not one of weeks, or months, but of years—years too, of long, unremitting, patient toil, but—*shall it not be undertaken?* We doubt not that true-hearted ones will rise up in our midst ready to devote themselves, with an heroic patience, to the prosecution of this truly noble enterprise—whose reward shall be great, for they shall be called the children of the Highest!

M. F. D.

Boston, Mass.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

GEO. P. PUTNAM has published during the past month, several charming works which deserve honorable mention. "*The Crayon Miscellany*," forming volume IX. of the new edition of Irving's Complete Works, will be welcomed heartily by those who have enriched their shelves with the previous volumes of the series. Our readers will be pleased to know that a similar republication of Cooper's Works has been begun; the first volume, "*The Spy*," being now before us. This remarkable romance, which at once established the author's reputation at the time of its first appearance, presents in its new and beautiful garb a refreshing contrast to the more recent productions of Mr. Cooper. It is indeed seemly that such a book should be preserved in a handsome Library edition. "*Last Leaves of American History*" is the title of an excellent little narrative by Mrs. Willard, comprising histories of the late war with Mexico and of the California Territory. Mrs. Willard's reputation as a vigorous and elegant writer is fully sustained in her manner of treating these subjects, although the sketch of the war is much too rapid, and, while results are given with sufficient accuracy, instances of individual gallantry are almost wholly passed over. "*The California and Oregon Trail*," by Francis Parkman, Jr., contains some agreeable sketches of life on the prairie and in the Rocky Mountains. Such scenes as he describes are being daily witnessed by the multitudes now on their way to California, and we can only wish that some of these emigrants may make as good books of their travels as Mr. Parkman has done. "*The Genius of Italy*," by the Rev. Robert Turnbull, we have perused with interest and pleasure. The author's style is flowing and rhythmical, and throws an air of freshness around the Vatican and the Apennines, the treasures of art and the glories of landscape, that have been so frequently described by tourists since Beckford lingered amongst them. Perhaps the most striking work of the month, is Mr. Curzon's "*Monasteries of the Levant*," wherein we find an account of an Eastern pilgrimage of a somewhat novel character. Oriental objects, natural and artificial, have been as extensively written about by travellers as Italian sunsets, but we do not recollect to have seen any narrative of the interior life of those old monastic establishments of the East, so full of acceptable information as the one before us. As to the style of these works, it is sufficient to say that their typography is in all respects similar to Mr. Putnam's usual publications. They are for sale by A. Morris and Nash & Woodhouse.

RAPHAEL: or Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse De Lamartine. Author of the "History of the Girondists," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 82 Cliff Street.

It may seem rather late in the day to give our readers a notice of this book. But we have an ample apology in the facts of the case. It was put into the hands of the proper critic, who after reading it fell into a comatose state, from which he was rescued only by the utmost skill on the part of judicious physicians. He recovered sufficiently to mutter some such phrase as "puerile rhapsody" or "blasphemy"—we could not rightly understand which. As the medical attendants forbade any conversation on the subject, we were under the necessity of looking into the book ourselves, and find the story to be somewhat as follows—

Raphaël, (who is the author as far as we could judge,) goes to the baths for his health. He is four-and-twenty

and excessively handsome. Of course he is brimful of romance. All handsome people are. He there sees a young woman bent on the same pursuit of health as himself, as handsome as he is, and to the full as poetic. She is a mystery to everybody—and either for that reason, or for some other equally good, Mr. Raphaël delivers himself up soul and body as her captive. But his altar is erected to an unknown goddess. At the proper time, however, just when his passion has reached a frantic pitch, the Destinies who preside over novels and their heroes and heroines, step in and declare who it is that he so ignorantly worships. She is fond of boating—gets upset. He rescues her. They pass the night in some fisherman's dilapidated hut—and he then discovers that she is the wife of an elderly physician, who gives her the largest kind of liberty—and that she is an Atheist. This latter discovery shocks him beyond measure, for he is a Christian. The narrative is then subsequently composed chiefly of his efforts to convert her to the true faith—in which he finally succeeds—and the conversion and its announcement form perhaps one of the most amusing scenes in the book. They then die in due season, and the book closes abruptly, with a hint, however, that, (as the razor-strop man says,) "there are a few more of the same sort left." The idea of a Christian man, as portrayed in the character of Raphaël, is certainly not intended as genuine, but is probably meant as an exquisite satire upon the pretenders to "pure religion and undefiled," for this Christian hero wastes his time, pinches his whole family, pawns his mother's last jewels, sponges on his friends, and all for the purpose of gratifying his fancy for the too charming wife and Atheist; a character which may be regarded as doubtful in morals, to say nothing of Christianity.

The book, however, appears to be the work of a man, who feeling that he has made show enough in the world to entitle him to a notice in Biographical Dictionaries, resolves to be understood—and accordingly writes an account of himself before he appeared on the scene of action—not an account of himself as he really then was, but of what he now wishes the world to think him to have then been. It accordingly results in as vainglorious a piece of folly as we have ever seen—and it is difficult to reconcile in one's mind the author of this book with the heroic *talker* of the Revolution of 1848. He says that Thucydides had the formation of his mind. If this be so, we can only say, that in the present instance, that very respectable individual appears as literary grandfather to a very melancholy abortion.

The book can be had at all the cheap bookstores.

Rural Letters and other Records of Thoughts at Leisure, Written in the Intervals of More Hurried Literary Labor. By *N. Parker Willis*. New York: Baker & Scribner, No. 145 Nassau Street and 36 Park Row. 1849.

What we say about Willis we wish to be read,
So we publish it under our critical head,
And the better to rivet attention from you,
We make it, kind reader, a rhyming review.

The volume in muslin before us contains
Not the very best produce of Willis's brains,
But at least as agreeable reading in prose
As ever was written in *couleur de rose*,
There are many good hits in the "Letters from under
A Bridge," which excited the Gothamite's wonder,
How a dashing young cit could so easily pen
The delightfullest jottings from greenwood and glen,
And marked out their author as something between a
New York Horace Walpole and Madame Sevigné.
Yet his charming descriptions of life in the woods,—
Where nothing of city disturbance intrudes,—
Have much of a light, metropolitan air
That smacks of the region of Grosvenor Square.
If he mentions his pumpkins, his pigs, or his hay,
He mixes up with them the *Rue de la Paix*,
The oriole, pouring its song on the breeze,
Is a feathered Rubini engaged for the trees,
And the calm Susquehannah's bright waves as they move,
Do but serve to remind him of Blessington's glove.*
Of such elegant trifles we do not complain,
For like bubbles that rise to the top of champagne,
They give effervescence and life to his style,
And cause it to sparkle more brightly the while.
Altogether, the volume's a capital thing,
A dish of belles-lettres too good for a king,
It is spirited, droll, in a word it is *Willisy*,
Just the book to be read in the summer *sub ilice!*

Now for Willis's books we had always a liking,
There's something about them so wondrously striking,
Though conceits often mar the effect of his thought
And he deals in queer phrases much more than he ought,
And his slanderers say that he printed, the sinner,
What was said by the belle that sat next him at dinner,
(*En passant* we never gave heed to a charge,
Which the Pencillings cannot establish at large,)
This it was that made Willis the talk of the town,
When in London they ventured to scribble him down;
There was Lockhart, that terrible Quarterly man,
Who at once to abuse and berate him began,
And declared that his publisher never could sell any
Sheets of the second edition of Melanie,
(That's the way we pronounce it, although we agree
That the author himself calls the word Mel-a-*nie*,)
Yet in spite of †Pete Morris and all his abettors,
He turned out a new Esterhazy of letters,
For he scatters his brilliants wherever he wanders,
Whether down through the Broadway of prose he meanders,
Or trips with a livelier measure along
The shining Fifth Avenue *trottoir* of song!
There are times, too, when Willis asserts his control
O'er the purest emotions that ruffle the soul,—
When to bosoms that murmur, his verses reply
With those sweet consolations that moisten the eye,
And those graces beyond the perfection of art,
Which gush from a warm and benevolent heart!

But to leave this digression and get to our book,
There's one affectation we can't overlook,
'Tis the name of the author itself which we see
"N. Parker" instead of the simple "N. P."
At this we let fly all our *critica spicula*,
'Twere better the letters meant N–othing P–articular.
Now this middle cognomen, this Parker intrusion,
Disabuses our mind of a happy illusion,
For we always imagined, our author should know it,
N. P. was the Latin for being born‡ poet!

But enough; lest our lines anapæstic get worse,
We here put a stop to our critical verse,
Which, though often its feet sadly stumble and go ill,
Is as good as the "Fable for Critics" by Lowell.

* Page 62.
† Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.
‡ Nascitur Poeta.

RURAL SPORTS. A Tale—in 4 parts. By *J. B. Jones.* Philadelphia: Charles Marshall. 1849.

We owe to the author or publisher our thanks for this poem, and we feel bound to take some notice of its merits.

The work is strikingly original. Its object is to show the superiority of tranquil rural life over the carking cares and exhausting tumults of political ambition. And no one can fail to be struck with the extraordinary novelty of such an attempt. Nor is the pleasant surprise less, when we come to the details of the narrative, which present the hitherto unsung enjoyments of the chase, the fishing-rod, the fields, the flocks, the poultry yard, and the thousand other sources of 'rural felicity,' which nobody ever heard of before. The hero, moreover, Charles Longfield, is a very remarkable man. He is "a mortal stern, whose will had shaped his fate," but who grew dissatisfied with his own work, and retired into the country "to reign" over his wife, children, and other property, "in uncontested sway enthroned on his own soil," utterly defying writs of right, ejectments, and notices to quit. One bad effect, however, has been produced by the wild course of life, so mysteriously hinted at—he is much addicted to rambling about all day with his dog and gun, and indulges an insatiable thirst for blood—the blood of hares, partridges, and woodcocks. His wife, unfortunately, is something of a Grahamite in theory, and has conscientious scruples about eating meat: though the calls of appetite invariably prove too strong for her principles, and as the poet in hand most gracefully sings,

> "E'en *her voracious pearls* right fondly cling
> To breast of partridge, or a pheasant's wing."

But another cause of disquiet is soon added to her *anti-carnivorous* misgivings. Charles at the "Haunted Hill" (another unprecedented feature in the tale) falls in with a "Black Lady's" foot-prints, finds an inscription on a beech tree (more marvels!) addressed to him, and picks up a handkerchief, which had brought his sagacious Ponto to a dead point! Our hero is a very faithful spouse when his wife is at his elbow, but is, nevertheless, mightily disturbed by these phenomena, when alone in the woods. Nor can he altogether shake off the effect when he gets home. After the children are put to bed—when Delia and himself are comfortably seated in great cushioned chairs—with a cricket apiece on the hearth—and *two* kittens (for symmetry) playing on the carpet—his moody looks are remarked by his wife, and the cause inquired. Here we must admit that something like plagiarism does appear: for Delia proceeds, in a style worthy of Mrs. Caudle herself, to "worm it out of Johnny," and to "do the tragics" naturally consequent upon such a discovery. He produces the handkerchief—she snatches it up with a pair of tongs—holds it over the fire, till it turns black, and somehow displays most appalling pictures of cypress wreaths, snakes, and skull-bones—and then consigns it to the flames, which do most unexpectedly consume it. "Charles gazed in wonder:" but recalling what he had read in Turner's Chemistry, or "Knowledge for the people," about sympathetic inks, he very logically concludes the thing to be a contrivance of some rustic Dalilah, intent upon seducing him from his marital allegiance.

The result is, however, that he goes no more a hunting and is bound by a solemn pledge never to visit the "Haunted Hill," except under escort of his help-mate. The armistice with the beasts and birds *feræ naturæ*, is extended to the domestic animals—

> "And duck and gobbler, squab and waddling goose,
> Were all forbidden to be slain for use;
> Next sav'ry beef and bacon took their turn;
> Why should such creatures bleed for us, and *burn*?"

This state of things, however, could not last always. The spirit, indeed, was willing but the flesh was weak. For

> ——Delia hungered, and in secret sighed
> For turkey roasted, or fat rabbit fried: * *
> At length one day she saw a barrow pluck
> The head away from a short-winded duck:
> 'Speed Charles,' she cried, 'there's something we may eat;
> Bring it away for dinner, I entreat!!'"

The ice once broken, things went on swimmingly—the "married lovers," in concert, ate the duck; but we grieve to say that Charles "gulped down" the lion's share, and of the residue the children got little or nothing. It was resolved to renew hostilities; and the very next day our sportsman murdered in cold blood, and on the ground, a whole flock of partridges at a single shot, to the unspeakable disgust of the high-souled and generous Ponto. Even the fishes are not secure: and he is assisted by the partner of his bosom, and the interesting pledges of their affection, in netting minnows, and hooking bass, pike and spotted trout, without the slightest remorse or compunction. It must be admitted that the character of our heroine presents one trait, never before illustrated in works of fiction. Generally speaking, heroines never *eat*; but, if we may employ a most appropriate phrase of modern invention, our Delia "don't do any thing else!"

We own that we were extremely apprehensive all this time for the wedded bliss of this amiable pair; and we dreaded to learn the issue of the adventure with the Black Lady. But our fears were groundless. After some days of killing and feasting, Delia trots out her husband according to promise to the Haunted Hill; dismisses him and the dog to hunt one way, while she goes another, and charges him if he shall take the game in question, to hold fast, and on no account to lift her veil, until she herself shall be present. Ponto soon brings the lady to bay—Charles rushes forward and finds her arrayed, not in black, but white: he forgets his pledge to his wife, and begs for one peep before her arrival: the request is granted, the veil withdrawn, and Delia stands before him—the arch contriver of all the *diablerie!*

A cynical friend of ours suggests as a motto for the end of the tale, which we have now reached,

> "The *phantom* of her frolic grace, Fitz-Fulke!"

but we vehemently protest against the supposed resemblance, and doubt not that Lord Byron himself, were he alive, would disclaim it. Our author may unquestionably say, with Touchstone, "a poor thing, sir—but mine own."

The versification of this poem is very orthodox in the main, especially the rhymes: we have "kiss and bliss,"—"eye and try,"—"go and low,"—"birds and words,"—"sport and report," and the like, with only occasional exceptions. But in the syntax and prosody the poetic license is indulged with more freedom. For example "fire" is twice (at least) made a dissyllable, as if *fi-er*.

> —"Strange forms of *fi-re* o'er the ascent played"—
>
> —"The lamp is out, the *fi-re* feebler glows"—

There is also a liberal use of ellipsis, which sometimes leaves the reader in doubt about antecedents and relatives, nominative cases and verbs, as thus—man and dog are approaching birds—

> "With steady nerve our Charles advances slow:
> His dog sagacious, softly crouches low;
> *Whirring they fly*—the acme of the sport;
> *He fires—they fall*—a bird at each report!"

Now, if this be read according to Lindley Murray, the story merits a place in Ovid's Metamorphoses. For, at the very instant when we expect to flush the covey of partridges, Charles and Ponto fly whirring instead of the birds, Charles lets off both barrels, commits murder and suicide successively, and drops down with his dog, "a bird at each report." Nor is this all—for in the next line they are up again—

> "*He marks* the rest pitch on the fallow plain,
> While dashing Ponto *gathers up the slain!*"

himself included. This is not a bad use of the western idiom, which describes a person about to make unusual exertions, as "gathering himself"—"humping himself," &c.

Immediately after, we are told—

> "*The gun* re-charged, *deposited* the birds,
> *Bestowed* upon the pointer cheering words,
> Charles leaps the hedge and through the stubble goes
> To where the frightened fugitives repose.
> *Healthful and strong*, by keen excitement flushed,
> *Each care* that rose beneath his heel was crushed;
> *Pursued his lawful* sport with rare delight
> Repressing pity with the sense of right."

The gun, it would seem, did not escape the magic influences of the time and place. Being re-charged, and apparently *overcharged*, it quietly deposited the birds, and addressed some cheering words to poor Ponto: a very considerate thing of the gun, inasmuch as it had just before turned Ponto into a dead partridge. Meanwhile Charles leaps over the hedge into the stubble, and crushes beneath his heel "each care that rose," (like evil weeds as they were,) no matter "how healthful and strong, by keen excitement flushed." Happy man! to have "healthful cares," and be able to crush even them with his heel—in a stubble field! He was happy also in pursuing his "lawful sport," without dread of a suit for trespass, or an indictment for killing game out of season. And lastly, he was happy in the possession of that Roman firmness, which enabled him to repress his pity with the sense of right; and to extract even a "rare delight" from the reluctant discharge of the painful duty, which obliged him to shoot partridges and molly-cottontails!

Long may Charles Longfield, Esq. "reign" over his *elastic* domains, where

> "Orchard and garden, field and gentle mead,
> *Cluster* around, or *far* their acres *spread*."

Long may he repose beneath the shade of his venerable, though somewhat *oblivious*, trees—

> "The ancient oaks, tall, towering to the skies,
> Last *landmarks* of *forgotten* histories."

May he often gaze abroad, with his well-fed wife at his side, from that "fancy" porch and balcony, of curious texture,

> "With trellised vines fantastically *wove*."

And when the romantic pair have any more adventures, may they be commemorated by the muse of Jones, and a copy of the volume containing them be transmitted to the Messenger.

ASTORIA: or Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. *By Washington Irving*. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

It is enough to say that this is another volume of the handsome reprint of Irving's works, in the course of publication by Mr. Putnam, and that it is equal to those which have preceded it.

LES CONFIDENCES. Par M. A. de Lamartine. New York—D. Appleton et compagnie. Philadelphie—Geo. S. Appleton.

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES, or Memoirs of my Youth, by Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated by Eugene Plunkett. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

The Publishers have thought proper to head this book, or at least the translation of it, with an extra line of capitals styling it "Lamartine's remarkable book." Whether this be a trick of the trade on the part of those enterprising bibliopoles—the Appletons—or a bit of self-glorification on the part of Mr. Plunkett, we know not. It served in part, however, to seduce us into a glance at Mr. Lamartine's exposures of himself, though we had mentally forsworn every thing from his pen after a taste of the pages of Raphaël.

As we have headed our notice with the title-pages of both the original and translation—the picture and its "counterfeit presentment"—we must of course say something of the mode in which the translation is executed. Mr. Plunkett has done well on the whole, though it is manifest that he has endeavored to translate with spirit rather than with fidelity. This we regard as by no means a venial fault in a translator, especially where the author rendered is peculiarly idiomatic and antithetical as Lamartine. He affects to write in a species of prose-poetry, of which no foreign reader, not understanding the language, can have an idea unless the translation is strictly literal.

We are aware that the relative advantages of free and literal translation constitute a debateable point, a *vexata quæstio*, in the world of letters. Much, as in all like cases, has been said upon both sides. But we confess that we are covetous of an acquaintance with the author—not such as he would be when trimmed and fashioned to suit our tastes, fancies and peculiarities, whether national or educational, but such as he is,—such as he would appear to us were we to "transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking, his idiosyncracies."* Style is as much a part and parcel of a literary man, or his works, as the ideas themselves which he expresses. Without it we can have no idea of the individual. As well give us the countenance of a person without his expression, give us his mere features, as to give us the book of a man without his style—his ideas without the peculiar mode in which he utters them. This can only be done by a rigorous, amounting almost to a reckless, adherence to strict literal translation. In this respect Mr. Plunkett has failed, though we think he has produced a book quite as readable as the original.

We confess that we are like to prove but sorry critics of this "remarkable work." The day has gone by with us when feverish sentimentality and transcendental longings held mighty power over our soul. At sixteen "*Les Confidences*" might have enraptured us, for at sixteen we were deeply read in Carlyle and learned in Goethe—knew something of Jean Paul and could chatter as fluently of the sufferings of our bit of humanity as a New England Miss or member of "The Boston Mutual Adulation Club." But at the period of this present writing, we have years enough over our head and have seen sufficient of this naughty world of ours to cause us to lay aside some of the frivolity and nonsense of our boyhood, and to forget some of our childish "hoverings towards the far-away, loving stars of bliss-giving grace."† The sad result is that in these later days, we are somewhat disposed to scan closely the morals of a book, and to ask in a true *cui bono* spirit, whether or no man is likely to profit by the publication of this, that or the

* Goethe—Austin's Characteristics, vol. 1, p. 33—34.
† Faust.

ether "remarkable work,"—to consider whose soul may be enlightened—whose heart gladdened by its perusal—to feel that we stand as watchmen on the walls of the literary Zion, commissioned to tell "what of the night" as well as when "the day cometh." But to the book.

The book itself is written for the avowed purpose, (if we may trust the opening paragraph of Note I, Book I,) of disclosing to the world the author's "past life,"—of opening up "those living and hidden streams of existence, his feelings and thoughts"—and thus presenting himself to his age and posterity as he would wish to be viewed. Now we quarrel with no man for "putting his best foot foremost." We try to do it ourselves sometimes. Certainly we think others have a right to exercise this privilege, at least, so long as the world continues its present free use of detraction and censure. But we do blame Mr. Lamartine—and blame him very decidedly—for taking three years, (see Preface,) to paint his own portrait, and then representing himself in a fashion so discreditable alike to the Poet and the Man.

Such an assertion may perhaps strike some of our readers who have perused the book, or may hereafter read it, as strange. Nevertheless we affirm its correctness, and base it on Mr. Lamartine's own showing. True, this book as well as its companion Raphaël, contains much in which he endeavors to exhibit himself as the affectionate son, the high-minded man, the true-hearted Christian. But the Pharisee who went up to the Temple to pray at the same time with the Publican, gravely informed the All-seeing Deity whom he addressed, that he was without spot or blemish; and yet in spite of the numerous claims to merit which he urged, an All-wise Power exercised a just discrimination between the self-righteous man and the humiliated sinner who stood afar off and lifted not up his eyes. So too a discerning eye will readily discover that the almost perfect character which our author so freely ascribes to himself is more the result of his imagination, as guided by his subsequent experience, than supported by the facts (so-called) which he presents. We would not be considered as unjustly harsh, but we frankly confess that we have risen from the perusal of this work, disgusted, perhaps irritated, with the author and the portrait of himself which he has limned.

Mr. Lamartine has asserted in his Raphaël, when speaking of Rousseau, that the first love of a man always marks his character in subsequent life—and that therein may the history of that early attachment be read.* We will assume this to be true—and then refer our readers, by way of sustaining our somewhat strongly expressed opinion, to the story of Graziella, that forms so large a portion of these Confidences, over which Mr. Lamartine pondered for three years before he submitted them to the gaze of a critical public.

The story is briefly this. Lamartine, aged eighteen, and friend, aged twenty,—which friend, by the way, is honored with a passing notice as curt as need be,—fall in with a fisherman, very pious, in his simple way, honest and upright, and resolve to take a roving excursion with him in the Bay of Naples and its vicinity. Their excursion lasts two months, and is suddenly brought to a termination by a storm which, about midnight, swamps the boat just off the shore of Procida, where the Fisherman resides. To his humble hut they are taken, and here our hero† and his readers are introduced to Graziella, the fisherman's granddaughter. Her night-dress, which she has not had time to arrange, discloses a tall and slender form,

"With vernal bosom springing into view."

Large oval eyes, blue-black,—round cheeks, rich lips and beautiful teeth, together with tresses gloriously luxuriant and dark as the raven's wing, complete the picture,—which, by the way, is seen from a distance on a stormy night. In this hut Lamartine spends months, and his whole occupation seems to have been, by every way and means, to win the affections of this half child, half girl,—whose heart and soul would appear to have been far more lovely than her person. We can not dwell here upon the details—suffice it to say that he succeeded, and that but too effectually. The time came for her to be betrothed to a young man ardently attached to her, one whose fortune and character were such as to render him a most desirable partner for life. Urged on the one hand by filial love, duty and gratitude, to accept a lover who would make her happy and respectable, and render the declining years of her aged and toil-worn grandparents easy and comfortable,—her heart on the other hand loudly telling her that her affections were elsewhere bestowed, that the vows of the altar could give only a lifeless form whose spirit was linked to another's,—revolting with her nobility of principle from a falsehood, yet yearning to comply as became a dutiful daughter,—the soul of the poor child was rent in pieces by the conflict. Her reason deserted her. She rushed from a home where she was adored; long search was made,—and at last the author of this calamity discovers her in an old, deserted stone house, far away from those who loved her so fondly: and thus he found her—*

La petite lampe rallumée devant la madone par Graziella l'éclairait d'une faible lueur. Je courus au fond de la seconde chambre où j'avais entendu sa voix et sa chute, et où je la croyais évanouie. Elle ne l'était pas. Seulement sa faiblesse avait trahi son effort; elle était retombée sur le tas de bruyère sèche qui lui servait de lit, et joignait les mains en me regardant. Ses yeux animés par la fièvre, ouverts par l'étonnement et allanguis par l'amour, brillaient fixes comme deux étoiles dont les lueurs tombent du ciel, et qui semblent vous regarder ou fond de l'eau.

Sa tête, qu'elle cherchait à relever, retombait de faiblesse sur les feuilles, renversée en arrière et comme brisée par un coup de hache. Elle était pâle comme l'agonie, excepté sur les pommettes des joues teintes de quelques vives roses. Sa belle peau était marbrée de taches de larmes et de la poussière qui s'y était attachée. Son vêtement noir se confondait avec la couleur brune des feuilles répandues à terre et sur lesquelles elle était couchée. Ses pieds nus, blancs comme le marbre, dépassaient de toute leur longueur le tas de fougère et reposaient sur la pierre. Des frissons couraient sur tous ses membres et faisaient claquer ses dents comme des castagnettes dans une main d'enfant. Le mouchoir rouge qui enveloppait ordinairement les longues tresses noires de ses beaux cheveux était détaché et étendu comme un demivoile sur son front jusqu'au bord de ses yeux. On voyait qu'elle s'en était servie pour ensevelir son visage et ses larmes dans l'ombre, comme dans l'immobilité anticipée d'un linceul, et qu'elle ne l'avait relevé qu'en entendant ma voix et en se plaçant sur son séant pour venir m'ouvrir.

They take her back to her home. The little dreams of a happy and reputable life for their grand-daughter, which had so gladdened the hearts of the aged fisherman and his wife, were broken. But they cheerfully surrendered their hopes and plans, formed for her good alone, so that they might keep her angel light within their dwelling.

Mr. Lamartine soon afterwards resorts to an artifice by which to escape. He gets back to Paris—plunges into the gayety of that dissipated metropolis—and six months or so after his escape, he receives one night, on his return from

* Note XLII.

† Note XII of the Episode.

* Livre Dixième XXVII.

a ball, a mysterious package. He opens it. It is a letter from Graziella.*

"Le docteur dit que je mourrai avant trois jours. Je veux te dire adieu avant de perdre mes forces. Oh! si tu étais là, je vivrais! Mais c'est la volonté de Dieu. Je te parlerai bientôt et toujours du haut du ciel. Aime mon âme! Elle sera avec toi toute ta vie. Je te laisse mes cheveux, coupés une nuit pour toi. Consacre-les à Dieu dans une chapelle de ton pays pour que quelque chose de moi soit auprès de toi!"

With this letter was all her beautiful hair, which Mr. Lamartine apparently displays even now, with the same grim satisfaction that an ancient Mohawk contemplates some scalp highly prized as a trophy of youthful cruelty and bloodshed.

Our readers will naturally ask what excuse Mr. Lamartine tenders for his conduct—for the hours of madness—the lingering suffering—the despair,—the death of this young girl. We will furnish it in his own words:†

"Je n'étais que vanité. La vanité est le plus sot et le plus cruel des vices, car elle fait rougir du bonheur!..."

Such was Mr. Lamartine at eighteen,—nothing but vanity. Such he is now at sixty,—nothing but vanity. Are we harsh in saying that we have risen from the perusal of these "Confidential Disclosures" with disgust?

* Livre Dixième XXVII.

† Livre Dixième XXVII.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS: With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil-Worshippers: and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L., in 2 vols. Geo. P. Putnam, New York. 1849.

The letter of our New York Correspondent, contained in our last number, pronounces this to be the great publication of the season: and we can say that it well deserves his commendation. The execution of *his* work by the publisher is every way worthy of the subject: and that subject is nothing less than the resurrection of a mighty city which was destroyed 2,500 years ago, and of which the very site has been until recently, a matter of uncertain conjecture. We are familiar with the traditional glories of Babylon and Nineveh, and with their utter ruin and desolation, from our earliest years. The prophecies of sacred writ, and the pages of profane history, attest their magnificence and their annihilation. The vestiges of their former splendor had been so completely obliterated, that the descriptions of ancient writers seem to resemble the fabulous creations of Oriental fancy. But it has been granted to us, in this century, to discover some traces of their long-buried greatness—to disinter some of the stupendous monuments of Assyrian art and labor—and to interpret records which still exist upon many of them, fresh and uninjured as if chiselled but yesterday. Mr. Layard's book, with its numerous and beautiful illustrations, will prove to be a rich contribution to our knowledge of the past; notwithstanding the vast and valuable accession which that knowledge has received, and is still daily receiving.

For sale by A. Morris.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH: Is that Church to be Reformed or Destroyed? A Letter from Rome. By Rev. Henry M. Field. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

This little pamphlet of some 34 pages is an admirable production. The author, if we mistake not, is a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church; but his views of Christianity are by no means confined within the limits of his own persuasion. His short, but searching, examination of the Catholic faith and practice, as they now exist, is singularly impartial; while he points out and condemns what is pernicious, he seems to rejoice in acknowledging all that is praiseworthy, and in holding it up to Protestants for imitation. More than this, he combats vigorously the enmity and prejudice, too generally entertained and manifested in this country, against the Roman Catholic religion; and enquires, with much force, why it is less an intolerant persecution, than the display of the same spirit by Catholics in other countries towards Protestant missionaries. He laughs to scorn the apprehension that a true religion can have any thing to fear from competition, among such institutions as our own; and urges upon the members of the Protestant churches, male and female, that they should meet the Catholics with their own weapons, and win proselytes by the same means: by self-denial and sacrifice—by works of charity and love—by succoring the poor and the rich—and by manifesting the goodness of their faith in the excellence of its fruits.

We think its perusal will do nobody any harm.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By J. D. Morell, A. M., author of the "History of Modern Philosophy," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton. 1849.

A work of this sort is not to be judged of without careful reading and reflection. A hasty glance at it, however, has impressed us very favorably, as to its merits. We quote some paragraphs, which seem to us fraught with sound sense and liberal feeling; qualities, which do not always exercise their proper influence, in theological discussions—

"Whilst, however, the mass of uninstructed minds absorb the theological system, in which they are educated, *as a whole*, those, who are more reflective, soon detect in that system an element of mere human reasoning. This consciousness is, for the most part, awakened by the differences of opinion which exist around them. It might be imagined, perhaps, that the comparison of their formal theology with Holy Scripture, as its acknowledged source, would in *some* cases naturally lead to such a result; but, seldom, comparatively, is this the case. Where a given system of theology has completely preoccupied the mind, the Scriptures always *appear* to speak in exact accordance with it; so much so, indeed, that the system is regarded, more commonly than not, as being the pure reflection, into human phraseology, of the distinctive statements of inspired truth. When, however, a mind once gets out of the circle of its own traditionary ideas; when it finds other minds, having a different religious consciousness awakened in them, equally earnest with their own, and equally appealing to Scripture proofs, the thought soon begins to suggest itself, that there *must* be some human element, which gives their varied directions and tendencies to these different systems, and which mingles up insensibly with the whole mass of our theological faith. So general has this conviction now become amongst the thoughtful of all parties, that there is a disposition every where apparent, to tolerate various theological differences; to acknowledge *all* within a certain boundary, as equally entitled to the Christian name; and to single out only a few great points, which are to be regarded as *essential* to the validity of a theological creed." * *

He then proceeds to analyze the nature of Christian theology, and to point out the manner in which the "human element" enters into, and modifies, its different forms. And thus he explains the phenomena of change that appear in the history of Christianity.

"The theology of an age naturally embodies itself in books, catechisms, or Church symbols, where of course it remains stereotyped and fixed; in the meantime, however, the living consciousness of the Church ever unfolds, as age after age rolls on, and adds new experiences of the scope and the power of Christian truth. The inevitable result of this is, that those who take their stand *pertinaciously* upon the formal theology of any given period, remain stationary, as it were, in the religious consciousness of this period, while that of the age itself goes so far beyond them, that their theology is no longer an adequate exponent of the religious life of the times, and can no longer satisfy its just demands. Since the time of the Reformation, the religious consciousness of Europe, unfolding the principles then started, has been advancing more and more towards the religious conception of Christianity; and in consequence of this, we find the dogmatic theology of the earlier portions of this era, unable to satisfy the moral and spiritual requirements of the present age." * * *

These views are just in themselves, and clearly expressed; however they may conflict with the opinions of those, who elevate "authority" above the "right of private judgment," in matters of religious faith. How far the author is disposed to extend the circle of charity and toleration, we are not advised. How far it ought to be extended, is a question which, from the causes which he has explained, will be perpetually shifting its ground: the heretic of to-day becoming orthodox to-morrow, and being called on, in his turn, to admit others within the pale. But there is little danger, to judge from the past, that the doctrinal requirements of Christianity will be too suddenly relaxed or diminished. The conservative principle operates, (perhaps fortunately,) with a greater and more constant force in matters of theology, than in those of politics.

THE LITERARY AMERICAN. New York. G. P. Quackenbos, Proprietor.

Our readers will recollect that we had occasion to complain, in the April number of the Messenger, of the publication of a story, in the Literary American, which was taken without recognition from our pages. In the number of the American for April 28, 1849, the editor puts forth the following paragraph in relation thereto:

"AN UNJUST CHARGE.—We abhor and despise that literary piracy so prevalent among journals of the present day. It is therefore with peculiar regret that we find in the 'Southern Literary Messenger' a charge of this meanness preferred against us. We had supposed our character too fair in this respect for such an imputation, or even suspicion. The charge is an unjust one. Mr. Thompson will perceive by a reference to the story in question, that it was NOT published by us as original; we cut it *exactly as we published it*, from the 'Mirror of the Times;' there being no credit there, we were not aware of its having been originally published in the Messenger. We trust that this explanation will be satisfactory, and Mr. Thompson having materially injured us in the eyes of the respectable body constituting his readers, will make that retraction which we feel is our due."

With regard to the injustice of the charge, we can only say that "by a reference to the story in question" (in the number for March 24, 1849,) we find that it WAS published AS ORIGINAL, without credit or acknowledgment to any other source whatsoever. We are certainly willing to believe that the editor cut it from the "Mirror of the Times," but why did he not recognise it as an extract? Had he done so, we should have been at no loss upon whom to descend for the "meanness." Did the editor regard the story as a waif upon the tide of letters to be taken by the first person that could lay his hands upon it? Or did he simply *forget* by a lapse of memory to append to the publication the words—"From the 'Mirror of the Times'"? We are bound to believe that the latter supposition is the true one.

We had no disposition certainly to injure the Literary American in the eyes of our readers; on the contrary we have heretofore sought an opportunity to commend it, but the editor must surely understand how his omission to credit the paper from which he took the story, led us to believe that the plagiarism was his own. We are glad to be assured that it was not. As for the "Mirror of the Times," we were not aware of its existence until the paragraph above quoted met our eye, but we doubt not that it belongs to a class of literary weeklies, whose notions of the right of property are somewhat of the loosest, and whose columns are filled with poetical pilferings and prosaic petty-larcenies. The editor of the American will probably be cautious how he borrows from it in future.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Harold & Murray, of this city for the "Church Polity" of Rev. J. L. Reynolds, pastor of the 2nd Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., for the "Mirror of Nature," a book of instruction and entertainment, from the German of *G. H. Schubert*, by William H. Furness—and for "Mitchell's Intermediate Geography," an excellent school-book.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS of the University of Virginia. Session of 1848–49.

Our State University, we are pleased to see, is fully restored to that public confidence to which its high character so justly entitles it, but which was in a measure withdrawn a few years since in consequence of certain unhappy events that are still fresh in the memories of all. The number of students during the present session is 266. From a long acquaintance with the system pursued at the University, together with some opportunities of observing the systems of other institutions of a similar character, we have no hesitation in saying that the standard of scholarship is higher there than in any college in America. There are certain institutions in the Northern States, where a residence of four years and a bare adherence to the proprieties of gentlemanly conduct are alone necessary for the degree, so that an undergraduate who pays his bills and bides his time, is pretty certain to emerge at the end of his fourth term a Bachelor of Arts, when perhaps he is as ignorant of the Greek and Latin diversions of his Freshman year, as if he had never entered the walls of the College. But at our University, the most rigid examinations test the fitness of the candidates for honors. Accordingly we see that already, in the first twenty-five years of its existence, its Alumni are found in posts of the highest distinction. One is a member of the Cabinet. Others are in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, on the bench, eminent in the learned professions, in science or in commercial enterprise. We rejoice to see the growing prosperity of this excellent seat of learning, which is, in all respects, worthy of the fame of its illustrious founder and of the commonwealth whose name it bears.

A BOOK OF THE HUDSON; Collected from the various works of Diedrich Knickerbocker. By *Geoffrey Crayon*. G. P. Putnam. New York: 1849,

Our old acquaintances, Peter Stuyvesant, and Rip Van Winkle, vouch for the respectability of their associates in this little volume. Those who are going to visit the Hudson, ought to have such a pocket companion. Those, who are not going, should take it as a substitute for the trip.

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CHAS. F. DEEMS, *Newbern, N. C.*

June, 1849.

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June, 1849.

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A Lady who has had much experience in teaching the higher English branches, French, Drawing and Painting, and who could teach the rudiments of Music, wishes to make an engagement in a private family. Address the Editor of the Messenger.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

PROSPECTUS.

This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selection: and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste. *May*, 1844.

TERMS.

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CORINNE, OR ITALY,

OF MADAME DE STAEL.

Mr. Editor:—I have just read this romance a second time, after an interval of many years, and must confess that it has made a far deeper impression on my mind than at its first perusal.

I can scarcely believe, that in my case, as in some rare instances, the power of imagination has increased with age; but I believe that I was then less tolerant of a foreign style, and of the sentimentality and sententiousness which so strongly distinguish Continental from English literature. It is certain that the translation in which I first read it, could give me no adequate idea of the beauties which I now find in the original, and that Italy, quietly enduring slavery, interested me far less than the same country in its recent struggles for freedom.

Whatever may be the cause of my increased admiration, it induces me to trouble you with a few remarks on a production, which has commanded the admiration of the literary world for more than forty years.

In spite of the defects of the plot, in which few can exactly sympathize with the difficulties of the prominent characters, notwithstanding occasional extravagances of style and sentiment, the genius of the author triumphs over all, and carries us along by its power.

Sir James Mackintosh said that he read it slowly, like an epicure prolonging his enjoyment of a favorite dish.

Its leading moral seems to be, that persons of exquisite sensibility, genius, and cultivation are, as a matter of course, subject to great suffering, for which, as is suggested towards the close, they can find no healing balm except in religion.

The hero is the son of a Scotch nobleman, who possessed all the excellencies of that region, viz: high mental cultivation, great moral purity, strong religious faith, and a rooted attachment to the quiet, demure habits of his countrymen. The fine genius, warm feelings, devoted filial piety, and high sense of moral obligation which characterized the son, seemed likely to realize the hopes of such a father. But two faults, intimately blended with each other, well nigh blasted his fair prospects.

The creature of impulse, he often acted with extraordinary energy and generosity; but he not less often plunged himself into difficulties, which greatly annoyed his sensitive nature. He could not decide between the obligations of ordinary, habitual duty, and those peculiar ones in which he had been involved by his imprudence.

The evil effects of this impulsive, yet undecided character, exhibited themselves at his very first excursion from the paternal hearth. He visited France about the commencement of the reign of terror, when a mixture of old monarchical and new democratic vices made France a perfect pandemonium. He found a friend, however, in one Frenchman, who united the loyalty and refinement of the old regime with the enlightened liberality of the new era. But he became for a time the dupe of an artful woman, the sister of that friend. Once in the net, he could not decide to break it, until his love, if his feeling deserved that name, by an accidental discovery of her baseness, was completely dissipated. Ere he reached Scotland, his father, who had been long urging him to leave France, died, partly of a heart broken at his son's prolonged, and as he feared criminal absence.

Agonized with remorse Lord Nelvil almost follows his father to the grave; but he is at length persuaded to visit Italy with a hope of recruiting his health and spirits.

On his way, he seizes every opportunity of drowning his sorrow in acts of heroic benevolence, which indicated an entire recklessness of his own life. He enters Italy with a French emigrant, kind-hearted, and elegant in manners, but whose levity in *real* misfortune formed a striking contrast to the despondency of the young Scotchman whose *outward circumstances* were so prosperous. They are, in spite of this uncongeniality, very good friends, and enter the Eternal City together.

Here they encounter the heroine Corinne. To the readers of Ovid, this is a name of evil augury, especially in Italy, where we fear that female purity had made little progress from the days of Augustus to those of Bonaparte. The author indeed tells us that it is Pindar's Corinna of whom she is thinking; but we may well doubt whether a lady's character would have gained much by a transference from Latium to the foggy Bœotia.

To this ill-omened name is added the freedom of manner and love of notoriety, so common in Italy, but directly opposite to the modest reserve considered in Britain so indispensable a bulwark

of female virtue. But notwithstanding these traits, and many overwrought, almost sickly exhibitions of sensibility, the English or American reader must be a strange one indeed, who does not become deeply interested in the fortunes of this extraordinary being. Endowed with universal genius, versed in all literature, uniting all the Italian good nature and *abandon* with Scotch purity, she had a combination of attractions, which a heart less susceptible than that of the young islander could not have resisted.

His prejudices against Italian women were melting away as the frost of his native hills would have done under an Italian sun. Passion impelled him to an immediate union with this charming creature; but the mystery resting on her origin and early history, the recollection of his former imprudence, and of his father's opinions, and an occasional relapse into his old feelings, always made him shrink back from that final step.

She is nursed by him in sickness, after having first nursed him; she traverses the peninsula from one end to the other in his company, and defies even Italian public sentiment in all her intercourse with him. Their attachment is but strengthened by the most intimate knowledge of each other's sentiments and opinions, and sealed on his part by the most solemn promises.

But she, while not disguising her devotion to him, pleads a presentiment of evil, and will not accept his vows, until he is fully apprised of all the particulars of her story. When he learns that she, being partly of English blood, had found the restraints of English society intolerable, and, to avoid them, had rashly and clandestinely sought a residence in Italy, his indecision revives, although he is still profuse in his professions of attachment.

It appeared that Lord Nelvil's father, who was intimate with Corinne's, had, without the knowledge of his son, and during his absence in France, set on foot and afterwards broken off a treaty of marriage between the two young persons. This circumstance greatly staggered and annoyed the mind of Oswald, who knew also that his father had some wish for his union with her younger sister, who was entirely English, and the perfect antipode of Corinne in every thing but purity and beauty.

This girl very young, and, educated in retirement, was timid, modest and reserved. Corinne confessed herself *un peu agée*. The frankness of this confession, indeed, proved that time had committed no ravages on her charms, or otherwise that, in this particular, she rose entirely above the weakness of her sex, or rather of her species.

In this state of things, the anxiety of both is not to be wondered at, when Nelvil, who was a Colonel on leave of absence, was summoned to resume the command of his regiment.

With great difficulty he tears himself away, and she gives herself up to entire despair.

The sight of Britain revives his attachment to English manners, and with it his prejudice against those of Italy. The appearance of Miss Edgermond, blushing like a young rose, chimed in with this renewal of old prepossessions. He does not cease to love Corinne; but she is fast losing the monopoly of his heart, and his letters become less frequent and more cold.

Although this only realized the gloomy anticipations of Corinne, it drove her almost frantic, and when the intelligence reached her that he was about starting with the army for the West Indies, she returned to England with more imprudence than she had left it, in actual pursuit of a man whose heart she believed alienated. During her voyage, and after her arrival in London, where she finds him, she writes only a single letter, which does not reach him.

Meanwhile this silence conspired with his early feelings, his father's wishes, and the charms of Lucile in dangerous proximity, to shake his resolution never firm. As usual he halts between two opposing influences, and remains undecided.

Corinne seeing him in the company of her rival, who is also a beloved sister, and hearing of his intimacy in her family, follows him to Scotland, where she sends back the ring which he had given, as a pledge of affection, without informing him that she is in Britain, and without explaining her silence.

This step makes him in turn suspicious of *her* fidelity, and, by arousing his pride, brings him to a decision, for which his judgment is scarcely prepared. He becomes the accepted lover of Lucile.

Corinne returns to Italy to die of a broken heart. Oswald, in a short time after his marriage, goes to the West Indies, where he encounters the toils and perils of war for four years.

When he returns, the feelings and tastes which had partially lost their hold amid the din of battle, and the horrors of pestilence, resume their power. His conscience is troubled about the unknown fate of the poor Italian; he finds that his English wife, with all her loveliness and innocent affection, lacks the genius and acquirements, which gave such constant attraction to the conversation of her sister. This occasions no actual dissension, but a want of perfect sympathy and confidence, annoying to both.

Finding that anxiety and a northern climate are again bringing on his consumptive symptoms, he goes to Italy, with his wife and child, in search of health and of Corinne.

He finds her, but she refuses to see *him* until the very hour of her death, although she has many and touching interviews with his wife and daughter. These last melancholy scenes fully realize the gloomy presentiments of Corinne, and are exceedingly pathetic.

The charm which Walter Scott has thrown around the plain character of Jeanie Deans, has been always regarded as one of the highest proofs of his genius. But it certainly requires almost equal power to interest a prosaic American like myself in a woman, so exceedingly sentimental, and so exceedingly regardless of our conventional proprieties.

Speaking of Walter Scott, I am reminded of a resemblance between a passage in Corinne, and one in another of his novels, very different from the Heart of Mid Lothian.

Quentin Durward, in one of his aspiring day-dreams, thus speaks of the Countess Isabelle—

"When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentin Durward, distinguished himself in a well-fought field, or left his body on the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honor his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland."

Oswald, who had far more to encourage his hopes than the poor young Scotchman, thus replies *to* Corinne's exclamation, "Alas, those dangers of war which you are going to brave"—

"Fear them not, I shall escape; and even if I should perish, I, the most unknown of men, the recollection of me would remain in thy heart; thou wouldst perhaps never hear my name pronounced without tears; is it not true, Corinne? Thou wilt say, 'I knew him, he lovèd me.'"

The tragic end of Corinne, although sometimes objected to by those who like all sunshine at the end of a romance, is in perfect consistency with her character and the circumstances of her condition. War, other occupations, and new ties had saved Lord Nelvil from being the victim of sensibility; but they were all wanting to this exquisitely sensitive woman, who had ventured all upon a single cast, and had fallen from earthly bliss "never to hope again."

In considering Corinne merely as a romance, three inquiries present themselves—viz: Is the plot interesting? Are the characters natural and well-sustained? What is its moral tendency?

The progress of the narrative is considerably retarded by descriptions of the pictures, statues and scenery of Italy, with the reflections suggested to a mind so fertile and well-informed, which, it must be confessed, are equally entertaining and instructive.

They are skilfully interwoven with the tale, which, as before said, is that of a girl, who possessing wealth, rank, intellect and education in Protestant England, first in power and character of all European countries, preferred to all these advantages a wandering and not very respectable life of display in Catholic Italy, the most superstitious and degraded. The author has admirably succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of unimaginative readers in behalf of a woman whose conduct must appear to them absurd and imprudent.

But is her character a natural one, or do we not forget nature, and every thing else, other than the magic tints with which genius has invested it? It must be at once admitted that no exact parallel can befound to her character in real life. But the same may be said of the most celebrated creations of the novelist, whether serious or comic. Who supposes that there ever existed exact counterparts to Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Rebecca, or Diana Vernon?

It has been said that truth is stranger than fiction, and in one aspect there can be no doubt the observation is true.

As nature is more prolific than fancy, which borrows from it, and too often distorts what it borrows, real life presents more striking developments of human passion, and more remarkable events than the imagination of novelist ever conceived. But they are, as it were, bare and unadorned, or concealed in a crowd of other qualities and incidents, which prevents them from making their full impression on any but keen and reflecting observers; just as the book of physical nature reveals its more valuable secrets to none but the sagacious and patient investigator. When one of these observers of character happens to be a writer of fiction, he broods over what he has seen until it becomes exaggerated in his own imagination, and still more by the medium through which he presents it to the world. If this exaggeration, which is almost indispensable to due impression, be pronounced unnatural, then nature can scarcely be found in novels. There is certainly no delineation of it in the one we are now considering.

Madame de Staël found the original of Corinne in herself. She had the same brilliant imagination, powers of reasoning, command of language, versatility of talent and extent of acquirement; and there can be little doubt that her sensibility and independence led her into similar imprudences. In early life she is said to have had little taste for the fine arts, having been thrown into a Parisian circle where politics, wit and literature left small leisure for the study of pictures and statues. The same reason had prevented her from cultivating a fondness for the beauties of nature.

Her first visit to Italy was made when the wound inflicted on her heart by the death of a father whom she literally adored, was yet green. She was therefore predisposed to serious thought, such as well accorded with the melancholy wrecks of past grandeur, which every where met her eye in Italy. Her relative, Madame Necker of Saussure, in her eloquent sketch of her character and writings, tells us that she then imbibed that strong admiration for the works of art and scenes of nature which is displayed in the pages of Corinne.

She was also prepared to delineate a character like Lord Nelvil, in whose mind grief and reverence for a father were such prominent traits; but his remorse for having neglected his father's advice and possibly hastened his death, were the suggestions of her imagination and not of her experience.

While her own consciousness furnished Madame de Staël with the ground of Corinne's character, the colors which she laid on were doubtless more glaring than those of the original. She superadds to her own qualities those which she represents as produced by the heroine's Italian education and heightened by her enforced temporary residence in England.

Oswald is more ordinary, and less colored. His talents, his heroism, a sort of moral excitement to relieve despondency, and his filial affection, although a striking combination, are not grossly improbable. The surrender of his old prejudices and opinions to the influence of his mistress, his irresolution, his impulsive promises of fidelity, and his violation of those promises, when the meshes of early habit close around him, strengthened as they were by his father's wishes, are true to nature. One of less sensibility and honor would either never have conceived an *honorable* passion for Corinne, or would sooner have forgotten her wrongs in the charms of a lovely wife, high rank, fortune, and military glory. Yet, while we may reason thus, his indecision, a defect in a *man's* character, that almost always excites something akin to contempt, diminishes the interest which we should otherwise feel in his individual fortunes.

D'Erfeuil, the type of the French, represents them better than Mr. and Lady Edgermond do the English. The latter are mere caricatures of their *nation*, and Miss Lucilia Edgermond is a girl of undeveloped character.

We should think the description of the English provincial town highly colored, if not assured that immediately after the publication of the romance, a certain town appropriated and resented the ridicule. Small towns and villages are proverbially intolerant of every thing which varies a hair's breadth from their own standard of manners, and regularly anathematise all who do not submit to be lengthened or shortened by their own Procustean bed. Yet those who are so prudish at home, not unfrequently throw off restraint when beyond their own circle. We need not wonder, therefore, that Lady Edgermond, who had been shocked at a young lady's love-songs and love-verses in her own house, carried her daughter without a protector to a crowded London theatre, and that too just after the death of a near relative, whose property she had inherited. Yet we cannot believe that she is a representative of English ladies, or that Madame de Staël, with all her admiration of British people and institutions, could fully appreciate their feelings and manners. Although intending to be just and liberal, she could not get rid of the continental taint.

It may be admitted that the English, and perhaps the Americans, are not sufficiently indulgent towards differences of national manners and habits, and are too prone to consider, as indispensable to virtue, those usages which are its safeguards among themselves. It may also be conceded that both nations would be better and more liberal if their charity were more extended. But let them beware of exchanging their own faults for the far more dangerous faults of the Italians.

When therefore a being of exquisite beauty, genius, and sensibility, engrossing almost the whole interest of this splendid romance, steps beyond the boundaries of even Italian license, and yet remains pure and spotless to the last, while the manners of English ladies, with whom she is contrasted, are also caricatured, the effect on young ladies of keen sensibility and ardent imagination must be decidedly pernicious. I do not accuse or even suspect the author of any such design, but on the contrary believe that it was her purpose to give a true picture of human nature and national peculiarities. But while acquitting her of a design, contradicted by the pure, moral and religious sentiment which pervade the book, I cannot be blind to the effect.

A young lady of strong feelings, superior and cultivated intellect, surrounded it may be by uncongenial society, is delighted, as every one must be, with the heroine. Yet that heroine not only leaves England *secretly*, and lives in Italy for years without protection, and without her true name, a step in itself sufficient to blast the reputation of an English or American woman; but she afterwards roams about Italy with Lord Nelvil, just as if she were his wife, and in utter defiance of the censures of even her lenient Italian friends.

Now it is barely possible that *one* woman, under such circumstances may escape infamy and ruin; but it would be just as safe for others to follow her

example, as it would have been for a man to have jumped down Niagara after Sam Patch. It may be said that none will imitate her. Perhaps not, if we refer to exact imitation; but what will be the tendency with the ardent and imaginative, already galled by restraints, perhaps a little too heavy, and conscious of their own innocence? The spark of resistance to prudent custom may be smothered under ordinary circumstances, but will blaze out when fanned by the breath of temptation.

We must deprecate every thing that encourages human passion to chafe at the barriers, which, although sometimes raised too high, are indispensable for the restraint of its excesses.

We must be struck with the liberal and enlightened views, the rare mixture of enthusiasm and discrimination which characterize the author. But we cannot help believing that, in some important particulars, Madame de Staël would have been a dangerous companion for an imaginative girl, while in others her society would have been a rare blessing. Still more is Corinne, with all Madame de Staël's faults, and tried by circumstances of peculiar tempation, a dangerous *reading* associate to a class of young ladies who need and deserve most care.

Yet the book is undoubtedly full of valuable thought, and well adapted to cultivate a taste not only for elegant literature and the fine arts, but for the sublime speculations on the political, moral and eternal destinies of mankind.

But we must consider Corinne not merely as a romance, but as a picture of Italy, such as it then appeared to the eye and mind of the gifted author. Naturally it is one of the finest countries on the globe. Its fertile soil, its delightful climate, its extensive sea coast, give it the elements of wonderful prosperity. It is in Italy accordingly that we find one of the most remarkable developments of human greatness. There arose the people which left the impress of its arts, its literature, and jurisprudence on so large a portion of the civilized world, and whose story forms the connecting link between ancient and modern history. There too was formed that museum of the arts, the study of modern artists, which originating in wholesale robbery, has in turn become the prey of modern plunderers. It is a singular fact that those works of art that long constituted the pride of modern Rome, are about being sold, to sustain the republic which has there sprung up, like one of the volcanic isles on the sea-coast, and which, we fear, is destined soon to fall under the combined attacks of anarchy within, and invasion from without.

Modern Italy presents a painful contrast to the ancient. The "eternal Roman empire," whose terminus, according to prophecy, was to remain forever fixed, had left no other moral relic of its existence, than the superstitious tyranny which entered into the souls of the Italians, deadening their sensibilities and making them the willing victims of civil tyranny. As seen by Madame de Staël, they seemed utterly oblivious of their glorious ancestry. The republics established by the French had perished with the bloody liberty tree of which they were but parasites, and Bonaparte's concordat with the Pope had restored the authority of the pontiff.

A mind, so rich in thought and erudition as Madame de Staël's, could not be otherwise than deeply moved by the contemplation of such a region, under such circumstances, nor fail to impress on others the result of her emotions and reflections. It is here accordingly the principal value of the book lies. Coming from one deeply imbued with literature and history, it abounds with remarks calculated to awaken the intellect, to rouse the feelings and stimulate the imagination, in regard to the great questions of social, intellectual and political improvement. Few of either sex had examined these questions more profoundly and impartially than Madame de Staël. She had early imbibed a zealous attachment to rational liberty from her father, who although unable to avert the great crisis of the French revolution, possessed distinguished intelligence and probity. She said just before death—*J'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, liberté.* Amid the ruins of Rome, Gibbon, once the suitor of her mother, was inspired with that enthusiasm, which sustained him through the arduous labors necessary to the erection of the proudest historic monument of modern times. Disfigured it unfortunately is by scepticism and philosophic cant; but its accuracy is regarded as unquestionable, and its value as incalculable.

The impression of the same scene led to the composition of Corinne. We may find in it an occasional extravagance of sentiment and language, which, however, characterized the age and the continent, more than the individual author. On the other hand, it abounds in thoughts that are not unworthy the author of the Decline and Fall, and are often more elevated, because pointing to an immortality, the brightest evidence of which he labored to destroy.

We English and Americans are much inclined to say, with the Pharisee, "we are not as other nations." Conscious of our political and social advantages, we are prone to feed our vanity by uncharitably exulting over others less favored. We never dream of deriving improvement, as well as amusement from the study of national peculiarities and institutions.

Madame de Staël has a more liberal spirit and more enlarged views. Painfully conscious of Italian degradation, she does not fail to discover the redeeming traits of Italian character.

If the Italians have not the dignity and energy of ancient Romans, they are exempt from their overweening pride and arrogance. If they seek revenge even by assassination, when unprovoked they are exceedingly kind and affectionate. If *Qui ne sait pas feindre, ne sait pas vivre*, forms, as it were, their national motto, they can urge the *slave's* as well as the *tyrant's* plea, *necessity*. If they have not the brilliant coteries of Paris, nor the shining clubs of London, they are not disturbed by the vanity and envy which the spirit of society excites. If public sentiment tolerates an undue freedom of manners, and even an illicit intercourse between the sexes, there is little of that baneful curiosity, which, unlike the quicksilver used with gold ores, accumulates the dirt, while rejecting the glittering particles that are borne down by the current of human society. We ought to remember also that want of chastity in that country does not necessarily imply the total depravity which almost always follows it in stricter communities.

If we must lament and denounce the dreadful superstition, which has converted the simple, spiritual worship of the gospel into pompous mummery, the freemen of Jesus Christ into Papal slaves, and the strict purity of the New Testament into licensed immorality, we must avoid extending our indignation to all individuals living under that system, and to those fine arts which have been so ill employed in making its forms attractive.

If Italian literature is miserably deficient in substance and simplicity, we are led by Madame de Staël to observe the imaginative character of the people, the elegant expressions familiar to the mouths of the lowest, their passionate devotion to the fine arts, the softness and flexibility of their language, and their latent capacities of improvement under more favorable auspices.

She could have little anticipated that a Pope would ever strike a blow for the emancipation of Italy; but if he should, it was not difficult to foresee that he himself would be crushed under the mighty car, which he had set in motion down the "easy descent" to anarchy. Every thing seemed then to be retrograding towards the despotism which had driven the oppressed to resistance in so many parts of Europe, and moderate politicians had nothing to cheer them in the contemplation of the future.

If permitted now to witness what is going on upon earth, she would doubtless rejoice that the Italians have again participated in the European movement towards liberal institutions, and at the same time share the fears and anxieties which recent events have occasioned all thinking men as to the result.

Those whose attention has not been specially directed to the subject, are apt to regard the whole population of the Peninsula as an uniform mass of corruption and imbecility. The following remarks show this to be a great mistake.

"It is true that governments form the character of nations; and that in this same Italy, you see remarkable differences of manners between the states which compose it. The Piedmontese, who formed a small national body, have a more military spirit than the rest of Italy; the Florentines, who have had either liberty, or princes of a liberal character, are enlightened and mild; the Venetians and the Genoese show themselves capable of political ideas, because there is among them a republican aristocracy; the Milanese are more sincere, because the nations of the North have long since introduced this character among them; the Neapolitans might easily become warlike, because they have been united for several ages under a government imperfect indeed, but still their own. The Roman noblesse having nothing to do, either in politics or war, are of course ignorant and idle; but the mind of the ecclesiastics, who have a career and an occupation, are far more developed than those of the nobles; and, as the Papal government admits no distinction of birth, but, on the contrary, is purely elective in the order of the clergy, the consequence is a sort of liberality, not in ideas, but in habits, which makes Rome the most agreeable residence for all who have no longer the ambition, nor the possibility of playing a part in the world."

How far this estimate of the different nations in Italy corresponds with their recent conduct, I have not time to inquire.

In regard to Madame de Staël's high genius, there has been little difference of opinion among literary men. The characteristics of that genius are too well known to need description here. She sometimes wandered into a cloudland, in which even the clear vision of Robert Hall could not follow her progress. This, however, is to be attributed, as much to the speculative genius of the age, and her intercourse with the Germans, as to the tendency of her own mind. Her colloquial vanity disgusted the fastidious taste of Lord Byron, who was in truth not a whit behind her in love of excitement and admiration. It may be that a remark in Corinne will in part explain his aversion. "However distinguished a man may be, he never enjoys, without a mixture of pain, the superiority of a woman."

Speaking of Lord Byron, it may be well to notice the resemblance between a celebrated passage in his Childe Harold, and one in Corinne. The passage in Childe Harold commences with the 179th stanza of the 4th Canto, and as all his readers remember, runs thus:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.
His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, &c.

Then after an intervening passage of the same tenor, the 182nd stanza concludes with the well-known lines:

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

In describing the church at Ancona, Madame de Staël uses the following language.

"The Catholic church is on the top of the mountain, and hangs over the sea; the noise of the waves is mingled with the songs of the priests; the church is overcharged in the interior with a crowd of ornaments in sufficiently bad taste; but when we stop under the portico of the temple, we love to connect the purest of all the sentiments with the spectacle of *that proud sea, on which man can never impress his trace. The earth is cultivated by him; the mountains are cut by his roads; the rivers are confined in canals to carry his merchandize; but, if vessels furrow the ocean for a moment, the wave comes immediately to efface that slight mark of servitude; and the sea re-appears such as it was at the moment of creation.*"

I do not pretend to charge Lord Byron with a censurable plagiarism; for it is very likely that the genealogy of these ideas may be traced much farther back than either author. But it is interesting to note the coincidence, and also the fact that Childe Harold was published some years after Corinne.

Napoleon persecuted Madame de Staël, and endeavored to bring her into contempt. But his whole conduct towards her manifests his fear of her great powers. Censorship and exile are never used against those believed to be contemptible.

In politics, in historical and philosophical disquisition, in romance and literary criticism, her genius shone forth, if not with equal, yet uncommon lustre. We are sometimes, as it were, crowded by the multitude of her ideas, and at others dazzled by the glittering gems of fancy with which they are encrusted. Those who require truth to be always unadorned, may regard her brilliant sentences as mere tinsel; but they will usually find a substratum of profound and valuable thought. Her imagination, vivid as it was, was little superior in power to her great intellect.

But *she* evidently regarded imagination as predominant among her intellectual powers; for she had long planned a French prose poem, on the subject of Richard Coeur de Lion, like Fenelon's Telemaque. She regarded French verse as too restricted and monotonous for her purpose.

I had marked a number of brilliant passages for quotation, but will omit all except three or four, which are hardly fair specimens.

"The religion of grief, Christianity, contains the true secret of man's pilgrimage on earth."

"Nothing contributes so much to render works of imagination unnatural, as having a purpose."

"The grief of our modern times, in our social state so cold and so oppressive, is that which is most noble in man; and, in our days, he who has not suffered, cannot have felt or thought. But there was in antiquity something more noble than grief; it was the heroic calm, the feeling of his power which could be developed among free institutions. The finest statues of the Greeks have scarcely ever indicated any thing but repose. The Laocoon and the Niobe are the only ones which represent violent griefs; but it is the vengeance of heaven of which they remind us, and not the passions born in the human heart."

This passage shows how profoundly her intellect and imagination were exercised on the fine arts, as well as every other subject to which her attention was directed.

Again she remarked,

"That sculpture was the art of Paganism, as painting was that of Christianity, and that there was found in those arts, as in poetry, the qualities which distinguish ancient and modern literature."

"Among the arts music alone can be purely religious."

Now I do not vouch for the truth of the opinions contained in these passages, but merely quote them as characteristic, and, to use a fashionable word, *suggestive*. We shall find the same traits pervading all her other works, and exhibited on all the topics of which they treat.

She was fortunate in the character of her parents, for her mother, as well as her father, was highly intellectual and thoroughly educated. But her father seems to have been her favorite, and indeed her idol. In his house, she early attracted the attention of the most celebrated literary and scientific men in Paris, and cultivated her remarkable colloquial talents.

She afterwards travelled in Germany, Italy, England, and during her exile in Russia and Sweden, she appears to have studied the literature of the three first named countries with great industry and success.

Notwithstanding her religious education, she did not escape the contagion of the prevalent scepticism. It was a time when many were in-

clined to uproot all old institutions, and to class Christianity among those which should become obsolete. Many passages in her works, as well as the positive declaration of her friend and relation Madame Necker, show that her speculative doubts were removed, if she did not become a practical believer. She often warmly eulogizes Christianity; but it is in the somewhat fanciful strain, which has since become fashionable with such French authors as Lamartine.

Her separation from her first uncongenial husband, and her romantic and concealed marriage to her second are no evidences of her matrimonial prudence; but I am not aware of any imputations on her purity.

In spite of her faults and eccentricities, her character and works deserve study, as proving her to be the most remarkable literary woman of her own, if not of any age.

SENEX.

SONNET.

Poet! If on a stainless fame be bent
The hope of thy ambition, never roam
Afar from thy own happy heart and home—
Cling to the lowly earth, and be content.
So may thy name be heard of among men,
So may the noblest truths by thee be taught,
The charm of fancy and the calm of thought
Bless the else fruitless labors of thy pen.
The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
And we may track the mighty sun thro' Heaven
Even by the slender shadow of a flower;
Pleasures that die beneath the glare of power,
Unto the poor of heart are freely given,
And bloom unnoticed 'round the humblest hearth.

AGLAUS.

AN ARTICLE

After the style of the —— —— Review.

The following, Mr. Editor, is, I maintain no exaggerated imitation of the pretensive and pompous style of a certain celebrated Northern periodical. It always gives its opinions even upon trifles, with the most solemn seriousness. It cannot take or make a joke. It is ever literally in earnest. It is in general dull and dignified. It abounds in common-place Latin quotations, and is the very repository of universal knowledge. It knows but two portions of the habitable globe—namely, Old England and New England. All but the inhabitants of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, in *this* country, it considers as "outside barbarians." It looks upon talents as indigenous to Boston and never heard of a great man, South of Mason and Dixon's line.

I defy any man, familiar with this Review, to say that the following article is a caricature. It might pass for a "paper" from its last number.

ART. V.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POETS. *From Passages in the Life of little Billy Vidkins. Drawn and designed by H. L. Stephens, Engraved by C. S. Hinckley. Philadelphia*, 1819. *Duodecimo—pp.* 32.

In reviewing the history of past events, the mind is incontrovertibly led to the contemplation of present circumstances, colored as they may be, in the future, by the glorious reminiscences of antediluvian deeds. The world commenced with the creation of Adam. He was the first man and Eve was the first woman. They had two sons, who were called Cain and Abel, the latter of whom was, on a certain occasion, killed by the former. The deluge, which, after a lapse of a considerable number of rolling years, inundated the world, so that the only persons saved were the patriarch Noah and his family, produced an entire change on the surface of affairs. To Shem and Ham and Japheth was committed the somewhat difficult, though not hopeless task of repopulating the Earth. They accordingly settled in different portions of this terraqueous globe and from them, the various races, which now occupy and replenish both Hemispheres, were sprung.

It would give us pleasure, after the manner of each and every article that has ever appeared in this Review on any subject whatsoever, inclusive of a learned Treatise on Rowland's Macassar Oil and the Lectures of Professor Agassiz on Fishes, to trace the history of mankind from their earliest period down to the present epoch, to dilate on the remarkable events, which have succeeded, link by link, in the monstrous chain of being, and to fructify our minds on the results of that high philosophy, which teaches that there is, in the language of the most illustrious of British lexicographers, "a certain wildness in the assumptions of manifest folly, which calm and dignified reason cannot stoop to controvert." But, however much we might desire to expatiate on the past, touching on the Merovingian era, and giving detailed and elaborate investigations of the instigations of Alaric to lead on his Goths to desolate the Roman empire, we are forced, notwithstanding the pertinency of such retrospective review to the topic in hand—namely, "Passages in the Life of little Billy Vidkins"—to pause, as it were, on the very threshhold of the temple of criticism, and exclaim with

the golden-minded Mantuan Bard, "*Tempus fugit.*"

However we cannot, as the critics of a Review, published in the capital of New England, made glorious by revolutionary reminiscences, forbear to dwell in this connection, on that fearless devotion to patriotism, that ardent love of country, which induced our illustrious forefathers to pour out their heart's blood, like water, on the field of Lexington and the height of Bunker's Hill. We point with pride and exultation to our Hancocks and Otises and Quinceys and elder Adamses, and all that congregation of revolutionary martyrs, who left a legacy to their descendants that will never be wasted, and whose monuments are graven with epitaphs that can never be effaced by the corroding tooth of Time, whom the Augustan poet felicitously denominates *edax rerum*. From the day when Harvard University first shed the rays of learning over this land to the present, there has never been a period when the chief intelligence and learning and wisdom and education and accomplishment and taste and virtue of this favored country did not concentrate in and about Boston.

Having offered to the calm and serious contemplation of our readers the foregoing appropriate reflections, let us now turn to "Billy Vidkins." That there have been more recondite works than this cannot be denied. That there are few so full of fascinating humor, and that quality which the French call *esprit*, cannot be disacknowledged. But, before proceeding with further comments, let us proceed to present our readers with a sketch of this remarkable book.

"Billy Vidkins" has evidently been a naughty boy; for, on the very first page of his history, where his "Early Recollection" begins, the artist has portrayed a hand as wonderful as that which astonished king Belshazzar, holding a rod of flagellation, which is applied *à posteriori*, as certain logicians reason, with this poetical posy:

> "I remember, I remember,
> How my childhood fleeted by."

The very next page portrays "William newly breeched." Rejoicing thereat, remarks his biographer, he goes to slide upon the boards. And here we must observe that his biographer causes him to quote from Dryden,—which supposes a degree of acquaintance with English classical poetry, that so juvenile an individual could scarcely have possessed.

> "Tune your harps
> Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
> Make room to entertain my flowing joy."

However elated William might have been at the near prospect of a delightful slide upon the boards, it is hardly probable that he would have expressed himself in the flowing verses of the translator of Virgil and the author of Absalom and Achitophel. The same incongruity is continued through every page of these otherwise valuable memoirs; for the youthful and truant William is not only made to quote Shakespeare and Byron and Coleridge and Middleton and Otway, but Nat Lee the mad poet, and the Bohemian Girl. We need not say to the intelligent reader that these citations betray a depth and variety of literary information that a mere school-boy like Billy Vidkins could not have possessed. Indeed, a learned Reviewer does not know half as much himself. We are happy, however, to show our superiority to William's biographer in one instance. Where on the 4th page he is represented as returning slowly home, with his flags at half-mast, which is a metaphorical setting forth of his trowsers being torn, the following quotation from Nat Lee is introduced:

> "There is a kind of mournful eloquence
> In thy dumb grief, that shames all clamorous sorrow."

How much more exquisitely appropriate would have been these concluding lines of a sonnet by Coleridge!

> "Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
> And through those brogues still tattered and betorn,
> His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white,
> Ah, thus through broken clouds at night's high noon,
> Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orbed harvest moon."

Passing over page 5, in which "William on his way to the paternal mansion, is much astonished by the appearance of a singular vision," as utterly unworthy of the genius both of the author and designer, we come to page 6, where "doubting the reception he may meet with, William concludes to reconnoitre." William's head is pictured as looking ruefully over the gate, through which he must pass on his way to the paternal mansion, and his lips are conjectured to exclaim tremblingly,

> "Let us survey the vantage of the ground."
> *Richard III.*

In the very next pictorial illustration, Billy Vidkins encounters his enraged sire. Fearful conjuncture! Well may he sink into his nether integuments and look astonished, when approached by his burly progenitor, Solomon's own disciple, rod in hand. Well may he exclaim with Hamlet,

> "My father's spirit in arms! All is not well;
> I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
> Till then, sit still, my soul!"

By this time we trust that the reader has become deeply interested in the thrilling adventures

of William Vidkins, who, having played truant and badly rent those garments, with which the celebrated John went to bed, together with one stocking, exhibits a fresh example of how facile it is to take the down-hill to wickedness, and how very difficult to climb back again to the summit of good behaviour.

"Facilis est descensus Averni.
Sed revocare gradum; superasque evadere ad auras
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

We quote from memory. After receiving due correction, Billy at length, like the conscience-stricken Duke of Gloster, betakes him to his couch. He is *made* to exclaim, with Lady Macbeth, for that he really did so the most credulous will refuse to believe—

"Wash your hands,
Put on your night-gown; look not so pale.
To bed—to bed; what's done cannot be undone;
To bed! To bed!"

We hurry over the ensuing three pages of this admirable work, in which William, with singular force and elegance, is represented, first as dreaming, second as donning his brogues, third as receiving an unexpected ablution from a hydrant. The fourteenth page exhibits our charming hero mounted magnificently on the dorsal portion of a female swine, who is followed screamingly by her astonished offspring.

"Away away! my breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on;
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day
And on he foamed—away! away!"

Mazeppa.

But suddenly, "swift as the flash," William's porcine female courser with her "nine farrow" disappear, having tumbled their rider in the mud to wonder with Macbeth,

"Whither are they vanished?
Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had staid!"

It is not for us to linger over the ensuing scene. It is too painful. The elder Vidkins seizes the younger by a peculiar part of his garments and compels him to practise the art of walking, in vogue among the inhabitants of sunny Spain—or, in plainer words, to walk Spanish.

William next enters heels over head into the sugar business, by tumbling into an empty hogshead. After getting out of that, he prepares to lick lasses from another hogshead, but the lasses licked him—that is, two damsels, one of whom is colored, (there are no black persons in Massachusetts,) approached and drove away our hero with sticks. After amusing himself with the intellectual game of leap-frog, Billy, in consequence of the early development of genius, is taken to school, where, being by chance seated on the same bench with one Mr. Muffin, he incontinently commences to instruct that young gentleman in the recondite art of making scratch-cradles. But our hero is suddenly and rudely compelled to leave his cradle and think of his latter end—where the incensed pedagogue bestows certain smart blows. In subsequently recounting this rude attack, the accomplished Vidkins is presumed to have quoted from "The Revenge"—

"One day, may that returning day be night;
For something or for nothing in his pride,
He struck me."

Yet the victim did not long defer retaliation; for no sooner did the pedagogue repose briefly from his cares, by indulging in slumber, than William began shooting him in the face by a pop-gun applied to the mouth. This was certainly an ungentlemanly procedure, but not more so than the exasperated pedagogue himself,

(Ne tantis animis celestibus iræ!)

who took the mean vengeance of chastising his spirited pupil—the latter rejoining with furious bravery—

"Slave do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!"

The interest of this delightful narrative continues to increase, and culminates towards the conclusion. How forcible and impressive is that passage, illustrated by that picture, where Vidkins makes an experiment with a crooked pin! The scene is deeply dramatic. Mr. Muffin has scarcely risen from his seat by the side of his treacherous friend, when the latter placed a crooked pin, with the point upwards, on the very spot upon which Mr. Muffin was about to sit again. To this picture there is appended no quotation from any author—only a stage direction from the Midsummer Night's Dream—"Enter Bottom." We are at a loss to conjecture the meaning of this, and it seems open to fundamental objections.

"With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
Was there some magic in the elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my heart with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a form did upwards start."

Coleridge.

Through perilous ventures and hair-breadth escapes did the redoubtable Billy Vidkins pursue his way—now horsed upon the back of Mr. Muffin to receive more castigation, now perched upon the dunce's stool with an enormous pointed paper cap on his caput. At length, slowly, but surely, the day for vengeance came—for vengeance on Mr. Muffin, who, being like himself, about seven years of age, might be considered

as one of his size, weight and metal. In the happy language of his biographer, "William expressed a desire for a small fight, at the same time requesting, as a particular favor, the removal of that chip from his head," and vociferating with hump-backed Richard,

"Of one or both of us the time is come!"

As when two puppy-dogs of minute dimensions encounter accidentally in street or door-yard, they first stare fiercely at one another, curl more tightly upwards their tails, display their dental ivory, snarl, snap, walk in circles and approach sideways, till both eager for the fray and neither daring to begin, one rubs himself against the other and thus they both rush together in ferocious rage, they fight, they tumble, they yelp, they raise a dust,—so at it tumultuously went these two small chaps, whose anxious mothers, alas! little dreamed of the fearful contest in which their darlings were engaged. But Vidkins was victor and to him be assigned the laurel. "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" Then, mournful to relate, our hero was summarily dismissed from school, and received his diploma in the shape of a kick from his tutor, which sent him flying down the stairs. "Last scene of all which ends this strange, eventful history," is Billy Vidkins pensively seated on a two-bar gate, probably ruminating on the issue of his eventful career.

We have thus fulfilled the to us grateful task of reviewing this inimitable narrative. We commend it to the careful consideration of our readers with the assurance that there are few things in the history of past or present times which awake more vivid emotions, or which impress the understanding with the exquisite felicity and elevated truth of that elegant adage of the ancients,

"*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*"

SONNET.—FROM THE FRENCH.

Doris, who knows I ape the poet's trade,
Of me a sonnet asks, but I despair,
Fourteen long lines! and they must come from where?
Four, notwithstanding, are already made:
That rhymes I could not find I was afraid,
But in proceeding one will meet his share,
And then the quatrains need but little care,
But now the three-lined tercets I must braid;
At random I begin, and much mistaken
Am I, if aid the Muses do not lend,
Since of the first, here is so soon the end.
I now essay the next; oh joy awaken!
Of the asked lines, behold the thirteenth one,
Count if there are fourteen, yes, it is done. L.

VARIETIES OF HISTORY.

Sir Walter Raleigh upon his return to England after his last and disastrous expedition to Guiana, was arrested by the orders of King James and re-committed to the Tower, from which he was only released by the axe of the executioner. In the Harleian Miscellany there is an account of "The Demeanor and Carriage" of Sir Walter about the time of his arrest, from which the following extracts are taken:—"for soon after his coming to Plymouth, before he was under guard, he dealt with the owner of a French barque, pretending it was for a gentleman, a friend of his, to make ready his barque for a passage, and offered him twelve crowns for his pains. And one night he went in a little boat to have seen the barque that should have transported him, but the night being very dark he missed of the barque and came back again, nothing done." * * * *

"Upon Saturday the twenty-fifth of July, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Lewis Stukeley and Manoury went to lie at Master Drake's, where the letters of commission from the privy council were brought unto Sir Lewis Stukeley by one of his majesty's messengers, which caused a sudden departure with much more haste than was expected before, and the countenance of Sir Walter Raleigh was much changed after Sir Lewis Stukeley had shewed his commission; for Manoury saw him from the stair-head, he being alone in his chamber, the door standing half-open, how he stamped with his feet and pulled himself by the hair, swearing in these words—'God's wounds is it possible my fortune should return upon me thus again?' From Master Drake's they went on their journey to the house of Master Horsey, distant from thence four miles or thereabouts." * * Sir Walter, it is mentioned, was accompanied at this time by an old domestic, called Captain King. "After dinner, it being Sunday, Sir Walter Raleigh departed from Master Horsey's house and went to Sherburne; when he came within view thereof, turning to Manoury and shewing him the place and the territory about it, he said unto him sighing that all that was his and that the king had unjustly taken it from him—he and Stukeley." This Stukeley was he to whom the infant son of Pocahontas was at first entrusted.

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[From the Scots Magazine, Vol. 34, p. 512.]

"*Extract of a letter from Capt. James Wilder, of the Diligence brig, dated at Jamestown, in Virginia, August* 19, 1772.

"In the month of March last a scheme was

proposed by some merchants and other gentlemen of this place, to fit out a vessel in order to attempt the long-wished-for discovery of the north-west passage. It was soon brought to perfection, and a fine large brig was bought, called the *Diligence*. Every thing necessary being put on board, and well manned, the command of her was given to me. Accordingly on the 4th of April we sailed on our intended voyage, and on the 29th entered Hudson's Bay. We sailed up as far as Churchill river, where we took on board some brandy and tobacco.

"On the 5th of May I saw a head-land bearing N. W. by N. in the latitude of 63 deg. 20 m. I made a trial of the tides and found them to run two miles an hour, close in with the land, which I believe was the flood. On the 10th day we sailed through much ice, and were obliged to grapple with a piece; however, at last we were totally jammed up, and the wind setting right upon us, we were in much danger of being drove on shore; but at last it grew calm, and we continued our course with much difficulty till we made Cape Dobbs, when we entered Wager river. Here we sailed for four days till we made Cape Hope; and the river here being very clear of ice, and a strong current setting in, we were all in hopes that we were now in the desired passage. But after bearing to the N. and the W. for two days longer, we found to our disappointment that we were in a spacious bay, as we could find neither ebb nor flood, and very deep water all along the shore.

"We now imagined that we had overshot the streight; but after seven days' fruitless efforts to find it out, we were obliged to abandon the enterprise, sensible that there is a passage by the increase of the tides; but it is in my opinion almost always frozen up, generally impassable. Pursuant to the above resolution we set sail for Churchill again, where we arrived on the 16th of June; and taking some necessaries on board we set off on our return, and after encountering many difficulties arrived safe here on the 29th of July, having sailed as high as 69 deg. 11 min."

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Extract from a MS. genealogy of the Woodsons and the Venables of Virginia.

"William Venables de Vennen assumed this name from the town or district of Vennen in Normandy where he was sole proprietor in 1052. Richard de Vennen, his eldest son, came with William the Conqueror to England, and had great possessions, from whom descended George Venables, father of the present Lord Vennen, (?) born 9th Feby., 1709, and created a peer 2d May 1792, by the title of Lord Vennen of Kindenston in Cheshire. From the same family is descended Abraham Venable, who came from England into Virginia, and married the widow of John Nix and daughter of —— who left issue one son Abraham, who was born 22d March, 1700, (O. S.) died 16th Decr. 1768. This Abraham, son of Abraham, married Martha Davis born 14th July 1702, married 1723 daughter of Obadiah Davis of Hanover County, (died 1765,) and moved and resided in Louisa on Pamunkey river. The name being originally French, and as the final 'S' is not sounded in that language, his father—the first Abraham, dropped the 'S' from his name when he came to Virginia, as it is presumed, to adapt it to the English pronunciation." * * *

"John Woodson from Dorsetshire, his wife from Devonshire, came into Virginia with Sir John Harvey, as Surgeon to a company of soldiers, in the year 1625. Had sons born in Virginia, Robert and John."

—

The monument erected in Westminster Abbey in honor of Major Andrè is a Sarcophagus, elevated on a pedestal, upon a panel of which is engraved the following inscription.

SACRED
to the memory of
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE
who was raised by his merit at an early period of his life to the rank of Adjutant general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to zeal for his King and Country on the 2d of Octob. 1780, aged 29 universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served and lamented even by his foes.
His Gracious Sovereign King George III has caused this monument to be erected.

On the front of the Sarcophagus, General Washington is represented in his tent at the moment when he had received the report of the Court-Martial held on Major Andrè, and at the same time a flag of truce arrived from the British army with a letter for the General proposing to treat with him for the Major's life. But the fatal sentence being already passed, the flag was sent back, without the hoped-for clemency in his favor.

—

"While we were at Rome, we were acquaint-

ed with the Earl of Huntington, and his nephew, who has since distinguished himself in America, under the title of Lord Rawdon, and is certainly among the most promising officers in the British army. Mr. Izard and myself were too zealous not to encounter the British peer in defence of our country. He argued like a gentleman, but, I thought, not with much ingenuity. Lord Rawdon never disclosed his sentiments."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Arthur Lee.*

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Arthur Lee, together with Silas Deane and Dr. Franklin, American Commissioners at Paris, visited Voltaire during his last illness. As they entered the room he raised himself feebly up in his bed, and in a momentary glow of enthusiasm repeated some beautiful lines from Thomson's Ode to Liberty,

"O Liberty, thou Goddess ever bright," &c.

—

Johannes Von Müller, a celebrated German Historian, born 1752, at Schaffhausen,—visiting Geneva became there an inmate in the house of Francis Kinloch of Kensington, South Carolina. In the society of this young gentleman, with whom and with whose relations in England he formed a lasting friendship, he passed what he always regarded as the happiest years of his life. In 1776, when Mr. Kinloch returned to America, Müller became an inmate in the house of Bonnet, the celebrated naturalist. In 1804, passing through Geneva, Müller saw, for the last time, his friend Kinloch.—*Mrs. Austin's German Prose Writers. pp* 302-3.

This Francis Kinloch was the author of a volume of Letters written from Switzerland, and addressed, it is said, to his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Nelson of Belvoir, Albemarle, Virginia.

C. C.

ENIGMA,

BY CANNING.

There is a noun of plural number,
Foe to sleep and quiet slumber;
Now, any other noun you take,
By adding *s* you plural make:
But if an *s* you add to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis—
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief."

Bernard Burton.

James Selden was a Virginia gentleman of the old school; and about the year 1790, the period at which this story commences, this class was so numerous as to give a distinctive tone to society; for though emancipated from the government of England, the spirit of her institutions still exercised a strong influence on the habits, prejudices and feelings of the Virginians. The democratic leaven was infused into the mass, but the changes which it has since effected were gradual.

Mr. Selden had inherited Sherwood, the family mansion, and a large landed estate from his father, and though he indulged in the profuse hospitality which was so distinguishing a characteristic in eastern Virginia, his active habits, and systematic method of managing his affairs, had preserved him from the pecuniary embarrassments so common amongst the gentlemen of his grade in society. He had aided the cause of his country in the revolutionary war, by personal exertions and sacrifices, and he would have resented nothing more warmly than an attack upon the genuine republicanism of his principles, yet it could not be denied that he unconsciously retained many of the aristocratic habits and feelings, in which he had been educated. He had married early in life a lady to whom both nature and fortune had been more than reasonably kind, though, to do him justice, wealth had not the slightest effect in determining his choice. Her family belonged to the class which was once denominated the "grandees of Virginia," and this circumstance was certainly one of the causes which first attracted James Selden's attention towards her as a suitable match. This attention was soon changed into admiration, and admiration into love, by an unusual degree of personal beauty, unaffected manners, liveliness and originality of mind, and an almost unequalled sweetness of temper, a quality which Mr. Selden esteemed more highly in a woman, than all the cardinal virtues and the wisdom of the seven sages united.

Mental accomplishments and intellectual superiority, in women, were so far from being held in high estimation at that time, that literary pursuits, or even the habits of inquiry and free dis-

cussion, so natural to all whose imaginations are lively, or whose reasoning faculties are acute, were thought to savor of self-conceit or pedantry, or worst of all, to be somewhat masculine. The mimosa tree is not more sensitive to the touch, than the daughters of Virginia were to the slightest reflection on their feminine delicacy, and the idea of being masculine was sufficiently formidable to frighten them from pursuing investigations to which few persons devote themselves without some external stimulus. The ways of knowledge, as has been said of those of virtue, "are puzzled in mazes and perplexed in error;" few have the inclination or vigor to pursue them unaided and alone, fewer still when the frown of discouragement and the whisper of derision meet them at every step of the rugged path which they are endeavoring to explore.

Good sense, strength of mind, and liveliness of fancy, must manifest their beneficial and agreeable influence in all states of society, however restricted may be their sphere, or to whatever degree they may be unacknowledged by those who feel their effects.

Mr. Selden could not help perceiving the comfort and simple elegance of Mrs. Selden's household arrangements, the affectionate respect with which his servants treated their mistress, the high estimation and kindness with which his neighbors regarded his wife, the affable dispositions of his children, and the willing obedience they rendered their mother. He deemed himself particularly fortunate in his choice, and thought in his heart that Mrs. Selden was the finest woman in all the country; but he would never once have dreamed of talking to her superior mind, or of attributing the happy results of her energies to the native superiority of intellect, which had aided the kindly feelings of her heart, in so well fulfilling the duties of her social and domestic relations.

Mr. Selden's ample fortune, and his wife's judicious arrangement of her affairs, left her many hours of leisure, which would have hung very heavily on her hands but for her love of reading. She read, however, rather for concealment than display, for she was so well aware of the prejudices of the state of society in which she lived, that she never alluded, even in conversation with her husband, to various subjects, which a thirst for knowledge, natural to so active and inquiring a mind, had led her to investigate; indeed, she actually blushed when Mr. Selden one day surprised her in reading, "Locke on the Understanding."

Her confusion was increased when Mr. Selden said, with a good humored laugh, "Why, Mary, when did you turn metaphysician? I should sooner have expected to find you knitting a stocking, or teaching little Arthur his alphabet."

Mrs. Selden tried to smile as she replied, "Idleness, you know, is the mother of mischief; having finished all my household duties, I found time hang heavy on my hands."

"You have chosen rather an unsuitable book for recreation. For my part, I had rather read the history of Jack the Giant Killer, than a book on metaphysics, at any time: such works only puzzle the brain and lead to infidelity."

Mrs. Selden could not agree with her husband, but she never argued with him, except in cases of the most absolute necessity: though he was good-humored and fond of her, yet he did not like being vanquished by any woman in an argument, and when that woman was his wife, it warred against the supremacy of intellect, to which he considered himself as having a prescriptive right both as a man and a husband. Her affection and tact enabled her at once to perceive this feeling, and to avoid exciting it, her deference for his judgment was so great, and her estimate of his intellectual powers so far beyond its just standard, that she often yielded to him on subjects which her own superior understanding, had it been unbiassed, would have decided very differently. It is well known, that women are prone to carry their heads in their hearts. Strong as Mrs. Selden's mind was, her affections were stronger still, and the medium through which she viewed her husband was too deeply colored by partiality to reflect a true image.

As Mrs. Selden's family increased, her anxieties for her children became more lively. The family consisted of three boys and two girls, and as these children advanced in age, Mrs. Selden became every day more impressed with the importance of their receiving a high degree of mental culture. Mr. Selden could not be roused into any thing like active interest on the subject, beyond providing them with a teacher, as soon as they were old enough to make it necessary. Whether this teacher was qualified to fulfil the duties of his responsible and difficult office, Mr. Selden did not attempt to ascertain, but took it for granted on the recommendation of a common acquaintance, and satisfied himself that he had done his duty by offering an unusually liberal salary, and consenting to be bored for the good of his children, by receiving a disagreeable inmate in his house; for disagreeable manners he conceived to be the universal characteristic of schoolmasters.

Mrs. Selden soon perceived with disappointment how very little the minds of her children were opened, or stimulated to investigation by the common routine of school lessons, given by a teacher, who considered that he had fully per-

formed his duties in demanding a correct recitation of tasks. She set herself to work now earnestly in the arduous task of self-education, and in her endeavors to supply to her children the deficiences of their teacher, she found as much improvement as themselves. In defiance, however, of the doctrine that all men are naturally equal in intellect, and that the difference amongst them arise solely from circumstances, the same seed, sown by the same hand, will bear fruit differing greatly both in quality and abundance, when sown on different soils. The children manifested very different dispositions and capacities as their characters and understandings were developed by time; and Mrs. Selden perceived the effect of her instructions and efforts for their improvement more plainly in the mind and character of her eldest son Charles, than in any of her other children. His mind was not more inquiring, his memory not more retentive, than those of his second brother, Reginald, but he was more earnest in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, and more distinguished for taste on all literary subjects, a quality of mind, which so nearly resembles what is called tact in conduct, that they are often found united.

The youngest son, Arthur, was entirely different in his turn of mind from either of his brothers, his quickness of observation and restless exuberance of spirits, made it almost impossible to chain his mind down to the application necessary to ensure success in study. Whilst his eye wandered in apparent vacancy over the tenses of a Latin verb, his thoughts roamed careless and free over hill and dale,—he remembered the shadiest spots where the brightest wild flowers grew,—he thought of the birds-nests he had found,—of the hare hunts in which he had been engaged,—of the streams in which he had been fishing,—and as the bright, gay images drawn fresh from nature arose in his mind, forgot that he held a book in his hand, until roused by a kind remonstrance whispered in his ear by Charles, or by an angry reproof from his teacher, Mr. Johnson.

Arthur though kind and good-humored, was quick and fiery in his temper, and he had imbibed from his father a contempt for schoolmasters, as he called them, though Mr. Selden thought he had concealed his sentiments on this subject with the most exemplary prudence from his children. A reproof from Mr. Johnson, only hardened Arthur into contemptuous resistance, and if he submitted to punishment, it was in such a manner as to shew that he set it at defiance, and that respect for his teacher had not the slightest influence in producing submission.

The two girls, one of whom was older, the other younger than Arthur, were docile, sensible and unaffected, but differing greatly in disposition and personal attractions. Virginia, the youngest, was lovely as a poet's dream, her fair hair floated in soft curls over her graceful and snowy neck, and the varying expression of an eye blue as an Italian sky, and shaded by long dark eyelashes, the changing hues of her transparent complexion, now deepening into the brilliant tints of the rose, now fading to the faintest flush of pink, redeemed her beauty from the insipidity which is often found in blondes. Margaret was, at first sight, always considered plain, even her most partial friends never spoke of her as being pretty, but her good-humored and open countenance, the sweet tones of her voice, and a laugh clear and musical, whose merry peals seemed to ring from her heart, and which was irresistibly contagious, prepossessed strangers in her favor.

Many natural gifts may be possessed unconsciously by those who are endowed with them, but it is scarcely possible that uncommon personal beauty can be one of the number. The beauty of coloring, of symmetry, of sweet expression, can be immediately perceived by all, and excites the involuntary admiration and delight of every beholder. The fondness which very beautiful children excite, even in harsh and rugged natures, would appear to the superficial observer to mark them as the peculiar favorites of nature, but nature is a more impartial mother than she appears, and this very fondness and admiration generally fosters vanity and affectation, which counterbalance the advantage of personal beauty.

Virginia often heard praises of her beauty, addressed by the servants to herself, when her mother was out of hearing, and sometimes heard the asides of her father addressed to Mrs. Selden, in commendation of her appearance. These produced a degree of self-complacency in the heart of Virginia, which was only prevented from degenerating into vanity, by the judicious conduct of her mother. Mrs. Selden showed her plainly that she did not value her at all more highly, or love her the better, for the sake of her beauty, but considered it as a mere accidental circumstance, for which she could claim no merit and which gave her no real superiority over those who were not similarly endowed. This conduct had not only the effect of stifling vanity in the bosom of Virginia, but it likewise checked the growth of envy in the heart of Margaret. When Margaret heard sallies from Virginia received with pleasure and applause by visiters, and especially by her father, which from herself would have passed unnoticed, a pang of mortification would sometimes be felt, but she was reassured, and her self-estimation restored whenever she returned to her mother, for children are

often very clear-sighted as to the feelings of those around them, and she always perceived that Mrs. Selden listened to her with quite as much interest as she did to Virginia, and was equally ready to encourage or applaud her efforts. Her mother was, in her eyes, the first of human beings, and it removed the humiliating sense of inferiority, that want of personal beauty is apt to excite in children, when placed in continual contact with those who are distinguished by this gift, to perceive she was regarded by Mrs. Selden with quite as much love and esteem as Virginia. It was well for Margaret this counteracting influence existed, otherwise the too evident partiality of Mr. Selden towards Virginia, would have produced very injurious effects upon her character.

As the boys grew old enough they were sent to William and Mary College, where Charles and Reginald made unusual proficiency in their classes, but Arthur's abhorrence of his classical and mathematical studies was not lessened by the lapse of time; he won no academical honors, and scarcely acquitted himself with credit. He was, however, a general favorite with all his young companions, for his good humor, his sprightly turn in conversation, his spirit and bravery, but the powers of his understanding were not appreciated, because they were tried by one of the most common and fallible tests—that is, the power of acquisition in certain branches of knowledge. Had Arthur been directed to studies more congenial to his turn of mind, the result would have been very different.

It was about the year 1790, as we have said, that this story commences, and it was about this time that these young men had finished their college education; and after a few months spent at home, were about to determine on their future pursuits.

Virginia and Margaret had grown into womanhood under their mother's care. Boarding-schools were then scarcely heard of in Virginia, and it was besides a generally received opinion, that girls could be brought up no where so well as at home. It is true, they could not pronounce French or sing Italian songs; many of the "ologies" they knew only by name, many others still slumbered in the dim regions of the unknown; their skill in music consisted in performing a few easy pieces on the piano, for they had had no opportunities of instruction, but a few lessons from an itinerant music master. Nature, however, had gifted them with sweet voices, and Margaret's especially was as joyous, as musical, as clear and sweet as bird notes. They had never heard of a waltz or a polka, but they could trip with light feet and lighter hearts gracefully through the mazes of the lively reel or cotillion. Their deficiencies in modern accomplishments being thus deplorable, it was at least some counterbalance to these disadvantages, that their affections had been cherished, their religious and moral natures cultivated, their minds opened and their characters strengthened by Mrs. Selden's method of education. They had learned, too, much that is useful in the every day routine of life, and considered it not only a duty but a pleasure to be able to assist their mother in household affairs; for this excellent woman had gained the love and esteem of her children in so great a degree as to make them desire to imitate her example.

Mr. Selden was a man of good sense, of strong affections; he would unhesitatingly have sacrificed his fortune or his life for his children, and yet it had never entered his head to form any plan for moulding their characters, or influencing their destinies. The very name of education conjured up a crowd of wearisome images in his mind, and the very mention of a school or schoolmaster, was enough to set him to yawning. The girls he gave up implicitly into the hands of Mrs. Selden, and was scarcely ever known to use the slightest interference as it respected them; the boys he considered more peculiarly his own care, but he was satisfied that he had performed his duty towards them, when he had taught them the manly exercises of riding, shooting and hunting, when he had inculcated gentlemanly and honorable principles of action, and when he had given them the best opportunities of learning which the country afforded.

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CHAPTER II.

"O that I had my wish!
And I had mine.
And I mine too, good Lord!"
Love's Labour Lost.

A cheerful fire of huge oak logs was blazing on the parlor hearth at Sherwood, the members of the family were gathered around it, and to the eyes of those who love to look upon pictures of domestic happiness, a more interesting group could scarcely have been presented.

Mr. Selden and his second son, Reginald. were closely engaged in a game of chess, Margaret was seated in another corner of the room, occupied in working a bird-bag, of various bright colored worsteds for Arthur, who sat beside her in close and animated conversation. From the kindling of his cheek, and the sparkling of his eye, it was evident the theme was most pleasing, and those who are shrewd in forming conjectures might have guessed that he was engaged in that most delightful of employments to ardent and sanguine minds—castle-building.

Arthur delighted to rear these airy fabrics for Margaret's especial edification, as she was not only the kindest and most patient of listeners, but also remarkable for her vivacity and readiness in conversation, two qualities which he especially admired. On the hearth rug, at Arthur's feet, lay a beautiful pointer, an especial favorite amongst all the tribe of dogs, that claimed his care and fondness.

At a small table sat Virginia, reading "The Tempest" with such rapt delight that she seemed unconscious there was any other world than that enchanted and beautiful region, through which her imagination was wandering. A painter could scarcely have chosen an apter personification of the pure and ethereal beauty of Miranda, than Virginia's form itself presented. Her fair hair was parted over a brow so smooth, so serene, that care, discontent and sorrow, seemed never to have rested upon it for a moment, and fell in soft, waving tresses over her shoulders, according to the graceful fashion of the time; her stature was rather under the middle height, which, combined with the delicacy and elasticity of her form, gave an air of fairy lightness to her figure. Her cheek rested on a hand of such exquisite delicacy, one might have fancied it moulded of wax, and her sweet face reflected as from a mirror, the bright thoughts that were passing through her fancy.

But all this loveliness was "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," for all seemed too much engrossed in their own occupations to heed any thing else, and none of the group were more earnestly engaged than Mrs. Selden and Charles, who were conversing apparently with the deepest interest, but in tones too low to reach any other ears. They both looked very serious, though certainly not sad, and on Charles' cheek occasionally a bright flush was visible, which showed the enthusiastic earnestness with which he spoke.

Mr. Selden and Reginald at length finished the game of chess, which, to Arthur, had appeared interminable; the warfare would probably have continued much longer but that Mr. Selden had sustained a defeat, and had no inclination to renew the contest. He, however, consoled himself by enumerating to Reginald the oversights he had committed, and showing how the game might have been concluded in two moves less than he had made. Then, satisfied with Reginald's admission of his mistakes, Mr. Selden drew his chair more closely before the fire and looked at the group around him with an air of affectionate satisfaction mingled with pride, as he thought no man in Virginia could show such a wife and such children as himself. Margaret understood the expression of her father's glance, and said in a low voice to Arthur, "see how my father is admiring us all, or perhaps I should rather say you all, for I dare say he is kindly regretting that poor Margaret should be so plain."

"I dare say not," said Arthur with kind warmth, "my father is not so weak as to think so much of mere beauty when you have so many other advantages, and besides, Margaret, you are mistaken as to your own appearance,—you are not half so plain as you think yourself."

"Thank you, Arthur, I value this compliment for its kind sincerity," said Margaret with a smile so natural and so good-humored as to convince Arthur she was quite reconciled to the idea of being plain; "but we will not talk about my beauty, as it is a subject which does not admit of much disquisition, but pass on to something which may well provoke conjecture; what can Charles and Mamma be talking so earnestly about, their whole souls seem absorbed in their conversation."

"Indeed I cannot guess, I fear Charles has taken up some strange, odd notions of late. I see a great change coming over him, I really think the fellow is growing religious, though I don't know how that can be either, for he is as sprightly and agreeable as ever."

Margaret smiled. "You seem to have strange notions of religion, Arthur," she said, "do you know any one more cheerful or agreeable than Mamma, or whose society is more sought even by young people? Many of our companions are greatly more attached to her than to ourselves, and prefer her company decidedly."

"Yes, that is true, but somehow religion appears more natural and suitable in women, especially those who are mothers of families and somewhat advanced in life, than in young men. Only imagine me singing psalms, reading the Whole Duty of Man, or explaining the Bible to the negroes as my mother does,—it would look as ridiculous as to see me dressed up in her cap and apron, making broth and panada for the sick, or knitting a stocking," and Arthur laughed heartily at the idea.

"My dear, rash brother, this is only one of the many prejudices you have contracted from hasty and superficial views of things, if—"

"That is one of Charles's very phrases of reproof, 'hasty and superficial views of things;' I begin to think you have been taking lessons from him, my dear, wise sister."

"If a kind fairy were to appear here to grant us each a wish," said Mr. Selden, "I should be very much puzzled what to wish for. I feel so well contented at present, that I should be almost afraid to alter any thing; but I dare say these young folks feel very differently. I won-

der if the trial were made what the wish of each would be."

"Oh I should not be at all at a loss," said Arthur, his eye brightening at the thought, "I would explore lands on which the foot of man has never trod, I would discover continents like Columbus, sail around the world like Anson, see all that is seen both in nature and art in distant regions, encounter perilous adventures from which, however, I should be extricated with safety and honor, and then," he added with a smile, "return to tell my hair-breadth escapes to my mother and sisters and a host of admiring friends."

"To sum up all in one wish, Arthur," said his father, "you would like to be a great traveller."

"Exactly so."

"You have never reflected, my son, upon what such a wish would involve," said Mrs. Selden.

"You see the very wish has driven the blood from your mother's cheek," said Mr. Selden with a smile, "I dare say she sees you already in imagination, exploring wild countries filled with savage inhabitants, sailing over strange seas or traversing sandy deserts, but we will finish the fable before we begin the moral. What would you wish, Virginia?"

Virginia looked up from her book and a beautiful flush passed over her cheek, springing from the timidity with which most persons of great and delicate sensibility speak the feelings of their hearts; "I would wish," she said in a low, sweet voice, "to dwell in some beautiful and secluded island shut out from the cold world, with only those I love best, where I might wander through orange groves and watch the bright birds and listen to strains of unearthly sweetness floating through the air, with a ministering spirit like Ariel to obey my commands and"—

"And," said Arthur, interrupting her with a mischievous smile, "a Prince Ferdinand to be shipwrecked on the shores of this same beautiful and secluded island."

Margaret saw the flush grow deeper on Virginia's cheek, and knowing she could neither understand nor parry raillery, interposed for her relief, saying, "come, Arthur, this is not fair, you have no right to interfere with other people's wishes, or finish them, especially when you know Virginia's speeches are like Sancho Panza's story about the goats, never finished if once interrupted."

"Then since Virginia's wish is finished by my unluckily introducing Prince Ferdinand," said Arthur, "we will hear next what you have to say, Margaret; what would your wish be?"

"My highest idea of happiness has already been so beautifully described, that I will only repeat the words which express it. 'When the ear heard *me* then it blessed me, and when the eye saw *me* it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

"Does not Margaret really look pretty?" whispered Arthur to his mother, as he watched the color kindle in her cheeks and the light beam from her eyes in pronouncing these words.

"She looks more than pretty," replied Mrs. Selden in the same tone, "the goodness of her heart is reflected in her countenance."

"My wish," said Reginald, "should be to move the will of the people by the power of my eloquence like reeds shaken by the wind,—to command senates,—to preside over the councils of nations,—to transmit my name to the admiration of posterity, to the veneration of ages yet unborn."

"Very moderate indeed," said Arthur laughing, "and quite as easy to obtain as Virginia's enchanted island. For my part, I should be quite satisfied to be admired by my cotemporaries, and trouble my head very little as to the veneration of ages yet unborn. But we have not heard Charles's wish yet, I suppose he has attained true wisdom and finds nothing worth wishing for."

A momentary flush passed over Charles' face as he replied, "as my father is in truth the good fairy who has power to grant my wish I shall reserve it for him until to-morrow."

Though Charles smiled as he spoke, there was something in his tone and manner which convinced all his hearers that he was serious, and that he had indeed some wish to express in which his feelings were deeply interested. Various conjectures arose in the minds of each, but they forebore, from delicacy to Charles' feelings, to urge the subject farther.

"My wish," said Mrs. Selden, "would be a very inglorious one, and cruel likewise, for I should destroy these bright visions,—cause Virginia's island to vanish—permit the undiscovered countries still to remain unexplored by Arthur—deprive the councils of the country of a leader, and keep all my children near me, actively and usefully employed in the quiet and happy pursuits of domestic life."

"Your wish is set in flats, mother," said Arthur laughing," and inclines me so much to sleep I shall wish you all a good night, and betake myself to bed instantly."

"It is a good idea," said Mr. Selden, "especially for those who have to rise with the lark, as you and I must do, Arthur, if we wish to join the fox hunt."

"There is not much doubt as to my wish on that subject," said Arthur, "I shall be ready by dawn."

The happy party dispersed for the night, but each continued for some time to indulge in their own speculations as to the nature of Charles' wish, which the next day was to unfold.

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CHAPTER III.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
The Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commends to cast the less away;
Thus life with loss of wealth is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life.

S. Johnson.

Mr. Selden was not without his share of curiosity, as to the nature of Charles' request, but a certain undefined feeling, that a request to be made in private would probably be one which he doubted his willingness to grant withheld him from attempting to renew the conversation on the following day with his son, and he hoped, as the day wore away, that Charles had perhaps changed his mind on further consideration. This hope, however, was of short duration, for as he was taking his evening walk, as he supposed alone, he felt a little startled and discomposed to find Charles had joined him, with a countenance which showed plainly there was something on his mind which he had resolved to communicate.

Some minutes silence ensued; at length Charles said, in a tone which indicated the depth and earnestness of his resolution: "You see I have not forgotten to claim my privilege of making a wish, one too which has this advantage, that it is in your power to grant it."

"That may, perhaps, be the very reason that I shall like your wish less than those of your brothers and sisters. I do not like the responsibility of 'cursing with a granted prayer.'"

"But you have not yet heard it."

"Very true, nor do I mean to give you a harsh or hasty refusal without listening to what you have to say. You are of an age now when I can no longer claim the authority of a parent; my claims are only those of affection and respect."

Charles' color changed a little, and he paused a minute before he said,—"to make professions of love and respect for my mother and yourself would appear to me as idle and ridiculous as to inform you of any other self-evident truth, such as that the sun rose this morning; to win your approbation, to contribute to your happiness are my first earthly wishes, and yet I must acknowledge that I cherish a wish higher, dearer still, one which dwells with me by day and haunts me by night."

"You speak in paradoxes, Charles; in one breath you tell me your highest earthly wish is to obtain the approbation and contribute to the happiness of your parents, and in the next you inform me you have a still higher, dearer wish. I never could guess an enigma, even of the simplest kind, so that it will be necessary you should explain yourself more clearly."

"I will then lay open my heart fully to you; why should I shrink from acknowledging to my father that a change so mighty has passed over my views, my feelings and my wishes, that I can scarcely regard myself as the same being I once was? The aspirations which I once cherished for fame, for power, for the honors and pleasures of this world are now fixed on other and more lofty objects."

"My dear son," said Mr. Selden, staring at Charles with a strange mixture of surprise and vexation depicted in his countenance, "how strangely you are running on. If fame, and power, and pleasure, and honor no longer appear to you desirable, I must confess your state of mind is one I can neither conceive nor comprehend. I could never admire the Stoic philosophy, as I see nothing to which it leads, and should always seek the power of enjoyment. rather than that of endurance, as I do verily believe that this world contains objects well worthy the wisest man's efforts to attain."

"I assure you, that I am no convert to the doctrine of the Stoics, but to one far nobler and far more philosophic, because it is founded on the principles of our nature—the religion of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Selden started, "you really talk so strangely, this morning, Charles, that if I did not know you to have good sense, I should be led to doubt the fact. Is there any thing so very marvellous in your believing in the christian religion? I hope we all do the same."

"I can only answer for myself, father. I know that not many months have elapsed since I could truly say that I was a believer in the Christian religion. It is true, I always believed it historically, just as I believed such men once existed as Cæsar and Pompey; I reverenced its precepts also, I believed there was beauty as well as truth in its doctrines, and even more than this, Christianity exerted a sort of negative influence on my conduct."

"According to my weak judgment then, I should have pronounced you a Christian, I knew

not what more can be required than belief and obedience to make us such."

"But a far different belief, a far different obedience from those which I possessed. I had not yet felt the wants and necessities of my nature, I had not experienced within my heart the fearful conflict of good and evil, I had not felt the infirmity of my will, I had not meditated on the dark and painful mysteries of my nature, and when I was aroused to a consciousness of this internal world, I saw there was nothing in heaven or earth that could deliver me from myself, which could harmonize these discordant principles, which could disperse the thick mists of darkness that involved the destiny of man, but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I felt this, I believed with my heart, light, joy and peace sprung up within my soul."

The deep emotion which Charles' tone and manner evinced, were not wholly without effect on his father. All trace of vexation vanished from his countenance, as he said: "You are naturally of an enthusiastic temperament, Charles, and you have permitted strange fancies to work upon your mind. These notions belong rather to puritans and fanatics, than to rational, sober-minded men. Religion is a very simple matter, as explained in the Church Catechism, to do your duty towards God, and towards your neighbour, is all that is required."

"True, but how difficult, how impossible to perform these duties, unless a life-giving principle has been infused into the heart, unless the love of God has been shed abroad in the soul."

Mr. Selden regarded his son steadily with surprise and concern, as he said, "I cannot perceive the difficulty or impossibility of performing one's duties, at least I have known hundreds of good Christians, who attended to their religious and social duties, without ever troubling their minds with these mystical notions. If we once begin to speculate, to imagine on these mysterious subjects, the result will probably be fanaticism, or even derangement, but it will never be the good of mankind, or our own happiness and high standing in the world."

"Yet, if we acknowledge the divine authority of the Scriptures, as I know you do, father, we must receive its doctrines, and endeavor to understand them. The notions which you condemn as visionary and mystical, are drawn immediately from this source."

"I certainly do believe implicitly in the truth of Christianity, but yet we know that the wildest visionaries and fanatics profess to derive their doctrine immediately from the Bible; we know that all men have not sufficient wisdom and learning to understand it rightly. I am therefore contented to take the opinion of the wise and rational divines of the church of England, as my standard of religious belief."

Charles' eyes brightened with pleasure, as his father uttered these words. "I am quite willing," he replied, "to abide by this standard to test the soundness of the views I have advanced. Only read some of these works, which have always been considered by the church as containing the ablest and most faithful exposition of its doctrines."

"I have not much leisure for theological studies, as my time is very closely employed with the active duties of life, and the employments that unavoidably belong to my station in society. But I am at a loss to conjecture to what this conversation tends, may I ask plainly?"

"Plainly then, I sought this interview for the purpose of expressing to you a wish which I have long cherished in my heart, which I have ardently longed, yet dreaded to avow—a wish to devote my life to the ministry."

Mr. Selden started; surprise and dismay were pictured on his countenance; he turned absolutely pale, and seemed for some minutes incapable of making any reply. At last he said—"Surely, surely, Charles, you are not serious; can you really wish to become a minister? You can never have reflected properly upon what it involves, nor upon what you renounce in entering upon this way of life."

"I have reflected anxiously, deeply, almost continually upon it, and think I can understand not only the duties it requires, but also the sacrifices it involves, and yet I am convinced that the profession of a minister embraces the highest and noblest ends of existence, and as far transcends all earthly pursuits in dignity and importance, as the immortal soul excels in value the mortal body."

"Well, of all the strange fancies I have ever known, I think this is certainly the oddest, Charles, that at your time of life, with your education and prospects, you should think of turning preacher. I certainly respect a learned and good minister, one who can preach a sensible sermon on Sunday, and behave like a gentleman in society, but of all professions, this is assuredly the last I should ever have chosen. There are many other ways of doing good in the world besides preaching, and besides, there are ministers enough already, or at least, if there are not enough, (for facts here stared him too plainly in the face to maintain his assertion,) "the efforts of one man would surely make very little difference in the state of the world, while it would compel you to renounce the pleasures, the useful employments, and honors of life, to drag out a dull, inactive, tiresome existence."

"My dear father, excuse my saying, that my

views on this subject differ totally from yours, because my idea of the character and duties of a minister of the Gospel, my opinion of the importance of his office are so much at variance with your own. I agree with you fully in thinking that there are many other ways of doing good besides preaching, but I by no means think that ministers are restricted to this only method. Their duties I believe to be various, incessant, requiring the constant employment of their minds and their time; all the good feelings of the heart, all the highest faculties of the mind must be kept in vigorous exercise for the performance of them. I should enter on this holy office with dread, not because I feared leading a dull, tiresome, or inactive life, but because I should feel most deeply my own insufficiency for the lofty, the arduous duties of the ministry."

"It is certainly necessary, that there should be clergymen to administer the offices of religion, and to instruct the people in their duties; but you appear to me to have very exaggerated and overstrained ideas of the nature of the office. I must confess, I can see nothing very lofty or arduous in the duties of christening a child, marrying a couple, burying the dead, or preaching a moral and sensible discourse on Sunday, which, from the very nature of the subjects that it treats, and the number of standard works, which every well educated minister has in his library, requires nothing but a moderate degree of judgment, taste and memory."

"But is it not a lofty and arduous duty to devote all the powers of the mind to the study of the Word of God, a book containing inexhaustible themes of reflection, unfathomable depths of knowledge,—every portion of which contains some moral lesson if we have only the wisdom to receive it? Think of what unspeakable importance it is that these divine truths, by which alone the souls of men can live, should be explained clearly, justly, forcibly to the world;—remember what crimes, what horrors have arisen from false doctrines of religion promulgated by ignorant and prejudiced teachers. Is it not a lofty and arduous duty to be a friend to all within your influence, not only to their perishing bodies, but to their immortal souls, to sympathise with their joys and sorrows, to reclaim the wandering, to comfort the afflicted, to counsel the ignorant, to proclaim pardon to the guilty, and even to illumine the dark valley and shadow of death, by the promises of the Gospel?"

Charles' eyes kindled as he spoke, and his countenance beamed the fervor of his feelings; the earnestness of his tones not only conveyed a strong impression of his own sincerity, but even caused a momentary doubt in Mr. Selden's mind, as to whether his son's views might not be more correct than his own.

After a minute's pause, Mr. Selden replied, "My ideas are perhaps not quite so erroneous on this subject, as you seem to imagine. I certainly do think that many things, not sinful in themselves, do not become the dignity of a minister, and should therefore be given up by one who embraces this profession. I perceive the necessity of making such sacrifices: for instance, I could not endure to see a son of mine a card-playing, or fox-hunting parson, though I think these amusements very innocent pursued with proper moderation. Neither could I tolerate the same conviviality in a minister, which sits gracefully enough on other young men, nor could I ever bear to hear one engaged in angry political discussions. A minister who abstained from all these things, would, however, only possess negative merit, which could not make him a valuable or useful member of society. And yet to a young man like yourself, full of life, spirits and activity; with talents and education, too, which would enable you to shine as a political leader on a new and untried theatre of action, which promises to be the most glorious the world ever saw, because freest from the restrictions which repress talent in other countries, it would be hard to renounce these prospects, and the innocent amusements of life, to turn aside from the noble career that opens before you—and all for what?"

"For what, oh father! I have not words sufficiently strong to express my sense of the importance of the objects to which I wish to devote myself, nor is it in my power to tell you how necessary it is to my happiness, that you should yield your consent, for I cannot be satisfied to incur your displeasure or disapprobation."

Mr. Selden looked very serious for some minutes and seemed lost in thought; at last he replied in a grave, but kind tone, "I am not unreasonable or tyrannical enough to expect to control a young man of your age in his deliberate choice of a profession for life. I should therefore certainly not be displeased at your following your own inclinations, even though they were contradictory to mine. Approbation, however, is not in our own power, and though, as I have said before, I am a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, and perceive the necessity of a priesthood, yet we cannot suppose there is an imperative necessity on all men to become preachers, and I had rather a son of mine should never make one of their number. Yet as you think, that your happiness and duty require that you should pursue this way of life, and your heart seems so desperately set on it, I will not seek to use my influence farther than to request you to wait six months longer and re-consider the matter. Mix

more with the world, read less, be less solitary in your habits, and let us see whether your present wishes and state of feeling may not arise from an excited and disordered imagination."

"I thank you most sincerely, father, for this kind concession, and am most willing to accede to the proposal."

F*****.

(*To be Continued.*)

MOBILE, ALA., *May* 26, 1849.

My dear Sir:—Herewith I send you a poem, from the pen of a friend, which he has consented to have published at my instance. Were I at liberty to communicate his name, you would find it one highly distinguished at the South, in many departments, both of Thought and Action. Like the young German, Korner, the author has twined the brightest laurels of the Muses around the crimson splendors of the sword,—with the super-added distinctions of the Statesman. These verses will speak their own praise. They are a touching tribute of paternal affection, and seem almost the very tears of love crystallized into poetry, by the spell of genius. Since the Monody of Mason, on the death of his wife, I know nothing of the kind more beautiful or pathetic. Thus much you can say from me.

Very truly, your friend,

A. B. MEEK.

J. R. Thompson, Esq., Editor Sou. Lit. Messenger.

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LINES.

TO THE REVEREND EDWARD FONTAINE, PONTOTOC, MISS.

In reply to some received from him.

A welcome to my minstrel skill,
  Dear friend of happier days;
Thy notes are sweet, but sweeter still,
  The love that prompts thy lays.
From sorrows deep and cherish'd long,
  Thou fain wouldst free the heart,
And by the fragrant breath of song,
  New hopes and joys impart.

But vain it is thy harp to strike;
  My woes thou can'st not drown,
Unless thy notes, Cecilia's like,
  Can draw an Angel down.
Until I meet my daughter fair,
  Lost Pleiad of my soul,
The burning tears of my despair,
  Must ever, ever roll.

Nor would I, if I could, revive
  From my distraction wild;
I love the grief that keeps alive,
  The memory of my child;
And if again by hope betray'd,
  My soul should court repose,
How poorly were the guilt repaid,
  By all that earth bestows!

The morning star that fades from sight,
  Still beams upon the mind;
So doth her beauty leave the light
  Of memory behind;
Tho' lost to earth—too early gone—
  By others seen no more,
She is to me still shining on,
  And brighter than before.

The smile she wore when last we met,
  The tear she shed at parting,
The kiss upon my eye-lids set
  To keep my own from starting,
Like bright, remember'd dreams of bliss,
  Are lingering with me yet;
That smile and tear and parting kiss,
  O, how can I forget.

And you, my friend, who knew her worth,
  And loved that worth to praise,
And how amidst the ills of earth,
  She walked in beauty's ways,
Will not condemn the grateful tears,
  The ever-flowing stream,
That keeps a loveliness like hers,
  In memory fresh and green.

No—let me still in silence keep
  My vigils o'er her tomb,
And with my tears forever steep
  The flow'rs that o'er it bloom.
Tho' all the world should pass it by,
  A place remember'd not,
'Tis meet that I, should linger nigh,
  And bless the hallow'd spot.

The sacred love—the holy woes,
  Awaken'd by the dead,
Are like the fragrance of the rose,
  When all its hues are fled;
And, as beside the grave we stand,
  The mournful thoughts that rise,
Are whispers from the spirit-land,
  Sweet voices from the skies.

Then leave, O, leave me to my grief,
  Too wedded now to part;
'Twill duly work its own relief,
  By eating out the heart;
But 'till my daughter pure and bright,
  To me shall re-appear,
My life must be a sleepless night,
  Without a star to cheer.

You tell me that my grief is vain,
  My child will not return,
No earthly tears can wake again,
  The ashes of the urn;

You tell me too, that she is gone
To regions blest and fair,
And wrong it is her loss to mourn,
Since she's an angel there.

I know it all—I know it all;
Yet still with grief opprest,
My spirit sighs for her recall,
And will not be at rest;
I cannot, cannot give her up,
I am not reconciled;
O, take away the bitter cup,
And bring me back my child!—

She was the last enchanting ray
That cheer'd me here below,
The only star to light my way,
Thro' this dark world of woe;
And now bereft of that sweet light,
O, how shall I sustain
The shadows of the awful night,
Which must with me remain!

Like him upon the rocky peak,
In wrath and vengeance doom'd
A victim to the vulture's beak,
To suffer unconsum'd—
So am I doom'd in darkness deep,
All desolate and chill,
To bear a pang that will not sleep,
A death that will not kill.

Then be it so—all silently,
I'll bear the adverse weight;
But He enthroned in yonder sky,
Who dooms me to my fate,
Will, in His own good way and time,
My lovely one restore—
If not on earth, in that blest clime,
Where parting is no more.

I know He will—for even now
On faith's enraptur'd eye,
He breaketh like His own bright bow,
Upon me from on high;
Amidst my deep despondency,
He whispers in mine ear—
Thy daughter may not come to thee,
But thou canst go to her.

Enough, enough—I ask no more;
A light hath flash'd within;
My child from earth He only bore,
To lure me on to Him;
Then let Him keep the jewel bright,
O, let Him wear the gem;
I would not snatch so pure a light
From His bright diadem.

The only boon, O God, I crave,
Is soon thy face to see;
I long to pass the dull, cold grave,
And wing my way to Thee—
To Thee, O Lord, and those dear friends
In Thine eternal sphere,
Where I may make some poor amends,
For all my errors here.

Broderip's Zoological Recreations.*

From our childhood, we have always had a strong liking for that branch of natural history, which embraces living animals. We trust we are not deficient in *human* sympathies; and that we appreciate, in a tolerable degree at least, the inestimable privileges, which distinguish man from even the highest of the brute creation. But we are sometimes tempted to draw unfavorable comparisons, in point of moral character at least, between the sons of Adam and some of the beasts which obey and serve them; and very often should we be rejoiced to exchange the boredom of certain visiters, possessing more than ordinary powers of *articulate speech*, for the dumb, but intelligent companionship of the domestic favorites. For it is in the light of fellow-creatures, of living beings, participating with ourselves, not merely in the pains and pleasures of the senses, but also to a considerable extent in those joys and sorrows, which have their source in our mental emotions, that we love to contemplate them. Perhaps it may be owing to our ignorance that we do not appreciate the apparent relish with which naturalists pursue investigations of a strictly scientific and technical character. But to us their researches seem far less attractive than the desultory observations of those lovers of nature who have been their pioneers—such men as White of Selborne, Wilson, and Audubon—who have followed the wild denizens of field and forest even to their most secret haunts, and portrayed their character and habits, in a thousand happy anecdotes. We care not to know them by *genera* and *species*, and all the dry details of description, which fix their appropiate places in the schemes of Linnæus and Cuvier. All this is, doubtless, excellent and valuable learning; and we acknowledge, (while we are unable to compute,) the debt, which mankind owes to these illustrious benefactors of science. In like manner, the world is proud to confess its obligations to the great masters in the schools of Anatomy and Medicine. But it does not follow that every man is to study his friends and acquaintances with the eyes of John Hunter or Dr. Physic. One seldom extends his survey of a new *subject* in society, beyond his general appearance and bearing, and perhaps a special scrutiny of the physiognomy. Some there are, indeed, whose fingers itch to manipulate the cranium and explore the bumps; but their hands are commonly tied by the restraints of good-

* Zoological Recreations. By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F. R. S., &c., &c. From the enlarged second London edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

breeding and civility. Now, for our own part, we desire to know bird and beast, (for fishes are out of our element entirely,) just in the same way: to identify and distinguish such as we often meet with—to gather up what is most remarkable about those which we seldom or never see—to learn their outward appearance, dispositions, habits of life, and such like matters, rather than the recondite differences, by which they are classified and arranged in the naturalist's museum. We should as soon think of *verifying* a friend by the items of an European passport, and taking an inventory of his age, height, complexion, hair, eyes, and other marks—considering his temperament, whether lymphatic, phlegmatic, nervous or choleric—or comparing him with the characteristics of the five great races, and ascertaining from which of them, and in what proportions, his mingled blood had descended. This last inquiry might indeed, under *some aspects*, be important: but such cases, to employ a new-fangled word, are "exceptional." The general rule is opposite.

The volume, which has led us into this train of remarks, (if our gossip be worthy of such a name,) is precisely the sort of book for unlearned readers like ourselves. It consists of a series of popular sketches, first published in the New Monthly Magazine, and embracing notices of birds and beasts of various sorts, from nightingales and wild turkeys, up to dogs, monkeys, elephants, and dragons. Of course, like more elaborate works, it contains some reference to the technical divisions of zoology: but we can assure all such as coincide with us in taste, that these occupy only a small space in the book, and are *easily skipped over*. The work is for the most part devoted to such descriptions as all can understand and be interested in: with an agreeable variety of quotations from other authors, and anecdotes illustrative of the animals under consideration. We are also favored with biographical and personal notices of some distinguished strangers, such as the Orang Utan, Jenny, and the elephant Jack, late of the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park; personages, who probably deserved and requited the attentions bestowed upon them, quite as well as many foreigners of greater pretensions and celebrity.

We have been a little surprised at the seeming hesitation with which Mr. Broderip several times advances the opinion, that the inferior animals are not confined to *mere instinct*, but do actually *reason*. He does it always, by way of query—as if it were something contrary to the received doctrine, but, in his mind, capable of being successfully maintained. We do not design, by any means, "to even ourselves with the likes" of Mr. Broderip—we are guilty of no such arrogance. But we are certainly ahead of him on this tack. We remember well, that our first essay at college was an elaborate, (*we* thought a highly original and meritorious,) argument, in which we asserted the existence of both faculties, as well in brutes as in mankind: attributing to the former a larger proportion of instinct, and to the latter a preponderance of the reasoning power. Our good old professor returned the thesis, with the dry observation, that its views were very just and correct, and *might be found, discussed with great ability* in some book, the name of which we have forgotten.

It was obvious, that we were suspected of having "stolen our thunder;" and this mortifying conviction made us anxious to banish all recollections of the subject. Since then, we had always taken it for granted, that the question was no longer an open one in the schools of mental philosophy. Certainly it ought not to be; for nothing, except problems in geometry, can be more clearly demonstrated.

The dog furnishes more frequent, and more extraordinary proofs, of the possession and exercise of the reasoning faculty, than any other animal that we know of: and Mr. Broderip has not failed to call witnesses from the ranks of these intelligent and faithful creatures. Most persons, acquainted with their habits, can remember occurrences conducing to prove the same thing; although very few would possess our author's happy style of telling his story.

Among other instances, he narrates the case of a turnspit, belonging to a clergyman in the west of England, who baffled all his master's endeavors to keep him out of church of a Sunday. On one occasion, after doing duty in the kitchen until noon on Saturday, the poor quadruped was locked up in the wood-hole for safe keeping. "Here," as our author says, "he revenged himself by *drying up the souls* of the whole family with his inordinate, expostulatory yells, during the whole of the remnant of Saturday, and the greater part of Sunday."

We once knew a man cured, by a similar incarceration, of an ill habit he had contracted, in respect of his pecuniary obligations. He was sent to jail, very obdurate, on Saturday evening: Sunday he relented—but it was not a *dies juridicus*, and his business was delayed. On Monday, as early as possible, he paid the debt and was enlarged, declaring it to be the best way he had seen tried to *make an honest man pay a just debt!*

But the same treatment did not cure the turnspit: his love of church-going was not to be eradicated. About 12 o'clock on the following Saturday Toby was not to be found. The meat was on the spit, but no Toby was there to mount the wheel, and turn the roast. The barn, where

he was wont to "recreate himself by hunting rats," was searched in vain. The gipsies, who seem, (like our Indians,) to have fancied fat dogs, underwent an examination to no purpose. The worthy family retired to rest, disconsolate for their loss—lamenting him no less than the Scotch divine his renowned "Ervie wi' the crookit horn": and the first words of the master, after grace at his Sunday's breakfast, was the mournful inquiry, "Any tidings of Toby?" But the duties of the day could not be dispensed with. The good man, with a saddened heart, after disposing of the village schools, proceeded to church in full canonicals, and slowly paced up the aisle to his reading desk. He entered it, thinking sorrowfully upon him who had been there so often unbidden, but who would now be so welcome any where: and there—to his utter amazement—in the old place, he found the cunning vagrant, squatted upon his funny little legs, with "his eyes twinkling out of the darkest corner." The question was given up: and Toby was "permitted to go to church, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, as long as he lived."

We ourselves knew a large water spaniel, who certainly kept a reckoning of Sundays, though less exemplary in his way of life on the Sabbath, than the Welshman. Our acquaintance was always at his master's heels, from Monday morning till Saturday night—at home or in the street, at market, at the bank, in court, or wherever else that master's business or pleasure might carry him. But when Sunday came, Carlos never stirred from home, unless especially invited. His master went regularly to church: but we never knew the dog to follow him, morning or evening. Our Carlos knew the day—whether from the closing of stores and the stillness, or in what other way—he never explained to us: but to many others, as well as ourselves, it was notorious that he made it, emphatically, a day of rest.

Another dog of our acquaintance could distinguish the bell of the tavern, where he was fed, from all the other bells in town, and never failed to strike a trot for the kitchen, whenever he heard it at dinner time. But, we confess, he was eclipsed by the renowned dog of the convent, who learned to ring the beggar's bell at the gate, and thus ingeniously to appropriate the victuals, that were passed through the wicket to the supposed pensioner.

Our author gives a diverting account of the conspicuous part, which certain dogs of London were made to play, somewhat against their will, in a royal and civic procession. We think our readers will find it worth the space it occupies in our pages.

"When the citizens feasted the allied sovereigns, we were snugly placed, at an early hour, at the window of a most worthy trader in the precious metals, upon Ludgate-hill; one who had been prime warden of the worshipful company, and had two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. His hospitable house was well filled with honest men and bonnie lassies, but we who had not been long in the small village, were constantly drawn from the well-spread table, aud the bright eyes that surrounded it, to the window aforesaid, by the note of preparation. In the street were the heaps of gravel intended for smoothing the path of the Regent and the crowned heads. Workmen were employed in levelling these heaps, which the dogs, already collected in considerable numbers, evidently considered as pitched exclusively for their accommodation. The thickening crowd were in their holyday suits, every thing was bright and gay, the dogs were frisky beyond expression, and the gravel heaps produced the most social feelings among the assembled quadrupeds.

"By and by the gravel was spread—the dogs, that had been chasing each other's tails from an early hour, began to be a little tired, but were still in good spirits. The troops now lined the streets, and at length there seemed to be a disposition on the part of the dogs to consider that they had enough of the fête. Every now and then a canine sceptic, who began to think that matters were taking an unpleasant turn, would go to the sides of the street and try to make his way through the living wall that bounded the carriage-way. In nine cases out of ten he was kicked back by the soldiers, and if some particularly enterprising individual succeeded in passing them, a greater obstacle remained behind; for there was no possibility of getting through the conglomeration on the foot pavements; trampled upon by the crowd, and butt-ended by the soldiers, he was kicked back with curses into the arena, erst the scene of his gaiety, yelping and howling, and then and there immediately pitched into by his now hungry, peevish companions.

"Well, the day wore on, the dogs lay down;—the usual cries, 'They are coming!' brought every body from the creature-comforts to the windows, and the usual disappointments sent them back to their more substantial enjoyments. At last, the pealing of bells and firing announced the advent of the kings of the earth. Shouts were heard booming from the distance—the heads in the crammed windows were all craning westward,—the procession was now coming in earnest. It was headed by a large body of distressed dogs, the phalanx increasing as it advanced. Worn out, kicked to death's door, and scarcely able to crawl, the miserable curs marched in solemn silence, with head depressed, and slinking tail, to which here and there might be seen appended the badge of the order of the tin canister or kettle. By the side there was no escape—they could not retreat, and so the dejected wretches marshalled the way, unwillingly and slow, till our country's honor, and that of Europe, were roofed in the Guildhall of the city of London."

In making selections from this volume, as we

designed to do, for the purpose of whetting our readers' appetites, we find ourselves realizing the force of the phrase "*l'embarras des richesses.*" Whether the subject be cats or canary birds, wild swans or monkeys, owls or elephants, dogs or dragons—our author is sure to provide something piquant and provocative, which we can hardly bear to pass by, without making a full meal. And if we were to quote but half the passages which we mark in reading as especially worth notice, our present number would scarce suffice to hold them. We must therefore forego many things which we enjoyed highly ourselves, and be content with a very few extracts; which we trust our readers will use (to borrow a quaint simile) "as a shoeing horn, wherewith to draw on the remainder."

Hear him upon "OWLS"—a portion of the work which we respectfully recommend to certain of our friends, who are addicted to the worship of that Bird of Minerva.

"He who delights in contrasts, need seek none more striking among birds than that exhibited by a swan and an owl. The first with a picturesque profile proudly crowning a neck so beautifully long and graceful as to rivet the attention of the veriest Cymon of a spectator; the last with a great round head, looking almost as if it were made for a hat, and a flat face, placed, apparently, upon no neck at all. The long and flexible neck of the swan is ever and anon elegantly dipped into the wave, as the spotless living gondola glides over its surface, to crop the subaqueous herbage. The disk-like face of the owl turns upon the short-neck like a pivot, to catch and concentrate every twilight ray and arrest every sound, even that made by

> The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor;

and the bird, no doubt, derives some of its ill-omened repute from the size of the organs of vision set in this concentrating facial disk. Great staring, goggle, or saucer-eyes are popularly attributed to goblins and demons, and are prominent features in a tale of terror."

"Cowper has admirably sung the 'sidling' and 'ogling' of a small-bird flirtation; but he does not appear to have ever witnessed the grand passion of an owl; would that he had! Such a serious affair is only to be observed by the out-door naturalist, who will bury himself for hours in the depths of the quiet woods near some favorite owl-tree.

"If he is so fortunate as to see the courtship on some warm, gloomy, spring day, whose stillness is only broken by the pattering of the shower, or the 'minute drops' that fall from the moss-grown trees, he will be well repaid for his watching, by the solemnization. The Hudibrastic air with which the lover approaches, making lowly gesticulations, as if to

> 'Honor the shadow of the shoe-tie.'

of the prim quaker-like figure, that receives all these humilities with the demure, starched demeanor of one of Richardson's heroines, only now and then slowly turning her head towards the worshipper, when she thinks she is not observed, but instantly turning it away when she thinks she is,—and the occasional prudish snap of her bill, when she is apprehensive that he is going to be rude—make a scene truly edifying."

"This owl is no great respecter of property, in captivity at least, and will often hide things like the magpie and its congeners: we can answer for the abstraction of an anodyne necklace by one; but this brings back another to our remembrance,—that owl of owls, Captain Face as he was named, and his being sent to sea in the horse-pond on a duck's back, and the divings of the animated bark when the captain in his terror stuck his claws into it, and his submersion upon the instant, and his hooting astonishment as he emerged, only to gripe harder and be again more deeply ducked, till both were captured for fear of consequences and the captain was unbound, shaking his feathers and staring at the perpetrators with a vacant expression, as who should say, "what *does* all this mean?" These aquatic excursions were inflicted upon the captain whenever he got a little seedy and moping, and they certainly did him good."

By way of realizing the contrast to which the first extract alludes, take this description of the Swan.

"Let us examine the body frame-work of a swan. What an admirable piece of animated ship-building it is! How the ribs rise from the broad and keeled sternum to support the lengthened pelvis and the broad back which form a goodly solid deck for the young cygnets to rest on under the elevated, arched, and sail-like wings of the parent; and how the twenty-five vertebræ of the neck rise into a noble ornamental prow, crowned with the graceful head. How skilfully are the oary legs and feet fitted—just where their strokes would be best brought to bear for the purpose of putting the living galley in motion! It is a work worthy of the great artificer."

Speaking of the Hooper or Whistling (wild) Swan, he tells the following spirited anecdote.

"The hooper breeds in captivity, soon becomes reconciled to a state of half-domestication, and is now far from uncommon on our ornamental sheets of water. He is a bird of high courage, and fights stoutly *pro aris et focis*.

"On a glorious half-spring, half-summer morning, a little family of newly-hatched cygnets were basking in their grayish downy coats on the banks of one of the islands in the gardens of the Zoological Society, drinking in the rays at every pore, with half closed eyes and outstretched legs, their delicately transparent webs expanded to the genial sun. The parents complacently rowed guard near them in all the enjoyment of honest family pride; and the happy little ones were so close to the deep water, that their forms were reflected therein as in a mirror.

Suddenly a carrion crow made a dash at one of the cygnets. The enraged father seized the felon on the instant with his bill. In vain the surprised crow struggled and buffeted to escape from the living vice which firmly grasped him: the old hooper's blood was up, he dragged his enemy into the water and held him under it till he was drowned. When the swan loosed his hold, an inanimate lump of flesh and feathers floated to the surface, and as he spurned the black mass for the last time, he looked in his snowy robe like some good but indignant spirit trampling the evil one."

The tame swans, according to Mr. Broderip, sometimes exhibit no less courage. In an epitaph upon "Old Jack," a veteran of 70 years, which he republishes from the Morning Post of 9th of July, 1840, we are told that he frequently put to death canine trespassers upon his domains, in the same way that the belligerent Quaker was reported to have disposed of his enemy, without shedding blood—*i. e.*—by "holding them under the water, until the breath did depart from their bodies." On one occasion, he even seized a boy of twelve years old, (who had been teasing him,) by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him into the water up to his knees. Old Jack, it seems, was a dweller on the canal in St. James's Park; and being *a Native*, he resented bitterly the intrusion of certain foreigners, introduced there by the Ornithological Society. Through many fierce conflicts, he always came off victorious, until a body of Polish geese, regardless of all rules of honorable war, overpowered him by mere force of numbers and pecked him to death. Since the day when Æsop's moribund old lion was kicked in the face by a cowardly donkey, we do not remember a noble brute to have endured a death so ignominious.

Before we dismiss the swans, we must even at the risk of prolixity, copy one more sketch, in which we flatter ourselves many of the author's traits of style are happily grouped together. He is talking of trout fishing on the Thames—

"But for a lover of nature, even when fortune smiles not, this kind of fishing has many charms:—the bright river, the continual change of scene, the rich beauty of the highly cultivated and picturesque country through which it flows, and the exhilarating freshness of the air as it comes laden with the perfume of the new-mown hay, or of the honeysuckle blossoms from

'the cottage of thatch,
Where never physician has lifted the latch,'

make mere existence a pleasure.

"Then there is always something to be seen by one who has eyes and knows how to use them. There are the wild flowers that enamel the banks, the insects, the fish—it requires a practised eye to see *them*—the birds. Here, a king-fisher shoots by like a meteor—there go the summer-snipes—the swift darts by close to the boat, like

'An arrow from a Tartar's bow'—

That back-water is positively carpeted with the green leaves and snowy star-bloom of the water-lily—and the nightingale hard by, *in shadiest covert hid*, fairly sings down all the host of day-songsters, though the blackbird and thrush make melody loud and clear.

"On one of these expeditions not long ago, we observed below —— Lock, just as a thunder-storm was coming on, a pair of swans with seven young ones. There was evidently something more than usual going on—some *sensation* as the French say, among them. The young were collected between the parents, and the whole party pushed up stream. At first we thought they were nearing our punt, as we were dropping down from trying the weir, in the hope of bread; but three of the young ones mounted on the back of the female swan, who elevated her wings to receive them, the brilliant whiteness of her plumage contrasting beautifully with the gray down of the little creatures, and there was a sacred appearance about the whole party. The cause was soon manifest.

"A magnificent swan, worthy of Leda herself, came ploughing up the water, indignant at a trespass on his domain. The family hurried on; and in their haste, one of the young slipt off its mother's back. There was distress! A weakling was left behind in the wake of its father, and whilst it scrambled along, *non passibus æquis*, uttered shrill cries as the enemy advanced. Up came the mighty bird, and then the father, evidently inferior to the attacking swan in age, size, and strength, turned to meet him, while the little family huddled close to the mother, made haste to escape up the river. Proud as the senior, the young father threw back his neck between his arched wings, and confronted the giant. This was unexpected; they kept sailing backward and forward abreast of each other, across the stream like two war-ships; and the watchful turns of their graceful necks and bodies, as each tried to take the other at advantage, was a sight to see. We thought at last that they would do battle; for each of the rivals elevated himself on the water, and made show of combat to the *outrance*. But, by this time, the family, under the guidance of the affectionate mother, were safe, and the elder male swan seemed to think that the better part of valour is discretion, and that he had driven the intruders from his royalty. So they parted. The young one went up to receive his reward from the mother of his family, and the old one rubbed his neck on his wings, and dived, and dropped down stream again, evidently comforting himself that he had given the trespasser a lesson.

"There was a dog belonging to the Lock-house. He, from experience, seemed to know that all swans are bullies; but still the encounter was something for a dog at a lock-house, where any thing is an incident. And, indeed, this was so much more earnest in show than the usual conflicts, that he moved down towards the brink, though the rain was coming on. At first he sat

upon his tail; but, as the affair gave hope of becoming serious, he couched, and when the birds lifted themselves, as in act to fight, dropped his head on his outstretched forelegs. with all the ecstasy of an amateur. When, however, he found it was *no go*, and that the menaces ended as usual—much in the same way as they have done of late among the unfeathered bipeds, according to the new code of chivalry,—he shook himself, like a sensible dog, and went back to shelter."

Those who witnessed the recent performances of Marzetti, as the Brazilian ape—and, still more, those who remember the superior activity of his "illustrious predecessor," Monsieur Gouffe, some 16 or 17 years since—will appreciate the following notice of their great prototype. To us, it was both new and interesting.

"Mazurier it is said, after a long and patient attendance upon the monkeys, domiciled in the *Jardin du Roi*, sewed up in skins, and with a face painted and made up in a concatenation accordingly, raised at last the benevolence of a tender-hearted one to such a pitch, that it offered him a bit of the apple it was eating, and drew from him that rapturous exclamation, pregnant with the consciousness of his apparent identity with the monkey-character—'Enfin! enfin, je suis singe!'*

"Poor Mazurier! when he died, *Polichinelle* was shipwrecked indeed. We can see him now gaily advancing, as if Prometheus had just touched the wood with his torch, in a brilliant cocked hat of gilt and silvered pasteboard, with rosettes to match, gallantly put on athwart ships; that very pasteboard, so dear to recollection as having glittered before our delighted eyes when old nurse unfolded the familiar little books of langsyne—books which in these philosophical days are shorn of their beams; for 'Cock-Robin,' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' 'Jack and his Beanstalk,' 'The Children in the Wood,' 'The Seven Champions.' 'Valentine and Orson,' with the other dearly-beloved legends of our childhood, when permitted to enter the nursery, are more soberly clad: their splendid and many-coloured attractive coats have almost entirely disappeared.

"Mazurier was the personification of that invincible Prince of Roués, Punch; but if the comic strength of this elastic, this Indian-rubber man lay in Polichinelle, it was in 'The Ape of Brazil' that his tragic power lay—and that power, absurd as the expression may seem to those who never beheld him, was great. There was but one blot in his inimitable performance. It was perfect as a piece of acting—if that be called acting which, like Morris Barnett's Monsieur Jacques, is nature itself; but alas! Mazurier had dressed the character without a tail. The melodrama was admirably got up; but there, to the great distress of zoologists, was the tailless quadrumane in the midst of Brazilian scenery, where no traveller—and travellers are proverbial for seeing strange things—has ever ventured to say that he saw a monkey without that dignifying appendage. How true is it that wisdom—such wisdom as it is—brings sorrow; all the rest of the world were in ecstacies; the zoologists shook their heads, and the scene ceased to affect them.

"Be it remembered henceforth by the getters-up of monkey melodramas, that all the monkeys of the New World yet discovered rejoice in tails; the anthropoïd apes of the Old World have none."

We were glad to see the assurance which Mr. Broderip gives, that, notwithstanding the apparent resemblances between men and monkeys, they are not really of kin to one another. It is now some years since we had the good fortune to fall in with the lectures of Professor Lawrence of London, on the Natural History of Man. From this source we first derived the information, that a broadly marked distinction between even the highest specimens of anthropoïd apes, and the lowest forms of human existence, was demonstrable from the differences of physical construction, and of the animal economy. And although, in common with the great majority of intelligent men, we had never believed otherwise, it was some comfort to know that our title to supremacy over all other living creatures was capable of sustaining, without injury, the test of this rigid analysis. It must be admitted, that, to a superficial observer, the similarity is often alarmingly close, and cannot be witnessed without serious mortification. Sometimes the monkey imitates the man, sometimes the man plays the monkey—but in different costume and character from Messrs. Mazurier and Marzetti. Nay, it is not unfrequently hard to determine, to which family the individual claims to belong, or to which of them, (as David Crockett said,) we owe an apology for our mistake. We should, therefore, be proportionably grateful to those, whose labours counteract these impressions, and prove to mankind, that in spite of all their self-stultification, they cannot obliterate the stamp of sovereignty, which has been impressed upon them by the hand of their Creator.

The following anecdotes, illustrative of monkey-character, are novel and amusing—

"In a country town, no matter where, there lived the worthiest and most philosophical of old bachelors, with a warm heart and a sound head, from whose well-powdered exterior dangled that most respectable ornament, a *queue*. Long did this august appendage, now no longer seen, linger among the benches of the inns of court. Two worthies we have yet in our eye,—*Ultimi Caudatorum!* with what veneration do we look up to ye! with what fear and trembling did we regard the progress of the influenza!—the destroying angel has passed by, and the tails still depend from your 'frosty pows'—blessings on 'em!

"Pardon the digression; and return we to our bachelor, who entertained a monkey of such

* "At last! at last, I am an ape!"

good breeding and so much discretion, that Jacko was permitted to make one at the dinner-table, where he was seated in a high child's chair next to his master, and took off his glass of perry and water in the same time and measure with his patron, and in as good a style as Dominie Sampson himself could have performed the feat. Now, his master's housekeeper made the best preserved apricots in the county, and when the said apricots were enshrined in a tart, the golden fruit set off by the superincumbent trellis, a more tempting piece of *pâtisserie* could hardly be laid before man or monkey. One of these tarts enriched the board at a small dinner-party, and was placed nearly opposite to Jacko, who occupied his usual station. The host helped one and another to some of this exquisite tart. but he forgot poor Jacko, who had been devouring it with his eyes, and was too well-bred to make any indecorous snatch at the attraction, as most monkeys would have done. At last Jacko could stand it no longer, so looking to the right and left, and finally fixing his eyes on the guests opposite, he quietly lifted up his hand behind his master's back, and gave his tail such a tug as made the powder fly, withdrew his hand in an instant, and sat with a vacant expression of the greatest innocence. People don't like to have their tails pulled. His master gave him a look, and Jacko gave him another, but even the eloquent expression of Hogarth's monkey on the offending bear's back, fell short of it. It said as plainly as look could speak—'Don't be angry—don't thrash me—they did not see it—I beg your pardon, but I *must* have a bit of that apricot tart;'—he was forgiven and helped.

"Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action.

"One that in his zeal for imitation had swallowed the entire contents of a pill-box—the cathartics, fortunately, were not Morisonian—suffered so much, that ever afterwards the production of such a box sent him to his hiding place in a twinkling.

"Another that was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country kitchen with its hugh fireplace, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate.

"The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a smug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day: he came down a carbonadoed nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The *à plomb* with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimmed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

"Le Vaillant, in his African travels, was accompanied by an ape, which lived on very good terms with the cocks and hens, showing, in defiance of the legend, no antipathy to the former, and a strong penchant for the latter, for whose cacklings he listened, and whose eggs he stole. But this and other peccadillos were amply atoned for, by the *bonhomie* and other good qualities of *Kees*, for that was the name of the traveller's ape, which seems to have almost realised the virtues of Philip Quarl's monkey."

"Turn we to that grotesque race, the Sapajous.

"They are slender, mild in disposition, flat in face, long in tail, and *spidery* in general appearance. The genus *Ateles* of M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire stands first upon the roll. With anterior hands, either entirely deprived of thumbs, or only supplied with mere rudiments, and weak, long limbs, justifying their popular names of 'Spider Monkeys,' they are compensated by a prehensile tail of such exquisite sensibility and power, that it may almost be considered a fifth hand. For a length of six or seven inches from the tip, this is naked; and, on the under surface, it is comparatively callous, for the purpose of prehension. Humboldt asserts that the animal can introduce it, without turning its head, into narrow clinks or clefts, and hook out any substance; but he never saw it employed to convey food to the mouth, though the natives will have it that the monkey goes a fishing with it. Leap the species of this genus cannot, or, at most, but very imperfectly; this tail of all work, however, amply makes amends, for by it they hang suspended from the branches or swing themselves from bough to bough, and from tree to tree, with the utmost agility. Dampier relates, and his statements are generally worthy of credit, that, when troops of them have occasion to cross rivers, they look out for a point where the trees are most lofty, and project farthest over the water. Having arrived at such a place, they climb to the boughs best suited to their purpose, and form a long chain by grasping the tails of each other. This chain hangs free at the lower end, while it is held on at the top, and the living pendulum is swung backwards and forwards, till it acquires sufficient vibration to carry the lower end to the opposite bank. Then the lowest joint catches hold of the first branch within his reach, and mounts as high as he can. As soon as he has made himself fast, the upper joint on the other side lets go, and the whole conjoined 'tail' swings, and is carried safely over. Humboldt and Bonpland saw some

of them which inhabit the banks of the Orinoco suspended in great numbers from the trees, and hanging on to each other by tail and hands in the most ridiculous groups."

"In captivity the Sanglains are great pets, and Edwards relates a curious instance of the craving for something that possessed life breaking out in one that was the favourite of a lady. Once, when he was let loose, he snatched a gold fish from its 'watery glass,' and instantly killed and devoured it. The lady, upon this, made him a present of some live eels, and, as the little fellow was not more than eight inches long without his tail, these lively gifts frightened him at first a good deal by twisting round his neck when he seized them. His carniverous nature, however, prevailed, and, without a well sanded hand, he soon mastered and ate them.

"M. F. Cuvier had an opportunity of observing their domestic arrangements in a conjugal state. He had a pair who were blest with three young ones; but it seems to have been the Lady Sanglain's first accouchement, and she had no experienced female friend to direct her; so after regarding her interesting progeny, she proceeded to bite off the head of one of them; the other two in the meantime, took to the breast, and the moment the mother felt them she was all affection. The papa was even more affectionate than the mamma, and assiduously assisted in the nursery. The favourite position of the young ones was upon the back or bosom of the mother; and when she was tired of nursing, she would come up to her mate with a shrill cry, which said as plainly as cry could speak, "Here! do take the children." He, like a good-natured father, immediately stretched forth his hands and placed his offspring upon his back or under his body, where they held on while he carried them about, till they became restless for want of that which he could not give them; aud then he handed them back again to his partner, who, after satisfying their hunger, again turned them over to their papa.

"Cuvier seems to think that their intelligence is inferior to that of many of the smaller monkeys. That their attachment to each other is sometimes great, the following anecdote, related by a lady who kept a couple of them, and who could never tell the story unmoved, will prove.

"These playful Sanglains had not, indeed, any family, but they were very happy and were all in all to each other. One of them, unfortunately, died. The other seemed to be unwilling to believe the change that had taken place, and continued to caress the body until it became absolutely necessary to remove it. Every thing was done to console the survivor that its fond and distressed mistress could think of; but as soon as its mate was taken away, the poor widowed Sanglain pressed its little hands to its eyes, refused to be comforted, and remained pining in that attitude till death relieved it from its sufferings."

But we must tear ourselves away from the monkeys, and hurry over many other portions of the menagerie, equally worthy of our attention, but which we have not room to notice.

The Elephant! "Vell, vot of 'im?" asks some cockney, "hevery body 'as *seen the helephant!*" Perhaps so. These are days of progress. But we well remember the day, when every body had *not* seen him, and when that individual was sure of attentive listeners, who could boast of such experience. When some town-bred boy, for the benefit of country air and pure morals, was sent to ruralize at our provincial school,—or some country lad returned after a visit to the court-house, (on court-day,) fresh from an encounter with a travelling menagerie—with what an air of consequence did he impart the results of travel and observation, to a group of urchins all agape with wonder and credulity! But when the great occasion came at last, so often dreamed of, so long hoped for—when, in our own proper person, we entered that mighty rotunda of canvas, and found ourselves in the august presence of "The Emperor of Siam" himself—words cannot describe our awful astonishment. We have a vague recollection of having felt some disposition to retreat, until we were reminded of our great anxiety to come and take a ride upon the elephant! A dreadful suggestion: which, at the same moment cut off all hope of escape, and made us tenfold more anxious to effect it! How we nerved ourself for the effort—and with what a pleasing horror—a sort of heroic trembling—we submitted to be swayed to and fro in the embrace of that mysterious trunk, and lifted on and off the broad neck of the benevolent monster! We have seen some sights in our time, and undergone some trials. We have stood on the cedar stump and peeped over the Natural Bridge—we have passed under the great fall at Niagara, and planted our foot on Termination Rock—we have been out on the big Lakes in storms, that made old sailors thoughtful—we have been within range of hostile cannon shot—we have *grinned and endured* the worst that dentists could inflict—we have sat for long hours, under details of mesmeric phenomena, witnessed and vouched for by "people of the highest intelligence and veracty"—all these things have we gone through with—even the last and most terrible—with more composure than we could command when we "saw," and rode, the elephant. And after all, elephants are not to be sneezed at, as witness Mr. Broderip—

"A very intelligent elephant was shown, some years since, in a caravan of wild beasts at a fair in the West of England. One of those practical jokers, whose wit lies in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket, or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had been doling out some gingerbread nuts of the first quality to the elephant, who received the instalments, small as they were, with satisfaction and gratitude, manifesting

the latter by the spontaneous performance of some of his tricks between the somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Suddenly, his benefactor produced a large paper parcel, weighing some two or three pounds, and presented it *en masse*. The elephant took it as it was, and consigned the whole to his powerful crushing-mill. Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms of suffering severely from internal heat, handing—yes, handing, for the trunk acted as dexterously as a hand—the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching for water, which was given to him, and of which he continued to pour floods sufficient to drive a mill down his capacious and burning throat.

"'Ha!' said the joker, addressing his victim, 'those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow, I guess!'

"'You had better be off,' exclaimed the keeper, 'unless you want the bucket at your head, and sarve you right too.'

"The dispenser of ginger and pepper took the hint; for there was an angry glare in the drinker's eye, while the distressed beast was pumping up his sixth bucketful; and in good time he took it, for he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show, when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the elephant with such force and correctness of aim, that if he had been a moment later, his joking would, in all probability, have been terminated, with his life, on the spot.

"A year had passed away, and the wayfarers from the country villages trod over the withered leaves that had, when fresh, green, and vigorous, shielded their heads from the burning summer's sun as they again beut their steps to the same annual autumnal fair, where the elephant had been before exhibited, and where he was again ready to receive company.

"Our joker was again among his visiters, and, forgetful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which, at the time, another wit observed he had been near kicking, came, as before, with one coat-pocket filled with 'best nuts,' and the other with hot nuts. He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the best sample, and then drew forth and presented him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant tasted it, than he seized the coat-tails of his tormenter, and, with one whirling sweep with his trunk lifted him from the ground, till, the tails giving way, the man dropped half-dead with fright, and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The elephant, meanwhile, quietly inserted the end of his trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and leisurley proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat-tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had finished the last, he trampled upon the pocket containing the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a mash: and then, after having torn the tails to rags, threw the soiled fragments at the head of his facetious friend, amid the derision of the assembled crowd."

The seventy pages which are devoted to elephants in this work are among the most interesting portions of it. They treat of the animal as he appears in his native haunts, and in confinement—of his employments in war and peace, and of his connexion with many of the most important events in ancient and modern history. The progress of zoological knowledge concerning him is also traced, from the "Historie of Four Footed Beasts," by Edward Topsell in 1607—with occasional glances at the Greek and Roman accounts of Pliny and others—down to the discovery of the Siberian elephant, preserved in ice, at the mouth of the river Lena, in 1799. But we have no space for the tempting passages which meet us on every page, and must conclude our notices with a brief extract, in which the reader is introduced to the "ancient and honorable" family of Dragons.

> "The Dragon of Wantley churches ate
> (He us'd to come of a Sunday),
> Whole congregations were to him
> A dish of Salmagundi.
> Parsons were his black-puddings, and
> Fat aldermen his capons,
> And his tit-bit the collection plate
> Brimful of Birmingham halfpence.
> The corporation worshipful
> He valued not an ace:
> But swallow'd the mayor, asleep in his chair,
> And pick'd his teeth with the mace!"
>
> *Heroic Ballad.*

"Great as has been the progress made in the wide field of natural history within the last thirty years, in no direction has the advance been more decided or more satisfactory, than in that hitherto obscure part of it which sepulchres the remains of animals that lorded it over sea and land when this earth was young.

"And although there is nothing among the earliest known organized forms fashioned by the hand which weigheth all things, that is not pregnant with proof of the same care and design and harmony in the construction of the animal, as shines forth in the being born into the world yesterday, let no one picture unto him or herself the youth of our planet as lovely to any but the grosser natures then placed upon it to breathe an atmosphere which no human lungs, nay, no lungs of any vertebrate of a high grade could have long breathed as the breath of life. It was a place of dragons: fit only for Saurians, Batrachians, and the like.

"'Dragons?'

"Yes, dragons: not such as the small, living winged reptiles, that skim from place to place in search of their insect food, relying on their natural parachutes, constructed upon a somewhat safer principle than that of poor Mr. Cocking, and rejoicing in the generic name of *Draco:* but downright enormous dragons with bellies as big as tuns and bigger; creatures that would have cared little for Bevis's sword 'Morglaye,' nor that of the Rhodian Draconicide, nor St. George's 'Askalon,' no, nor the 'nothing-at-all' of More of More Hall, even if those worthies could have existed in the pestiferous region in which the said dragons revelled.

"For in a slough where *Calamites* and other gigantic marsh-plants, now extinct also, rooted

themselves at ease, and reared themselves into a damp jungle; in a dreary bog, to which the undrained Pontine marshes would have been the land of health, was their lair. In such a nauseous quag, wholesome to them, these monsters roared and wallowed: there they growled their horrid loves, and there they made war upon each other—the strong devouring the weak, and the carnivorous 'chawing-up' the herbivorous in the midst of the widest convulsions of a nascent world.

"While this was going on upon what then passed for dry land, great sea-dragons rushed through the waves, or sported on the surface of an ocean not unlike, as far as the waters were concerned, our own, while flying dragons hovered, like Shakspeare's *Witches*, through the fog and the filthy air. These last ancient Saurian forms have left no living representative upon the earth."

After this beginning, we are led gradually along, from the classical and fabulous history of dragons, in earlier and later times, to the developements of modern science, and the stupendous "*dragonnades*," attended by the fossil remains of these pre-Adamite lords of creation. We pass in review Sea Dragons, Dragons Amphibious and Terrestrial, and Flying Dragons; with their sesquipedalian names, (Ichthyosaurus, Megalosaurus, Pterodactylus, &c.,) almost worthy the extinct leviathans themselves. And we find, that, notwithstanding some allowance for exaggeration—for the way in which the form of a dead hero looms up through the mists of antiquity—there was yet a substantial leaven of truth in all the old traditions about these aboriginal tenants of our planet. If it be true, indeed, that the conditions of their existence were so incompatible with our own, that they must all have perished before man could have inhabited the earth it is hard to conceive in what way, (short of revelation,) the memory of their lives and exploits could have been transmitted to our illustrious predecessors, the ante-diluvians. From them, it is easily deducible, through Noah and his descendants, to its general diffusion among all the nations of the earth. As the French lady said, of the saint who walked *half-a-mile* after his head was cut off,* "the *first step* is the only difficulty."

We are not very prone to believe in things marvellous; on the contrary, we are commonly reckoned to be rather skeptical. But there is one thing of popular ridicule, which has long appeared to us to be worthy of more serious consideration: and that is the Sea Serpent. We are not disposed to swallow all that good Bishop Pontoppidan relates of the "Kraken;" nor to believe that he could outdo Ariel, by "putting a girdle about the earth" in less than "forty minutes." Nevertheless, in view of the immense extent of the seas, the huge proportions of many known aquatic animals, the constant voice of tradition, and the repeated declarations of modern voyagers, down to the very year in which we live, we cannot but believe that there does exist a species of sea-monster, rare in proportion to its extraordinary size, which has not yet found a place "in our philosophy." Fifty years ago who believed that such things as dragons ever existed, except in tales of romance, and coats-of-arms from the Heralds' College? Fifty years hence, the existence of what we call the Sea Serpent may be established by proofs as solid as the rocky tablets, in which the geologist reads the long-buried annals of the great Saurian dynasty. We have great faith in rail roads generally, and a little hope for that one which aims at the Pacific; but if Mr. Whitney and the Sea-Serpent would make a race against time, for a vacant berth in this nineteenth "century of inventions," we would certainly—as they say in California—"go our pile" upon the Snake!

* "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte!"

THE AUTUMN STORM.

A PROEMIAL FRAGMENT.

BY DAVID R. ARNELL.

Smit with the loss of what to me had been
  A passion and a purpose, I had strayed
Beyond the narrow confines that shut in
  The ken of those I shrank from; and I prayed,
  In the dark sanctuary of a fearful shade,
If aught there were not false, to see its sign,
  That He who manifest himself had made
Of old unto his servants, thus benign
Would by some semblance pass before my drooping eyne.

It was the Autumn time, and e'er I knelt,
  My soul had yearned back on the path I'd trod,
Ah me! it was a scene well could be felt,
  It looked the smile of a departing God;—
  The orchis and the pansies graced the sod,
Lovers of woods and silent thoughts are these,
  And up the hills clomb the bright golden-rod,
While round, with its invisible arms, the breeze
Shook fast their glories down from the complaining trees.

The sun had set; and wold, and stream, and air
  Slept in the Sabbath of his chastened light,
While, scarce discerned in blue, a crescent fair,
  Upturned, poured dews upon a neighboring height;—
  When, suddenly, all the sky between grew white,
And silvered into cloud, that, as it drew
  Towards the horizon, was in blackness dight;
Till, as some bird of prey had thither flew,
Above the dying day its condor wings it threw.

And then a mumbling, suffocating sound,
As if it gorged the distance, filled my ear,
Till, swift, it left its place, and circling round,
Swept the pale stars from the blank atmosphere,
And its black, blinding swoop sent chilling fear
Through all my frame till turning there, I saw
A hut untenanted, and haply near,
To that my unnerved limbs I scarce did draw,
And knelt we down in prayer within that place of awe.

Oh, God! I prayed for strength to overcome,—
Or else to bear my abject life, nor sigh,—
A few weak words I spake and then was dumb,
And but the wind in storming joy went by;
Then I arose, and looked out for the sky,
And saw—what? Nothing; but I felt a sense,—
A horrible feeling that I there should die,
And then there passed o'er me a wish intense
To rush out in the storm, and dare Omnipotence.

But as the lightning its fire deluge poured
Above the scene, the pitiless Demon there
Tore the cloud-pall, through which it seemed there soared
A fairer shape above that hideous blare;—
And as another gleam lit up the air,
The Demon and the trees I saw in fight,
And heard the thunders laugh where they did dare
Toss upward their great, suppliant arms and smite
In scorn, the Fiend with their unconquerable might.

Wind—hail—ye elements of wrath, and ye
Invisible spirits that do lead abroad
Your hellish company o'er earth and sea,
Called falsely scourges of the dreadful God!
Then I did stand and scorn ye, and did laud
The mightier spirit that gave outcry there,
From the strong tree-tops, and the smitten sod,
And from my own roused soul, and then did swear
Henceforth to confront all Demons of earth and air.

* * * *

Maury county, Tenn.

ENGLISH BALLADS.*

If fine paper, and clear type, and beautiful and appropriate illustrations can ever render books "suitable for presents"—and such is the intended character of these volumes—then assuredly has the publisher achieved the most brilliant success in his present effort. Certainly such paper and type would invite even a senile eye, and no one, not wholly destitute of all taste in pictorial art, could fail to dwell with delight upon the illustrations so cleverly executed, so full of variety, so pregnant with dramatic spirit.

But the matter of the book is well worthy of its manner. A choice selection of British Ballads—ancient and modern—beginning with Chevy Chace, which rang like the call of the clarion in the ears of our English ancestors, reaching through intermediate ages to the moving story of Ruth, as told by the bard of Rydal Mount, who still lives in "an old age serene and bright," has furnished volumes such as we have not often met with. It is not our intention at present to enter into an extended notice of the contents of the book. It would occupy too much space. But we purpose giving an outline of one or two of the more ancient ballads—less known, perhaps, to some of our readers than those of Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Motherwell—yet well worthy of the exalted regard which has for generations been extended towards them by men of critical might and men of poetical renown.

The first of these is the Ballad of "Sir Lancelot du Lake"—a tale of England's palmy days of chivalry. The copy before us is taken from a black-letter copy in the folio collection at the British Museum; and on comparison with that in Percy's Reliques, will be found a much purer version. It is quoted by Shakspeare in the second part of Henry IV. It may be as well, however, to give a slight sketch of the hero, whose glorious deeds are sung in this ballad.

Amongst the four and twenty knights, whose names were inscribed on the far-famed Round Table of King Arthur, there was no one whose life surpassed in its romance that of this chevalier. No one of those who had ever sat in the seats of that order, instituted by Uther Pendragon, was better entitled to the praise of "Perfect Knight." When a child he was snatched almost from the arms of his widowed mother by the fair and beautiful Vivian, the mistress of the great sorcerer Merlin, and carried by her to dwell beneath the waters of that fair Lake in which she abode, and which bestowed on him his surname. She who had robbed him of a mother's care was not unmindful of a mother's duties, but had him taught all knightly accomplishments. At eighteen she carried him to King Arthur's court, where she obtained for him the boon of knighthood: and in all after life, in his perils by land and by sea, exercised over him an ever-vigilant guardianship. Thanks to her protection, backed by his own brave heart and stout arm, he won for himself such peerless fame, that ancient romances record him as "the curteist knight—the goodliest person—the trueest friende and lover—the kindest man that ever stroke with sworde—the meekest man and the gentillest, that ever sate in hal among ladyes—the sternest knighte to thy mortale foe that ever put spere in reste." Indeed, the ballad before us tells that in the jousts and tournaments which King Arthur gave, the Knights

* The Book of British Ballads. Two Volumes. Edited by S. C. Hall, Esq., F. S. A. London. Jeremiah How.

of the Round Table always bore off the palm of victory. But bright as was their fame, and well approved as were their feats, yet amongst them was one whose glory shone transcendent—whose prowess was invincible: It was

> One Sir Lancelot du Lake,
> Who was approved well,
> Hee, in his fights and deeds of armes,
> All others did excell.

Finding no competitor, however, fully his match, our Knight grew tired of

> The play, and game, and sport,

and therefore sallied forth into "the forest wide" in search of some adventure. Here

> He met a damsel faire—

a species of sylvan population, which seemed to be "as plenty as blackberries" in those days—who, after subjecting him to much critical investigation, decides that he is "a knight full good," and, with the mischief-making propensities so often ascribed to her sex, proposes to lead where he might find

> a knight who never was
> O'er matched of any man—

a proposition which he cheerfully embraces, and forthwith proceeds under her direction to the castle of the formidable Tarquine—the name, by-the-way, usually bestowed on all Payuims, Giants and other defeated individuals. Tarquine promptly appeared; whereupon Sir Lancelot challenged him to

> try our force together;
>
> For, as I understand, thou hast,
> As far as thou art able,
> Done great despite and shame unto
> The knights of the Round Table.

This was a part of Tarquine's life which he could not gainsay, for he had no less than threescore and four of our hero's predecessors in his dungeons at that very time. Indeed, the Infidel seemed rather to glory in his work, for he had hung the shields of the vanquished on a tree, and moreover was engaged at the very moment, when first seen by the English champion, in driving

> a horse before him straight,
> Whereon a knight was bound—

a sight well calculated to irritate the excitable spirit of this gallant Revenger of wrongs. Besides, hearken to his reply—

> "If thou art of the Table Round"—
> Quoth Tarquine speedily—
> "Both thee and all thy fellowship
> I utterly defy."

When men in such a frame of mind meet on hostile thoughts intent, they do not indulge in much conversation. It is not surprising therefore to find that

> They sett their spurs unto their steeds,
> And at each other flie,

with spears duly couched, and all the other means and appliances of this species of warfare in fine killing order. There was a general smash. Indeed, so general, that

> Their horses' backs brake under them—

a proceeding which seemed to "astound" the riders no little, and with admirable prudence, therefore,

> To avoyd their horses they made haste
> To fight upon the ground.

This little accident did not droop their ardor, for

> They tooke them to their shields full fast,
> Their swords they drew out then;
> Wyth mighty strokes most eagerlye
> One at the other ran.

This spirit of enterprise produced the usual consequences, and,

> They wounded were, and bled full sore,
> For breath they both did stand.

And here, when in this breathless and damaged condition, like any other couple of belligerents, conjugal or otherwise, they proceeded to hold such colloquy as their short wind would permit, and endeavor to adjust the matter on "terms honorable and satisfactory to both parties." Their mutual phlebotomy had been very effectual in mollifying their eagerness for the conflict, and they accordingly exchanged compliments and proposed arrangements in a spirit of the greatest amiability. Unluckily for their rapidly cementing friendship and also for Tarquine's welfare, he excepted from amicable relations, one cavalier—and only one. The inquisitive Sir Lancelot asks the name of this individual, so distinguished as a mark of hatred. For Tarquine's reply and the rest of the adventure we will quote the Ballad itself—

> "His name 's Sir Lancelot du Lake,
> Hee slew my brother deare;
> Him I suspect of all the rest;
> I wold I had him here."
>
> "Thy wish thou hast, but now unknowne;
> I am Lancelot du Lake,
> Now of King Arthur's Table Round;
> King Hand's son of Benwake;
>
> "And I defy thee; do thy worst."
> "Ha, ha," quoth Tarquine tho,
> "One of us two shall end our lives
> Before that we do go.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee;
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee:"

They buckled them together so,
Like unto wild boars rashing;
And wyth theire swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing:

The ground besprynkled was wyth blood:
Tarquine began to faint;
For he had backt and bore his shield
So low, hee did repent.

Repentance, however, came to him, like to many other sinners, too late to be of any service. Sir Lancelot perceived his advantage, hacked off his head, and delivered his "threescore and four" comrades in arms from their durance vile.

We hear no more of Sir Lancelot—but presume that he passed the balance of his life in similar chivalrous exploits; meeting beautiful girls in the woods and slaughtering fierce and vindictive giants.

The next Ballad to which we invite attention, is that of "The Nut Brown Maid." Nut brown maidens are the theme of much poetic rapture, but we believe,—for we were never much given to bucolics and seldom "babble of green fields"—nut brown maidens are generally stout young women, with healthy complexions none the whiter for exposure, whose occupations are chiefly of a culinary character. As we are as ignorant of the mysteries of the *cuisine* as we are of the best mode of raising mangel-wurtzel, we do not profess to know much of the thoughts and feelings, the education or refinement of this much sung class of individuals. If the one described in this ballad be at all a correct example of the class we can only say that they will compare to great advantage with the fair maidens of our aristocratic circles. Certainly it has never been our good fortune to meet anywhere, in the world of romance or in that of reality, with a nobler, purer, more generous specimen of woman's love and faith—a love and faith second only to that which lifts the soul above the gross things of this nether earth and bears it aloft to dwell amid the delights, the solemn glories of Heaven.

This ballad is as antique as it is beautiful. It probably dates back as early as the year 1400. The oldest known copy is that contained in Arnold's Chronicle, printed in 1502: as its author was even then unknown, it is but reasonable to suppose that it was owing to its age. Dr. Percy bestowed upon it vast pains, and thanks to his industry, learning and research, this exquisite tribute to the noblest traits of the female character has been restored to its pristine purity and nervous elegance of expression. Upon it Prior has founded his "Henry and Emma," but we trust our readers will see from our notice how much the original has lost in delicacy of sentiment by its transmutation in the hands of a modern poet.

The poem itself is a dialogue between the hero, who turns out to be the son of the earl of Westmoreland, and the nut brown maid, "a baron's chylde." The lover distrusts the truth, the faith of woman, and especially of her whose affections he has won and to whom he has plighted his troth. The guileless girl, rich in affection, innocence and confidence in her lover, never suspects the tricks to which he is resorting, but answers him as she is prompted by her own true heart. The object of the poem is best told by the first two stanzas—

Be it right or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne
Affermyng this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them well: for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lett a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for naught: and from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and sayde
That woman's faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayde:
But nevertheless, ryght good witnesse
In this case might be layd,
That they love trewe, and continewe:
Recorde the nut-brown mayd:
Which from her love, (when, her to prove,
He cam to make his mone,)
Wold not depart; for in her herte
She loved but him alone.

The author then begs us to "discuss the manner" in which he tested her affection, and she proved herself worthy of it—no, not worthy of such affection as this suspicious lover bestowed upon her, but worthy of the noblest, highest love which mortal man may be permitted to give to a fellow-creature. With this reasonable request we cheerfully comply, for though argumentation is but little to our taste, yet such a discussion as this waxeth well to the soul.

The lover steals upon her by night, to tell her that he is a banished man. His hand hath wrought a deed,

Whereof much harm shall growe;

the wages of which is death to its perpetrator. That death, shameful and dishonoring, must be his fate, or else he must escape to the greenwood, to lead the life of an outlaw and earn a precarious subsistence by his bow. A natural sigh of regret bursts from her heart as she contemplates this speedy ruin of *her* lately anticipated happi-

ness, but her gentle piety forbids her even repining at the dispensations of Providence, for such she regards it. To it, however, she submits without complaint, or murmur, or even question, but expresses her willingness to go with him whithersoever he should go. She had given her love to him ere the deed of darkness had thus hunted him from the society of honest men, when she might look forward to sharing a fair fame and honorable home with him. And now, when crime had stained his hand, when he was a beggared wanderer, a vagabond and fugitive upon the face of the earth, that promise was still sacred, that love more than ever gushed forth from the deep fountains of her heart.

Most men, even though suspicious, would have been satisfied with this proof of unswerving affection. At least not many would have indulged in sneers and sarcasms. Not so with our Earl's son. Hear him—

> I can beleve, it shall you greve,
> And somewhat you destrayne;
> But afterwarde, your paynes harde
> Within a day or twayne
> Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
> Comfort to you agayne.

But the taunt is unheeded. She meekly tells him she will be "playne" with him. She will suffer no one to say that the nut brown maid was to her love unkind. No! she had promised to share his weal: she would now share his woe. And the bitter taunt is forgiven as the chafings of a wounded spirit.

He tells her of the world, how it will deal lightly with her good name. This is to her indeed a deep sorrow. Nevertheless her motives of action render her pure alike in her own conscience and in the sight of her God. Therefore,

> Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large,
> In hurtynge of my good name:

it is hers to prove, that in his

> dystresse and hevynesse

her faithful love stands not in awe of the scandal and jeers of a misjudging world.

But this generous youth now paints other pictures of her "grene wode" life to the now heavy-laden and heart-wrung girl. He wants to know, if needs be, whether she can follow him day after day in the fatigues of the chase, lend a helping hand at times—nay, even become as an hired servant unto him? Can she, if he is pursued by those who hunt after the precious life, can she yield him any aid? Can she bring any rescue to the captured felon? Can she, at his command, wend her way through thorns and briars, over hills and valleys? Can she render herself insensible to

> The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
> The colde, the hete—

and lodge in quiet ease upon the ground beneath the starry canopy of heaven?

These are but to her minor trials. She hath been the partner of his joy and bliss, and therefore she gladly goes to partake of his misfortunes and alleviate his sufferings. She will cheerfully assist him in purveying for their frugal household.

> The water clere of the ryvére
> Shall be full swete

to her. The heath and the bush shall be ample couch and covering. And as for danger, why

> —women have
> From deth saved many one,

and such, perhaps, may be her good fortune with him. But if not, she stands ready, "bowe in hande," to fight unto the death in his cause. One regret, one prayer, one blessing for her "sweet mother" escapes her anguish-torn heart, and then she once more declares her willingness to follow him, banished though he be.

But he has reserved the heaviest woe for the last. He tells her that her readiness to share his broken fortunes is dictated by wanton love. More than that. He cares no longer for her brown skin, for he has found a love with fairer cheek and golden tresses.

> Wherefore I, to the wode will go
> Alone, a banished man.

This is indeed the heaviest woe. Nevertheless she has plighted her troth—and though sorrow and suffering await her—though the world speak lightly of her conduct,—though she grieve a heart throbbing with maternal affection—though he, for whom she sacrifices all, requites her love with neglect and desertion, yet the path of duty is plain before her. Sin shall not be cast upon her. Still will she go with him, if he will suffer her, and whilst life will permit, be to him all that she may; and then, as speedily as God wills, lay her head in the dust and repose in the quiet calm of the grave.

The reward of all this trial, this purgation of the spirit, is the information that he is an Earl's son and will make her a true and loving husband; a promise, which a trifling knowledge of human nature teaches us was doubtless faithfully kept by so generous and trusting a soul.

But the Poet extracts from it a wholesome moral, which, like the Poem itself, makes us regret that history hath not preserved from obliv-

ion the name of one whose confidence in the might of love is only surpassed by his genuine, unaffected piety. Listen to his closing strains:

Here may ye se, that women be
  In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
  Or call them variable:
But rather pray God that we may
  To them prove comfortable;
Which sometime proveth such as loveth,
  If they be charytable.
For syth men wolde, that women sholde
  Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
  And serve but him alone.

We here take leave, for the present, of these Ballads. We trust ere long to make our readers acquainted with some other specimens of this species of literature, which, to our thinking, is unsurpassed in beauty, humor, pathos, simplicity and grandeur.

INDIAN STORIES.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

THE PEACE MAKER.

A Tradition of the Senecas.

The following story was obtained by the writer, directly from the lips of a Seneca Indian, and the hero is said to have been the grandfather of the celebrated orator Red Jacket.

—

There was a time when all the Indian tribes in the world were at war with the great Seneca nation, whose hunting grounds were on the borders of Lake Ontario. So fearful had they become of their enemies, that the bravest hunters and warriors never left their wigwams without bending their bows, and little children, were not permitted by their mothers to gather berries or hickory nuts in the neighboring woods. The head Chief of the nation at that time was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Always Awake*. He was a good man, and being sorely grieved at the unhappiness of his people, he conceived the idea of securing a permanent peace. It was true, he said, that his father had been a cruel and unpopular chief, but he did not think it right that the generation which followed his father should be made miserable for crimes never committed by them. And therefore it was that he prayed to the *Great Ha-nee* to tell him, in a dream, what he must do to accomplish his end. Night came, and in spite of his name, *Always Awake* fell into a deep sleep and had a dream.

He was told that in the direction whence came the warm winds of summer, and distant from his village a journey of one moon, there was a very large mountain. On the summit of that mountain, as he was told, were living a few people from all the nations of the earth, excepting the Senecas. The place alluded to was called the *Mountain of Refuge*, and it was so sacred a place, that its soil had never been wet with human blood, and the people who lived there, were the peculiar favorites of the Great Ha-nee, and were the law-makers of the world. The dream also told the Seneca Chief, that he could secure a permanent peace only by visiting the sacred mountain. but as the intervening distance was so great, and his trail would be only among enemies, the dangers of the expedition would be very numerous. By travelling at night, however, and sleeping in the day time, the task might be accomplished, and he was at liberty to try his fortune.

Always Awake pondered a long time upon this strange vision, but finally determined to start upon the appointed expedition. Great was the fatigue that he endured, and often-times was he compelled to satisfy his hunger with the roots and berries of the forest. Many a narrow escape did he make from his enemies, but in due time he reached the mountain of Refuge. He was warmly welcomed among the Indians of the mountain, and when he told his story and talked of peace, they honored him with many a loud shout of applause. A council was held, and a decree passed, to the effect that the important question at stake, should be settled by another council composed of the head chiefs of all the Indian nations in the land. The fleetest runners were employed to disseminate the news, and at the appointed time the council of chiefs was held. They formed themselves into a confederacy, and with one exception the nations of the wilderness became as one people, and so continued until the white man crossed the great waters and taught them the vices which have almost consumed them from the face of the earth. The only nation that would not join the confederation was the Osage nation, and because of their wickedness in so doing, they were cursed by the Great Ha-nee, and have ever since been a by-word and a reproach among their fellows.

And when the Seneca Chief returned to his own country, he was very happy. His trail through the forests and over the mountains was lined with bonfires, and in every village that he tarried, he was feasted with the best of game. One moon after he returned to his people he died, and was buried on the banks of the beautiful lake where he lived, and ever since that time the Great Ha-nee has permitted his people to

live upon the land which they inherited from their fathers.

THE STRANGE WOMAN.

A Choctaw Legend.

It was in the olden times, and two Choctaw hunters were spending the night, by their watch-fire in a bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish of their country was, with every new moon becoming less abundant, and all that they had to satisfy their hunger on the night in question was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they mused upon their unfortunate condition, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and proceeded to enjoy as comfortable a meal as they could. Hardly had they commenced eating, however, before they were startled by a singular noise, resembling the cooing of a dove. They jumped up and looked around them to ascertain the cause. In one direction, they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the forest-trees on the opposite side of the river. They looked up and down the river, but could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters. They listened, and nothing could they hear but the murmur of the flowing stream.

They now turned their eyes in that direction opposite the moon, and to their astonishment they discovered, standing upon the summit of a grassy mound,—the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry, whereupon they ran after their roasted hawk and gave it all into the hands of the strange woman. She barely tasted of the proffered food, but told the hunters that their kindness had preserved her from death, and that she would not forget them, when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hosh-tah-li* or Great Spirit of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsummer should arrive, they should visit the spot where she then stood, and then a pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman suddenly disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families and kept all they had seen and heard, hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a new plant, whose leaves were like the knives of the white-man. It yielded a delicious food which has since been known among the Choctaws as the sweet *ton-cha* or Indian maize.

SONG.

TO L. R. L.

She came like a zephyr,
  Like a zephyr she passed,
And we know by the sweets,
  That around her she cast,
That the home where she dwelt,
  Was a garden, whose flowers
Were warmed with bright sunshine,
  And bedewed with soft showers.

She came like the morning,
  When in sadness my heart,
Was shrouded in shadows,
  And she bade them depart,
Then were touched the deep chords,
  That too long had lain still,
And I woke to new life,
  'Neath their echoing thrill.

C. C. L.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The fishes described by Athenæus as *ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι φυὴν καὶ εἶδος ὁμοῖαι*, were, beyond doubt, a shoal of Preserved Fish, like the one who spoke up so boldly for President Tyler.

—

The eloquence of the Honorable G— strikes me as being of that class which, "*si absit*," as Cicero says, speaking generally of eloquence in a philosopher, "*non magnopere desideranda.*"

—

In saying that "grace will save any book and without it none can live long," Horace Walpole had reference, I fancy, to that especial grace which managed to save so many books of his own—his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

—

Until we analyze a religion, or a philosophy, in respect of its inducements, independently of its rationality, we shall never be in condition to estimate that religion, or that philosophy, by the mere *number* of its adherents:—unluckily,

> "No Indian Prince has to his palace
> More followers than a thief to the gallows."

—

In omitting to envelop our Gothic architecture in *foliage*, we omit, in fact, an essential point in the Gothic architecture itself. Of a Gothic *church*, especially, trees are as much a portion as the pointed arch. "Ubi *tres*, ecclesia," says Tertullian;—but no doubt he meant that "ubi ecclesia, *tres*."

"If, in any point," says Lord Bacon, "I have receded from what is commonly received, it hath been for the purpose of proceeding *melius* and not *in aliud*"—but the character assumed, in general, by modern "Reform" is, simply, that of Opposition.

—

A strong argument for the religion of Christ is this—that offences against *Charity* are about the only ones which men on their death-beds can be made—not to understand—but to *feel*—as *crime*.

—

That Demosthenes "turned out very badly," appears, beyond dispute, from a passage in "*Meker de vet. et rect. Pron. Ling. Græcæ*," where we read "*Nec illi (Demostheni) turpe videbatur, optimis relictis magistris, ad canes se conferre, etc., etc:*—that is to say, Demosthenes was not ashamed to quit good society and "*go to the dogs.*"

—

When —— and —— *pavoneggiarsi* about the celebrated personages whom they have "seen" in their travels, we shall not be far wrong in inferring that these celebrated personages were seen ἐχας—as Pindar says he "saw" Archilochus, who died ages before the former was born.

—

To see distinctly the machinery—the wheels and pinions—of any work of Art is, unquestionably, of itself, a pleasure, but one which we are able to enjoy only just in proportion as we do *not* enjoy the legitimate effect designed by the artist:—and, in fact, it too often happens that to reflect analytically upon Art, is to reflect after the fashion of the mirrors in the temple of Smirna, which represent the fairest images as deformed.

—

The modern reformist Philosophy which annihilates the individual by way of aiding the mass; and the late reformist Legislation, which prohibits pleasure with the view of advancing happiness, seem to be chips of that old block of a French feudal law which, to prevent young partridges from being disturbed, imposed penalties upon hoeing and weeding.

—

I cannot help thinking that romance-writers, in general, might, now and then, find their account in taking a hint from the Chinese, who, in spite of building their houses downwards, have still sense enough *to begin their books at the end.*

—

Surely M—— cannot complain of the manner in which his book has been received; for the Public, in regard to it, has given him just such an assurance as Polyphemus pacified Ulysses with, while his companions were being eaten up before his eyes. "Your book, Mr. M——," says the Public, "shall be—I pledge you my word—the very last that I devour."

—

In examining trivial details, we are apt to overlook essential generalities. Thus M——, in making a to-do about the "typographical mistakes" in his book, has permitted the printer to escape a scolding which he *did* richly deserve—a scolding for a "typographical mistake" of really vital importance—the mistake of having printed the book at all.

—

Mozart declared, on his death-bed, that he "began to see what *may* be done in music;" and it is to be hoped that DeMeyer and the rest of the spasmodists will, eventually, begin to understand what may *not* be done in this particular branch of the Fine Arts.

—

Nicholas Ferrar, were he now living, would be not a little astonished to find thoroughly established here, by our Magazine poets, that very "perpetual chant" which he so unsuccessfully struggled to establish in the village of Little Gidding.

—

In the tale proper—where there is no space for development of character or for great profusion and variety of incident—mere *construction* is, of course, far more imperatively demanded than in the novel. Defective plot, in this latter, may escape observation, but in the tale, never. Most of our tale-writers, however, neglect the distinction. They seem to begin their stories without knowing how they are to end; and their ends, generally,—like so many governments of Triuculo—appear to have forgotten their beginnings.

—

It has been well said of the French orator, Dupin, that "he spoke, as nobody else, the language of every body;" and thus his manner seems to be exactly conversed in that of the Frogpondian Euphuists, who, on account of the familiar tone in which they lisp their *outré* phrases, may be said to speak, as every body, the language of nobody—that is to say, a language emphatically their own.

—

The *vox populi*, so much talked about to so little purpose, is, possibly, that very *vox et preterea nihil* which the countryman, in Catullus, mistook for a nightingale.

It is folly to assert, as some at present are fond of asserting, that the Literature of any nation or age was ever injured by plain speaking on the part of the Critics. As for American Letters, plain-speaking about *them* is, simply, the one thing needed. They are in a condition of absolute quagmire—a quagmire, to use the words of Victor Hugo, *d'où on ne peut se tirer par des periphrases—par des quemadmodums et des verumenimveros.*

—

I believe it is Montaigne who says—"People talk about thinking, but, for my part, I never begin to think until I sit down to write." A better plan for him would have been, never to sit down to write until he had made an end of thinking.

—

There is an old German chronicle about Reynard the Fox, when crossed in love—about how he desired to turn hermit, but could find no spot in which he could be "thoroughly alone," until he came upon the desolate fortress of Malspart. He should have taken to reading the "American Drama" of ——. I fancy he would have found himself "thoroughly alone" in that.

—

Alas! how many American critics neglect the happy suggestion of M. Timon—"*que le ministre de L'Instruction Publique doit lui-même savoir parler Français.*"

—

I cannot tell how it happens, but, unless, now and then, in a case of portrait-painting, very few of our artists can justly be held guilty of the crime imputed by Apelles to Protogenes—that of "being too natural."

—

M——, as a matter of course, would rather be abused by the critics than not be noticed by them at all; but he is hardly to be blamed for growling a little, now and then, over their criticisms—just as a dog might do if pelted with bones.

—

To villify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The Crab might never have become a Constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel.

—

Our "blues" are increasing in number at a great rate; and should be decimated, at the very least. Have we no critic with nerve enough to hang a dozen or two of them, *in terrorem?* He must use a silk cord, of course—as they do, in Spain, with all grandees of the *blue* blood—of the "*sangre azula.*"

—

No doubt, the association of idea is somewhat singular—but I never can hear a crowd of people singing and gesticulating, all together, at an Italian opera, without fancying myself at Athens, listening to that particular tragedy, by Sophocles, in which he introduces a full chorus of turkeys, who set about bewailing the death of Meleager. It is noticeable in this connexion, by the way, that there is not a goose in the world who, in point of sagacity, would not feel itself insulted in being compared with a turkey. The French seem to feel this. In Paris, I am sure, no one would think of saying to Mr. F——, "What a goose you are!"—"Quel *dindon* tu es!" would be the phrase employed as equivalent.

—

They have ascertained, in China, that the abdomen is the seat of the soul; and the acute Greeks considered it a waste of words to employ more than a single term, φρενες, for the expression both of the mind and of the diaphragm.

—

Let us be charitable and account for M——'s repeated literary failures by the supposition that, like Lelius in the "Arcadia," he wishes to evince his skill rather in missing than in hitting his mark.

—

L —— is busy in attempting to prove that his Play was not fairly d——d—that it is only "scotched, not killed;" but if the poor Play could speak from the tomb, I fancy it would sing with the Opera heroine:

> "The flattering error cease to prove!
> Oh, *let* me be deceased!"

—

"What does a man learn by travelling?" demanded Doctor Johnson, one day, in a great rage—"What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt?"—but had Doctor Johnson lived in the days of the Silk Buckinghams, he would have seen that, so far from thinking anything of finding a snake in a pyramid, your traveller would take his oath, at a moment's notice, of having found a pyramid in a snake.

—

The next work of Carlyle will be entitled "Bow-Wow," and the title-page will have a motto from the opening chapter of the Koran: "There is *no* error in this Book."

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1849, *by John R. Thompson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.*]

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"The Emperor Jovinian went into a river to bathe; whilst he bathed there came one who stole his clothes."

Gesta Romanorum.

Merlin Brand, on coming into Livonia, was obliged to correct the news, which he had heard in Sweden, with more authentic, and more disagreeable information. The Swedish king had not delayed to concentrate his forces at Grodno. Marching eastward from Saxony, where he had fired his ambition with heroic musings upon the battle-fields of Gustavus Adolphus, the royal conqueror had come to Grodno at midwinter, and, beating the Russian in its streets, passed on through frosts and snows, without a pause, into the region of forests, morasses, and waste plains lying toward the Beresina. Months had followed; midsummer had arrived; the Swedish arms, delayed by no obstacles, had penetrated far and deep into the wildernesses of the Boristhenes: so far and deep that the rumour of battles in which fortune remained constant to the new Alexander seeking a new Babylon, came slowly and vaguely to enlarge the fears, gratify the curiosity, or quicken the admiration of civilized Europe. To gain this advanced c mp a labour vastly greater than the journey to Grodno lay before the Norwegian. Preparing to encounter it, he procured a strong horse at Pernau; and afterward, at Mittau in Courland, equipped himself, by the aid of an armourer who remoddled and enlarged some old pieces, in the defences of a cuirassier.

As he advanced into Southern Courland, he found many marks of the ruin of war. Great armies had contended upon its soil; the vagabond Tartars had made their forays upon it; raging home factions, led and sustained by Primates, Bishops, Palatines, and Castellans, had desolated it. But there had been a lull. The armies of the Swede, buying like peaceful townsmen, and disciplined to destroy only on the field of battle, had repassed from the Saxon borders. The theatre of war had been removed; the flying Tartars were before the Swedish van in the East; faction had grown tame like the kite under the shadow of the passing wings of the eagle. The royal eagle was now, indeed, far away, but that Swedish falcon, Lewenhaupt, still circled near to prolong the calm. Nature, even in so short a respite, had done much to conceal her scars; and industry, awakened from despair, had ventured to renew her toils.

Looking abroad upon a landscape swelling into gentle hills, marked here and there with small forests of pine, and fir, and groves of oak, and at wide intervals with fields of corn or flax, the Norwegian journeyed on a July day, an hour before sunset, along a tributary of the Niemen. The water near at hand, ran clear, and with an inviting sound. His black armour, and a furred cloak which he wore over it, had been unseasonable. He was in the melancholy case of Don Bellianis at the gate of the castle of Brandezar; that is to say, he was nearly roasted in his armour. He determined, when he should gain a secluded spot, to bathe in the stream.

He came at last to a suitable place. A copse grew in the bend of the river and screened its bank from the high-way; penetrating this copse he found the water deep, and flowing between margins white with pebbles. He secured his horse to the branch of a tree, and removed from its place at his saddle the same wallet from which he had taken provisions at the fountain in Gothland. Then ridding himself of his armour and clothing, and leaving them upon the grass in an open space of the thicket, he entered the river. He had continued but a short time at his bath, when he heard the rustle of footsteps, and presently a low tittering. Through the leaves which fringed the bank he was sure that he saw more than one pair of peeping eyes. He buried himself as deeply as possible in the stream; the eyes were in company with the smooth cheeks and curls of women. Presently the rustling of the footsteps became louder; the suppressed laughter grew distinct enough to show that many female mouths struggled with it.

"Mesdames," cried the Norwegian in French, "I give you warning that I am about to issue from the water."

"Ah! Mordieu"—came back a fine clear voice from the copse,—"tarry cavalier until we are enabled to escape."

"I give you two minutes, Mesdames."

Then there was a scampering.

Prolonging the two minutes to five, Merlin left the river. As happened in the case of the Emperor Jovinian, he found that his clothes were gone—his arms, armour, and every part of his equipment with them. On the grass where he had left them were a woman's mantle and a pair of very small slippers.

Nothing remained to be done but to wrap the mantle about him, and adventure at a modest distance in pursuit of the robbers. The mantle answered his purpose badly; the slippers would scarcely have received the point of his feet, and so he bore them in his hand. Equipped in this

ridiculous manner he passed through the thicket by a narrow glade, which scarcely wider than a path wound away toward the road upon which he had lately travelled. The women had evidently come and gone this way, for the grass was trodden, and the foliage on either side deranged. In a few moments he reached the road; a number of slender footmarks were visible in its dust. They led directly across it into an open wood. He followed the footmarks, and having passed through the narrow wood, presently came to a low ridge crowned with a few stately oaks. He ascended this ridge; as he reached its top he saw a castle at no great distance beyond. It was a place of unusual strength, with a double range of walls and courts around its keep. Terraces and gardens gave something of beauty to redeem the grim and warlike aspect of the feudal fortress.

But Merlin Brand could bestow little observation upon this castle, which he now saw for the first time. In the open country before him, and already near the walls to which they were hurrying, were a number of ladies. They were in possession of his unfortunate suit of buff, of his armour, of his arms, of his jack-boots, of his wallet, in a word, of the whole of his lost property. Three of them bore his sword on their shoulders, one at the hilt, one midway, and one at the tip of the sheath. Two bore his jack-boots and furred mantle, dangling from a straight branch, the ends of which rested on their shoulders. One like Minerva marched under the helmet, but without the strong grace of the goddess, for the black head-piece came nearly to her chin. One wore his coat, whilst another like a train-bearer bore up the heavy skirts. A young huntress went armed with his petronel. The company numbered more than a dozen, and his property was so distributed that all carried a share of it.

The Norwegian, with the short mantle drawn close about him, looked on in despair. He could not venture to pursue into the open land. He stood looking after the merry company until it disappeared behind the outer wall.

"This," he meditated, "is one of those ridiculous misfortunes in which the misery of the victim gives point to a cruel jest. I am converted into an Orson. I have prepared myself for such losses as a brave man may lament with dignity, but not for so absurd and unusual a misfortune. What is to be the end of this extraordinary adventure?"

At length, as he stood looking toward the castle, several horsemen issued from it. They came briskly to the foot of the ridge. Each man wore, wrapped loosely about his left arm, a blue scarf. In the van galloped a round little person with a broad ruddy face, a flowing wig, and above these a peaked hat. In the rear, separated from his leader by five or six others, came at a swift amble a tall cadaverous figure of a horseman with the saddest visage imaginable, but with a fool's cap, tipped with little sharp-tinkling bells, to mock its melancholy. He rode one of those small, fine-limbed piebalds, which are common on the heaths of Lenna. Merlin became visible to the party as it ascended the hill. With a sweep of his riding wand the leader wheeled to the right; several of his men followed at his heels; the others wheeled to the left. Presently they had made a circle about the Norwegian, and come together again behind his position.

The leader of the party then advanced, and, with a tone and style somewhat inflated, said:

"Illustrious sir, know that I have the honour to be the steward of a noble lady, the Countess Hermione of the Chateau d'Amour. These are courageous serving men of the same noble lady. We are now in the execution of an office to which we are reluctant, but which we trust that your highness will discover, in the end, to have led to a most agreeable misfortune, a most sweet sorrow." With this the orator turned to the Fool, and said—"I think, my dear Paikel, that no one could have turned that final sentence more successfully." The Fool shook his bells and signified his approbation.

Merlin availed himself of the pause to demand an explanation. The spokesman of the party resumed in reply:

"Surrender, sir, to our superior numbers; and advance, not as one enforced, but rather as one courteously entreated. I trust that you perceive in my address nothing of that rudeness which is the only honesty of common persons." Again he turned to the Fool for approval, and added: "My polite and tender animosity binds with a silken cord, and beheads with a golden axe. Advance, sir, in all honour to the Chateau d'Amour."

"You speak a fantastic gibberish, which I do not understand," Merlin replied. "If you assail me, I will beat you off with this tree which you see me wrench from its roots."

He armed himself, as he spoke, with a young fir, which grew amongst the knotted roots of one of the large oaks near at hand; he was evidently prepared to use this weapon with as free a will as that Spanish hero, Diego Perez the Pounder, used a similar substitute for a lost sword. He leaned upon his fir tree, and continued to speak: "Go to the ladies of the Chateau d'Amour—if by so gentle a name the fortalice be called—and say that a poor soldier is prevented in a service requiring haste, by their mischief. The jest has been accomplished. Let restitution be made of my goods."

"Night approaches, sir," said the steward, "and if my noble mistress were to be moved from her purpose, of which, so pertinacious is the female will, there is no probability, we have yet too little daylight left for riding to and fro. Advance, sir; otherwise we must resort to extremities which"—

As the steward hesitated in his selection of words to soften his meaning, and dignify his rhetoric, Merlin answered him roughly:

"Do you suppose, you jackanapes, that I shall go to the castle in my present condition? What I can do under these extraordinary circumstances is not clear; only, of this be assured, I hold myself in readiness to beat you and your fellows soundly, if you carry your insolence too far. I say again, go back, and deliver my message to the countess who has played this immodest prank at my cost."

The steward, outraged by the title jackanapes, applied as it was in the presence of his subordinates, did not condescend to parley longer. His company, after a brief consultation, separated, formed a loose ring around the Norwegian, and then made a rush upon him. Instead of weapons, each man of the party used nothing more formidable than the scarf which he had worn on his left arm. Merlin opposed himself to the onset with a good use of his club. He struck the horse of the steward a fatal blow upon the frontlet; with a single sweep of the rough weapon he next unhorsed two of the most forward of the serving men. The Fool, and his remaining companions, upon this issue of the first half minute of the conflict, wavered and presently drew off to a safe distance. The unfortunate steward, speaking from the ground where he remained in an attitude of humility, addressed his victor with a tone of depressed courage.

"Spare," he exclaimed, "victorious champion, spare!"

"Restore to me, rascal, the property which the jades have carried off."

"Jades!" groaned the steward. "Mon Dieu! to speak so of noble and honorable ladies, who are the very roses of beauty and lilies of purity! Sir, I promise to do all that man can do. But alas! the female purpose is, after all, uncontrollable; the female heart is full of charming obstinacies. What shall I say? To regain your goods, I fear, is impossible."

"Then I must hang you to a tree by one of these scarfs," Merlin answered. "Send one of your company to the countess; let him say that her steward will, in twenty minutes, be hanged by the neck, unless my goods are in the mean time restored to me."

The steward had fallen upon a scheme so promising as to disarm this menace of a great part of its terrors. A cheerful change came over his countenance—a countenance whose unctuous and complaisant expression fitted very badly with misery.

"Permit me, sir," he said, to return to the chateau. I pledge my honour to be gone but a short time; my unfortunate friends, one of whom I perceive is bleeding at the nose, and the other too much alarmed to raise his face from the ground, will remain as hostages in your hands. If I fail you, hang them sir, hang them."

The steward in giving this last direction, implied by his manner that such a consummation of the business would be neither undeserved by the proposed hostages, nor unpleasant to himself personally.

Merlin replied: "Go then, and return quickly. I am in no case to lose time in doubting you, or in debating with you."

The Fool drew near to discover the result of the steward's conference with the terrible stranger. He found that peace had been, to some extent, restored, and ventured to come quite up, and aid his discomfitted leader in mounting the piebald ambler. When this had been accomplished, the steward rode away in the direction of the castle at a rapid pace. The eyes of those remaining on the hill followed his course, until he gained the chateau, which, dusky in the twilight, was yet beginning to be silvered on its eastern outlines by a rising moon.

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CHAPTER FIFTH.

"At Citheron (he said) without a doubt,
The Queen of Love, and all her noble route
Keep state within a castle royally."
The Court of Love.—Chaucer.

The moon had climbed high, and her light fell full and strong upon the turrets and walls of the chateau. Merlin, looking down from the hill-top, awaited the return of the steward. The two serving men, whose fate it had been to be overthrown, remained in a state of trepidation. The Fool, with his back against a tree, meditated: doubtless weaving rare fancies in the loom of an unsound mind. The moon shone upon his wasted face and fantastic dress, and at times a motion of his head drew a fine tinkle from his bells.

At length a horseman dashed out from the shadows of the castle, and the peculiar gait of the piebald was distinguishable by both eye and ear. The steward reached the hill-top. He carried before him a pile of garments, so high and large as to conceal him quite to the chin as he approached.

"Sir, I found it to be as I feared," he said with some shortness of breath. "My noble mis-

tress is determined to force her hospitality upon you. Nothing so exciting as your arrival has recently occurred; and an opportunity of amusement is not to be lost."

"What is it that you bring with you?" Merlin demanded. "Your face, over the mass before you, looks like a full moon above a black cloud."

"Your highness speaks in a strain of playful fancy which increases my confidence," answered the steward. "The clothes which I bring are not indeed your own, but they are costly and rich, embroidered and laced; and although your highness is doubtless one of the two largest persons in the world, it is yet a fact that the suit belongs to the other, and will fit you."

Merlin speedily put on the dress which the steward had brought. He found it rich even to splendor, and, to his surprise, quite large enough. Even to the boots of bright Spanish leather, every part fitted as if fairy hands had been plying for him in the shadowy chateau.

"Steward," said the newly arrayed Norwegian, "this is wonderful enough. There are two giants then for whom buff-coats are made. But now answer my questions. What has become of my own proper suit—of my armour—of my weapons?—and how am I to recover them?"

"My mistress retains them in safety," the steward replied. "You can only recover them by condescending to demand them in person. If I may advise, sir, do not reject the hospitality which my noble mistress proffers to you. Recreated by the festivities of the chateau, you may in a short time continue your journey, in all respects to your fullest satisfaction, and carry with you, in addition to your recovered property, some pleasant recollections. Pleasant recollections"—added the steward, with a moralizing manner—"are certainly something."

Merlin replied at once: "Send one of the varlets for my horse. He stands in the covert beyond the road."

This order was obeyed. The horse was soon brought. The Norwegian sprang to his saddle, the gold and silver threads of his apparel glittering in the moonlight. He then said to the steward:

"Advance, and lead the way. I will follow you to the castle."

One of the company stole away, and galloped on before. Merlin drew near the walls. Preparation had been made to receive him. Files of domestics with lighted torches marked his course through the courts; a burst of various music, first heard when his horse's hoofs struck the drawbridge, welcomed him; lights streamed suddenly out at loophole and casement. Dismounting in the inner court, he ascended, escorted by the steward and a train of lackeys and pages, the great steps of stone which led to the principal entrance of the central building. Through this arched entrance he passed into an immense eating hall paved with squares of marble. When he had reached the middle of this hall, whose walls were hung with trophies of war and the chase, double doors opened slowly at the farther end of it. As they opened, the musical mechanism of the hinges betrayed itself by giving out a loud and sweet tune. The apartment to which they opened the way was a large antechamber; and again, at the opposite side of this, similar doors swinging open renewed the failing tune of the first. Through these last doors broke a flood of light, and a large apartment splendid in its decorations became visible to the Norwegian.

Against the tapestry, the blue flutes of which gleamed with flowers of gold, many female figures were visible; they might be images of the arras with which their robes blended, they were for a moment so motionless. But the female forms presently advanced—a company as rare as that troop of Ladies of the Flower whom Chaucer saw in a dream. The phalanx led by a tall and queenly woman, of that magnificent and voluptuous mystery of beauty with which the Helens of the world have ensnared princes and overthrown empires, came forward to receive the dazzled Norwegian. There was not a trace of the mischief, which had recently made him its victim, in one of the bright but composed faces before him. Such a reception as an empress and her ladies might bestow upon a stranger prince, was given by the Countess Hermione of the Chateau d'Amour, and her damsels, to the son of the fisherman.

Then passed some sparkling hours. The Norwegian was the first to allude to the adventure of the day. He did not allude to it ungraciously. There had been a feast of fruits, and he had recruited his spirits with some cups of a heady and powerful wine. Music had done its part also in reconciling him to his lot. The damsels sang like syrens, and touched the harp and the lute with a skill careless and perfect. He was therefore in the humor to say:

"Madam, it seems to me that I have been supremely fortunate. It is true that my reflections were at first of a different character. But I reject, renounce, and abhor those censorious first impressions. I assure you that you are not only welcome to my buff-coat and jack-boots, but to myself into the bargain."

"Monsieur," replied the countess, with a merry light in her dark eyes, "the theft, could we but steal yourself, would be something as glorious as the conquest of a kingdom."

One of the damsels added,

"Say also, madam, as the conquest of a king."

She who spoke was the least fair of all, and much the least jocund. Her complexion was dark; her face, an exaggerated oval, wore an expression distrustful and perhaps rebuking. Her features resembled those of the melancholy Fool.

To Merlin's suprise, the countess seemed to be stung by the girl's words, and retorted imperiously,

"Hold your peace, Giselle." In the next moment, however, she softened and added: "It is the nature of such linnets as you, my good Giselle, to be content with captivity; but the queen-falcon must roam at times: it is by hours of freedom that her spirit comes to endure years of restraint."

"I do not presume to curb your dispositions, madam," the dark girl replied; and withdrew behind her companions.

Merlin passed the night at the Chateau d'Amour. As often happens, when youth is tempted by beauty, he yielded his better purpose: he did not renew his journey on the day following. The day passed in luxurious pleasures, and the second evening brought an increase of those undermining emotions which the scarlet lip and dewy eyes of the countess Hermione had awakened. And then other days of dalliance followed. Fidelity to Mariana, the true-hearted and pure girl whom he loved first of all living creatures, and to whom he felt that tender gratitude with which we receive a love lowered to our rank from a higher—a love lowered to a faulty nature from one proud, chaste, and humanly perfect—did not seem to him to be at all in question. The profounds of that first great passion lay serenely enough; the zephyrs of the castle of Love could not trouble them. So he thought—if he thought at all—and gave himself, without reserve, to the enjoyments of his temporary position. But the peril, concealed in flowers, stole on surely and swiftly. How it mastered him, a scene of the tenth evening will discover, and I pass on to that scene without delay.

In a room of the castle, hung with velvet cloth, and rich in ornaments and in devices for luxurious indulgence, sat the Norwegian, with the countess Hermione at his side, whilst the fairest of the lady's damsels sang and touched the lute.

The girl's song was tender and passionate, and when its last notes died away, the countess said:

"That chanson is as old as the Meliader of the Duke of Luxemburg. It is a charming strain from the past. Monsieur, passionate hearts have always yielded to the sway of love; and the ancient poets of a world young in other knowledge have been known to sing sweetly and wisely of its agonies of delight and sorrow."

"It is truly a rare song," Merlin replied; "and the melody, to which the maiden weds it, is free as the summer wind, and gushing as a fountain which rises on a highland and runs sparkling to the valleys. But, madam, there is a song, made by a poet of England, which I am inspired by your presence to sing. You will perceive that it surpasses the maiden's chanson in delicate fancies, and graces of expression."

Taking the lute, the Norwegian touched it skilfully, and sang.

"Do but look on her eyes! they do light
  All that love's world compriseth:
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
  As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark her forehead, smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
That all must declare of this lady divine
That her cup has no dregs for the base of its wine.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
  Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
  Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard i' the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she."

The countess Hermione listened to this song, the forced flatteries of which the Norwegian, with kindling looks, directed to herself, with a pretty glow of modesty upon her cheeks, and depressed eye-lids; from under these lids, however, she contrived to pour tender glances in return to the fixed regard of the singer. As Merlin ceased, the mistress signalled with her hand to the damsel. The latter brought a salver with a single cup of wine.

"Your English poet," said the countess, "caught the inspiration, which is the soul of that exquisite song, from love, but I think also from wine. Such winged fancies, and such free grace in the flow of the mere utterance, can only come from lips red with the nectar. Mercury, Monsieur, might have sung your song, immediately after a divine feast, to some nymph of Diana. I kiss this cup of wine; imitate your bard and drain it."

The hand of the countess lingered on the cup. Was it a bright drop, or a ray from her jewelled fingers, that descended into the wine? The Norwegian drained the cup. As the damsel bore away the salver, she met understandingly the eyes of her mistress. Presently the countess and Merlin Brand were alone, and the lute of the banished girl sounded from a corridor. The

music, deadened by the walls, came as if from a distance.

As they sat alone the gentlest hours descended upon them. A casement opened to the west; the breath of roses came from the terraces with the slight wind which scarcely disturbed the lull of some delicate boughs near the casement sill. The crimson of sunset had become a purple mist which drooped over a clearly marked horizon. Venus shone serenely at the upper edge of the mist, and seemed to repel it from her golden feet. Beyond that clear horizon crowned with its purple atmosphere, was much to engross a mind meditative and of wholesome imaginations: the hearts of the mighty races which, succeeding the Roman, have made the later strength of the world, beat there. Over central Europe, like some encroaching tide of a dark sea, night was advancing. Shining mountain tops, dim plains, rivers cleaving the hills and widening upon the levels, ancient towns, castles on craggy perches of the eagle, and abbeys on gentle hills embosomed in solemn groves, were yielding, little by little, to the dark airy tide. And in these homes of men, on these hills and levels, by these winding rivers, the daily toil of the races was ending at the divine signal. From the artisan's hammer on the Niemen, to the bill of the vine-dresser on the Rhenish ranges, the implements of labour were dropping from weary hands which had added the wealth of a day to the stores which human energy amasses. The human birds of the night, too, were preparing for their occupations which court the shadows: statesmen to steal away into the meditations of wise plots, the outlaw to come from his covert, marshalling his minions of the moon on the dewy heath, the poet to coin his mind into artful utterances, lovers to wander and feed on illusive thoughts.

The casement of the Chateau d'Amour might have been Agrippa's mirror, to show to the eye of imagination such scenes and moving images: but Merlin Brand saw only the Lady Hermione. With the jarrings of the lute giving wild life to impulse and fancy, with the bewitching beauty of the countess full in his gaze, with her voice, sweeter than the sweetest cadence of the fitful melody, stealing upon his ear, with the touch of her soft hand thrilling the fibres of his own—the hour and the fate were near: the fire of the planet blazing above the purple mist had reached his heart."

"Enchanter!" said the Countess, "you are well named Merlin. That sorcerer possessed no spell more subtle than a glance of your eyes."

"Madam," the Norwegian answered, "how shall I be sure that you are not playing some fantastic jest upon me? I scarcely understand that a noble and beautiful lady can suddenly discover in a rude soldier merit enough to gain for him the honour which you show to me."

"Ah! Monsieur," cried the Countess, exchanging her earnest and elevated manner for the naiveté of a French woman—"I have a weakness for giants." She laughed as she said this, and presently clapped her hands together, and added—"I have, within a moment, made a charming arrangement. Enchanter! you shall be my husband."

Whatever impression such a declaration as this might have made upon the Norwegian at another time, and under other circumstances, it certainly did not come now with a shock to his good sense or to his heart. For some moments he had experienced remarkable sensations; then his nature seemed to have undergone some strange revolution. Those men who have surrendered duty, and fame, and happiness, to the seductions of beauty, have generally been rash, reckless spirits, men whom the gods have intoxicated beyond prudence, and fashioned for self-ruin. But the Norwegian was not, in his usual moods, unmindful of duty, or apt to be led astray by passion: his mind was not altogether unpoetical, but its poetry merely at times gave warmth of coloring to his thought, and elevation to his language, never seriously affected his action. Moreover a pure and worthy love, long cherished, and recently favored beyond his wildest hopes—was it not a buckler to him? A few hours before torture could not have wrung from him a surrender of that love and its fair hopes. Now, however, there was a great change. His reason was cheated by the more soaring faculties. That cold monitress even lent herself in aid of their suggestions. Landmarks of old thought, principles long recognized and established for self-guidance, above all, his long cherished passion for the Swedish maiden, with its sweet solaces, faded out of view. He floated chartless without the pole-star, without a recognized headland; but then the sea upon which he floated seemed to his madness to be one vast field of glorious splendors. His brain teemed with deceptions; his veins ran hot with a fatal calenture. There are drugs which thus overthrow reason, or make her the mad ally of imagination and passion. Was it the bright drop from the jewelled finger of the countess which perfected the spell and completed the ruin?

In answer to the speech of the countess, Merlin said:

"Madam, you hold me captive in a land of dreams."

The lady, with a fervid rush of speech, replied:

"And is it not a brighter land than this cold world, which who shall say is, after all, more real?

What is life? It is a course bright, or dark, as the inward nature may be mirthful or saturnine. Happiness and sorrow are not a smiling field and a grim wilderness, separated by a strait; they are not in themselves real, or thus separable, like things palpable; they belong to the Idea. Monsieur, linger in the land of dreams; you cannot return from it to anything more real."

"It seems to me that your words are wise," said the Norwegian. "They are surely very gentle in their tone." He mused, but soon continued—"sinking, far away, is a pale star; but the moon has risen, full and with a perfect radiance, and who can look upon this poor paled light so nearly lost in the greater?"

"Now, Monsieur, I do not understand you." Merlin answered:

"The setting star is a maiden whom I have loved—so I think. But we love, or are cold, as the mystery of the inward nature prompts; and now, surely—surely, I have lost that love."

"And I," said the countess with a bewitching smile, "am the risen moon, surpassing that star! I will cast wide the clouds which, catching my splendor, increase it."

With swift fingers she unbound the folds of her glossy brown hair. It fell in bright masses, and, parted by the ivory round of each shoulder, followed the undulations of her person. Rising, she stood before the Norwegian, as beautiful, in the shining stream of her dark locks, as the mistress of the swimmer of Abydos—

> "That nun of Venus, Hero young and fair,
> Whom bright Apollo courted for her hair,
> And offered as a dower his burning throne."

Her enchanting face glowed with blushes, her eyes sparkled but were melting in their light, the released locks ran darkly over her white arms, which were a little raised, and half-extended, as if modesty debated with and checked love.

An insane fire blazed in the Norwegian's eyes.

"Beautiful vision!" he exclaimed, "angels have come down from the crystal battlements led by an earthly temptation less than this. Why should I hesitate to ascend to the supreme joy which you proffer to me?" A shudder ran through his frame. "I have no soul," he continued, "no reason, no heart, no life, which you do not wholly sway."

The countess whispered from his arms, which now imprisoned her—

"Haste then—O, come with me! The merry music is ringing: do you not hear it? The wedding girls have their heads wreathed with flowers."

Leaning upon his shoulder she sounded a silver whistle. She then spoke on with a quick tone:

"Do you not understand? I foresaw this issue. Who ever said nay to Hermione? My damsels have made ready the wedding feast. Enchanter, if such forethought, such haste, be immodest, forgive me. Your spells have bound me."

"Lead on," answered the Norwegian. "I go to the summit of all joys."

In answer to the call from the silver whistle, a face had appeared at a fold of the tapestry; appeared to disappear in a moment. The countess grasped the Norwegian's hand, parted the arras, and passed by a concealed way into a long corridor. As she led the way bold and blithe strains were heard. Wind instruments were roaring and raving. With a step so quick and impatient as to outstrip the stride of the bridegroom whom her nervous hand drew onward, she traced the corridor. The din of the wind instruments became more tremendous. Then a flood of light, through suddenly withdrawn doors, met the advancing lovers, and the music, with such a crash as the rising and fall of a dome might create, suddenly ceased, whilst among its ruins of sound some softer strains came like gentle echoes. A train of damsels, in white robes, advanced. One with a chaplet in her hands approached the countess, who bowed her head: upon this beautiful head, with its brown locks still flowing, was placed a milk-white garland. Then a sonorous priestly voice began to utter in Latin a prelude to the nuptial rite.

An unhappy face might have been seen over the bars of a gallery above. It was the face of the girl Giselle.

"My poor mistress!" the girl sighed. "How excellent her heart, how true her courage, how miraculous her beauty—and yet—and yet—"

She did not finish her speech, scarcely perhaps her thought, for turning at a slight sound, she saw at her back the steward with whom the reader has some acquaintance.

"What is to be the end of this? Can you tell me, Mistress Giselle?" inquired the little man.

"Shame," the girl answered.

"Ah!" groaned the steward; "when one is resolved to go to such lengths, Wilhelm the steward—an honest Saxon, Mistress Giselle—is not a man for the purpose. Morals are something—yes, they are something. Shame, mistress is to be the result of this, as you have the penetration to foresee; but something worse will come of it. The devil will come of it." The last clause of this speech was spoken with great energy.

"Where is Paikel?" Giselle asked.

"He has crept into his nest in the tower of

the martlets. I think, mistress, that your brother has more wisdom than his betters, and also an affectionate heart."

"He grew up near our mistress," answered the girl, "and knew her, as I did, in another land, in the castle of her father. Ah! good Wilhelm, you should have seen her in those days. Thinking of them now I could weep."

"If you did, mistress, you would do no more than Paikel. The fool was weeping as he crept into his tower to hide himself."

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CHAPTER SIXTH.

"*Sir Godwin.* Stable my steed. Now, page, go on before.
And say you, Gertrude, that the dame plays false?
Gertrude. She has wandered sir.
Sir Godwin. Shall I go mad, and storm,
And meet with furious vengeance this light woman?
Or shall I reason with a fonder spirit,
And patiently endure? The latter seems
Most good, most charitable, and befits
My easy mood. Ermil, my favorite hawk,
When last I used her, flew ten miles estray,
But came again; I did not wring her neck,
For the brave bird has long been true to me,
And may be true again."

The Tragedy of Sir Godwin.

Day followed day. The Chateau d'Amour had proved the grave of Merlin Brand's truth, honorable ambition, bold purposes, and, indeed, in spite of magnificent pleasures, and the thousand arts with which love and beauty whispered peace to his conscience, and a forgetful contentment to his heart, the grave also of his happiness. The miracle of resurrection—how could he hope for it? Despair was before and around him.

The pale brow of Mariana—her blue eyes so proud, but to him so gentle—the chaste beauty of her maidenhood—her ardent trust in his merit and confidence in his steadfastness—these haunted him more and more as the days passed. And he, the dreamer of dreams, in whose ears the bugle had sounded a call to great fields where kings should pause to witness his supernatural prowess, he who had dared to vaunt his unperformed deeds, and mouth like a strutting actor such fine speeches sonorous with proud and bold words—what had he become in this briefest space of time that ever saw the heart of man undermined? He answered this question in his daily self-communings with a vehemence and bitterness which argued perhaps more than anything else the lingering presence of some redeeming worth.

He did not dare, in his musings of the deserted maiden, to picture the grief of a betrayed heart: it was under her scorn, under her cold glance and contemptuous lip, that in imagination he fell abased and writhing. And with these pictures of the scornful Swedish lady, would rise before him her grave and good father, the benignant old man who stooped in his wide charity to favor one who seemed worthy, and, because of his worth, higher than his fortunes.

If Merlin Brand had retained no spark of his affection for Mariana, these reviews of the recent past, and self-assurances of the scorn of the good, would yet have made him miserable. But he retained that earliest passion in its full force. Indeed now that it seemed to have become hopeless, it grew all the fiercer, like a hunger after the forbidden.

The despair which follows our faults is very different from that mere torpor with which, when borne down by the visitations of an adverse power, we bow and endure. When our errors or crimes breed our despair, it is not to the callous stone of Niobe that we harden; passionate self-reproach, a quick anger directed to those who have aided our weakness to undo us, stir the elements and prevent that lethargy which is at once an extreme result of suffering, and a shelter from suffering.

It happened, I am sorry to say, that Merlin became, before the honey-moon expired, a petulant husband. The countess employed all her endearments upon him in vain. Her arts had beguiled him to ruin; this was not a reflection to quicken their effect in softening his humors. But, as often happens, his petulance and coldness, instead of repelling, increased the gentleness and affectionate eagerness which sought to soothe him. The countess became more devoted; she expended her tears, smiles, and caresses with an increasing prodigality, as their value seemed to diminish.

Summer passed away. Autumn was advanced nearly to the fall of the leaf. On a bright October day, whilst the sun was yet but a few hours risen, Merlin Brand, leaving his beautiful countess in tears, drawn from her by his irritable despair, entered the gardens, and walked musingly in their most secluded walks. As he strolled up a pleached alley, shaded with low-growing trees, he heard voices at a postern which the hand of some one on the outside held partly open. He overheard the following words:

"Ah! sir, it is only a merry folly—only a merry folly."

"How long has the stranger dwelt here?"

"How can I tell?" the first voice answered querulously. "One day is like another." Then the speaker added with a return to his tone of petition—"But pause, sir, be forbearing, sir. It is my lady's merry nature. She was fond of a jest from a child."

"Poor Fool! my wisdom and your folly are both

forgiving enough. Go back to D'Imhoff who follows me, and say to him that until he speaks to me I desire that he shall be dumb."

When this was said, the postern opened, and a stranger entered the gardens. He turned into the alley in which Merlin walked; the two met front to front. Then each scanned the other with looks of surprise. Both were gigantic in stature, and of superb proportions; only there seemed in the stranger to be substituted for the youthful grace of the Norwegian that heaviness of outline, and motion, which generally belongs to great bodily strength thoroughly matured. The new comer recovered from his surprise first, as perhaps the more prepared of the two for the meeting.

"Sir," he said, "I have trespassed upon your meditations."

"Your courtesy more than excuses the trespass," Merlin replied. He spoke with self-possession, but his mind began to be bewildered with thronging conjectures, and a host of doubts.

"We stare at each other," said the stranger. "It is not wonderful sir. We are a pair of Colebrands. Two men of our mould seldom have met, except in those romances which profess to give an account of the adventures of the giants. It is singular that your fame has never reached me."

"I retort your words, sir," Merlin answered. "Why is it that I have never heard of one so physically remarkable as yourself?"

"Perhaps more of my deeds, follies, and misfortunes have reached you, fair sir, than you guess," said the stranger. "But I interrupt your walk and its reflections. I salute you, and venture to proceed."

The stranger advanced on his way.

The Norwegian muttered—"He enters like a person accustomed to the place. This must be the giant from whose wardrobe I equipped myself on the day of my arrival. There have been unreflected words of the damsels, and servants, which I now connect with him. He is also the owner of the arms, and armour, which I discovered in an apartment of the castle, and which are too large and heavy to be used by ordinary men. Who is this stranger? What brings him here? These are questions to be pursued to a satisfactory answer."

We must leave the Norwegian, and follow the new-comer. As if familiar with the premises, and entitled to free entrance, he passed on. He was presently in an antechamber: from the point which he had gained he saw, through an open door, the countess Hermione. He paused; the lady turned as his step was arrested; their eyes met; then springing to her feet, with a quick cry, the countess ran to meet him. Her face, flushed with recent weeping, became at once bright and joyful.

"Come at last!" she exclaimed, "come at last!—a thousand times welcome."

"Countess," replied the stranger, "you seem to have been quite satisfied with my absence."

"Satisfied? Why do you say satisfied? I have not been so—I have been unhappy, very unhappy. But you rebuke me now with your looks. What is it, my friend? you seem as solemn as the Holy Father's nuncio, who, you recollect, could reduce one to a state of misery without speaking a word."

"I do not presume to rebuke you, madam. But you, perhaps, understand that I cannot be very cheerful."

"Yes, I understand. The terrible monster of a Swede used you hardly at Altranstad. My friend, I felt for you; I shed many téars for you."

"You dried them, however, countess, when the young northman came to your gates."

The Lady Hermione clapped her hands and laughed charmingly.

"Is it that then?" she said. "Ah jealous creature! Some one then has sung to you this passage in the epic of my life. Why—you should be excessively flattered. Is not the northman your very self? Darken his eyes, make his nose much longer, give a wrinkle or two and some gray hairs, then steep the features in wine; and one might mistake him for your very self."

"Countess, you have not lost your gayety."

"No—surely not." Her manner changed at once; she became earnest and touching in her utterance. "If I lost my gayety, what should I do? very little save her light heart, her jocund spirits, is left to her who flew over the borders with you, on that bright night so many long summers ago. Do you not remember how we fled?"

"It is a romantic and sweet recollection," said the gentleman. "But now let us understand each other. You have not been true to me."

This check to her progress produced another swift transition in the lady's feelings and manner. She had been jocund, then tender; now she became imperious.

"Do you question me," she said, "with cold looks, and searching words? Sir, am I your slave? What claim have you upon my fidelity? To you I owe it that the ancient honours of a noble house have been sullied in my keeping; it is to you that I owe the evil fame which extends to the borders of all Europe. Sir, you have freed me from the restraints which are a wall around the pure; you have taught me to roam with a wild freedom, to know no law but my own moods. I have obeyed them, and I *will* obey them."

"Countess, do you no longer love me?"

"Love you?—shall I say yes, when you come frowning to meet me?"

"I came with no frowns, countess. My spirits have lost something of their alacrity—that is all. I hold you by a mere bond of love, if I at all hold you. I have no remedy, when you forget me, except to forget you in turn; and that, I fear, is after all no remedy; for I cannot forget you."

This was spoken sadly. The lady seemed touched by the words and their tone.

"After all," she said, "we are surely dear to each other. I have not displaced you from my heart, in placing another there, for a brief time, with you. Indeed I scarcely love this northman now. Do you not understand that a heart full of love may yet be inconstant?"

"Perhaps in your mad, whimsical nature," replied the gentleman, "such contradictions may, in fact, exist. But if our bonds are to be renewed, this stranger must be dismissed and forgotten."

The countess reflected. She presently said: "I find something to tear away from my heart in doing this. But, mark me, this shall be our contract. I will live as a nun, for such time as this poor gentleman, whom I have wronged with a deceit, and made the victim of a mad masque, shall delay here. You too must remain impenetrable; he must learn nothing of the truth. Perhaps we will determine to fly, leaving him to learn some part of the truth when we are far away. Upon this we must consult. But there is one thing upon which I shall be obstinate. You must bestow some honour upon him—some honour easily bestowed, but dignifying to him who receives it from such hands."

"You are moderate indeed," said the gentleman. "I am to forget your follies. Then that is not enough. I am to reward my rival."

"Certainly. Does it strike you as unreasonable? You must, at least, make him a chevalier of the White Eagle. Now, are we not reconciled?"

Then seating herself by the stranger's side, the countess added with an affectionate tone:

"We will talk, my friend, of many things of higher moment. Tell me what has chanced to you since we parted in so much sadness. Your messengers acquainted me with much, but not with all. But hark! this poor gentleman has repented of some slight pique which ruffled him, and wounded me, and comes to make atonement to his weeping wife. Ah! my friend, this bridegroom is not so amiable as yourself. We have already passed through several such scenes. But we forget; I must imagine a name for you. Yes: you are Sir Ludwig of Felseck, my kinsman."

THE ANCIENT CHANT.

It was an old custom at Oxford for the choristers to chaunt Latin hymns from the tower of Magdalene College, at sunrise on the morning of the first of May.

——Night in the Eternal City,
Imperial Cesar's pride,
Where the mighty Eagle's pinions
Are waving far and wide;
The voice of mirth and music
Bursts forth upon the air,
From many a kingly palace
Standing in beauty there;
Pale gleams each shrine and temple
On the moon's clear, soft light,
And shield and spear are glistening
On battlement and height:
—But a sign of holier power
In silence draweth nigh,
Nor the war-bird's pinions only,
Flutter against the sky.
He comes with mighty rushing
Yet unrevealed to view,
The Holy Dove that hovers
Above the chosen few;—
Rome's stern centurion guardeth
With bolt, and sword, and spear,
The lowly Christian lying
In dungeon dark and drear,
But "the strong might of weakness"*
To the chained prisoner given,
Clothed him 'mid stripes and nakedness
In panoply of Heaven,
And the sentinel, whom battle
Nor mighty foes, may daunt,
Weepeth to hear at midnight
Arise in solemn chant,
From hearts that still are throbbing
All fetterless and free,
The loud and clear "Hosanna,
Christ gives us victory!"

Night in the Eternal City!
O'er many a flower-wreathed shrine
For Lares and Penates decked,
Broodeth a Power Divine,
Watching, if through the darkness
Of centuries, gathered round,
There may, unquenched, some feeble ray
Of the True Light be found.
Earth's wisdom hath no altar reared
Save to an unknown God,
And silent are the streets, save when
By Christians' footsteps trod,
Who, shrinking not from danger
Press on, with toil and dread,

* Luther.

Unto the only shrine they know,
The Dwelling of the Dead!

Again a sound of music
Upon the midnight air,
Again a chant triumphant
Of blended praise and prayer,
As old men's voices mingle
With maidens, in the song:
A resurrection-anthem,
The sepulchres among!
They fear not pain or peril
Or th' arena's coming strife,
But at midnight chant forth praises
Unto the Prince of Life:
They stand, in darkness shrouded,
Beside the martyr'd slain,
While higher still and higher
Peals the triumphant strain,
And Golgotha re-echoes
"Christ hath arisen again!"
Still sing they, as the morrow
Perchance their last, draws nigh,
"We go in peace, our eyes have seen
The Day-Spring from on high!"

And the echo of that solemn chant
Shall sound through ages dim,
And on, through coming centuries
Shall peal the holy hymn!

* * *

Morning in "merrie England!"
Morn in the month of flowers,
And a glad hosanna pealeth
From lofty minster-towers:
'Tis not the voice of prisoner
In dungeon lone and drear,
But at early dawn the orison
Soundeth forth loud and clear,
And the way-worn traveller pauseth
The wondrous song to hear,
For he knows that it tells of a Saviour
Whose story his heart shall cheer:
And the train that in early ages
Was heard, the graves among,
Where the Christ-freed chanted praises
And woke the mighty song.
Hath sent the voice of its chorus
Afar, o'er land and sea,
For the Lord, by his prophet bard, hath said
"The isles shall wait for me!"

And the echo of the solemn chant
Still sounds through ages dim,
And loud in coming centuries
Shall peal that holy hymn!

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston, Mass.

GLIMPSES OF ST. PETERSBURG.

ITS COURT, STATESMEN, AND BEST SOCIETY.

*Translated from the Journal of Therese.**

Having now been some weeks at St. Petersburg, I will endeavor to describe to you the impressions made upon me by the city, the court, and the society. You must expect no topography. When I travel, I regard men more than streets; the inhabitants more than the houses. Wherever we go, too, our own peculiarities go with us, and we invest all we see with the coloring of our own feelings. The sunlight shining through colored windows loses its own hue and takes the shade of the glass; thus it is with the impressions received from realities. I perceive through the medium of my eyes, and venture not to say that they are so clear and crystal-like that the objects are not colored. Yet there is some merit surely in a sincere effort at impartiality and in a fixed intention to represent truly what is evident to our perceptions.

On my introduction into high life at St. Petersburg, it was my most anxious wish to be presented to the Emperor and his family. I received an early invitation to the Winterpalace, where I found assembled the whole court and the whole corps diplomatique.

The Winterpalace, risen since the last fire like a phœnix from its ashes, cannot be compared with other palaces, and is far superior in dimensions, in splendor, and in taste, to the celebrated Tuileries which I had lately such an opportunity of seeing.

The splendid interior staircases of the Winterpalace led to several immense halls, of which the *White Hall*, now almost covered with gilding, is the most magnificent. I stood amid the crowd of invited guests; the anxious silence prevailing, which usually forebodes a great event. Such indeed for me was the appearance of the Emperor. I never could separate in my mind the man from the power which he wields—that power from the man. I saw in imagination a great Empire personified in him. When he entered the hall I saw a hero-figure of antiquity; the forehead high, the eyes sharp and penetrating; the whole form of Herculean size. He advanced a few steps, bowed on all sides, shook hands with one, nodded cor-

* THERESE, Baronesse de Bacharach, wife of the Russian Ambassador at the free city of Hamburg in Germany, is a literary lady of great celebrity, and is well known to the translator. Educated in the highest circles of society in her native land, she unites to the refined manners of a high born lady uncommon talents for observation and description, with a depth of thought that gives value to her sketches.—M. H.

dially to another and conversed here and there, expressing himself with astonishing facility in German, Russian, English, or French. When I was introduced to him, he spoke long of objects of interest abroad, rambling from East to West, from North to South, and making such striking remarks about different countries and their inhabitants, and showing such profound knowledge of all, that I forgot the sovereign in admiring the thinking man.

How has he found time to acquire such just views of all things? The colossal administration of the Empire is in his hands; nothing of importance can be decided without him. All the petitions of his subjects are read by him. His ministers come every day early in the morning to work with him. The first in place, the Minister of War, is *Prince Czernitchen*, who in former times rivalled the Emperor Alexander in beauty of person, and who caused such a sensation when he entered Paris with the allied armies. "*Quel bel homme!*" was the universal exclamation of the susceptible French women, "*le Cosaque n'est pas un barbare comme on nous l'a dit; c'est un Adonis, un demi Dieu!*" Small walking canes were named after the prince "*des soupirs*," and he had his "*vogue*" like some lady of renowned beauty. It seems as if his active life has preserved his youthful appearance; no sign of approaching age can be observed in him; he defies *Time*, and *Time* has rewarded the boldness by forgetting him.

Prince C. stands at the right hand of the Emperor, as the Military department is the most important in Russia. I must mention next another Minister, Count B. Lofty as is the position he occupies, his own personal judgment having to decide in matters shrouded with mystery, his character is the best guaranty to those who come in contact with him. He is more loved than feared. Once, during a dangerous illness, his palace and even the street where he lives was filled with crowds of all classes who came to enquire anxiously after him. The Emperor, who visited him daily, pressed his hand in great agitation, seeing the danger of his friend. "*Sire*," said the patient, "*je puis mourir en paix; cette foule qui attend et qui demande de mes nouvelles parlera pour moi, elle est ma conscience.*" The appearance and manner of the count are altogether German; chivalric with the ladies, he is at once the active man of business and of society.

Insignificant in external appearance, the little figure of the Count Nesselrode is scarcely seen among those noble forms grouped around the Emperor: but who can deny his mental greatness? He presides over foreign affairs, and has gained respect, esteem and admiration in many difficult parts which he had to undertake. Besides, this celebrated politician is so thoroughly amiable as a man, that he is beloved by every one about him. He takes recreation from business in his favorite pursuit, botany. At his beautiful country-seat, where his green-houses are filled with blooming plants, chiefly dahlias of great beauty, he spends all his hours of leisure; and is sometimes lost in rapturous admiration while contemplating these various gifts of Flora. His devotion to his family is touching. His wife is one of the most intellectual ladies in Russia. Claimed by the world on account of her high rank, though not devoted to it from inclination, she has formed her own circle, which is the most attractive among the aristocracy of St. Petersburg. She is decided in character, energetic, and superior to all ordinary female foibles. Whoever is happy enough to be noticed by her, finds a protector for ever. She is indeed a character of antiquity, a Roman matron of the time of Portia transplanted to the icy North, where she is obliged to adapt herself to circumstances and conceal the heroism of her soul. This superior woman is always occupied in some female employments. You go to see her in the morning—she is embroidering;—in the evening she embroiders still. Leaning negligently on the cushions of her ottoman with her *tapisserie* work in her hands, she leads in the most interesting and intellectual conversation. She is at home in politics as well as in literature, and has the clearest and most impartial views in both.

On the same day that I was presented to the Emperor, I was so happy as to kiss the hand of the Empress. In the midst of her magnificence with every earthly desire fulfilled to satiety, this exalted lady appears to turn her eyes from all to fix them on her family. Her looks, full of soul, appear to say, "*here are my treasures!*" She has very ill health and owes her prolonged life chiefly to the love and careful nursing of the Emperor, who in her severe attacks of sickness, sleeps for weeks together on the floor beside her bed watching all her movements. Thus the bloom of youth has left her beautiful face, which in former years so much reminded all of her mother, the lovely Queen Louisa of Prussia. When, however, you look at that slender, majestic form—when you regard her elegance of deportment—when you observe her slow and dignified movements, you discover still in her that ideal beauty, that charm of the soul, which neither age nor sickness can take away. Her whole manner is full of gentleness and kindness. In a word, before the Empress ascended the throne, she was a true woman, and this characteristic throws a lustre about her which is more ornamental than her crown or her diamonds. How

touching, how elevated appeared the Empress to me in the height of her greatness, wearing so meekly the faculties of her exterior life, bestowing such serious attention on the life within! The Emperor calls her sometimes, in his pleasant humor, "*Madame Nicholas*," and so it is that the representative of empire is lost sometimes in the relations of peaceful, domestic life. The Emperor, the father, sits at night with his family, when the business of the day is over; he talks kindly with the grandduchesses, his daughters; he plays and jokes with the little granddukes, and has before his eyes and in his heart the fruits of pure religious sentiments.

The Grandduke Constantin, notwithstanding his youth, is already an Admiral. He is intelligent and full of vivacity, and altogether the sailor in his imagination. Some time ago he climbed upon his father's shoulders, and when the Emperor asked, "*Ou est tu?*" he answered, "*Sur le grand mât.*" The prince royal has a round youthful face, a free, manly deportment and thoughtful countenance. Of the princesses, the Grandduchess Olga, is the most beautiful. Her sylph-like form, her transparent complexion, the light curls which surround her Grecian profile, gave her a claim to singular loveliness. When she is standing beside her mother, wearing a simple white dress, and looking so thoughtful, so pure, so maidenlike, it would require little imagination to suppose that she might unfold a pair of wings to carry her to heaven, her home!

The Emperor calls her in jest, "*Ma fille sans dot*," and truly she is so beautiful, that she needs not her high rank and riches to render her beloved. Her sister, the Grandduchess Maria, wife of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, is already the mother of two princesses. She is united to the husband of her choice, and is the beloved daughter of her parents. Maria is the miniature portrait of her father, and has all his features softened by feminine grace and mildness.

Her husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the grandson of Napoleon's Josephine, has a southern but not a French physiognomy. He seems youthful and sprightly; is an elegant rider and a good dancer; he enjoys a high standing in the Russian army, and withal devotes himself to the study of natural philosophy with great success, having made some valuable collections.

Soon after my presentation to the Emperor and the Empress, I was invited to a splendid court ball, which afforded me an opportunity of seeing the whole court in its utmost magnificence. At such fêtes all appear in uniform, none being admitted otherwise, which gives to the whole a truly imposing appearance. The gigantic halls illuminated with thousands of wax torches, the assembly, including fifteen hundred persons, the ladies in their becoming and elegant costumes, rivalling each other in taste and splendor, all combine to produce the effect of a fairy-scene. These balls are generally opened with Polonaises, and by the Emperor himself, who dances first with the Empress, then with the princesses, and lastly with the most beautiful ladies, or those of highest rank. Beauty is at the Russian court a passport, which introduces even those who cannot boast of rank or noble birth. The Empress loves to be surrounded by the most charming faces of the Empire. The daughters of parents in an inferior position are often selected to be maids of honor because they are handsome.

When the Emperor has gone through his Polonaises and bestowed the honor of his hand on those ladies who have a right to expect it, the dance begins, consisting of French Contredanses and Mazurkas. The Empress, who in former times was passionately fond of the amusement and danced extremely well, now dances only occasionally half a Waltz or a Contredanse. At midnight the company adjourn to the *Marble Hall*, where the imperial family are seated at one supper table, and the rest of the company at different large tables. The Emperor himself does not sit with his family, but has a small table placed in the winter garden, where he takes his supper with a few chosen friends. This garden, ornamented with magnificent palm and orange trees, forms the sweetest contrast to the gorgeous supper-hall. The subdued light, the little singing birds suspended in cages from the branches, who frightened by the noise, often begin to warble,—the fragrance of the blooming plants, and to set off this the icy winter out of doors, all appeared to me like the victory of light over darkness! A gentle breeze stirs the palm branches; the strelizia with its large flowers bows its head; the whole atmosphere is filled with delicious odors, which appear to spring out of the earth, or to come down from above.

That evening I was like one in a state of enchantment. Sometimes I was tempted to believe the whole a fairy vision of my excited fancy. At supper my neighbor, Prince G., was evidently amused at the manner in which I expressed myself with regard to the wonders of St. Petersburg. He put me *au fait* of many things, which perhaps I should not have noticed if left to my own observation. The supper, which consists of warm dishes, is handed by a countless number of servants. From such little matters my attention was soon diverted to the ladies. These indeed form the principal ornament of a *salon*—throw over the whole a *couleur de rose*, and give to a *reunion* both action and reaction. I could hardly restrain my looks, never weary of gazing at these

masterpieces in a living gallery of pictures. The aristocratic women of St. Petersburg are remarkable for beauty. There is a Baroness de K., of German descent, who seems formed like Galathea out of a block of marble. Never did I behold such a figure: the neck is perfect, the shoulders, arms and hands are in the purest proportions. The consciousness of her singular beauty is legible on her lofty brow, and in the corner of her mouth, where you perceive a little touch of scorn. Perhaps this is because this magnificent creature knows, that one so richly endowed with charms and intellect is not free from the attacks of Envy's scorpion tongue. The Russian ladies are generally covered with treasures of jewelry; (many of them wear in an evening to the value of a million on head and arms,) but the Baroness de K. is distinguished by her simplicity. I saw her in a black velvet robe; no diamonds sparkled in her hair, which surrounds her head and neck with profusion of light curls. She is superb in the Russian national costume, which is worn on great gala days at the court. It consists in a white satin underdress, with a row of diamonds from the waist to the hem, a colored robe over it, open in front with a long train of velvet, or gold, or silver broeade. The sleeves are long but hanging down open that the whole arm can be seen. On the head is the Russian cap surrounding the face like a glory, in which the ladies display their wealth, covered as it is with diamonds; a veil is attached hanging down in graceful folds, not hiding, but showing the whole form to the best advantage. Figure to yourself in this costume eight hundred women assembled in one room, and you will confess that neither the elegant, refined little German courts, nor the Tuileries, can boast of such magnificence. But to return once more to the Baroness de K. I must mention an odd fancy of hers. This truly delicate creature—delicate in all she does—delights in nothing so much as the pleasures of the chase and killing wolves. It seems singular to hear from such sweet lips an enumeration of the slaughtered animals. She might tame them, but to kill scarcely becomes these snowy fingers, which should be dipped in *Aurora*, not in blood. Another unpleasant habit of many of these ladies, is the smoking of *cigarrittos*. In their intimate circle five or six ladies are seated at the tea table, the thumb of the right hand often burned brown, and looking like Odalisks of the Turkish harems; their whole persons have an Asiatic aspect. To what will lead at last this eager stirring after something extraordinary? Besides Madame de K., I would mention the Countess W., whom I often saw in my visits at St. Petersburg. She is the same who caused so much *furore* some years ago in England—a plastic beauty, of bright color, and full in form with a melodious voice. Her eyes express not happiness, but a kind of longing and melancholy. They look as if accustomed to shed tears; sometimes suffused as with a mist; which gives her a mysterious charm. Does this charming woman belong to the past with its faded hopes—to the present with its stimulating impulses—or to the future with its uncertain expectations?—Who dares disclose the secret of the soul—the sanctuary of thought?

One of the most fashionable persons in St. Petersburg is the Princess W., a delicate, graceful little figure, whose almond-shaped eyes show her descended from high Tartarian race. She says every thing she chooses, and has truly the face of a Zana. Sometimes she appears grave, moves with princely dignity through the *salons*, among which her own is by far the most elegant in the city: anon she throws off all regard to appearances and form, races through the wildest dances, offends general opinion and creates numberless jealousies. Another distinguished woman, Princess B., is full of charms and grace. She seems to me like a pocket edition of female beauty. Her eyes are large and enthusiastic, but the little short nose and the elevated cheek bones would indicate an Eastern origin. She was just then busy in preparing to open her house, which in luxurious splendor rivals the residence of kings, and as she is very amiable, she will soon be without doubt the centre of the higher circles at St. Petersburg.

But as in fireworks what we call the *bouquet* is left to the end, so I speak last of the court of the Grandduke Michael and his Duchess. He calls it in his moments of lively humor, "*la basse cour*, (in France the name for the poultry-yard,) so great is the contrast to the *grande cour* of his Imperial brother; but this *basse cour* is full of the rarest and most precious birds, that show the true wealth of a house. Youthful, handsome, and profoundly learned, the Grandduchess Helena has early found that life has higher aims than the splendor of a court can give. She is the pearl of Germany's princely daughters, transplanted to this distant northern soil, where she spends her time not merely in festivals and matters of the toilet, but in assembling around her all that St. Petersburg can furnish of intellectual celebrity. In her palace you will meet every day a circle of distinguished politicians, literary men and poets. Her mind is so thoroughly cultivated, and her eagerness after improvement in knowledge of the sciences and arts is so great, that she takes an interest in everything; and in the rapid flight of her thoughts, she sounds the depths and soars amid the heights of learning. Besides, she bestows the greatest attention upon the education of her

three daughters, and devotes her utmost care to the administration of the immense property and revenues of her husband, the Grandduke Michael. He is altogether the soldier, being attached to the profession heart and soul with a sort of fanaticism; but his character is amiable. Many elevating traits of him are known to the public, and he is winning enough in his manners to be popular, even if he were not Grandduke. He, as well as his brother, the Emperor, often visits private houses, converses, and sometimes dances with the ladies. A truly chivalric feeling is implanted by nature within him, and his whole deportment shows the descendant of the great Peter.

Among the politicians, Prince L., former minister of the finances in the kingdom of Poland, occupies the most distinguished place. He is a member of the States Council, and in several crises of the finances his advice was found necessary. His speculative mind and his rich experience render him remarkable. In that bloody struggle, when two closely allied nations strove, and unsuccessfully, to separate from each other, the luxuriant crown of his tree of life was broken. It stands there still, but the leaves are withered, the stem is bent. Who would wish to live after such changes in human destiny, were it not for the pure and pious belief, that out of those clouds shall rise the rainbow of heavenly glory.

An interesting man replied to my remark, that in Russia every one of the nobility was obliged to enter the service of the state: "*il est terrible qu'il faille être quelque chose et qu'on ne puisse pas être quelqu'un.*" This may be true; but for some time past the dignity which high rank used to command in Russia has been bestowed upon personal merit. There are men who are not in office, who wear no uniform of the government, who yet possess the greatest influence.

The house of the interesting poet Karamsin, who died several years ago, is still an Asylum for the most distinguished literary characters in St. Petersburg. His widow is a kind and gentle person; her eldest daughter, who is still unmarried, possesses with a strong masculine mind and a keen wit, the most attractive feminine manners and virtues. The memory of the deceased poet is honored by the literary circle that meets daily with his family. The large pension Madame Karamsin receives from Government enables her to see much company. Her sons are in office; one of them possesses great intellect and talent. I think those happy whose talents are aided by external circumstances, which foster their development and improvement. *Poetry is of too noble a nature to prosper in the school of adversity: it can only be nourished by that liberty which enables it to take with unfettered wings its flight heavenward. Oppressed with sordid cares, it dies with vexation on the ground it scorns.*

Of the now living Poets, prince W. is perhaps not the most gifted, but to me he is the most agreeable. He is in deep affliction on account of the death of two lovely young daughters, and the only one left to him is married,—he calls her in jest, "*la jolie laide*," because she looks like him. His description of the great fire of the palace some years ago is a masterpiece, and does him the more credit, as he, though a Russian, wrote it in French.

I have given you slight notices of individuals at the court and in society; but have said nothing of the whole, of the general movement, of the cheerful sociability in the streets, in the *salons*; of the continual opening and closing of doors, the bell-ringing of the Portiers, of the noise without interruption! I feel sometimes frightened at the everlasting excitement. I visit daily at four or five houses, go to dinner-parties, balls, and soirees. I talk, I listen; but after all hear no conversation; at least none that does me good. The exterior appearance is every thing here, thought has little place. The diamond is there but it wants the polish. Every thing appears in the beginning; the bud begins to be formed ere the breath of spring has kissed away the masses of snow. If that will take place in ten or in fifty years, or in a century; who knows? It takes a long while before a higher tendency, an aim at true cultivation supervenes in society. Art is sometimes at home in their saloons, but it is according to nature? I wish to end with praise, and lo! I am finding some cause for blame! Yet what I say is not blame, but the result of comparisons between what is and what will be. I know Germany; I know France and the intellectual improvements of these countries, and this elevates my hopes for Russia. I think her not at present what she might be, but she has a future before her promising happiness not yet in her possession.

To go a little farther in my knowledge; Important characters have more than one predominant quality; sometimes we find contradictions in them which seem unaccountable, but are understood after long observation.

So there are two principles in the Emperor; one that of strength, which sometimes degenerates into harshness; the other softness and kindness. Beside the Empress, who possesses a truly feminine influence over him, and is his wife in the higher sense of the word, surrounded by his children who love him passionately, the mild traits of his character, his generosity, his affection shine forth. But in public, particularly when

roused, you may see his other characteristic, that of strength most prominent.* His melodious voice is then piercing, he speaks loud and quick; his majestic form has something awful. His room is like that of a private person; there are books, military maps, models of cannon and other warlike implements, with a fieldbed, on which is nothing but a straw mattress—furniture which shows the strong man, the industrious self-denying chief. Early in the morning he visits his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who accompanies him to the parade, or to the imperial council. He is often seen in the streets; crowds of people around him, with many of whom he converses. It is said that during a severe sickness of his eldest Grandduke, an old Russian, with a long beard, approached him and said, "father, thy son is sick; how is he to day?" "He is better," replied the sovereign. "Well! may God bless and preserve him;" added the old man.

Sometimes he appears inclined to fatalism. for he believes in predestination. In all important crises he manifests a religious feeling, which explains many of his actions. What else when he ascended his throne would have given him that calm and high courage in the midst of rebellion, and in times of cholera when he cried with a voice of thunder to the people, "on your knees, fall down, pray for pardon, not of the Emperor, but of God, whom you offend by your murmurings."

It seems as if the conviction that he is an instrument in the hands of the Most High and as such protected by *Him*, is deeply grounded in his breast! Sentiments of this kind are the more touching when thus united with energy of evil and with the power of an absolute sovereign. What heart would not be moved at the sight of a Monarch who, on solemn occasions, dismounts from his horse to utter upon his knees his morning prayer in company with his soldiers! Envy will say: "these are forms;" but I say, these forms are expressions of faith. of truth, which no man can feign; it is the necessity of a great soul, to trust in Fate and to acknowledge a higher power than his own.

He has made every effort to abolish abuses and to make all classes participate in the progress of civilization. It is really astonishing to observe what has been done under his reign! The establishment of a complete code of laws is one great step towards the civilization of the Russian Empire. A university of which St. Wladimor is the patron—the astronomical observatory, various manufactories, institutions for the culture of the forests, splendid botanic gardens—all these have been created by him in a few years. Even a rail-road is begun; the streets of St. Petersburg are lighted with gas; the electrotype has been introduced—the city, the habits are changing every day—and all has been accomplished more or less by *one will*—by the *one* command: "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

M. H.

* Our readers will scarcely recognise in the portrait here given, the ambitious Czar, whose unscrupulous designs upon Hungary the lover of republican government everywhere now watches with the deepest interest. Some allowance must be made, however, for the "stand-point," as the Germans say, from which this view of the Emperor is taken. To the accomplished Baronesse de Bacharach, amid the splendors of his court, we do not doubt he was complaisant in the extreme and exhibited to advantage that "softness" of demeanor, which she tells us is one side of his character.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES' EXPEDITION TO THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA. *By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N.* Commander of the Expedition. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

We have risen from the perusal of this volume with an excusable feeling of pride that it has been reserved for an officer of the United States' Navy and a Virginian, to furnish the first authentic account, drawn from a personal exploration, of that distant and mysterious sea, whose acrid and pestilential vapors have hitherto thwarted the efforts of individual enthusiasm and even the well-directed schemes of national enterprise. This gallant officer, who shows himself a man of science and seamanship, seems to have entered *con amore* upon the labors of his difficult mission, with a full consciousness of the perils and annoyances that he would have to encounter. No whisperings of fevered sentimentalism, no motives of more idle curiosity urged him onward. He sought not the Holy Land like Lamartine, to cast tattered couplets into "Siloa's brook" or carve his name on the cedars of Lebanon. Nor was he impelled by the same desire with the pilgrims from Threadneedle Street, who go in crowds

> To gape at things in foreign lands
> No soul among them understands.

His purpose was well enough set forth in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, asking leave to undertake the Exploration. "The proposition," says he, "pertains to a subject maritime in its nature, and therefore peculiarly appropriate to your office; and it is involved in mystery, the solution of which will advance the cause of science and gratify the whole Christian world. So far as this mystery can be solved by careful and accurate observations of the phenomena of the sea, Lieut. Lynch's wishes have been attained.

We are glad that this contribution to learning comes from the American Navy, for it furnishes a gratifying assurance that our officers are very different characters from the ocean heroes of Smollett and Marryat, who swore roundly and

drank deeply, and filled the quarter-deck with the fumes of tobacco and the staves of coarse ballads. We are pleased to know that our vessels of war are commanded by men of refinement and general intelligence, as distinguished for their attainments in the arts of peace as for their gallant bearing in the hour of naval battle.

The public has already been made acquainted with the outline history of Lieut. Lynch's labors, by means of the article on the Dead Sea Expedition, published in this magazine in September, 1848, and extensively copied by the periodical and newspaper press of the country. The officers of the Expedition, leaving the ship Supply at Smyrna, first visited Constantinople for the purpose of obtaining a firman from the Sultan to allow them to prosecute their investigations. Lieut. Lynch gives an interesting description of this oriental metropolis, which he saw under very favorable circumstances. Since Lady Montagu's time, however, we have had so many accounts of "the Asian pomp of Ottoman parade," that we know it all by heart, and we should not have learned any thing from this portion of the book, had not Lieut. Lynch seen a very rare curiosity—the Sultan himself. We quote the entire passage relating to the interview.

"We were led to the entrance of the southern wing, (of the palace of Cherighan on the Bosphorus,) and again throwing off our overshoes, entered a lofty and spacious hall, matted throughout, with two broad flights of stairs ascending from the far extreme to an elevated platform or landing, whence, uniting in one, they issued upon the floor above.

"On the right and left of the hall were doors opening into various apartments, and there were a number of officers and attendants on either side and stationed at intervals along the stairway, all preserving a silence the most profound.

"The Secretary, who had gone before, now approached and beckoned to us to follow. But here an unexpected difficulty was presented. The Chamberlain in waiting objected to my sword, and required that I should lay it aside. I replied that the audience was given to me as an officer of the United States; and that the sword was part of my uniform, and that I could not dispense with it. My refusal was met with the assurance that the etiquette of the court peremptorily required it. I asked if the custom had been *invariably* complied with, and inquired of the dragoman whether Mr. Carr, our minister, had, in conformity with it, ever attended an audience without his sword, but even as I spoke, my mind, without regard to precedent, had come to the alternative, no sword, no audience.

"Whether the Secretary had, during the discussion, referred the matter to a higher quarter, I could not tell, for my attention had been so engrossed for some minutes, that I had not noticed him. He now came forward, however, and decided that I should retain the sword. At this I truly rejoiced, for it would have been unpleasant to retire after having gone so far. It is due to Mr. Brown, the dragoman, to say that he sustained me.

"The discussion at an end, we ascended the stairway, which was covered with a good and comfortable, but not a costly carpet, and passed into a room more handsomely furnished and more lofty, but in every other respect of the same dimensions as the one immediately below it. A rich carpet was on the floor, a magnificent chandelier, all crystal and gold, was suspended from the ceiling, and costly divans and tables, with other articles of furniture, were interspersed about the room; but I had not time to note them, for on the left hung a gorgeous crimson velvet curtain embroidered and fringed with gold and towards it the Secretary led the way. His countenance and his manner exhibited more awe than I had ever seen depicted in the human countenance. He seemed to hold his breath, and his step was so soft and stealthy that once or twice I stopped, under the impression that I had left him behind, but found him ever beside me. There were three of us in close proximity, and the stairway was lined with officers and attendants, but such was the death-like stillness that I could distinctly hear my own footfall, which, unaccustomed to palace regulations, fell with untutored republican firmness upon the royal floor. If it had been a wild beast slumbering in his lair that we were about to visit, there could not have been a silence more deeply hushed.

"Fretted at such abject servility, I quickened my pace towards the curtain, when Sheffie Bey, rather gliding than stepping before me, cautiously and slowly raised a corner for me to pass. Wondering at his subdued and terror-stricken attitude, I stepped across the threshold, and felt, without yet perceiving it, that I was in the presence of the Sultan.

"The heavy folds of the window curtains so obscured the light, that it seemed as if the day were dawning to a close, instead of being at its high meridian.

"As with the expanding pupil the eye took in surrounding objects, the apartment, its furniture and its royal tenant, presented a different scene from what, if left to itself, the imagination would have drawn.

"The room, less spacious, but as lofty as the adjoining one, was furnished in the modern European style, and like a familiar thing, a stove stood nearly in the centre. On a sofa by a window, through which he might have looked upon us as we crossed the court, with a crimson tarbouch, its gold button and blue silk tassel on his head, a black kerchief around his neck, attired in a blue military frock and pantaloons, and polished French boots upon his feet, sat the monarch, without any of the attributes of sovereignty about him.

"A man, young in years, but evidently of impaired and delicate constitution, his wearied and spiritless air was unrelieved by any indication of intellectual energy. He eyed me fixedly as I advanced, and on him my attention was no less intently riveted. As he smiled I stopped, expecting that he was about to speak, but he motioned gently with his hand for me to approach yet nearer. Through the interpreter, he then bade me welcome, for which I expressed my acknowledgments.

"The interview was not a protracted one. In the course of it, as requested by Mr. Carr, I presented him, in the name of the President of the United States, with some biographies and prints, illustrative of the character and habits of our North American Indians, the work of American artists. He looked at some of them, which were placed before him by an attendant, and said that he considered them as evidences of the advancement of the United States in civilization, and would treasure them as a souvenir of the good feeling of its government towards him. At the word civilization, pronounced in French, I started; for it seemed singular, coming from the lips of a Turk and applied to our country. I have since learned that he is but a student in French, and presume, that, by the word 'civilization,' he meant the arts and sciences.

"When about to take my leave, he renewed the welcome, and said that I had his full authority to see anything in Stambohl I might desire.

"While in his presence, I could not refrain from drawing comparisons and moralizing on fate. There was the Sultan, an Eastern despot, the ruler of mighty kingdoms and the arbiter of the fate of millions of his fellow-creatures; and, face to face, a few feet distant, one, in rank and condition, among the humblest servants of a far-distant republic; and yet little as life has to cheer, I would not change positions with him, unless I could carry with me my faith, my friendships, and my aspirations.

"My feelings saddened as I looked upon the monarch, and I thought of Montezuma. Evidently, like a Northern clime, his year of life had known two seasons only, and he had leaped at once from youth to imbecility. His smile was one of the sweetest I ever looked upon,—his voice almost the most melodious I had ever heard; his manner was gentleness itself, and every thing about him bespoke a kind and amiable disposition. He is said to be very affectionate, to his mother in especial, and is generous to the extreme of prodigality. But there is that indescribably sad expression in his countenance, which is thought to indicate an early death. A presentiment of the kind, mingled perhaps with a boding fear of the overthrow of his country, seems to pervade and depress his spirits. In truth, like Damocles, this descendant of the Caliphs sits beneath a suspended fate. Through him, the soul of the mighty monarchs who have gone before, seem to brood over the impending fate of an empire which once extended from the Atlantic to the Ganges, from the Caucasus to the Indian Ocean."

The firman having been obtained, the officers at once rejoined the ship, and proceeded to St. Jean D'Acre in Syria. Here they landed, and after some delay in making the necessary preparations for their toilsome overland journey, they took up the line of march for the Sea of Galilee.* We cannot follow them in their subsequent movements, (which have already been traced in brief in the article before mentioned)—the visit to Tiberias--the perilous navigation through the sinuosities and fearful rapids of the Jordan—the arrival at the Dead Sea—the storm, the calm and the sirocco. These undoubtedly form the most valuable and interesting portion of the volume which we commend to the attention of the reader. It would be injustice to Lieut. Lynch, even had we the space here, to draw so largely upon his pages. We shall be content to quote a few passages, descriptive of scenery, incident or character, to be taken as specimens of his whole production.

At St. Jean D'Acre they received an important accession to their party in the persons of 'Akīl Aga el Hasseé, a great Sheikh of one of the border tribes, and Sherīf Hazza of Mecca, the thirty-third lineal descendant of the prophet. The former had signalized himself in former years in carrying on a predatory warfare against the government, plundering whom he pleased, and had finally been bought off with a commission, like many a more enlightened man before him. Junius, who still remains the shadow of a name, surrendered his pen as 'Akīl did his sword, for a consideration. But our Sheikh was a dashing fellow, and if he sometimes disregarded the rights of property, it was in a way to be admired—the very poetry of pillage; and his fidelity in friendships made some atonement for his offences in this respect. Lieut. Lynch acknowledges the important services he rendered the Expedition, and we must look upon him as an Admirable Crichton of Arabs, if the following description does not make him out a sort of Mussulman Murat. He was, says Lieut. Lynch,

"a magnificent savage, enveloped in a scarlet cloth pelisse, richly embroidered with gold. He was the handsomest, and I soon thought also, the most graceful being I had ever seen. His complexion was of a rich, mellow, indescribable olive tint, with glossy black hair; his teeth were regular, and of the whitest ivory; and the glance of his eye was keen at times, but generally soft and lustrous. With the tarbouch upon his head, which he seemed to wear uneasily, he reclined, rather than sat, upon the opposite side of the divan, while his hand played in unconscious familiarity with the hilt of his yataghan. He looked like one who would be

'Steel amid the din of arms
And wax when with the fair.'"

Of Sherīf Hazza, our author says,

"He was about fifty years of age, of a dark Egyptian complexion, small stature, and intelligent features. His father and elder brother had been sherīfs, or governors of Mecca until the latter was deposed by Mehemet Ali. He was dressed in a spencer and capacious trousers of fine olive cloth. His appearance was very prepossessing, and he evinced much enlightened curiosity with regard to our country and its institutions. We were told that from his descent he was held in great veneration by the Arabs; and I observed that every Mahommedan who came in, first approached him and kissed his hand with an air of profound respect."

Sherīf Hazza accompanied the party throughout the whole exploration, and proved of great service in conciliating the natives.

The features of the country around them are depicted in this volume in the happiest manner. Gainsborough, could he teach his pencil to forget the verdant slopes of the English landscape, or Durand, could he leave the gnarled oaks of the North American forest, might transfer to canvas the scenery of the Holy Land from these animated descriptions. Witness the following, of the descent of the Jordan—

"The boats had little need of oars to propel them, for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour, the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning, in the short space of half an hour, to every quarter of the compass,—seeming as if desirous to prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley, and reluctant to pour its sweet and sacred waters into the accursed bosom of the bitter sea.

"For hours of their swift descent the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sung with a music strange and manifold; the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them; and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals."

* * * * *

"The birds were numerous, and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tinted part of the stream into an open bend, where the rapids rattled and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wildwood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow,* like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings and the dance goes on."

Here is a scene, farther down the river, of a very different kind—

* "HENRY BEDLOW, Esq. and HENRY J. ANDERSON, M. D., were associated with the Expedition as volunteers after its original organization,—the first at Constantinople, and the other at Beïrût. More zealous, efficient, and honorable associates could not have been desired."—*Preface.*

"Last evening I had a different entertainment. I saw advertised a meeting of an anti-slavery league, and that Garrison, Wright, and Douglass, &c., were to hold forth. *I thought I should like to hear some familiar and accustomed voices and to shake hands with some old friends.* The meeting was well attended. Mrs. Bailey, a good friend, *where* I dined at five, (still dining and in bad grammar too!) wished to go with me, and we did not leave the meeting, which was then in full blast, until after twelve. I got home about half past one.

"*Douglass rivals Matthews in his powers of imitation*; (*credat Judæus!*) he was exceedingly entertaining, and was received and heard with a tempest of applause continually bursting about his ears. Wright was very caustic. (Hear this, ob good subscribers on the Pedee and the Apalachicola and be thereat greatly distressed!) Garrison, whom I believe to be honest and disinterested, and *certainly to be admired for his consistency and perseverance*, was violent and virulent beyond precedent."

After learning that Mr. Colman was "entertained" with this remarkable demonstration of "black spirits and white," we are sorry to be informed that

"*The Speeches were a continued attack upon the United States* and some Presbyterian clergymen, who have come here to attend the Evangelical Alliance, the object of which is to put down popery."

Our author confesses that this was not "*altogether* to his taste" from which we may infer that he was not greatly offended by it. Now we do not know how much human nature can stand, but we should have thought that to hear a slanderous and sudatory negro, in a crowded hall, pouring out abuse of America, to an English audience, would have been too much for the olfactories and the temper of even a New England philanthropist. But not so. For he observes in this connection, doing violence at once to our feelings as a slaveholder and an admirer of Lindley Murray,

"I cannot say that a fugitive slave, knowing by his own experience the miseries of the condition, and again a man, *have* not the right to be plain spoken, denunciatory and severe."

In another place, however, to his credit be it said, he admits that "the miseries of the condition" are not comparable with the sufferings of another class of persons, whom the sympathising English abolitionists might well assist, before affiliating with Garrison & Co.

"The condition of a large portion of the Irish people," says he, "involves an amount of destitution and wretchedness which admits of no description, and in comparison with which, *the physical condition of the Southern slaves is almost a condition of felicity.*"

And again of a party of Quakers whom he saw in Dublin he says—

"The good souls, however, seemed to be sadly afflicted when I told them *that in all physical and political comforts, the condition of the American slaves was infinitely better than that of the lower Irish.*"

In Scotland also Mr. Colman met with destitution enough to occupy the attention of British Charitable Societies for years. The Anti-Slavery Associations might profitably direct their efforts to the *slaves* of Edinburgh and Dundee. We heartily agree with Mr. Colman that there is little of true religion in those wrangling fanatics who talk of "Free Church," while their fellow-beings are starving all around them.

Of a part of Edinburgh, Mr. Colman writes—

"The street crowded with people, bare-headed and bare-footed, exhibited an assemblage of thousands of miserable, starving, drunken, ignorant, dissolute, poor, forlorn, wretched beings, in the midst of what is called a Christian community. After this sight, I went to church, and with what heart I leave you to conjecture—and here I found churches crowded with people full of rancor, breathing anathemas against those who do not agree with them in opinion, and contending with each other with all the fury of the ancient clans, about church government. What a commentary suggests itself to a reflecting mind! It seemed to me to resemble nothing more than a contention between the Priest and the Levite about sacrifices over the body of a wounded, robbed and bleeding traveller by the wayside. These people, too, will spend thousands and thousands for missions to the Heathens, many of whom are really more of Christians than they are themselves, and neglect their poor, suffering brethren, wallowing in wretchedness, and destitution, and vice, at their own doors!"

At Dundee the state of things was even worse. After describing the repulsive sights that assailed him in that city, he says—

"Here, too, the Christians are engaged heart and soul in fighting against heresy, and contending about church government. Away with such controversies, miscalled religious, from the earth!"

Mr. Colman sometimes tells a *home* truth, in his simple way, which comes with all the greater force from across the water. What could be more just than the following paragraph,

"My companions have been most agreeable; but a Bostonian* myself, yet I cannot help being amused, as I confess I have been for years, with the prejudices of my townsmen. They think always that Boston was made in the morning, while the materials were fresh, and before they had been culled for any other places. It takes a long time to make any breach in this wall of prejudice, and with them every thing is measured by this standard. *It requires, in many cases, not a little time to satisfy such persons that other countries have their advantages, other people their virtues, and other cities their beauties, and to pick our way out of the shell, from which, at best, we emerge only half-fledged.*"

Of the style of these volumes we need say little. It is as easy and as slipshod as "familiar letters to friends" generally are. We have been somewhat amused at Mr. Colman's surprise in finding himself out of the atmosphere of New England provincialism and hearing certain English words used as they should be. The word "clever" seemed to have been a novelty to him in the sense of "expert" or "adroit," for in referring to a sprightly lady with whom he became acquainted, he tells us that he was, "in *the English sense of the word*, one of the *cleverest* women" he knew.

But our remarks and extracts must close here or our readers will be likely to urge the same objection to our critical notice as we did in the outset to the volumes themselves.

The work is for sale by Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co.

* It is to be observed that our author here calls himself a Bostonian, yet as there are frequent passages in which he refers to Salem as the place of his domicil, we presume that he regards Salem as but a suburb of Boston, as Little Pedlington is of London. We have seen persons who considered Plymouth Rock as to all intents and purposes a part of Boston.

THE SHAKSPERIAN READER: a collection &c., by John W. S. Howe, Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton. 1839.

This is a very neat little volume, gotten up in the usual good style of these excellent publishers. We have no fault to find with type or paper. But we cannot approve the license which the compiler has confessedly assumed, of reducing his author to his own standard of decorum—substituting his own words for Shakspeare's—and cutting out the passages which are too strong for his taste. Selections are one thing—emasculated plays are another. Think of a man finding "*synonymes*" for Shakspeare's words! Did Mr. Howe ever hear of "gilding refined gold," or "painting the lily?" He evidently believes that he has been sinning. He makes many apologies—says that to "do a great right," he has "done a little wrong"—admits that he may have "cut beyond the wound, to make the cure complete"—and pleads that he has "high medical authority" for such treatment of desperate cases." Who told him that Shakspeare's was a desperate case? His own is much more so. He has done a *great wrong*, without any *right* at all: so that his Jesuit maxim shall not avail him. Away with such mutilators! They would mar the Apollo Belvidere, or the Greek Slave, because ladies and gentlemen don't like to study them in company: or perhaps they might encase the one in a sack coat and pantaloons, and surround the other with skirts and stomachers. Again, we say, down with such mutilators! We insist upon the integrity of the great masters.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE and the FOREIGN REVIEWS.

These sterling publications for the last few months have possessed more than usual interest. Blackwood still harps on the old string of legitimacy, so that its political strain has somewhat jarred upon our ears, but there is no lack of stirring music of another character thrown out by master hands. Part XIII of "The Caxtons" appears in the June number, together with the first of the "Dies Boreales," in which we recognise Christopher North again. The *Edinburgh*, for April, contains a noble article on "The Vanity and the Glory of Literature," worthy of its best fame. But perhaps the most striking paper of the day is the slashing criticism of Croker upon Macaulay, in the last number of the *London Quarterly*. In former times, we read in Froissart, there was a custom for gentlemen to rig themselves out in vizor and corselet, mount fiery steeds and ride at full speed at each other with lance in rest, for the purpose of amusing "gay ladyes" by tumbling each other in the dust. At a much earlier period, there was even a more naughty practice, among the higher classes, of placing two brave men in the open space of an amphitheatre, and cheering them on to kill each other, amid the waving of scarfs and the pomp of regal festivity. Such things are no longer. The age of chivalry is gone. Gladiatorial exhibitions do not now delight civilized people. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* But we have a diversion of a no less cruel character. Two authors, "clad in complete steel," rush on to a conflict more stirring than any ever fought by knight or gladiator, in the lists or the arena. The Review is the field of engagement and the subscribers are the audience, who look on with the most engrossing interest for the result. This is always the same. Both are used up. It is an affair like the feline skirmish of Kilkenny, where nothing remains to mark the spot of the action. Such has been the case with Croker and Macaulay. In the pages of the Edinburgh and the Quarterly, both these accomplished *litterateurs* have been "butchered to make a London holiday." We commend the encounter to the ingenious person who parodies passages of Childe Harold for the Punch, and ask that he will give it to us in Spenserian verse, beginning with the stanza,

"I see before me the Reviewer *lie*."

But to the article.

We have read Mr. Croker's review with some attention, and while we admit that he convicts Mr. Macaulay of occasional exaggeration, arising out of his antithetical style, we cannot see that he has succeeded in establishing any great fault in the History as a whole. The most remarkable thing to our mind that Mr. Croker brings forward, is the wondrous similarity between passages of Mackintosh and Macaulay, relating to the same events. This could scarcely have been accidental and yet Mr. Macaulay makes no acknowledgment of having borrowed anything from his predecessor. Mr. Croker quite fails, we think in sustaining his wholesale accusations of party prejudice and sometimes "falls on 'tother side" by convicting himself of the bitterest tory feelings. Some of his verbal objections to the History are altogether below the dignity of criticism and remind us of his complaint many years ago against Lord Byron, that he called one of his poems, "The *Bride* of Abydos" when in point of fact the heroine was *not* a bride, but only about to be one.

The Reviews have reached us through Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse, the Richmond agents, at whose store subscriptions will be received.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LITERATURE, Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. Philadelphia, Lindsay and Blakiston. 1849.

We have before us, collected into a volume, the entire series of Essays on literary characters, which Mr. Tuckerman has contributed to the Messenger during twelve months past,—Sir Thomas Browne, John Sterling, Mark Akenside, Lamb and Keats, Channing, Swift, and Burke,—together with three others, Shenstone, Roscoe, and Macaulay, and one written many years since on Charles Lamb as a Humorist. To the readers of the Messenger it is scarcely necessary to say a word in praise of this most excellent book. We regard Mr. Tuckerman as one of the most thoughtful and philosophical writers of our acquaintance, and we do not remember to have seen any book from his pen, that is not to be considered as a valuable acquisition to a library. There is a certain finish to his style that shows the true scholar,—a finish derived from wide and intimate knowledge of books imparting a charm to every sentence—while the reflections in which he indulges betray a habit of attentively observing the springs of human action. Mr. Tuckerman does not write books *to order*, as many of our modern author-craft do, and in his composition he has generally acted in accordance with a good old maxim touching conversation, long since obsolete,—be sure you have something to say before you open your mouth.

The present volume is very handsomely printed and is for sale by A. Morris.

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The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

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VOL. XV. RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1849. NO. 8.

The Panama Rail-Way and the Gulf of Mexico.

1. *Carta del Istmo de Tehuantepec, copied by order of Commodore M. C. Perry, Commanding U. S. Home Squadron, Mexico* 1847, *by Wm. May, Lieutenant U. S. N.*

2. *Plan de la Boca del Rio Coatzacoalcos, copied by order of Commodore M. C. Perry, Commanding Home Squadron, Mexico* 1847, *by Lieut. Wm. May, U. S. N,*

3. *Sketch from the Mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, to the town of Mina-Titlan made by order of Commodore M. C. Perry, Commanding Home Squadron,* 1847, *by Lieuts. Alden, Blunt and May, U. S. N.*

4. *Mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, Surveyed, January* 1848, *by order of Commodore M. C. Perry, by*

WM. LEIGH, *Lieut. Commanding,*
E. T. NICHOLS, *Acting Master,*
A. L. BRADBURY, *Master's Mate,*
Officers of the U. S. Brig Stromboli.

Hydrographical Office, Washington.

—

The continent must be cut in two. The convenience of the world requires that the two great oceans should be joined together.

The subject is attracting a large share of public attention. Two propositions were submitted to Congress, at the last session, for opening a way for commerce across the Isthmus. The routes proposed were, one via Panama, the other via Tehuantepec.

It will be recollected that Mexico granted, a few years ago, to Don José Garay and others, extraordinary privileges for constructing a rail-road or ship canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Under this grant, Cayetano Moro, an Italian engineer, was employed to survey the route. The map of Tehuantepec and the plan of the Coatzacoalcos, mentioned as 1 and 2, at the head of this article, are the results of that survey.

They were found by Commander McKenzie, U. S. N., at Mina-Titlan, 1847, in the hands of the agent of the Company which had been formed in England upon the faith of Moro's survey; from this agent they were borrowed by Commodore Perry; they were copied by his order, and the copies sent to the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. By authority of the Bureau, these with the two other charts named above, were engraved and published at the National Observatory.

The surveys of Moro have been widely circulated both in this country and in Europe. They have produced a general impression, both here and there, that this Tehuantepec route is very favorable, if not the most favorable that has been proposed across the continent either for rail-road and ship canal.

Moro's Survey cannot be relied on. He gives twenty feet water on the bar of the Coatzacoalcos. The survey, both of Lieut. Leigh, and of Lieuts. Alden, Blunt and May, agree in giving not more than twelve and a half feet there. Commodore Perry states further that he had, in 1847 and '48, three several surveys made of the mouth of that river; that he had himself been in and out of it several times, sounding both ways; and that his own observations, as well as the three surveys, all by different officers, agree; and that they show that more than twelve and a half feet cannot be carried into that river.

Misled by this survey, Messrs. Hargous & Co., in their memorial, last winter to Congress, state that "thirty miles of the river Coatzacoalcos is navigable for ships of the largest class." Our officers followed Moro only fifteen or twenty miles up the river (they went up as far as Mina-Titlan;) they give twelve feet only that far; he gives thirty-three—a difference of twenty-one feet. What difference they would have made for the thirty miles, we cannot say. These are vital points; points upon which the merit of the route depends, and which form serious objections to it.

Moreover, there is reason to believe that Moro took his soundings in the rainy season, when the river was swollen with a flood from the mountains. Yet, no mention is made of this fact. Now, what would be thought of an Engineer with us, who should be employed to examine the navigability of one of our rivers for the purpose of giving the public correct information as to its depth of water, with the view of connecting some internal improvement with it, and with the view of getting subscriptions to the

stock upon the faith of that report; what, we repeat, would be thought of the Engineer sent for instance to ascertain the navigability for ships, of the Illinois river, with the view of connecting the Mississippi through it by ship canal with the Lakes, and who should take his soundings when there was a fresh in the river, and report the depths thus obtained as the true depth?

Before the Tehuantepec route can be considered, it is incumbent upon those who advocate it as the best, to show how, and at what cost, the bar at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos can be deepened, and also to show how a harbour can be constructed on the Pacific side of that Isthmus; and how it can be kept open after it is constructed.

The coast there resembles very much our own Southern coast; like it, it is skirted with a chain of low and narrow islands, separated by inlets or bars. Let those who think it an easy matter to make a harbor there, recollect the difficulty of forming harbors on our own shores, where they have been either closed or obstructed by the formation of bars.

This chart has been suppressed at the Hydrographical office on account of its gross errors and absurdities, and therefore it is needless to say more about it.

It is true, as stated by Hargous & Co., in their memorial to Congress that the distance of the sea voyage, from New Orleans via. Tehuantepec to San Francisco is about 2000 miles less than it is by Panama. But the expense of transportation by land exceeds, per mile, that by sea some 30 or 40 times. The freight, per ton, per sea mile, on long voyages, is seldom more than at the rate of two mills per ton, and is often less. Over the rail roads of the United States it is about 5 cents, per ton per mile. These facts show that it costs no more to send a ton of merchandise 25 miles by sea than it does to send the same one mile by rail road in the United States. At least double the rates in the United States, where there are opposition lines, shops, mechanics and facilities for supplies of all sorts, should be allowed for the Tehuantepec rail-road, which is far away from shops, mechanics, supplies, &c., and which would have no opposition.

According to this, and taking the length of the Tehuantepec route at 115 miles, as stated in the memorial, it would be as cheap, as to money, to send a cargo 5,750 miles by sea as it would be to send it over the 115 miles of Tehuantepec rail-road.

But a rail-road across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec must be longer than 115 miles. In a straight line across the Isthmus, the distance from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific is 140 miles; and we have shown that the memorial, ists have not by 7 or 8 feet as much water on the bar, and not as much by 21 feet in the river-as their Engineer reported, and consequently, that they cannot have their "30 miles of river navigation for ships of the largest class." A rail-road, if a rail-road be ever built there, must go from sea to sea; and, allowing for detour, its length would probably not fall short of 150 miles, which, at 10 cents per ton, per mile, would give 15 dollars as the cost of transporting a ton of merchandise from one end of this road to the other. Fifteen dollars per ton is what shippers usually pay to send their goods from New York around Cape Horn, to Chili and Peru. This route then could not at present compete with Cape Horn for the carrying trade between the two Oceans: for the expense of the sea voyage to and from Tehuantepec must still be added to the 15 dollars of rail-way transportation.

The distance across the Isthmus of Panama is but one third as great as the distance across Tehuantepec; consequently, giving each route the same rate of tolls, the freight over the Panama, compared with that over the Tehuantepec, road, would be as 5 dollars to 15 dollars, per ton. For 15 dollars the ton, goods are taken from New York around Cape Horn and landed in the ports of Chili and Peru, 13,000 miles off; and yet Tehuantepec, it is alleged, offers the more eligible route than Darien, because it cuts off 2,000 miles of the sea voyage to California. As far as California is concerned, this would be a great advantage, if there were no offsets to it. But, while it lessens the distance 2,000 miles more than the route via Panama does, it increases the expense nearly at the rate of 10 dollars more the ton on merchandize. Will our shipping merchants say it is worth 10 dollars a ton on freight to lessen a sea voyage 2,000 miles?

The mere statement of the distance to be saved does not enable one to judge correctly as to the relative merits of the two routes. Time and expense are the true arguments to consider. Time to California, and only time to California, alone is in favor of Tehuantepec; but expense in every direction, and time to all places, except California and the North, are in favor of Panama; and the gain in time to California is not sufficient to compensate shippers for the increase of expense which the Tehuantepec road would require.

The time may come when a communication across Tehuantepec would be used for transporting certain articles of commerce; but before we can form any idea as to when that time will be, we require to have of the route an examination that is worthy of confidence. We are of opinion that the want of a harbour on the Pacific—

even if there were a rail-road already across—would render the communication unavailable for commerce. The "harbour" to which the proposed route is to run, is no harbour at all. It is blocked up by a bar of not more than 6 or 8 feet water—that bar and coast are Carolina like, and therefore it will be a difficult matter to deepen the bar and to keep it open. Our people, states and government have never been able to do as much with one of our own Southern bars.

When the rail-road that is to run from the Mississippi valley to California is built, and built it certainly will be, the most direct route, the shortest, in time and money, for travellers from Peru and other South American States to California, China, &c., will be via Panama, New Orleans, and the California rail-road. A rail-road across the Isthmus of Panama would be but a continuance of the Mississippi and California line to South America. At present the stream of travel sets from the United States across Panama; but, when the road to California is completed, the stream will be turned the other way, and the tide of travel from South America to the above named places will probably flow through the United States.*

Therefore we say the Panama rail-road must be built. The present generation wants it, and posterity will have it. We propose to view this measure in some of those manifold lights in which the wants of commerce and the great interest of the county hold it up before the world.

Rightly to consider it and the effects which are to arise from uniting the two oceans, it is necessary to take in review the position in respect both to the Old World and the New, of our Mediterranean, which consists of the Gulf of Mexico, with its Archipelago, the Carribean sea.

The geographical position of this sea and its shores, the size of the rivers which flow into it, the climates and the soils of their valleys, and the hand with which nature has strewed the elements of commerce among them, all conspire to make it the most useful to the greatest numbers of men and therefore the most interesting sea in the world. It is situated midway between the two Americas. Rivers whose head waters reach back north and south into the very heart of the country, run into it.

A line from the Delta of the Orinoco to the east end of Cuba, is but a thousand miles long; and yet to the west of it, lies this magnificent basin of water locked in by a continent that has on its shores the most fertile valleys of the earth; in the midst of these valleys ships may sail thousands of miles on the largest rivers that bring tribute to the Ocean. They contain the elements of dormant wealth, of national power and greatness, which it requires facility of communication with the Pacific to begin to develope, and which, when fully developed, will astonish the world. An era and an epoch in the affairs of nations will date from the opening of this communication. All and more too, that the Mediterranean is to Europe, Africa and Asia, this sea is to America and the world.

A sea is important for commerce in proportion to the length of the rivers that empty into it, and to the extent and fertility of the river-basins that are drained by it. The quantity and value of the staples that are brought down to market depend upon these. The Red Sea is in a riverless district; few are the people and small the towns along its coast. Its shores are without valleys; not a river empties into it; for there is no basin for it to drain. Commercially speaking, what are its staples in comparison with those of the Mediterranean which gives outlet to rivers that drain and fertilize basins containing not less than one million and a quarter of square sea miles of fruitful lands?

Commercial cities have never existed on the shores of the Red Sea. Commerce loves the sea, but it depends for life and health on the land. It derives its sustenance from the rivers and the basins which they drain—and increases the opulence of nations in proportion to the facilities of intercourse which these nations have with the outlets of such basins.

The river basins drained into the Gulf and Carribean Sea, greatly exceed in extent of area and capacity of production the river basins of the Mediterranean. The countries in Africa, Asia and Europe which comprise the river basins of the Mediterranean are in superficial extent but little more than one fourth the size of those which are drained by this sea in our midst. It is the Mediterranean of the New World, and nature has laid it out on a scale for commerce far more grand than its type in the Old: that is about 45° of longitude in length, by an average of 7° of latitude in breadth. Ours is broader but not so long; it is therefore more compact; ships can sail to and fro across it in much less time, and gather its articles of commerce at much less cost.

The two seas cover each about the same su-

* For a full discussion as to a rail-road from the Valley of the Mississippi to California, see a letter addressed by Lt. M. F. Maury, U. S. N. to Hon. T. Butler King of Georgia. Ho. Doc. No. 596, 30th Congress, 1st Session. Also a letter from the same to Hon. Solon Borland, published in the Southern Literary Messenger for May, 1849. These two papers show in detail the difficulties in the way of Tehuantepec, and the importance of a rail-road to California. They are recommended to the attention of all our readers who take an interest,—and which of them do not take a lively interest—in the subject?

perficial extent, but from one extreme to the other of that of the Old World, the route is tortuous and the voyage long; it cannot be accomplished without sailing a distance quite equal to that between Europe and America. Whereas, from the most remote point in the Carribean Sea to the farthest port in the Gulf, a straight line may be drawn on the water, and the distance from one extremity to the other of it will be but little more than 2000 miles..

From the ports of the Levant and Black Sea to the ocean, a vessel under canvass requires a month or more, but from any point on the coast of this central sea of America, a vessel may be out upon the broad ocean in a few days. Winds and currents, with all the adjuvants of navigation, are here much more propitious to the mariner than they are in any other part of the world.

There is a system of perpetual currents running from the ocean into this sea, and from this sea back into the ocean. They are literally rivers in the sea, for they are as constant, and almost as well marked, as rivers on the land.

Had it been left to man to plan the form of a basin for commerce on a large scale,—a basin for the waters of our rivers and the products of our lands, he could not have drawn the figure of one better adapted for it than that of the Gulf, nor placed it in a position half so admirable.

The shores of the Mediterranean are indented by deep bays and projecting points of land which greatly lengthen the sailing distance from port to port. The sinuosities of shore lines add to the expenses of commercial intercourse. By land the distance from Genoa to Venice is that only of a few hours travel, but by water they are more than a thousand miles apart. There are no such interruptions to navigation in the Gulf of Mexico. The shortest distance from port to port there, as from New Orleans to the ports of Texas and Mexico, to Pensacola, Havana and the like, is by water.

The windings of the Mediterranean shore line, exclusive of its islands, measure 12,000 miles in length; whereas those of the Gulf and Carribean Sea do not mete out half that distance.

Ships therefore which go into the Mediterranean, have, to gather the produce which is brought down from its river basins containing less than two millions of square miles, to wind along a coast line 12,000 miles in length; whereas those which go into the Gulf of Mexico may by sailing 5000 miles reach the mouths of rivers that drain of water and surplus produce, more than four millions of square miles of fruitful plains and fertile valleys.

Easy access by sea to the mouths of rivers which drain extensive basins of rich land has always been regarded as the best basis upon which the foundations of commerce can be laid. The character and extent of the back country which supplies such outlets, are the true exponents of the commercial prosperity of the cities, and of the condition of the people who dwell there. The closer these outlets are together, and the greater the diversity of the climates drained by them, the more numerous are their products, and the more active is their commerce. Hence the commercial importance of every bay, gulf and sea of the ocean may be considered as in direct relation to the extent, variety and fertility of their river basins.

Because the Red Sea is in a riverless region it has no markets. Consequently it has, in the eye of commerce, ever been regarded as valueless in comparison to the Bay of Bengal, and the Mediterranean Sea, with their broad basins and beautiful tributaries.

Every one who takes the trouble to examine, is struck with the fact that the greatest commercial cities of the world, are and ever have been those whose merchants have been most advantageously situated with regard to the outlets, natural or artificial of great river basins and producing regions.

Rightly to perceive how admirably located and arranged for the purposes of commerce, are the Gulf and Carribean Sea, and duly to appreciate the advantages arising therefrom, let us, before comparing the river basins of America with those of Europe and Asia, or before tracing further the effects which the course of the rivers of a country, has upon its commerce, take a glance at the geographical position of this our central sea.

Curtained on the east by a chain of fruitful islands stretching from Trinidad to Cuba, it is on the north and the south and the west, landlocked by the continent which has bent and twisted around this sea, so as to fold it within its bosom and hold it midway between the two semi-continents of the New World.

In this favored position it receives on one side the mountain streamlets of a sea of islands; on another, all the great rivers of North America; and on the others the inter-tropical drainage of the entire continent.

The Atlantic Ocean circulates through this our Mediterranean. Its office in the economy of the world, is most important. It not only affords an outlet for the great American rivers, but it makes their basins habitable by giving them drainage and sending off far away into the ocean the drift and the over-heated waters which the rivers bring down. It also, through its system of cold and warm currents, makes its own shores habitable to man, tempers the climate of

Europe, and by its genial warmth makes productive the soil there.

The Amazon rising in the Andes and emptying into the ocean under the line, also finds its way through the magnificent llanos and pampas of the tropics down to the margin of this sea.

In consequence of the Gulf Stream the mouth of the Mississippi is really in the Florida pass. The waters of the Amazon flow through the same channel. The great Equatorial current of the Atlantic sweeps across the mouth of this river and carries its waters into the Carribean Sea; from the Carribean Sea they flow into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence by the Gulf Stream back into the Atlantic. Such is the channel through which the waters of the Atlantic complete their circuit and are borne back into the ocean again. The distance in a straight line from the mouth of the Amazon to the Florida pass is only twenty-four hundred miles. Therefore the Amazon may very properly be regarded as one of the tributaries, and its basin as a part of the back country, to this our noble sea.

The connexion is even more close; for one mouth of the Amazon is that of the Orinoco, which empties directly into the Carribean Sea. These two streams present the anomaly of two great rivers having sources that are common. A person sailing up the Amazon, may cross over into the Orinoco, and re-enter the sea through that river without having set his foot on shore or disembarked once. The Rio Negro takes its rise from the eastern slope of the Andes, and after having run several hundred miles, it divides itself into two streams, one of which flows into the Amazon, the other into the Orinoco. This is nature's canal between them.

The Mississippi and the Amazon are the two great commercial arteries of the continent. They are fed by tributaries with navigable length of channel more than enough to encircle the globe.

This sea therefore is like a heart to the ocean. Its two divisions of Sea and Gulf perform the office of ventricles in the system of ocean circulation. Floating bodies from the region of Cape Horn, from the coast of Africa and the shores of Europe are conveyed into the Carribean Sea and thence into the Gulf of Mexico, whence its waters supplied anew with heat and motion, are again sent forth through their channels of circulation over the broad bosom of the Atlantic. To Western Europe the heated currents of this sea distribute their warmth, and then return back to their sources through the invisible channels of the deep.

We have seen that the river basins of the Mediterranean cover but little more than one-fourth the area which is drained by the streams which empty in the Central Sea of America.

That we may realize the extent of these river basins of America, let us add to those of the Mediterranean the chief river basins of Western Europe and Southern Asia, and see then if they can out-measure the valleys drained by our Mediterranean alone.

Before doing this, however, we will take a glance at the geographical features and physical condition, which regulate the size of the river basins to be considered.

It is a remarkable feature in the formation of this continent that there are no great basins in the interior without sea-drainage, and no rainless districts of any considerable extent. With one or two exceptions as the inland basin of the City of Mexico, and the Salt Lake, which comprise but small districts of country, all the water courses of America empty into the sea. The extent of country for sea drainage here is far greater than in any other part of the world. Hence we have larger valleys, valleys that are longer and broader than any in the Old World. Consequently, they collect more water, call for more drainage, and hence give rise to more and larger rivers. In the Old World there is a region of country 80° of longitude by 17° of latitude in extent, in which it never rains. Here, between the Andes and the Atlantic there is no such rainless region. The annual fall of rain between the tropics in the Old World is 6 feet; in the New World it is 11; and it is greater here than there in the temperate zones also. More than one half of all the fresh water in the world is on the continent of North America. In facts like these is found the explanation as to the cause of the surprising length and volume of many of the American rivers. Big rivers are required to drain broad valleys.

In Europe and Asia the great continental declivities are such as to leave no room for any remarkable length of river and breadth of valley.

In North America there is an immense valley between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains. The great Lakes form the northern edge of this valley, the entire drainage of which is therefore carried off towards the south into the Gulf of Mexico.

This is the basin of the Mississippi.

In South America the Andes skirt the western coast very closely and send off to the East a chain of mountains from Bolivia to the Atlantic coast of Brazil. These mountains divide South America into two great systems of river basins; the drainage of one is to the north and east, of the other to the south.

In the broadest part of the continent therefore, which is its northern portion, the continental slope gives rise to the first mentioned system. The district of country included in it is an im-

mense one, the rains are heavy, and the drainage great. Hence the direction and volume of the Para, the Amazon and Orinoco. The basin which slopes to the south, is much less in extent; it is drained by the La Plata. In one part of Europe the drainage is in all directions towards the Black sea, which is sunk down in a sort of basin of its own, and receives the drainage from several quarters. But the longest slope on the sides of this basin runs up west towards the centre of the continent. Here the Danube and other draining streams which empty into the Black sea and thence into the Mediterranean, take their rise.

On the shores of this last, we have the drainage to the south which gives rise to the Rhone, &c. Europe has its Atlantic slope also, and there the rivers, as the Tagus, the Rhine and the Elbe, run west. Thus we see that the Geographical features of Europe leave no room for a Hydrological expression like that of the Amazon and the Mississippi, with their valleys.

In the interior of Asia there is a grand continental basin 85 degrees of longitude in length. It is spread out over the middle of the continent and extends from the borders of Europe to the eastern districts of China. It embraces a region of country more than four millions of square geographical miles in extent, which has no ocean drainage. In the midst of the old world, it is surrounded by steppes and mountain ranges which shut it out from the world of waters beyond. It gives rise to many large rivers as the Volga and the Oural; but they empty into the Caspian and other continental seas, which have no visible outlet or communication with the ocean. For all the great purposes of commerce, this immense and fertile basin is as blank as the desert of Zahara. Of course, then, the rivers above this basin must run north into the frozen ocean, which also is a blank as white as snow, in the book where commerce records her statistics. They embrace nearly four millions of geographical square miles.

On the south side of this inland basin, the inclination of the continental level, is towards the China seas and Indian ocean. Here then we must look for those river basins and the origin of those streams which give rise to the commerce of the east, and here accordingly we find the teeming valleys drained by the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Yangtse Kiang—all of which descend from fruitful plains, and all except the last, are open to trade and traffic with "Outside Barbarians."

The distance from the Bay of Bengal and Arabian sea, to the southern edge of this great inland basin, varies from 3 to 10 degrees of latitude, consequently the climates, through which the rivers of India flow, are limited to 10 degrees of latitude; the produce that comes down these streams for market, has no greater range of climate than that which is due a north and south line of five or six hundred miles in length. Neither can the rivers themselves be very long, nor their basins very broad, nor their volume of waters very great. Their valleys may vie in fertility with those of the Mississippi and the Amazon, but as for diversity of climate, variety of productions and navigable capacity of water courses, there is no comparison.

Let us now return to the comparison as to extent of the river basins of the old world with those under consideration in the new.

According to one of the most remarkable works of the age—Professor Johnson's Physical Atlas—the river basins in the old world, contain in geographical square miles, stated in round numbers as follows, viz.

Of Mediterranean Europe,	1.160.000	sq. m.
Nile, - - -	520.000	" "
Euphrates, - -	196.000	" "
Indus, - - -	312.000	" "
Ganges, - -	432.000	" "
Irawady, - - -	331.000	" "
Others of India, -	173.000	" "
Those of Western Europe, as Rhine, &c. - -	730.000	" "
Total Med. India and Western Europe,	3.854.000	" "

Area in geographical square miles of river basins drained into the Gulf of Mexico and Carribean sea.

Basin of Mississippi River,	982.000	sq. m.
Basins in Florida and Texas (estimated) - -	520.000	" "
Do. Mexico and Central America, do. - -	300.000	" "
Do. Amazon, - -	1.796.000	" "*
Do. Orinoco and all others of Carrib. sea, - -	700.000	" "
Total Gulf and Carrib. sea,	4.298.000	" "
* Including the basin of Para.		
do. Medit., India and West. Europe, - -	3.854.000	" "

Difference—call it nothing, though it measures an area containing nearly half a million of square miles.

From this statement we are led to the very remarkable conclusion—and it is an important physico-commercial fact—that the area of all the valleys which are drained by the rivers of Europe which empty into the Atlantic, of all the valleys that are drained by the rivers of Asia, which empty into the Indian ocean, and of all the valleys

that are drained by the rivers of Africa and Europe which empty into the Mediterranean, does not cover an extent of territory as great as that included in the valleys drained by the American rivers alone, which discharge themselves into our central sea. Never was there such a concentration upon any sea, of commercial resources. Never was there a sea known with such a back country tributary to it.

The produce which comes down the rivers of Europe, has, when, it arrives on the shores of the Atlantic, to be transported 15 or 20,000 miles to be exchanged for that which comes from the river basins of India. From the mouth of the European rivers discharging into the Atlantic ocean, the voyage to the mouth of the Asiatic rivers which run into the Indian ocean, often occupies 200 days; consequently it requires a ship more than a year to take on board a cargo from the river basins of Europe, go with it to India, exchange it, and return with the proceeds thereof to the place whence she started; so great the distance and so long the period of time which separate these two fountains of commerce.

One ship, therefore, trading between the American system of river basins, may fetch and carry, exchange and bring back in the course of one year, as many cargoes as ten ships can in the same time, convey between the remote basins of the system in the old world.

The products of the basin of the Mississippi, when they arrive at the Balize may, in 20 or 30 days, be landed on the banks of the Orinoco and Amazon. Thus in our favored position here in the new world, we have, at the distance of only a few days sail an extent of fruitful basins for commercial intercourse which they of the old world have to compass sea and land and to sail the world around to reach.

On this continent nature has been prodigal of her bounties. Here, upon this central sea, she has with a lavish hand grouped and arranged in juxtaposition, all those physical circumstances which make nations truly great. Here she has laid the foundations for a commerce, the most magnificent the world ever saw. Here she has brought within the distance of a few days, the mouths of her two greatest rivers. Here she has placed in close proximity the natural outlets of her grandest river basins. With unheard of powers of production, these valleys range through all the producing latitudes of the earth. They embrace every agricultural climate under the sun, they are capable of all variety of productions, which the whole world besides can afford. On their green bosom, rests the throne of the vegetable kingdom. Here commerce too in times to come, will hold its court.

The Mississippi comes down from the grain producing regions of the north, bearing vessels deeply laden with produce; freighted with all varieties of the fruits of the temperate zones, they convey to the sea large cargoes of merchandize, gathered from the products of the field, the forest and the mine. Hills of iron, mountains and valleys filled with coal are found on its banks. Its waters are mingled in the Gulf with those of the Amazon and Orinoco, which run between the tropics. From their basins they are ready at the bidding of civilized man to place on this sea in all variety and abundance the products of the Torrid Zone. Arrived in the Gulf with these goods, the mariner then finds a river in the sea to speed him on with its favoring currents to prosperous voyages. Through the Gulf stream the productions of this grand system of river basins will be distributed over the world, passing by and enriching as they go, Norfolk, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, all the Atlantic slope and all the Pacific slope too of the United States.

From 50° north to 20° south, the Mississippi and the Amazon take their rise. A straight line from the head waters of one to those of the other, measures a quadrant of the Globe. They afford outlets to all the producing climates of the earth. Upon this Gulf and sea, perpetual summer reigns; and upon their shores, climate is piled upon climate, production upon production, in such luxuriance and profusion that man, without changing his latitude, may, in one day, ascend from summer's heat to winter's cold, gathering as he goes the fruits of every clime, the staples of every country.

To gather such things in the old world, commerce must first plume her wings and sail in search of them through all latitudes and climates, from the extreme north to the farthest south.

In the small compass of the West India sea, are crowded together the natural outlets of the ocean, from mountains, plains and valleys, that embrace every variety of production, every degree of latitude and climate, from perpetual winter to eternal spring. The largest water courses of Europe and India, do not run through more than 10° or 15° of latitude. The greatest variety of climate possessed by the river basins of India, the Mediterranean and Atlantic Europe, is included between 10° and 55° of north latitude. Only forty-five degrees of latitude there against 70° here. There they are all in the same hemisphere, and when it is seed time in one basin, it is seed time in all; and short harvests there produce famine. Here, in the American system, we include both hemispheres—and therefore when it is seed time in one basin, it is harvest in the other.

With this blessed alternation of seasons, so near at hand and so convenient to our great seaport towns, and avenues of trade, famine on these

shores is impossible. With this American sea between the two hemispheres and in the lap of both, nature has endowed it with commercial resources, and privileges of infinite variety. Here come together and unite in one, the natural highways to the ocean, from mountains, plains and valleys teeming with treasures from the mineral, the vegetable and the animal kingdoms—nature's most princely gifts to man.

Were it given to us of this day to look down through future generations, and to see the time when the valleys of the Mississippi, the Orinoco and the Amazon shall be reclaimed, peopled and cultivated up to their capacities of production, we should behold in this system of river basins and upon this central sea of ours, a picture such as no limner can draw, no fancy can sketch. All the elements of human greatness which river, land and sea can afford, are here crowded together. For their full development, easy access to the Pacific is necessary.

The course of a river exercises important bearings upon commerce. A river that runs east or west, has no diversity of climate, its basin is between two parallels of latitude, and there is no variety of production from source to mouth, except such as is due to elevation. The husbandman who inhabits the banks of such a stream, when he descends it with his surplus produce for exchange and barter, finds on his arrival at its mouth, that he has but come to New Castle with coals only. He is there offered duplicates in exchange for what he has brought to sell; all sellers and no buyers never can make commerce brisk. Such a river may have a staple, it may be corn, it may be oil, but whatever it be, it is all they who dwell in its valley have to sell, and whatever they buy they buy with that staple. The commerce of such a basin therefore must be with other latitudes, with other climates and with regions which afford *variety*.

On the contrary, one who descends a river that runs north and south finds his climate changing day by day; at every turn new plants and strange animals meet his eye. He brings with him from its head-waters the furs, the cereal grains, and a variety of articles—productions of the north, to exchange for the coffee and sugar and the sweets of the south, which are gathered on its banks below.

It is the business of commerce to minister to the fancies as well as the necessities of man; she therefore delights in variety of climate and assortments of merchandize. It is owing to the diversity of climate and production afforded by the States of this Union and to the facilities of intercourse with them, that the trade of a single State, as Massachusetts, with the rest exceeds in value the entire foreign commerce of the whole country with all the world besides. The pursuits of commerce abound in secrets of high import to the happiness of man; an easy communication from the Gulf to the Pacific is the key to some of them.

The products of seventy degrees of latitude are to be found in the river basins drained by this central sea. All nations want of them; but the 600 millions of people who live on the shores that are washed by the Pacific Ocean, are excluded from them. They are barred out from this great *Cornu Copia* of the World, by a strip of land but a span in breadth. From the mouth of the Amazon and the delta of the Mississippi to the Isthmus of Panama, the distance in each case is less than two thousand miles. Shall this barrier forever remain in our way to the markets and the wants of six hundred millions of people? Let those who study the sources and understand the elements of true national greatness ponder this question, while we consider the effects which the course of a river has upon the character of the people who inhabit its basin.

The most superficial observer remarks the effect which the course of a river has upon the flora and fauna that inhabit its banks; as the traveller ascends an east or west stream, he finds all the way up the same fish, the same beasts, birds and reptiles. There is as little variety among those as there is among the plants and herbage upon which they feed. But along rivers whose beds lie north and south, he sees as he descends from source to mouth, entire changes in the families, species and genera both of plants and of animals.

Can it be so, that climate which with its multitudinous influences so strongly impresses itself upon the vegetation of a country, upon its beasts, birds and fishes—upon the whole face of organic nature, should produce no effect either upon the outer or the inner man! His habits depend in an eminent degree upon climate and soil, and these upon latitude; they operate upon his organization and affect his appearance; else whence the difference between the Caucassian and the Ethiopian; the Esquimaux of the north and the Aztec of the south?

The frigid zone is a niggard, yielding scanty returns to labor; there man is a beggar, and from the cradle to the grave, he has a hard struggle to snatch from the land and water the bare means of animal subsistence. He has no time for moral developments; his severe climate, with its consequently barren soil and stunted vegetation, taxes all his energies to make provision for the night of his long and dreary winter. It should not be forgotten that man in the climates of severe cold requires more food for sustenance than he does in the temperate regions; while on the other

hand nature is much less generous in her sources of supply. These are based on the vegetation, which goes on decreasing in perfection and development from the Equator—where its energies are most active—to the poles, where they are most torpid. The torrid zone is most favorable for the development of vegetable as well as for purely animal life. But for man in the true nobleness of his being, the temperate zone is the place. Here he is neither pinched with hunger nor starved with cold as in the frigid, nor surfeited to plethora as in the torrid zone. Extremes are closely allied, the abundance of one and the scarcity of the other of the zones each tends rather to the development of the animal passions than of the moral attributes. The temperate zone is the happy middle for these. Here nature is not the severe taskmaster of the polar regions, nor the prodigal host of the tropics. She lures man to labor, and in the wholesome necessities of labor, he finds exercise and incentive to the intellectual being. Here he is surrounded with all the physical conditions most favorable to progress and improvement. Within the tropics he is enervated by the climate. Nature does not impose the necessity of severe toil there, but invites to luxury and repose; and in so doing stimulates and excites the animal propensities at the expense of moral advancement.

The facts are curious and ought to be mentioned: Not only the temperate zones, but certain places in them seem to be best adapted as the nurseries of civilization and Christianity, and therefore for the development of those faculties, attributes and qualities which distinguish and ennoble the human race most of all.

These favored spots are secluded places; they have been for the most part surrounded by mountains, and separated from the world beyond by barriers difficult to pass. They are inland basins, the most striking peculiarities of which are that they have no ocean drainage; their streams all empty into closed seas or lakes which have no visible connexion with the great salt seas that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface.

When man was created in God's own image, he was placed in the garden spot of the earth, near one of these basins, and on the banks of a river that crosses parallels of latitude and runs through varieties of climate. Here he waxed strong and became wicked, and caused God to repent of the work of creation. Then the condition of things was changed: the earth was cursed for man's sake; and after the flood, the ark was landed within an inland basin which has since had no connection by water with the ocean.

The promised land of the Israelites is another inland basin. It is so good, that as a special mark of Divine favor, Moses was permitted to look down upon it and die. It is drained by the Jordan and other streams which are shut out from the ocean. Here Christianity had its birth.

For the want of natural barriers to make their country an inland basin and to exclude them from liability to incursions from the savage hordes without, the Chinese built a wall, and under the shelter of that they attained the highest degree of civilization known among the ancients. Intercourse with the world during the primitive ages seems to have been unfavorable to the well-being and advancement of civilization.

It is remarkable that in the New World, there should be but two inland basins, and they the spots where the Aborigines had attained their highest degree of civilization. When compared with the whole continent, the area which these basins occupy is found to be quite inconsiderable as to size. Grants of land of larger extent on the continent have been made to single individuals. The Incas of Peru and the Aztecs of Mexico each dwelt in inland basins. The basin of the sealed lake Titicaca is the only inland basin of South America; and with the exception of the great salt basin, the basin of Mexico is the only one in North America from which there is no outlet to the ocean. Each of those basins is partly within the tropics, but their elevation above the level of the sea is such as to give them the climate, the flora, and the fauna with all the advantages and conditions of the temperate zones. More striking examples as to the effect of geographical conditions upon the character of man could scarcely be mentioned.

But civilization has now attained a growth which no longer requires the shelter of the mountains and their fastnesses to protect it from the rude shocks of savage man and his blighting passions. It now delights in free intercourse among nations, and flourishes best where commerce is most active and institutions are most liberal. The history of civilization in its early stages is that of a tender plant, which, while young, requires the protection and shelter of the hot-bed; but which, after it has attained a certain degree of vigor, thrives best in the open air. Since the transplanting of civilization from its secluded valleys it has attained a vigorous growth; under its shadow liberty finds shelter, man safety, and nations freedom of intercourse. Its seeds and its fruits have been borne to distant lands on the wings of commerce. Its branches reach all parts of the habitable globe.

There is this further analogy; as the plant which has been nurtured in the green-house acquires the power to withstand the vicissitudes of the open field, the conditions of the nursery become less and less adapted to its habits and the promotion of its vegetable health. It cannot,

therefore, after having acquired in the grove the magnitude and habits of the forest tree, flourish in the green-house again. It will pine away there and die, or at least it will cease to thrive. So with the moral and the intellectual culture of man. These inland basins seem to have been not only most favorable to its early development, but after civilization acquired the strength to advance beyond its green-house in the mountains, it seems to have acquired organs and powers, for the unfolding and growth of which the conditions of secluded valleys were altogether unfavorable.

The people who now inhabit the river basin of the Jordan have fallen back into a semi-barbarous state. Neither can the basin of Mexico nor the shores of the Peruvian lake any longer be considered as the seat of the highest degree of civilization in the New World.

Considering the small area of these inland basins in comparison with the extent of the whole earth, it cannot be that chance should have made them the nurseries of civilization. Effects here as elsewhere must have their causes; mere coincidences would be miraculous. It would be interesting and profitable too to trace out those physical conditions, cosmical arrangements and terrestrial adaptations peculiar to those places and which must have been especially favorable for the development of those traits and attributes of man, which, when fully matured, are destined perhaps to make him only a little lower than the angels of heaven.

"As the external face of continents," says Humboldt, "in the varied and deeply indented outline of their coasts, exercises a beneficial influence on climate, trade and the progress of civilization, so also in the interior, its variations of form in the vertical direction, by mountains, hills and valleys, and elevated plains have consequences no less important. Whatever causes diversity of form or feature on the surface of our planet—mountains, great lakes, grassy steppes and even deserts surrounded by a coast line margin of forest—impresses some peculiar mark or character on the social state of its inhabitants."

Our lofty mountain chains and majestic water courses, have served, according to the same great philosopher, to furnish a more beautiful and rich variety of individual forms and to rescue the face of the continent from that dreary uniformity which tends so much to impoverish both the physical and intellectual powers of man.

Had the Missouri river, after taking its rise under the Rocky Mountains, and uniting with the Mississippi, held its course eastward until their waters were emptied in Long Island Sound, how different would have been the present condition of these United States; had the drainage of the country been in this direction, the Gulf of Mexico would have been as a stagnant pool, and we should have been as indifferent to New Orleans and the purchase of Louisiana, as we now are to Merida and Yucatan. Because the Mississippi river runs from the north to the south, it is one among the strongest of the bonds which hold this Union of States together.

All the great rivers of the United States, lie wholly within the temperate zone. Their basins are spread out under climates which call for the highest energies of man. Dwelling in such regions, he is constrained to be diligent; to labor; to be prudent; to gather into barns; to study the great book of nature; to observe her laws; and whilst it is summer to take thought for winter.

The perpetual summer of the tropics presents no such alternatives. On the same tree may be seen the bud, the flower, and the ripe fruit. Here, therefore, nature urges no such necessities, imposes no such tasks, and savage man is as careless of the morrow as are the lilies of the field. The people of the two climates are therefore different. Frequent intercourse between them will improve the character of each, and the most ready channels for such communication are afforded by the rivers that run north or south. With the exception of the Nile, the general direction of all the rivers of Africa, is east or west, and not one of their valleys, except the valley of the Nile, has ever been the abode of civilized man.

Civilized society can not be stationary. Vacuity is not more abhorrent to nature, than is a state of rest, either in the moral or the physical world. The materials of the latter she has divided into ponderables and imponderables, and invested them with antagonistic principles. By the action of light, heat and electricity upon ponderable matter; "the morning stars were first made to sing together;" the earth is clothed with verdure; the waves lift up their voices, and the round world is made to rejoice.

She has divided the former into animal and spiritual; and they are antagonistics,—the one elevating, the other depressing man in the scale of being. When his course ceases to be upward and onward, the spirit yields to the animal, virtue gives way to vice, the force of evil prevails, and the course of men in their social state is no longer onward and upward, but backward and downward. The sphere that lags behind in its course, is hurled from its orbit. History bears witness to the fact, that when nations cease to rise, they begin to fall. The laws of nature are her agents; they cannot act and be still; action implies motion; nature herself is all life and motion; she knows no rest, brooks no pause either for her moral or her physical agents.

Wise men say that she has attached a curse to standing still. This is German philosophy; but the idea is beautiful because it is true. We want the stimulants to energy, the incentives to enterprise, which a highway across the Isthmus is to give, to urge us on to the high destinies that await us. The energies of the country are great; they require some such highway to the Pacific to give them scope and play.

It is for time, and time alone, to decide the question as to whether the highest degree attainable by man in the social scale, will not first be reached by those people who, with the blessings of free institutions, live on rivers that run north or south through the Temperate Zone.

On account of this central sea, and its system of winds and currents; on account of the course of the rivers which run into it and of the direction of mountain ranges that traverse the continent and on account of the character and extent of the river basins and other geographical features with us, the Old World affords no parallel either in history or example by which to judge of the destinies of this country. Our mountain ranges are longer, our rivers are more majestic, our valleys are broader, our climates are more varied, our productions are more diversified here, than they are there.

The wheat harvest on the Lower Mississippi commences in June; and in the Upper Country, Christmas is at hand before the corn crop is all gathered in. Thus we have in the Valley of this majestic water-course a continued succession of harvests during more than half the year. In the other hemisphere, the seasons are reversed; and on the banks of the Southern tributaries to our central sea, reapers are in the field during the remainder of the year. A sea, which is the natural outlet to market of the fruits of regions where seasons are reversed, and the harvest is perennial, is no where else to be found.

Such advantages, both moral and physical, such means of power, wealth and greatness as have been vouchsafed to us, no nation has ever been permitted to enjoy. We have already more works of internal improvement, a greater length of rail-road and canal, built and building, and of river courses open to navigation,—more of the buds and blossoms of true greatness,—than all the world besides.

In these facts we see the effect of geographical features, as well as of free institutions.

As a general rule our rail roads and rivers are at right angles in their courses. In the New England States, where the rivers run South, the rail roads run East and West; in the Middle and Southern States, where the water courses run eastwardly, the rail-roads take a more northwardly direction. Rivers run from the mountains to the sea. Rail-roads run across the mountains. They go from valley to valley.

In calculating the sources of national wealth, prosperity and greatness which are contained, for this country, in river basins, central sea, mountain ranges, water courses and geographical features, the lights of history are of no avail. The canvass is prepared and the easel ready, but colors that are bright enough for the picture cannot be found. The exceeding great resources of our Mediterranean beggar description.

We know that other places, with the elements of commerce in far more scanty proportions, with facilities less abundant and obstacles far greater, have grown opulent and obtained renown in the world: while one calls to mind the history of such places, he feels that here is room and scope enough for individual wealth, far more dazzling, for national greatness far more imposing, and a renown far more glorious.

From all this we are led to the conclusion that the time is rapidly approaching, if it has not already arrived, when the Atlantic and Pacific *must* join hands across the Isthmus. We have shown that there is no sea in the world which is possessed of such importance as this southern sea of ours; that with its succession of harvests there is, from some one or other of its river-basins, a crop always on the way to market;—that it has for back country a continent at the north and another at the south, and a world both to the east and the west; we have shown how it is contiguous to the two first, and convenient to them all. The three great outlets of commerce, the Delta of the Mississippi, the mouths of the Hudson and the Amazon, are all within 2,000 miles, 10 days sail of Darien. It is a barrier that separates us from the markets of 600 millions of people—three fourths of the population of the earth. Break it down, therefore, and this country is placed mid-way between Europe and Asia; this sea becomes the centre of the world, and the focus of the world's commerce. This is a highway that will give vent to commerce, scope to energy and range to enterprise, which in a few years hence will make gay with steam and canvass parts of the ocean that are now unfrequented and almost unknown. Old channels of trade will be broken up and new ones opened. We desire to see our own country the standard bearer in this great work.

The rail-road across the Isthmus of Panama, will speedily lead to the construction of a ship canal between the two oceans, for a rail-road can not do the business which commerce will require of it, and by showing to the world how immense this business is, men will come from the four quarters to urge with purse and tongue the construction of a ship canal.

The two shores of the Atlantic have been brought nearer together, but by means quite different from those proposed for uniting those of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In both cases there is a saving of time with increased facilities of commerce. The Atlantic has been narrowed so as practically to bring America within two weeks of Europe, instead of leaving them as many months apart, as they formerly were. Whether this has been done by rail-road or canal, or by the improvements of the age and the enterprise of man, the effect so far as the saving of time and the advantages to intercourse resulting therefrom, is the same.

We therefore propose to call to mind the benefits that our people and the world have derived in consequence of bringing the two shores of the Atlantic closer together, that we may the better judge as to the effects of the proposed connexion with the Pacific.

Rightly to appreciate these benefits which it required ages to bestow, it is necessary to contrast our present condition with what it would have been under the old state of things, when "coward commerce" crept along the frightful shores and scarce had nerve or strength of wing to venture out upon the blue water—when ships were tubs at sea, that found it as much as they could do to average fifty miles a day, even under a press of canvass—and when, for the want of roads and canals, the fruits of the earth could only with great difficulty and expense be conveyed to market. Less than 200 years ago, the roads in England were so bad, the difficulties of communication so great, that entire crops were sometimes suffered to rot in one place, while in another place, distant only a few miles, the supply fell far short of the demand.* No marvel then that plagues, pestilence and famine were common in those days; and that great nations were eager to have access by sea to the mouths of large rivers;—for navigable rivers were, and still are, the most ready channels for conveying the surplus produce of their basins to market.

What would the commerce of the country now be worth? what would its maritime consequence, its wealth, its power, its greatness now be, in comparison to what they are, had the passage of the Atlantic been as tedious, the difficulties in navigating it as great, and the obstacles in the way of trade and commerce as formidable now, both by land and water, as they were a century back? The very causes which have contributed to remove them and to shorten the passage across the Atlantic, are so important, by reason of their effects, upon the condition of men and nations, that the great Humboldt, in his admirable Cosmos, considers them as constituting an epoch in the history of the *universe*.

According to him, the discoveries and improvements of navigation—the use of the compass, the variation of the needle—the log, chronometers, the means of determining the place of a ship at sea, improvements in ship-building, the introduction of steam in ocean navigation, and the like, ought all to be regarded as exerting a favorable influence in bringing within the reach of civilization and the christian religion, all parts of the earth's surface, and in shaping the fortunes of men—the destinies of nations. These causes have been ages in producing their effects, and the epoch is spread over centuries; the obstacles which ignorance and prejudice, the trammels which unwise laws and blighting monopolies place in the way of commerce, had all to be removed, before the passage of the Atlantic could be narrowed down to its present limits. But here the means are different; a continent is to be cut in twain, and the four quarters of the globe are to be brought in closer proximity *per saltum*. The task is easier. The people are ripe for it: the husbandman who supplies commerce with her staples, is enlightened and free; mechanics are all powerful with their achievements; the principles of free trade have gained strength; the blossoms of civilization sheltered by wise laws and free institutions have unfolded themselves vigorously; every thing conspires to make the work easy.

Progression and improvement are the order of the day; instead of throwing obstacles in the way of commerce the spirit of the age demands for it every facility that is calculated to promote friendly contact and free intercourse among nations.

Great revolutions in trade are to follow the separation of the two parts of the continent whether by rail-road or ship canal. Let us consider some of the most obvious results, but by no means, therefore, the most important, that are to arise from it.

At present the whale fishery is the most important branch of business which the citizens of the United States carry on over the waters of the Pacific. The floating capital annually employed in it does not fall much short of fifteen millions of dollars.

It so happens that we have cruised over the Pacific for a number of years, that we have seen much of the whalers, and enjoyed rare opportunities of obtaining statistics and other information touching this interest.

Here is some of it:

According to the Whalemen's Shipping List of January 9th 1849, published at New Bedford, there are at this time out upon the high seas, a whaling fleet of 613 sail, carrying, in round num-

* Macaulay's History of England.

bers, 200,000 tons. We subjoin a comparative statement drawn from the same authority as to the quantity of bone and oil, (sperm and right) imported for the last nine years.

	Bbls. Spm.	*Bbls. Wh.*	*Lbs. Bone.*
Imports for 1848,	107.976	208.856	2.008.000
" 1847,	120.753	313.150	3.341.680
" 1846,	95.217	207.493	2.276.939
" 1845,	157.917	272.730	3.167.142
" 1844,	139.594	262.047	2.532.445
" 1843,	166.985	206.727	2.000.000
" 1842,	165.637	161.041	1.600.000
" 1841,	159,204	297.348	2.000.000
" 1840,	157,791	207.908	2 000.000
Total for 9 years,	1.271.174	2.047.300	20.926.206
Average for 9 years,	141.242	235.456	2.324.578

The present value of Sperm Oil is $1.40 per gallon, but usually about $1, equal to $32 per bbl. The value of Whale $10.50 per bbl., and of bone 33cts per lb., equal to $4.519.744 for the average of sperm; $2.472.288 for whale; and $367.110 for bone. Total, $7.356.142 annually fished up out of the sea. This is a sum far greater than that which is annually gathered for commerce out of all of our magnificent forests.

We are not able to state the precise number of vessels employed in the Pacific, or how much of this seven millions and a third should be credited to that ocean, though in 1846 there were 292 vessels fishing on the North West Coast alone, and they took while there 253.500 bbls. of oil. We may safely assume that two thirds of the whole number of vessels engaged are employed in the Pacific; and that three fourths of the oil taken, comes thence, for the vessels in the Pacific are larger than those in the Atlantic fishery. This would give for the Pacific, in round numbers, 400 vessels, yielding annually five millions and a half of money!

The cost of outfit and vessels for this fleet is about $28,000 per vessel; the average length of a voyage (mean of Right and Sperm Whalers) is three years; of which one third is lost in going to and returning from the whaling grounds, laying in port to recooper, refresh, &c., leaving but two years of actual fishing, or eight months in twelve.

The rate of insurance upon vessels and outfits is 3 per cent per annum; and the legal interest upon the money invested in ships and outfits, which make no return until the end of the voyage, is 6 per cent.

The loss of oil, by leakage is five per cent during the voyage.

Now Panama is on the confines of one of the most valuable whaling grounds in the Pacific. In that vicinity and near the Gallapagos islands, the sperm whale resorts in large numbers, and if a rail-road or ship canal were constructed across that Isthmus, it would vastly benefit this interest in which there is a floating capital greater than that employed in all our commerce with China and the ports and countries bordering on the Pacific and Indian Oceans put together.

If this oil, then, instead of remaining on board the vessel from one to two years (for that which is taken the first year, remains on board two years, and that which is taken the second, one year) as dead capital, could be sent home across the Isthmus at reasonable tolls, the gain would be great, for there would be a saving of both time and substance: the leakage would amount to but 1 per cent., instead of 5;—half the time at least that is now employed in consequence of having to desert the whales to cooper the oil, refit and refresh, would be saved;—the whaling year might be made to consist of 10 instead of 8 months, with of course a proportional increase of profits on the original outlay for the additional two months of fishing;—the vessels employed in the business, instead of being large ships capable of holding 2,800 bbls.—the proceeds of three years—would be small ships capable of holding only one year's gathering;—and the cost of smaller vessels, say of one third the size of those now employed, instead of running up to $28,000 each for vessel and outfit, would by a liberal estimate be brought down within half that sum.

Estimating the charge per ton for storage, freight and handling at the enormous rate of $20, or $2 per bbl. across the Isthmus (this is 20 cents per ton per mile, over rail-road) and the freight thence to the United States, to be $1 per bbl., or $10 per ton, the following comparative statement is obtained in illustration of the importance to this interest alone of such a communication.

Cost, outfits and expenses of vessels employed on a three years whaling voyage in the Pacific Ocean.

Cost of 400 vessels of 2800 bbls. at $28,000		$11.200.000
6 per cent interest on same, for one year,		672.000
3 " " insurance, " "		336.000
10 " " wear and tear on costs and outfits,		1.120.000
Two years interest on $1.833.333 being one-third of the value of the oil taken during 3 years, of which one-third is kept on board ship as dead capital for two years,		220.000
One year's interest on the oil taken 2nd year,		110.000
Leakage being 4 per cent on $5.500.000		220.000
Annual average disbursement per ship, $2.000		800,000
Original outlay and expenses for one year's whaling in the Pacific,		$14.678.000
Credits and Receipts.		
Value of vessels and outfits after one year's wear and tear,	$10.080.000	
Value of cargoes returned,	5.500.000	15.580.000
Gross profits,		$902.000

Per contra, supposing a communication across the Isthmus and the whaling business to be revolutionized, by the substitution of vessels of one-third the present size and half the cost, and by sending the oil home once a year.

Cost of 400 vessels of 933 tons at $14.000,		$5.600.000
6 per cent interest on same for one year,		336.000
3 " " insurance,		168.000
10 " " wear and tear,		560.000
Annual disbursements per ship, $1.000,		400.000
Loss by leakage, 1 per cent on $6.875.000,		68.750
Freight, &c., over rail-road of 48.540 tons, at $20 per ton,		970.800
" thence home, at $10 per ton,		485.400
Original outlay and expenses of whaling one year, and sending proceeds home by Panama rail-road,		$8.588.950
Credits and Receipts.		
Value of vessels and outfits, deducting one year's wear and tear,	$5 040.000	
Value of bone and oil collected by fishing 10, instead of 8 months,	6.875.000	$11.915.000
Gross profits via rail-road,		$3.326.050
do. do. around Cape Horn,		902.000
Margin in favor of Panama rail-road, on account of the whaling business,		$2.424.050

Two millions and a half is a large margin; but there is room here for a large margin. Whether the national wealth would be increased to the full extent of it or not, it is evident from the exhibit, that the communication in reference to this one interest alone, is of sufficient national importance and magnitude to command the most attentive consideration. The prospect of gain, is, to say the least, inviting.

It has been the policy and practice of the United States, acknowledged at an early day and carried out for many years to encourage nurseries for seamen; with this view bounties are given to the cod and mackerel fishermen; and the sum paid them from first to last as "fishing bounties," would be quite sufficient to lay double tracks of rail-road across the Isthmus. The whale fishery is by far a more valuable nursery than those of the grand banks of Newfoundland for seamen, and it has never received any bounties or direct encouragement whatever. It has been left very much to itself. Some of our readers will recollect the fact and we mention it in this communication with some feelings of pride, that "Old Ironsides" and the "United States," in the last war, were both manned and fought principally by Marblehead men; New England whalemen they were.

Neither Tehuantepec nor a rail-road from the valley of the Mississippi to California, would afford the whalemen the advantages gained by this route; and this is a hardy, adventurous and interesting class of our fellow citizens; are they not worthy of public consideration?

Other great interests of state no less than this, require such legislation as the constitution allows and as is necessary to secure the early completion of the road.

There be those who clamor for protection—and those again who preach the doctrine of free trade. Both classes may meet on this highway to the Pacific, and each may there occupy its own ground. For while it would protect home industry, it would also advance free trade. Nature may as effectually as legislation protect certain branches of industry, for when she places obstacles across the roads to market, she lays a tariff on the merchandize passing over them, by the amount which it has to pay to overcome these obstacles. Taking this view, all roads, canals and internal improvements, may be regarded as modifications which free trade and its advocates have made upon the tariffs that nature imposes upon traffic.

Southern people have watched with interest the attempts made in India by England to rival them in the cultivation of cotton, and Southern people have breathed more freely as she has met with failure after failure. They cry free trade—and yet by failing to give their countenance to well laid plans for uniting the two oceans, they are not only assisting to perpetuate the tariff which nature, by the obstacles she has placed in the way, has imposed upon commerce with the Pacific, but they are fostering a rival interest in opposition to their own great staple.

Mexico is protecting the manufacture of coarse cottons, known as *tucuyos*—and is seeking by this means to make Guadalajara her Lowell. Formerly the raw material from this country was sent there around Cape Horn. Cotton is indigenous to Peru. There it bowls and opens all the year, and our merchants have discovered that by encouraging the Peruvians in the cultivation of this staple, it is to their interest to send other cargoes in their ships around Cape Horn, exchange them for the cotton of Payta and Lambayeque, and take that to Guadalajara. During the last year ten thousand bales were taken from these two ports by American ships alone to Mexico.

This is quite as great as the exports of cotton from the United States were fifty years ago, and the demand is on the increase. It is dangerous to foster in a foreign country any rivalry, however humble in the beginning, to great national staples.

The freight on cotton around Cape Horn to Mexico is $25 the ton; with this Panama rail-road, it would be from New Orleans less than one third that sum. We call this freight around Cape Horn nature's tariff, for it is as effective in obstructing trade, as though it was written on the statute book.

In consequence of it, the cotton of Peru meets that of Carolina in the West Mexican markets with the advantage of more than a half a cent the pound—which is ample protection. The southern planter therefore who opposes the opening of a communication across the Isthmus is unwittingly fostering and giving protection to a foreign and a rival interest.

Costa Rica, on the Pacific, produces sugar and the finest of coffee. They are exported to Chili and Peru. The voyage around Cape Horn and other conditions of commerce exclude them from our markets. A rail-road across the Isthmus would bring New Orleans within two weeks of these coffee and sugar plantations. Thus it would carry the principles of free trade there, encouraging competition with the coffee of Brazil and the sugar of the West Indies. Such are the results which the protectionist of home industry seeks to accomplish, and such are the results which the free trader advocates, and therefore, as before remarked, each in advocating a great highway over the Isthmus, stands on his own grounds.

We have investigated the subject of freights around Cape Horn, and have collected statistics that we might form an opinion as to the probable cost of the transportation of merchandise via Panama rail-way and via the "The Horn" to the ports of the Pacific, say to Lima in Peru. We have supposed the freight over the Panama road will be at least double the usual rates in this country, and have taken it as at 10 cents per ton per mile. The conclusion is, that a cargo of merchandise can be sent from New York via Panama to Lima in one fourth the time and for less than half the money that it now takes to send it around Cape Horn.

Here are the facts, the statistics and estimates from which this conclusion is drawn. The sailing distance from New York to Lima, via Cape Horn, is 13,000 sea miles—the time four months, the freight $15, or one mill and fifteen hundredths of a mill per ton per mile.

The distance, via Panama, exclusive of the 45 miles of rail-road, is 3,700* and the time 30 days.

The average value of a ton of merchandize is supposed to be $250, on which three month's interest is charged for the excess of the Cape Horn passage.

Comparative statement as to the cost of freight per ton from New York to Lima.

	Via Cape Horn.	*Panama*
13,000 miles at 1.15 mill,	$15.00—3,700 miles	$4.25
Interest on $250 for 3 mo. 6 pr. ct.	3,75 45 m. R.R. 10 cts.	4.50
	$18.75	$8.75
	8.75	
Difference in favor of R. R.	$10.00	

* 3,700, which is less than the distance by canvass from Charleston to Liverpool.

There are eight millions of people inhabiting the Pacific coast—all of them want things that we have to sell. They are four or five months removed from us; this road would bring them within 30 days.

For those of them who travel, the route to California and to China, would be across the Isthmus this way, to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi to the California rail-road. This when opened, will be their shortest and best travelling route to California, China and India. And unless both the California and Panama routes be established, the line of travel between the Pacific shores of North and South America, never can be brought through the United States. These two roads are links in the same line and when once completed, the world cannot prevent all the South American travel from coming this way.

We see Cities and States pushing forward rival schemes of internal improvements, and setting up opposition after opposition to bring travel their way. They consider themselves rewarded when they secure the business between places containing a few thousand people engaged in traffic. This Panama improvement would bring us the travel from countries inhabited by millions and send it through the length and breadth of the land, dispensing national, sectional and particular benefits all the way. The advantages that business and travel scatter on the way side of their great thoroughfares, are and ever have been objects of desire with the greatest nations as well as with the smallest corporations. Here they are offered to us on a scale grand in proportion to the water courses, mountain ranges, lakes and river basins of the new world, and sublime in proportion to its free institutions. The rail-road will build a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, upon the same principle that one internal improvement in our own country begets another. How many rail-roads has the Erie Canal caused to be built, that but for that improvement would not now be in existence?

In the same way the Panama rail-road will stimulate commerce with the Pacific, and by showing the amount of business to be done, men of business will see and be satisfied that the road is insufficient and a ship canal is necessary.

In our poor judgment it is wise, prudent, constitutional and right that the federal government should encourage this undertaking, so far at least as encouragement may be necessary to secure its early completion.

Magnets and electrical batteries have their positive and negative poles, some questions have negative and positive sides; and this is one of them. Suppose this rail-road to Panama were already built, it is immaterial by what agency, and that this country were in the actual enjoyment of all

the great advantages that are to flow from it. Suppose now that some power were to attempt to snatch these advantages out of our hands and to deprive us of them; the nation would rise up in arms; the vile coffers for keeping filthy lucre in, and the precious caskets in which the jewels of the land are concealed, would be broken open and their contents scattered, as though both life and money had lost their value.

There is nothing that the country would not do to preserve these advantages after once having tasted them, and, according to some, there is nothing she ought to do to get them before she has tried them. Such are the negative and positive sides of this question. We give nothing to get, that's unconstitutional; but having got, we give every thing to keep—and that is constitutional.

We find the Constitution in the general welfare of the people, in the common defence of the country and in the elements of domestic tranquillity.

Books and wise men teach and tell us that "law is the perfection of reason." We know that the Constitution is founded on the everlasting principles of right, tempered by the spirit of compromise.

The humblest freeholder in the land has the right of way from his homestead to the common highway. The law secures to him a way through the estates, if need be, of his neighbor to market. It is a fundamental principle of civilized society, and one upon which the peace and harmony of all communities and neighborhoods essentially depend, that no man has a right to hem his neighbor in and shut him out from free communication with the common highways and the markets of the world.

Have not the people of the United States in their national character, a like privilege? Else why did their government treat with a neighboring nation for the right of way across the Isthmus? Their possessions are far remote from one point to another; the way to them is circuitous and remote, passing through latitudes where the seasons are reversed, the skies are changed, and where both day and night are lengthened out into the dreary alternation of the polar seasons. Shall they continue to pass through the cheerless latitudes, to brave the dangers of the stormy cape, and to sail twenty thousand miles and more to reach a part of their own country, when by the construction of a road a few miles in length. the journey may be confined to our own hemisphere, the distance may be reduced from 20,000 to 5,000 miles and the time may be brought down from months to weeks.

With what show of reason, with what consistency of argument, can it be maintained, that although there be in this government the power to treat for a road to market through foreign territory. the power to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama and the free right of way across it to all nations, yet there is no power under the Constitution to encourage the construction of a commercial highway there—no principle of action or rule of conduct known to the federal government by which it can render that guaranteed right of way, a right practicable to its own citizens and available for its own great and manifold purposes? The principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number" is one of the pillars of the Constitution.

"Of all inventions," says Macaulay, "the alphabet and the printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species." Every improvement, by which time or distance from place to place is lessened, benefits mankind morally and intellectually, as well as physically; not only facilitates the interchange of the various productions of nature and art, but tends to remove national and provincial antipathies, and to bind together all the branches of the great human family. Dragon's teeth would not be sown in this our day, that nations might reap therefrom harvests of steel-clad warriors; those seeds are now most esteemed that bring forth the engines of peace and civilization. No nation has scattered them with a more liberal hand than this. The people of the United States are the only people who have expended more of their treasure for works of improvement than on the engines of blood and destruction. The consequences that are to result from the breaking down of the barrier between the two oceans, are vast and important. It is an achievement the effects of which upon the industry of this country our children will class with the effects of the steam-engine and the cotton-gin.

It is an achievement easy of accomplishment; and it is an achievement from which vast consequences to civilization are to follow; and it is an achievement so fraught with increased prosperity and greatness for our country, that we earnestly desire to see it undertaken speedily, that we may have the privilege of witnessing in our day some of its glorious results.

Other times will call for other and additional channels of communication. No one can doubt it, for there is wealth for the world on the margin of our sea, and treasures, inexhaustible treasures scattered over its magnificent system of river basins, that will induce other nations to break through Panama, Nicaragua and Tehuantepec, were each "twenty times" an Isthmus. At present, we want to get to other people across it.

The time will come, when they will want to come to us. But that time is not yet.

There is a classic and a sacred duty which makes it incumbent upon this nation above all others to cause a commercial highway to be opened across the continent between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. An unknown voice told Columbus in a dream, on that Isthmus, that God had made his name great in the earth, and had sent him to "unbar the gates of ocean."* He was not permitted to realize the idea closest to his heart and to show that the nearest way to India lies through the Carribean Sea; nevertheless he executed his high commission and "unbarred the gates of ocean," but the gate across the land has never been unlatched; the office and the honor of throwing it wide open that the commerce of the world may pass through—we claim for the people of this nation. The task commends itself to their feelings, to their spirit and their enterprise, and in this our day-dream, a voice whispers us—it *must* be done.

* The voice said—"Maravillosamente Dios hizo sonar tu nombre en la tierra; de los atamientos de la mar Oceana, que estaban cerradas con cadenas tan fuertes le dió las llaves.

THE PEARL.

BY GRETTA.

PART FIRST.

Come, maiden with the glowing cheek,
  Bright maiden with the sunny glance,
Let us yon leafy bower seek
  And leave awhile the festive dance.
Let the music rise and fall and float,
Eddying in many a rippling note,
And the dancers whirl in the dizzy round
Led by the fairy troops of sound;
Let the laugh ring out right merrily
And the bright lips quiver with repartee,—
But we will leave the noise and glare
To seek the purer open air;
For the still cold moon, the calm pale stars,
High throned above all mortal jars,
The solemn night, and the dewy air
Wet with the tears of spirits at prayer—
Earnestly praying for this dull earth,
Where their mortal bodies had their birth—
Have strange, mysterious influences
To open the spirit and shut the senses.

And I have a tale of the olden time—
A simple tale, and a simple rhyme—
  To breathe in thy listening ear,
Which I pray thee heed, for a warning rings
In unison with my lyre's weak strings,
  It may touch thy heart to hear!

My partial eye, oh maiden bright,
Has rested on thee all this night;
It marked thy cold, averted look,
It marked the mien that ill could brook
  That one should seek thy side,
And, though uncall'd, unwelcome there,
Still whisper the forbidden prayer
  That thou wouldst be his bride.
It saw thee turn in scorn away,
To waste thy smiles on one more gay—
And it saw the poisoned, rankling dart
Pass through and through that lone one's heart,
As you gaily laugh'd—"No art is thine
To win this young warm love of mine."

Thou call'st this lover cold and stern
And solemn as a funeral urn,
But ah! thine eye has not discerned
The truth that in his heart has burned,
Like the bright lamp whose constant ray
  Glows ever in the inmost shrine,
Seen but by those, who day by day
  Pray where its faint beams shine.
Then, lady, listen, while I sing
  About a maiden fair,
Who was, like thee, in life's young spring,
  Like thee as strange to care.
Come rest awhile, and lend thy smile
  A moment to my strain,
Ere in yon room, like soft perfume,
  It falls on all again.

In the olden time, the olden time,
When earth was in her summer's prime;
And the stars that lend their silvery gleam
Were nearer men than now they seem;
When all was bright as childhood's day;
And life was one immortal May;
And the young roses, withered now,
Were fresh as morning's cloudless brow;
And old romance that 's only known
In these dull days by carvéd stone,
Or canvass, or remembered song,
Was then as vigorous as young;
When fairies lived in every dell;
And spirits guarded every well;
And angels blessed the solitude,
And drowned the shadows of the wood
In floods of radiance rained from heaven;
And blessings were to mortals given
Now all unknown—sweet interviews
With the celestial hosts that use
To bathe in that melodious river
O'er heavenly plains that murmurs ever,
And foretastes of that sweet Elysian
Caught now and then in blissful vision,
And converse with the mighty powers
Who rule this universe of ours—
Then in morning's balmy hour
  A virgin roved adown the vale
Near where a castle's rock-built tower
  Gave out its banner to the gale.
Oh she was fair, this youthful maid,
  Her dark eyes beamed with hope and glee,
Her step was light along the glade,
  Her song as woodland warbler's free;
And when Aurora's rosy ray
Poured o'er the scene the flush of day,
She seemed like Hebe, young and bright,
  When first she to the gods was given,
Bathed in the glorious golden light,

Of Greece's old Olympian heaven.
Close at her side a manly youth
Walk'd pensively because, in sooth,
He loved, and was not loved again,
No gentle smile of greeting shone
When he appeared, to lure him on,
Or soothe his bosom's pain;
When absent, still no gentle tone
Would sadly ask where *he* had gone,
And had his spirit left the earth
A sigh would scarce have chid the mirth.

But, like the star whose constant ray
Beams ever o'er the Norseman's plains,
Nor heeds the host that far away
Watch o'er the flowery South's domains,
So he, for weary days and years,
Had hovered near this cold one's side,
His bosom torn with hopes and fears,
The rivalry of Love and Pride.
And when at last his struggling heart,
No more could act this silent part;
And pent up Love refused to dwell
A prisoner in his secret cell;
And words broke forth, tho' all too cold,
To tell what had been never told—
Oh how the jerring laugh he heard
The deep founts of his being stirred,'
Though she who scorned that love to share
Knew nothing of the conflict there.

And why was this? The youth was brave,
Of noble race, but cold and grave
In midst of jollity;—
He could not, like the courtly throng,
Flatter with false and flippant tongue,
Nor, like the roving bee,
From each bright flower-lip snatch a kiss,
Then fly to seek a newer bliss,
To dally with as short a time:—
He would have deemed such roving crime,
When once his constant heart had bowed
To her, as to a saint divine,
Though scarcely marked amid the crowd
That pressed around the shrine.

Yet sometimes in a darkened hour,
(For storms will shake the fairest flower,)
When friendships words were doubly dear,
Because they stayed the gushing tear;
When all the gilded throng had gone
Save he who then was ever near
With softer tread and gentler tone;—
Silent she'd wonder why *he* stay'd,
And why his own her sorrows made,
And why, when any spoke her name,
The crimson flush like lightning came;
But still as soon as sunshine gleamed,
And hope and gladness on her beamed,
And those who fled in hour of pain,
The fawning throng, returned again,
She would not heed that constant eye,
But like the world, would pass it by.

Oh maidens fair! when will ye learn
How worthless oft are glittering things?
When will ye pause awhile and turn,
And leave the gleam the meteor flings
For a less dazzling, constant ray,
That will not fade so soon away?
By the dream of Beauty's spell,
By the woe I may not tell,
By the secret sorrows known
Only to His ear alone
In yon heaven's starry cope,
By the silent death of hope,
By the young cheek's faded bloom,
By the darkness of the tomb,
Trust not, trust not glittering things!
Ere the soul around them clings,
Look beneath the surface fair
If true gold be hidden there!

Now turn we again to the maiden fair
Who roved in the olden time,
Amid the beauties rich and rare
Of that soft summer clime,
And him who pensive by her side,
Walk'd sadly, softly on,
Though, had he listened to his pride,
She would have been alone.
Still on, o'er dewy fields they passed,
All bright with morning's gleam,
Until they came and stood at last
By a dark and sullen stream.
Onward it roll'd in its rapid course
With no play of dancing waves,
And no music but the murmur hoarse
In its deep and gloomy caves.
And here the maiden paused awhile,
And turned to the youth with a merry smile,
And said: "See'st thou this stream?
Mark! how it darkly rolls along,
Amid these fields of light and song,
Without one sunny gleam
Upon its cold, repulsive face.
No dashing waves in sparkling grace
Play on its sullen tide;
But deep it is, and cold, they say,
As it rolls on its onward way,
While other waters glide
With light and song and laughter gay
To the far-off glorious deep away.

"See'st thou this stream? E'en such art thou
Yes, thou! Look! all is bright;
For day, upon the mountain's brow,
Has oped the gates of light.
And every thing that feels its kiss
Rejoices in its radiant beams,
Except this tide, and, as it is,
To me thy spirit seems.
Thou art the stream—and other men
The light, the flowerets fair,
The dew, the birds in yonder glen—
Oh! all things sweet and rare.
But darkly rolls this dreary tide
Cold, distant, and alone;
Say! what has it to win a bride
And clasp her for its own?"

The listening youth no answer gave,
But stood and mused awhile,
Till softly o'er his face so grave,
There broke a pensive smile.
"Then seek again," he cried, "this shore,
To-night, when the moon is high.
Come, but this once, if never more,
And hear my heart's reply!
I'll meet thee when the heavens gleam
With myriad spangles sown—
I am, I am like the stern deep stream!"
And he turned away alone.

PART SECOND.

'Twas eve, and the cheek of the West was pale;
And the fairies began their glee;
And the moon's light boat was launched to sail
On her blue and boundless sea;
And here and there a glimmering spark
Gleamed on that ocean's breast,
A beacon star hung out to mark
An island of the blest.
And again the maiden lonely roved
By the banks of the distant stream,
And again the voice that was not beloved
Dispelled her spirit's dream.
"Queen of my soul, have you come?" it said,
"Have you come in your beauty's pride,
A glance from your bright, glad eyes to shed
On me, the sullen tide?
Then listen, ere the last adieu
From the heart that has loved so long and true
Falls softly on thine ear;
For never lady, never more
May I tread again this pebbly shore,
Then hear I pray thee, hear!
I have been to the depths of this cold, deep stream,
My feet have its deep ooze pressed,
And lo! in its caverns I caught the gleam
Of a PEARL within its breast.
I struggled, I fought with the swelling waves,
That flung me back from their golden caves,
But I would have entrance there,
For I saw the gem on its secret shrine,
And I knew if I battled it must be mine,
And thou, in thine ebon hair,
Might'st wear a sign that this lonely stream,
Deep in in its breast has treasures rare,
Though not for the worldly eye they gleam
Which never may know they slumber there.

"Lady I've proved, and I know its worth,
Rich, rich, is the sullen tide!
Though it sweeps along to the eyes of earth
In dark and scornful pride.
But well I know where its treasures rest,
For its depths are revealed to me,
And the Pearl that I won from its inmost breast,
I kneel to offer thee!"

And he laid in her palm, on his bended knee,
A gem, like a gleam of light;
It glowed in its beauty tremblingly
Like a beam from the lamp of night.
'Twas soft as the look when woman's eye
Is raised from things below;
Pure as the tear which gives reply
When her heart is touched with woe.

And the maiden fair, with the ebon hair,
Gazed on the quivering ray,
But her throbbing breast the truth confessed
That her thoughts were far away,
Summoning from the chambers vast
Of the silent, but all-recording Past,
Memories of many a gentle deed,
And tender care in the hour of need,
And the changeless love of neglected years;—
And the gem was dewed with her gushing tears.
She gazed in the depths of his earnest eyes,—
Clear as the blue of the summer skies,—
And she saw the Pearls of his spirit hid
Deep in his inmost heart.

Now as he softly rose unbid,
And turned him to depart,
She saw that he *was* like the rolling stream—
Rich, rich in gems of worth,
Though hidden deep they might never gleam
For the careless eyes of earth.
And these she felt she had flung away
For the tinsel glitter, the sparkle gay,
Though in their living shrine,
Lit by her smile, they would stand revealed,
As in a gloomy mine
The treasures that were all concealed
Gleam where the torches shine.

She spoke, and her glowing cheek was wet
'Neath the veil of its floating curls,
"Ah! go not now!—can I forget
That the lonely stream has Pearls?"
And she silent gave, and he trembling pressed
Her hand as the lily fair,
While she laid the Pearl on her throbbing breast
And let it linger there!

* * * *

Ho! maiden with the ruddy cheek,
Bright maiden with the merry glance,
Come, it is time the throng to seek,
To join the festive dance.
Ha! lingerest thou to think awhile
Upon my foolish lay,
Oh come, I only craved a smile,
Come, loiterer, come away.
But if thou wilt retain a part,
Remember, maiden fair,
There's many a Pearl in the *still deep heart*,
If we would but seek them THERE!

Baltimore, June, 1849.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The distinction of civilized society is that human life is systematic, and the natural effect of those circumstances which, in any degree, except an individual from its usual routine and responsibilities, is to induce the impulsive action and precarious expedients that belong to wild races. In the world of opinion and habit we occasionally see those who, goaded by misfortune or inspired by an adventurous temper, break away from the restraint which custom ordains and by hardihood in action or extravagance of sentiment, practically isolate themselves from nearly all the social obligations acknowledged by mankind. Indeed every human pursuit may be said to have its respectable and its vagabond followers. In trade these extremes are obvious in the merchant and the pedlar;—in the church, we have the bishop and the field-preacher; and in literature, the author who devotes the leisure that intervenes between the care of his estates and

the engagements of fashionable society, to a review, a poem or a history, and the man about town who lives by his wits and whose dinner is contingent upon a happy epigram or a successful farce. Even when fortune and rank obtain, natures imbued with a vagrant or adventurous spirit will cut loose from social bondage through mere waywardness or courage, as if there were gipsey blood in their veins, or the instinct of heroism or discovery in their hearts. The enthusiasm of misanthropy made Byron a pilgrim, that of reform drove Shelley into exile and that of sentiment won Rousseau to a picturesque hermitage. How much of human conduct depends upon the source whence is derived the inspiration or the sanction of existence! Family pride leads to a constant reference to the standard of external honor; the desire of wealth to a keen adaptation of all occasions to interest; while the consciousness of having nothing beyond personal resources to look to for advancement or happiness, breeds in earnest minds, an independence of mood almost defiant. To this we attribute, in no small degree, the recklessness of Savage. Every circumstance of his life tended to encourage self-will. He found neither in his birth, his fortunes nor the incidents of his daily experience, any vantage ground for confidence. Fate seemed to ordain between him and society a perpetual enmity. Hence his dauntless egotism; driven from the outworks of life, he fortified the citadel. Sure of no palladium but his genius, he held it up as a shield against the arrows of scorn or thrust it forth as an authentic emblem of his right to demand from others the satisfaction of his wants. Perhaps there is no instance, if we except Benvenuto Cellini, of more ferocious self-reliance, or rather, pertinacity in levying tribute. In his career we realize that the essential traits of civilized and barbarian life may assimilate; that refined mental aptitude may coexist with extreme personal degradation; and that the support of existence is often as precarious and the habits of life as vagrant in a christian metropolis, as among the Indian tribes of America, or the wild hordes of the East.

The genuine literary adventurer is, indeed, a kind of social Ishmaelite, pitching the tent of his convenience as necessity or whim suggests. It is his peculiar destiny to "take no note of time," for he falls into any incidental scheme of festivity at morning, noon or night, joins any band of roysterers he may encounter, takes part in the street-corner discussions of any casual knot of politicians, and is always ready to go to the theatre, the club, a private domicile, or a coffee-house with the first chance acquaintance he meets. He hangs loose upon the skirts of society. If the immediate is agreeable, he scorns change, and hence will prolong his social visits to the infinite annoyance of those who keep regular hours. Where he breakfasts, dines or sleeps is problematical in the morning. As the itinerant musician goes forth to win entertainment by his dulcet notes, the vagabond man of genius trusts to his fund of clever stories, his aptitude as a diner-out, his facility at pen-craft, or his literary reputation to win upon the sympathies of some humane auditor, or chain the attention of the inquisitive, and thus provide for the claims of physical necessity. His appeal is threefold—to the benevolent, the curious and the vain; and in a large city, with the *entrée* of a few circles and places of resort, it will be, indeed, a strange hazard that deprives him wholly of these long-tried expedients. His agreeability makes him friends which his indiscretions at length weary; but as he generally prefers to do all the talking himself, he gradually ceases to be fastidious, and when he cannot fraternize with a scholar or a gentleman, contents himself with inferior society. The consciousness of superior gifts and singular misfortunes, soon blunts that delicacy which shrinks from obligation. He receives a favor with the air of a man to whom consideration is a birthright. He is, as Landor says of woman, more sensitive than grateful; borrows money and books without a thought of returning them, and, although the most dependent of beings, instantly resents the slightest approach to dictation as a personal insult. He is emphatically what Shakespeare denominates a "landless resolute"; considers prudence too mean a virtue for *him to* to adopt, and industry a habit unworthy of his spirit. His wits are his capital, which he invests, day by day,—now and then, perhaps, embarking them in a more deliberate venture, by way of polishing his tarnished escutcheon. Equally exempt from the laws of sentiment as those of economy, he makes unconscionable drafts upon the approbativeness and the malignity of others, by inditing panegyricks and lampoons. A subscription, a dedication, or a satire by awakening the generosity, the pride or the fear of the world, alternately supply the exigencies of the moment; while the utter loss of self-respect is prevented by some occasional effort in a nobler vein, or complacent memories of past renown. Custom renders him at home everywhere; address repudiates individual rights; and a kind of happy boldness annihilates, by a stroke of humor or a phrase of geniality, the barriers of artificial reserve. He is the modern knight-errant—prompt to challenge recognition, and, with gallant bearing, win the guerdon for which he aspires, whether it be the smile of beauty, the companionship of rank, or the privileges that wealth dispenses. Experience in shifts and a

sanguine temper united to capacity for reflection render him withal a philosopher; so that, although keenly alive to present enjoyment, he can suffer with fortitude, and heroically sport with deprivation. He is vividly conscious of what Madame de Staël declares is one great secret of delight—its fragility. His existence is singularly detached from routine, and, like a bird or a butterfly, he soars or alights, as caprice suggests,—a chartered adventurer to whom has been presented the freedom of nature. Leisure gives scope to his observation; need quickens his perception; and the very uncertainty of subsistence adds infinitely to the relish of each gratification. A voluntary outlaw, he claims ransom from those his talents have made captive; regarding himself as a public benefactor, he deems society obligated to take care of him; prodigal in his mental riches, he despises those who are parsimonious either of their time or their hospitality, and sincere in his admiration, and perhaps in his advocacy, of all that is magnanimous and beautiful. he learns to regard material advantage as his just inheritance, which directly to seek, would obscure the heraldry bestowed by his genius and sanctioned by misfortune.

It is peculiar to this class of men to be unconscious of the diverse attractions of talents and character. Their egotism prevents an habitual recognition of the important fact that the entertainment afforded by conversational abilities and personal sympathy are two very distinct things. Because their talk is listened to with avidity, their wit productive of laughter, and their reputation of deference, they deduce the erroneous conclusion that individually and for themselves an interest is awakened; whereas, in most cases, the charm is purely objective. By men of the world, genius of a literary kind is regarded in the same light as dramatic, artistic and juggling cleverness—the result is not associated with the person; it is the pastime, not the man that wins. A conviction so wounding to self-love is not easily adopted; and, as a natural consequence, the deluded victims of social applause continue, in spite of mortifying experience, to look for a degree of consideration, and demand a sympathy which it is absurd to expect from any but the very liberal and the naturally kind, who confessedly form the exception, not the rule, in general society. Yet in actors, authors and artists who possess great self-esteem, this error is the rock upon which the barque of hope invariably splits. There seems to be a kind of inevitable blindness in this regard. Slowly and by long degrees, comes home the feeling that it is what the man of genius does, not what he is, that excites admiration. When the pageant of an hour fades, what care the narrow-minded and the selfish for those who have ministered to their pleasure? Only enthusiasm lingers and pays tribute; only gratitude is sensible of an obligation incurred; reverence alone dreams of any return, and conscientiousness is the sole monitor that pays the debt.

The incidents of his life rather than the creations of his genius have preserved the fame of Savage. His poems are his only writings now recognized, and we find them regularly included in editions of the British anthology; it is, however, but here and there, scattered through a long array of heroics, that we can detect either originality or raciness. Like his life these effusions are crude and unsustained; they lack finish, completeness and unity. Deformed by coarseness and sometimes by obscurity, they often repel taste; and their frequent want of clear and uniform design induces weariness. Their most genuine interest is personal; we naturally associate them with the misfortunes of the author, and the special references are not without a pathetic zest. The "Progress of a Divine" and "The Bastard," although redeemed by wit and cleverness, are too grossly indelicate for general perusal. The bitterness of the one and the confident hilarity with which the other begins, are very characteristic of Savage. It is evident that he possessed, in an uncommon degree, what the phrenologists call the organ of wonder, and metaphysical writers a sense of the sublime. In his descriptions of nature and life, we perceive the inspiration of a reflective ideality. His couplets occasionally glow with vital animation, and his choice of epithets is often felicitous. Vigor, fluency and expressiveness, at times indicate that there was an original vein in his nature, though too carelessly worked to produce a great and consistent result. "The Wanderer" is the poem upon which he evidently bestowed the greatest care. It may be regarded as his own epitaph written by himself and embodying the dark phases of his career, the most vivid of his sensations, and the beauty of his moral sentiments, combined with the want of system, the self-esteem, recklessness and courage which alternated in his feelings and conduct.

The following passages evidently allude to actual experience:

> Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart
> For mischief never meant, should ever smart?
> Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
> What though no purposed malice stain thee o'er!
> Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
> Thou hadst't not been provoked or thou had'st died.
>
> * * * *
>
> ———No mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
> No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
> Called forth my virtues or from vice restrained.

He learned the process of glass-manufacturing, by sleeping during winter nights, when a vagrant, near the furnaces:

Yon limeless sands, loose driving with the wind,
In future cauldrons useful textures find,
Till on the furnace thrown, the glowing mass
Brightens and brightening, hardens into glass.

The homeliness of such lines is like Crabbe, yet his capacity for more polished versification is shown in his allusion to Pope, as polished and emphatic as that of the master rhymer himself:

Though gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as pow'r elate,
Profound as reason and as justice clear,
Soft as compassion and as truth severe;
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like nature various and like art complete,
So firm her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equalled by his muse.

In metaphor, also, Savage is effective. Thus he compares the "steamy currents" at morning twilight, to "veins blue winding on a fair one's arm," and of a river hidden in umbrage, observes

Yet, at one point, winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.

He calls shells "tinctured rivals of the showery bow," and, describing a vast prospect, says

The herds seem insects in the distant glades
And men diminished as, at noon, their shades.

His adjectives are sometimes very graphic, however inelegant; he speaks of warming himself at "*chippy* fires" and detailing a repast, informs us

That o'er a homely board a napkin's spread,
Crown'd with a *heapy* canister of bread.

The gleams of high sentiment that, like flashes of heat-lightning from a dense cloud, emanate from Savage, are refreshing, and justify his biographer's tribute to his better nature. Self-indulgent as he was, he declares that

Reason's glory is to quell desire.

Although he obviously is in his element when

In gay converse glides the festive hour,

he yet recognises a providence in affliction;—

Why should I then of private loss complain,
Of loss that proves, perchance, a brother's gain?
The wind that binds one barque within the bay
May waft a richer freight its wished-for way.
Man's bliss is like his knowledge, but surmised,
One ignorance, the other pain disguised.
When seeking joy, we seldom sorrow miss,
And often misery points the path to bliss.
Know, then, if ills oblige thee to retire
Those ills solemnity of thought inspire.

The following random extracts betray a vivid consciousness of his own fate and tendencies:

False pride! what vices on our conduct steal
From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
Ye cruel mothers! soft! those words command!
So near shall cruelty and mother stand?
Can the dove's bosom snaky venom draw?
Can her foot sharpen like the vulture's claw?

* * * *

Loos'd to the world's wide range, enjoined no aim,
Prescribed no duty and assigned no name,
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiassed and his mind his own.

* * * *

From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my gasping soul; pushed me from shore,
And launched me into life without an oar.

* * * *

Born to himself, by no profession led,
In freedom fostered, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul.

* * * *

Inly secure, *though conscious soon of ill,*
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceived, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one.

That we have not exaggerated the prominent claim of Savage to represent the literary adventurer, a glance at the account of him by Johnson—(the most remarkable and original of his Lives of the Poets)—will, at once, evidence. We are there told that when a guest, he "could neither be persuaded to go to bed at night or rise by day;" that "he considered himself discharged by the first quarrel, from all ties of honor and gratitude;" that "when he loved a man, he suppressed all his faults, and when he had been offended by him, suppressed all his virtues;"—"always asked favors without the least submission or apparent consciousness of dependence;" "purchased the luxury of a night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week;" "though he scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend, he had not often a friend long, without obliging him to become a stranger;" and that "the reigning error of his life was that he mistook the *love* for the *practice* of virtue."

We could easily multiply well authenticated instances of the foibles and the inconsiderateness, the casual triumphs and low expedients that doomed him to vibrate "between beggary and extravagance." To indicate the relative value he attached to his inward resources and his outward obligations, a few anecdotes will suffice. While an inmate of Lord Tyrconnel's family he sold several books which his host had presented him with his lordship's arms stamped upon them;

and, at the same time, betrayed the most fastidious and even "superstitious regard to the correction of his proof-sheets." While on the most intimate and friendly terms with Dennis, he wrote an epigram against him; and when his friends, their patience quite exhausted, contributed to secure him a permanent retreat in the country, he indulged in the most illusive dreams of rural felicity, and before he was half-way on the road to Wales, sent back to London for new supplies, which he soon expended among pleasant companions in Bristol, whose never keen appreciation of his social qualities induced a versified comparison of their merits with those of his London protectors, by no means to the advantage of the latter, notwithstanding his recent obligations. The reverse of Dominie Sampson, he was very scornful at the idea of new habiliments being furnished him without the intervention of his own taste and authority. The mortification of illegitimacy was solaced by that of noble blood and the advantages he traced to "the lusty stealth of nature." Scenes of profligacy, social ostracism, and a criminal trial utterly failed in undermining a "steady confidence in his own capacity;" while he only regarded poverty as an evil from the contempt it is apt to engender; and he always thought himself justified in resenting neglect "without attempting to force himself into regard." Such a combination of traits developed under extraordinary vicissitudes, completely illustrate the spirit of literary adventure, and the perversity of unregulated talent.

Yet this dark biographical picture, gloomy as one of Spagnoletto's martyrdoms, is not without mellow tints, nor its hard outlines unrelieved by touches of humanity. Upon his first discovery of a mother's name and existence, revealed to him by several documents found among the effects of his deceased nurse, the heart of Savage awakened to all the latent tenderness inspired by a new-born affection. It was his habit, long after the determined repulse of his unnatural parent had quenched the hope of recognition, to walk to and fro before her house, in the twilight, amply compensated if, through his tears, he could obtain but a glimpse of her robe as she passed near the window, or see the gleam of a candle in her chamber. At the period of his greatest want and highest mental activity, he composed while perambulating a verdant square, or retired mall, and then entered a shop, asked for a scrap of paper, and noted down his conceptions. In this manner he is said to have written an entire tragedy; and certainly few instances of resolute authorship in the grasp of poverty, can equal its touching fortitude. His speech to the court when arraigned for sentence after being convicted of homicide, is said to have been manly and eloquent, and certainly won for him great sympathy and respect. There must have been something in his character that inspired esteem as well as in his fortunes to kindle compassion, from the interest so frequently excited and patiently manifested in his behalf by individuals widely separated in position and opinions. In some instances, too, the independence of his nature exhibited itself in a noble manner. The spirited letter which he addressed to a friend from the prison at Bristol, where he was incarcerated for debt, and so drearily terminated his eventful career, is a fine example of self-respect and elevation of sentiment. Hunt justly remarks, in his notice of the once celebrated Mrs. Oldfield, that her annuity to Savage gave posterity a liking for her; and Dr. Johnson assures us that the subject of his remarkable memoir, when banished from London, parted from him with tears in his eyes.

Indeed the phases of character and the actual experiences of Savage, if analysed and dramatically unfolded by a thoroughly sympathetic delineator, would afford a most fruitful theme. Imagine it handled by Dickens, in his best vein; we should have night-wanderings as forlorn as those of little Nell and her grandfather, a trial scene more effective than that of Barnaby Rudge, jollities eclipsing those of Dick Swiveller. and reveries more grandly pathetic than the death-bed musings of Paul Dombey. For accessories his acknowledged relation to the nobility and his intimate association with the men of talent of the day would furnish ample scope, for so notorious was his story at the time, that Macaulay, in his History of England, says that Earl Rivers is remembered chiefly on account of his illegitimate son; and the Countess of Macclesfield, brazen as was her temper, was obliged to fly from Bath to escape the observation of fashionable crowds induced by the satirical poem of Savage called The Bastard.

Prompted by that love of excitement which becomes the ruling impulse of the improvident and forlorn, Savage went forth one night, from his obscure lodgings in search of profitable meditation, a boon companion, or a lucky adventure. There was in his elongated and rough face a sad expression that indicated habitual melancholy—not the resigned air of meek endurance, nor the gravity of stern fortitude; but that dark, brooding pensiveness which accompanies undisciplined passions and a desolate existence. There was, however, a redeeming dignity in his measured gait and an unsteady accent in his voice as he soliloquized, that would have "challenged pity" in a sensitive observer. He entered a tavern—an accustomed haunt, where conviviality

had often beguiled him of "the thing he was." The sight of one or two familiar faces, and the anticipation of a jolly evening changed, at once, the mood of the homeless wit. That coarse exterior suddenly wore a milder aspect; that solemn air gave way to *abandon*; and, all at once, he looked like a man ready to "flit the time lightly" and "rouse the night-owl with a catch." It was thoughtfulness eclipsed by good fellowship,—Hamlet transformed into Sir Toby Belch. The carousal brought on the hour of feverish re-action, and the party, at length, sallied out to breathe the fresh air and vent their superfluous merriment. Attracted by a light that gleamed from another house of entertainment, they entered. and unceremoniously disturbed a group already in possession. High words arose, swords were unsheathed, and when the morning dawned, Savage found himself a prisoner awaiting trial for murder. At this crisis of his fate. with the ban of the law impending, amid the solitude of captivity—how must the events of his life have passed, in gloomy succession, before his mind, and what desperate emotion the retrospect engendered! We can scarcely imagine a more contradictory and pathetic story invented by fiction. The illegitimate offspring of a Countess and an Earl, brought up by a hireling. taken from St. Albans grammar-school, in boyhood, to be apprenticed to a shoemaker; cut off, by an infamous falsehood, from the inheritance assigned him by his father;—accidentally discovering his birth only to become the object of relentless maternal persecution; with the loss of his nurse, cast adrift upon the world and forced into authorship to escape starvation, and now only with the prospect of an ignominious death incurred in a tavern brawl—what incentives his memory could furnish to remorse and despair! His whole experience was anomalous. Of noble origin, yet the frequent associate of felons and paupers. with a mother for his most bitter enemy, and the slayer of one who never offended him; long accustomed to luxury, yet finding his best comfort in a gaol; conscious of superior abilities, yet habituated to degrading expedients; his written life touching the hearts of thousands, while his actual condition annoyed more often than it interested; the guest of a wealthy lord, the confidant of men of genius, the intimate of Wilkes and Steele, and the cynosure of many select circles in London and Bristol, he sometimes famished for want of nourishment and "slept on bulks in summer and in glass-houses in the winter." From the king he received a pardon after being condemned to the gallows, and from a fashionable actress a pension; the queen's volunteer-laureate, he died in a prison cell and was buried at the expense of the gaoler. The records of human vicissitude have few more painful episodes; the plots of few tragedies boast more pathetic material; and the legacies of genius, to those who explore them to analyse character and trace the influence of experience upon mental development, rarely offer the adventurous and melancholy interest that is associated with the name of Richard Savage. He is the type of reckless talent, the ideal of a literary vagabond, the synonym for an unfortunate wit. In his history the adventures of hack-writers reach their acme; and his consciousness embraced the vital elements of dramatic experience—the internal light of fancy and reflection, and the external shade of appalling fact.

A MORNING DREAM.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

"Oh! I've passed a miserable night."—*Richard III.*

I never knew the lazy hours,
Depart at such a limping pace,
Late, they were crowned with Pleasure's flowers,
And something, something owned of grace—
But now it seems, upon my word,
As if the motley, cheerless band,
Thinking their usual course absurd,
Had vowed a solemn vow—to stand.

Two weary months have slowly past—
(In sooth I'd almost swear it *ten.*)
Since I gazed on thy dark eyes last,
And prayed that we would meet again—
Was it a dream? I thought the light
That danced within those orbs divine,
For one brief moment grew less bright,
And softened 'neath the glance of mine.

I mingle with the unthinking throng,
That bow at Fashion's glittering shrine,
I join the dance, and list the song,
But ah! its notes are not like thine;
Fair faces beam 'neath many a tress,
And graceful forms, like dreams float by,
Ye Gods! to worship loveliness,
Like this, were scarce idolatry.

The blaze of chandeliers and eyes,
Dazzling as gas-light—or a star,
Voices of silvery tone that rise,
Like music echoing from afar—
The laughing lip, the enchanting smile,
The grace, the buoyancy, the mirth—
Pray are we borne to Plato's isle?*
Ah! Madam, tell me, where's the earth?

* Among the many golden fancies of the visionary Philosopher of Greece, none is more beautiful, or attractive, than his dream of the "blessed Islands," whose inhabitants were ever in possession of a pure and uninterrupted felicity.

Alas! alas! the lamps grow dim,
And Beauty's cheek is paling too—
My new black hat has lost its rim—
My varnished boots, how tight, *parbleu!*
My partner leaning on my arm,
Declares she's caught a shocking cold.
'Tis *Daylight*—she has ceased to charm—
Since three o'clock A. M. was tolled.

At last! the evening's work is done,
Now for some hours of genuine bliss.
I seek my couch, just as the sun
Arises much refreshed from his;
The morning breeze with perfumed sigh,
Like frolic sprite from Fairy clime,
Pursues its wanton gambols by,
And lulls me with its drowsy chime.

I had a dream: Methought I gazed
Once more on that night's pageant fair—
Once more eyes, lamps, and dresses blazed,
And *thou*, beloved one! wert there.
I sought thy side—I took thy hand—
I gently whispered of the love,
That, like a pure and golden band,
Would link our souls below—above.

I led thee from the crowded hall
To a green arbor's a safe retreat,
And trembling there, was fain to fall
With protestations at thy feet;
I said I was a being lone
With none my hopes or griefs to share,
And if you would but be my own,
We'd make—an interesting pair.

I vowed your wishes should be mine—
Your slightest whim I'd not refuse;
I whispered of the Holy Shrine,
And hinted—we'd no time to lose.
Wherefore should youth's most precious hours
Thro' the dark glass all lonely run,
When two such joyous hearts as ours
Were ever destined to be one.

My feelings I'm not used to school,
Much more I vowed, and whispered low—
In short, I ranted like a fool,
And—and—I think you told me so:
Your rosy lip was curled with scorn,
And haughty did your presence seem,
I'd wish that I had ne'er been born,
Were it not all—*a Morning Dream!**

P. H. H.

July, 1849.

* Morning Dreams, says the Irish legend, always go "*by contraries.*"

An Old Epigram. Clerical Comfort.

As the corpse of the *Vicar* the *Curate* was eyeing,
"O grieve not so much," said his Spouse, "for the dying,"
"'Tis good the advice," cried the Curate, "you're giving—
For I muse on the dead, but I think on—the *Living*."

"Feudalism in the Nineteenth Century."

Such is the title of an article of fourteen pages in the Blackwood for June, 1849, which has entertained us as much as any novelty of the season. At first, we were disposed to think it a sort of hoax—an ironical joke—designed, by carrying out to an extreme of absurdity the conservative toryism of that journal, to provoke a little mirth at the expense of honest, hearty, (albeit somewhat prejudiced and dogmatical,) old Christopher North himself. But an attentive reading has brought us to the conclusion that the author is in sober earnest—that he is fully convinced of the wisdom of his project, (whereof more presently,)—and entertains sanguine hopes of seeing it realized. Of this consummation we think the probability not quite so great as that of the Balloon line to California; and, were we to fix a time for its occurrence, it would be certainly the Greek Kalends or the day after the Millennium. But our readers shall judge.

Poor, dear, old Don Quixote has been so often dragged before the public, by writers who had no business with him, that we are loth to disturb his repose. He has been so often compelled to the characteristic duty of "pointing a moral" where there was no moral to point, or of illustrating a flimsy theory, which would never have been visible, but for its obscuring our view of the worthy knight himself, that we do really feel some scruple of conscience, at evoking his shade from its repose on the present occasion. But it appears to us that our call is made under circumstances peculiarly appropriate. If there be any truth in the transmigration of souls, we are convinced that the spirit of the honored Hidalgo now animates the contributor to Blackwood. They have the same exaggerated ideas of the greatness and strength, the goodness and virtue, that lie buried in the past—the same strange medley of history and fable, fairy tale and reality, which serves them for experience and knowledge—the same distorted and discolored views of the men and things actually about them, which they despise too much to look at with attention—and the same chimerical designs for the reformation of a degenerate age, and the establishment of a grand military fabric of government—based, built up, and dominated—"from turret to foundation stone"—by the genius of Feudal Chivalry.

Our author prefaces his scheme with an assurance, (which commands our full belief,) that he has no disposition to encourage innovation, or to promote changes in the time-honored institutions of England; but on the contrary, that he

desires to restore and revive them, with as near an approximation to what they were in the good old days of mediœval feudalism, as the present condition of the world will permit. He then proposes to make "one or two very *common place observations*, professing to take no other guide than a *small modicum of common sense*, and to have no other object than our (his) readers' delectation, and the good of our (his) country." We believe that his treatise will *do no harm* to his country, nor to any other—we have already said that it has afforded us at least some "delectation"—but, as to the small modicum of common sense, which he *proposes* as his guide to some common-place observations, we fear that he has reckoned sadly without his host. "L'homme *propose*, et Dieu *dispose*," says the French proverb. It has pleased Providence to deprive him of even that "small modicum," upon which he relied for safe guidance; and the result is the widest departure from the limits of the "commonplace," that this century has witnessed in the field of political speculation.

The great principle of the "restoration" proposed by our modern Lycurgus, is *physical force:* physical force, disciplined by military science, cemented by privileges of caste, supported upon inalienable landed property, and dignified by the exclusive honors of hereditary nobility. He believes that a nation advances in true greatness so long as its power is wielded and its destinies controlled by a warlike aristocracy: that, just in proportion as commercial wealth, scientific attainments, professional excellence, or skill in the useful arts, are permitted to raise their possessors to any share in the direction of public affairs, the nation must necessarily sink in the scale of grandeur and prosperity; and that the only salvation for Old England lies in such a reform as will promise the nearest approximation to that palmy state, from which she has been degenerating ever since the decline of the feudal system commenced. To this end he proposes the establishment of a domestic standing army, to consist, with proper gradations of rank, of the nobility and gentry alone: to embrace in its muster rolls, none but those who can serve without pay, being supported by their own estates, or those of their relatives; to be animated by the highest impulses of loyalty to the feudal constitution, and devotion to the system, whereof they constitute the essence. In addition to these motives, they are to cultivate a laudable contempt for the *inferior* classes of society. As the author elegantly expresses himself, it is to be "no crowd of pot-bellied citizens, with red noses and spectacles, who are afraid of firing off a musket, and cannot march above ten miles a day, nor go more than six hours without plenty of provisions tucked under their belts, nor sleep anywhere except between clean sheets and warm blankets." Not at all. He eschews "the whole generation of pot-bellied, red-nosed, counter-thumping fellows alluded to above." He repudiates "the misery, discontent, and degeneracy, abounding in the manufacturing towns." But, inasmuch as there must be *men to be commanded*, as the force cannot consist exclusively of full-blooded captains, and field marshals of forty quarterings, a measure of extreme condescension is vouchsafed, and the privates may be recruited "from the adult sons of respectable farmers, the sons of the country gentry, and the younger gentry from the towns."

To sustain and perpetuate this engine of state policy, as well as the privileged orders, which are to originate and direct it, a nobility is to be created, graduated by the quantity of landed estate in the possession of the members thereof, and the number of generations through which it has descended. Thus £10,000 per annum of rental, or 5,000 acres of land, held for four generations, will rank their owner in the *lowest* grade of nobility, as a Baron: and so on, ascending in the scale, until £100,000 a year of clear rental, or 50,000 acres of land, shall "*ipso facto* and *de jure*" make their possessor a Duke. Baronets are to be qualified by a rental of £5,000 a year, for four generations: and no man is to be admitted into the House of Commons, unless he be "previously adorned with the honor either of knighthood or of the baronetage, or unless the younger son of a peer of the realm." The orders of the garter, thistle, shamrock, bath, &c., are no more to be conferred upon nobles, but to be reserved as rewards for eminent public services on the part of the commoners, who can aspire to nothing more. In very extraordinary cases, however, it is suggested that great commanders, or distinguished lawyers, may be summoned to the Upper House, as peers for their lives only: while the Bench of Bishops and The Twelve Judges, (for their lives only, we presume,) are to form "two of the purest ornaments in the bright galaxy of the peers of the realm."

To satisfy our readers that we have not overcharged the picture, we subjoin some copious extracts—

"(1.) How was it that nobles came to be nobles and commons came to be commons? how was it that the great territorial properties of this kingdom were originally set agoing and maintained? and how was it that you and I, and millions of others came to be put in the apparently interminable predicament of having to toil and struggle with the world, or to be sentenced to something like labor, more or less hard, for life;

you and I, we say, you and I, and our fathers and our children? Tell us that, gentle reader, whether you be good old Tory, or moderate Conservative, or slippery Peelite, or coldblooded Whig, or profligate Radical, or demoniac Chartist? FORCE, my good friend—FORCE, PHYSICAL FORCE—a good strong hand, and a stout arm, and a heavy sword, and a brave heart, and a firm determination—and no shilly-shally hesitation as to legality or illegality, no maudlin sympathy nor compunction—these were the things that did it; these carried the day; these were the moving powers of old, they raised the lever, and they settled down society into that bed in which it has been arranging itself ever since. And right good things they were, too, in their proper time and place; and so they ever will be: they are some of the mainsprings of the world; they may become concealed in their action, they may be forgotten, they may even fall into temporary inaction, but they come out again into full play ever and anon, and when the wild storm of human passion drives over the world in a reckless tornado, they go along with the whirlwind, and they hover all around it, and they follow it, and they reassert their permanent sway over mankind. The Norman William's barons, the noble peers of Charlemagne, the princes and marshals of Napoleon, all found their estates at the points of their swords; and while they kept their swords bright, their estates remained intact; but when military prowess declined, legal astuteness and commercial craft crept in, and the broad lands decreased, because the sharp point and edge were blunted. The remote origin, the first title of every crowned head and noble family of Europe, is to be traced to the sword, or has been derived from it. We speak not of *parvenus*, we allude to the great families of the various realms of the ancient world; all *old* and *real* nobility is of the sword, and of the sword only. The French used to express this well, and understood the true footing on which nobility ought to stand; they always talked of *la noblesse de l'epée*, as contradistinguished from *la noblesse de la robe:* the former referred to the feudal families and their descendants, the latter to those who had become ennobled for services at the bar. As for nobility granted for any commercial or pecuniary causes they never dreamed of such a thing; or, if a spurious ennobling took place, it was deemed a glaring and an odious violation of the fundamental laws of aristocratic society.

"Now the ideas of the world have become so changed, or rather so corrupted on this point, that the prime notion of nobility no longer is attached to military tenure or service; but, on the contrary, we find titles given, nay, bought and sold, for any the most miscellaneous services, and the meridian of nobleness, of elevation, of power, altogether eliminated from the qualifications that the nobleman ought to possess. Backstair services, lobby services, electioneering services, counting-house services, any services as well as military services, have been deemed sufficient causes for procuring a patent of nobility to those who could allege them. Titles and causes of distinction they might have been, but surely not of nobility, not of hereditary honour and distinction, the tenure and essence of which should ever be attached to territorial power gained and held by the sword. And this lowering of the tone of nobility, this communising of what ought ever to be held up as a thing apart, as a thing originating with the first beginnings of a nation, and remaining fixed till the nation becomes itself extinct, has done no good to society: it has not raised the tone of the commons, it has only lowered that of the nobles: it has emasculated the one without adding any strength to the other. In all nations, as long as the nobility have remained essentially a military order, holding their own by their own strength, the fortunes of that nation have advanced; but whenever the nobles have become degenerate, and therefore the commons licentious—the former holding only by prescriptive respect, and the latter subjected to them only in theory, not in practice—the fate of that nation has been pronounced, and its decline has already begun. The destruction and absorption of the good fiefs of France, in the time of Louis XI., laid the way for the razing of the châteaux, and the decapitation of their owners by the Cardinal de Richelieu, in the time of Louis XIII.; and this gradual degenerating process of undermining the true strength of the nobles, led to the corruption of the nation, and to its reduction to the primary starting point of society in the reign of Louis XVI. So, too, in England, the sapping of the strength of the nobles, in the reign of Henry VIII., added to the corrupt proceedings of the times of James I., caused the Great Rebellion in the reign of his successor. The nation has never recovered from this fatal revolution of the seventeenth century. Like France, England has shone awhile, and sustained itself both in arts and arms; but the dissolving process has begun long ago with us as it did with them. One order of the state—the order of nobles—has been constantly decreasing in power and influence; and the descent towards the level of anti-social democracy seems now as easy and as broad as that to the shades of Avernus. The nobles of Russia, on the contrary, still retain their feudal power—they all draw and use the sword: their nation is on the ascendant. In Spain and Italy the nobles have descended so far as almost to have lost their claim to the title of *men;* while in most parts of Germany the result of recent movements has shown that the power of the nobles had long been a mere shadow; and they have evaporated in empty smoke, while the nations are fast sinking to the level of a common and savage democracy.

We would propose a remedy for this state of things. We consider the profession of arms, when joined to the holding of territorial power, as the highest form of civilisation and political excellence to which man has yet been able to rise. It constitutes that union of all the highest and best feelings of human nature with the supreme possession of power and influence over material objects—over land and the produce of land—which seems to be the ultimate and the worthy object of the good and great in all ages. And, therefore, the nearer a nobleman can revert to the principles upon which his order is, or ought to be, based, the greater security, in the

working out both of himself and the nation, that the strength and dignity of the whole people shall be maintained inviolate. Of all men in the state, the noble is he who is most endangered by any approximation to effeminacy and inactivity: he is the representative, the *beau ideal*, of the virility of the whole nation: he is the active principle of its force—the leader, the chief agent, in building up the fortunes of his country. Let him but once degenerate from the elevating task, and he renounces the main privileges of his order, he does wrong both to his fellow-coun trymen and to himself—he diminishes his own force, and he weakens their national powers. Whenever, therefore, any such departure, more or less wide, from the ancient principles of his order has taken place, let the nobleman hasten to return to them, if he would stop the course of ruin before it become too late. We would hold it to be the duty of every nobleman in this country—and we include herein his immediate descendants—to enter the profession of arms, and to adopt no other save that of afterwards serving the state in the senate: we hold it to be his duty to avoid all approximation to the engagements of commerce—we would even say of the law, of any of the learned professions. These pursuits are intended for other orders of men, not less essential, to the state than the noble, but still different orders. The noble is the leader, the type, the example of public military strength. Let him keep to that lofty function, and discharge it and no other."

Now this seems to us to be a very unqualified and deliberate adoption of the sentiments which Wordsworth puts into the mouth of Rob Roy:

> "For why?—because the good old Rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple Plan,
> *That they should take, who have the power,*
> *And they should keep who can.*
>
> "A lesson that is quickly learned,
> A signal this which all can see!
> Thus nothing here provokes the Strong
> To wanton cruelty—
>
> "All freakishness of mind is checked;
> *He tamed, who foolishly aspires;*
> While to the measure of his might
> Each fashions his desires.

We have already hinted at the manner in which the *corps d'elite* is to be constituted. Here is a passage or two from the text—

"Two methods of effecting this present themselves. In the first place a regulation might be easily and advantageously made, in connexion with the army, whereby any nobleman, or son of a nobleman, or in fact any person belonging to the class which the law might define to be noble, (for some modification is wanted on this head,) might be allowed to attach himself as a volunteer officer to any regiment, and be bound to serve in it as such without pay. He should receive his honorary promotion the same as any other officer, and should be subject to all the same duties and responsibilities; but "pay" he should not need; himself or his family should provide for all his charges. Or, in the second place, he should serve as an officer in a national force, the constitution of which we propose and advocate below: in this case, too, entirely without pay, and subject to all the articles of war. In either instance, we think it the duty of the country to give the nobleman an especial opportunity of serving her in a military manner; and we hold it to be his especial duty—one of the most essential duties of his order, without which his order degenerates and stultifies itself—to serve as a military man, and to serve with distinction."

"A volunteer force, if it is to be merely a parade force, a make-believe force, is a "sham," a humbug, and a gross absurdity. If it is to be a "National Guard," playing the part of armed politicians, it is a dangerous nuisance, and ought never to be formed. If it is to consist of a crowd of pot-bellied citizens, with red noses and spectacles, who are afraid of firing off a musket, and cannot march above ten miles a day, nor go more than six hours without plenty of provisions tucked under their belts, nor sleep anywhere except between clean sheets and warm blankets—why, a set of wooden posts, sculptured into the human form, and painted to look like soldiers, would be far more serviceable. We are not going to commit the absurdity of advocating the formation of any such corps of men as these; but we wish to point out how a really efficient corps of volunteers might be raised throughout the kingdom, kept on a footing of constant service and readiness, costing the country not one farthing, and constituting a really useful and valuable auxilliary force to co-operate with the regular troops.

"If these qualifications are to exist in any volunteer corps, then it is quite manifest that the following kinds of persons cannot form part of it. First of all, the whole generation of pot-bellied, red-nosed, counter-thumping fellows, alluded to above, would not be admissible; next, no man who is not endowed with a good quantity of bodily activity, health, and vigor of mind, could remain in its ranks; and further, no one need apply for admission who wanted merely to "play at soldiers," or whose means and occupations would not allow of his giving up regularly a certain portion of his best time to the service, and *occasionally* of absenting himself from home for even a considerable period—say of one, two, or more months, and proceeding wherever the government might wish him. Furthermore, no such corps could have the smallest pretensions to be effective, if it were left to its own guidance and command: it must be as much under the control, and at the orders, of the commander-in-chief—for home service—(for we do not contemplate the possibility of its being ordered abroad,) as any of the regular corps in her Majesty's army."

"We do not expect many persons engaged in trade and manufactures, nor indeed that many

inhabitants in large towns—at least of those classes—would like to enrol themselves in a corps the service of which would be constant, and might frequently take them away for a considerable time from their homes and occupations. We should not wish to see them joining it, for, however warm their goodwill might be, we know that their pockets and stomachs would be continually rebelling, and that, far from being "volunteers," they would more commonly be found as "deserters." We would rather see them staying at home, and acting as good members of their municipalities, or as special constables, or forming "street associations" for the keeping of the peace—all most necessary and laudable purposes, and not a whit less useful to the country than the serving as volunteers. We would rather see the force we meditate drawn exclusively from the gentry and the farmers of the country, and in fact from the same classes as now furnish the yeomanry cavalry,—only, we would have it most especially to include *all the gentry of the nation:* and we would have it thereby made an *honour* even to belong to the corps. To see a country gentleman heading his tenants, and his sons serving in their ranks, as some of themselves, and the younger gentry from the country or provincial towns also coming forward for the permanent military service of their country—coming forward as gentlemen, and serving as gentlemen, with the name and title of gentlemen—and to see the stout farmers of England, the real pride and bulwark of the realm, thus linked with their best and natural friends and protectors in a common bond of honour and of arms, would be the most glorious sight that this nation would have witnessed for many a long year. It would give a new stamp to society, and would infuse a vigorous energy of mind amongst us that should go far towards counteracting the dangerous and emasculating influence of the "large town system." The heart-blood of England would begin to flow back again into its old and natural channels; and that linking of lords and tenants, which can never be loosened without the most fatal consequences, would be rendered closer and tighter than ever.

"Men drawn from such classes as these, the adult sons of respectable farmers, the sons of the country gentry, the younger gentry from the towns, the farmers and the gentry themselves, (such at least as could really be spared from their numerous avocations,) would constitute, both in their physical and mental qualifications, the very best description of volunteers that could be selected in any land, for they would be the true *élite* of the whole nation, the very pride and hope of the country. It would be truly an honour to belong to such a corps, whether the applicant for admission were a yeoman or a gentleman; and, if properly organised and trained, it might be made a force of paramount efficiency."

Our quotations shall end with the following, upon the conditions of nobility, and the qualifications for the two Houses of Parliament.

"An anomaly in the present constitution of noble society which requires remedying, is the frequent inadequacy of the territorial means possessed by noble families for the maintenance of their power and dignity. This has reached to such a pitch, of late days, that we have seen the ladies of two peers of the realm claiming public support *in formâ pauperum;* and we have witnessed the breaking-up and sale of such a princely establishment as that of Stowe. Many noble families are forced to depend on public offices, and other indirect sources, for the support of their members. Many noble families of high distinction and renown are poorer than ordinary commoners. There are very few estates of nobles, (we say nothing of those of commoners,) which are not oppressed by mortgages, and which in reality confer much less power than they nominally represent. From whatever causes these circumstances may have arisen,—whether from the folly and extravagance of the nobles themselves as a main cause, or from the imprudence of the crown in making unworthy creations, as a subsidiary cause—they have produced the most injurious effects upon the order, and have even justified the boast of the first commoner who thought himself superior to the last of the nobles. By few things has the order been more injured in public opinion than by the inequality and inadequacy of its territorial resources. This, too, becomes the more painfully evident in a nation where commerce has been allowed to assume an undue preponderance in the public mind, and where the means of gaining money are so various and so many, that the rapid acquisition of handsome fortunes is a very common occurrence. It is an evil, a negation of the ends of life, and a main cause of the decline and fall of a nation, that such a state of things should exist; but, seeing that it does exist, it is doubly the duty and the interest of all who have the honour and the permanency of national prosperity at heart, to favour the establishment and the maintenance of the strongest possible antagonistic principle—the forming and preserving of large territorial possessions in favor of the order of nobles. Believing that the law of primogeniture is the basis of all political freedom, we would urge the expediency of modifying the law, so that certain great estates, like the fiefs of old, should become inalienable by any person, unattachable for any liabilities, and indivisible under any circumstances, in favor of the order of nobles: and that the holders of such estates should be nobles, and nobles only. In the same spirit we would say, that the extent of territory should determinine the rank of the noble, taking, as the starting point, the estates as they might exist at any period of time; that to each title a certain territory should be inalienably attached, and that the title itself should derive its name from that territory—the holder of the territory, whoever he might be, always taking the title. It would be productive of great good if facilities were given as much as possible for massing together the properties of the nobles; and if estates widely spread over the kingdom could be exchanged for others lying close together, and forming a complete territory. The powers of the nobles are now greatly frittered away and lost by the dispersion of their proper-

ties: he who holds nearly a whole county continuously, like the Duke of Sutherland, is of much more weight in the state than another, like the Duke of Devonshire, whose estates, though of very great value, lie more widely scattered.

"It may appear an innovation, but we are persuaded that it would be only a return to the fundamental and ancient principles of the constitution, to make the possession of a real estate of a certain value, for a certain time, a legal title to claim the right to nobility. Thus the possession of an estate of £10,000 per annum clear rental, or of 5,000 acres, by the same family, in direct descent for four generations, should of itself constitute a right for its owner to be ranked in the lowest order of nobility,—that of barons,—and the barony should give its name to the possessor; while the possession of land of greater extent and value should modify the superior titles of those who held them, until the highest rank in the peerage were attained. All nobles holding not less than £100,000 per annum of clear rental, or 50,000 acres, should *ipso facto* and *de jure* become dukes, and so on in proportion between these two extremes of the peerage. Baronets should rank, in virtue of their estates, immediately after the barons; and in their turn, too, the possession of a certain income from landed property, such as £5,000 a-year clear for four generations, in the same family, should immediately entitle its owner to rank among the baronets, and to have the style and privileges of that order.

"It will be urged, on the other hand, that the crown would thereby be deprived of the power of rewarding meritorious public servants, by calling them up to the House of Peers, if the possession of a certain large amount of landed property were made a *sine quâ non* for every creation. To this it may be replied that, though the prerogatives of the crown require extension rather than contraction, yet that a sufficient power of reward would be possessed, if men of eminence in the public service, whether great commanders or distinguished lawyers, were summoned to the Upper House for their lives only, without their titles being made hereditary; and further, that other distinctions might be given which would be fully sufficient rewards in themselves without any encroachment being made on the privileges of the order of nobles. Thus, in former times, when the honor of knighthood was not so common as it has now become, a great general and a great judge considered themselves rewarded enough if knighted: they never thought of being created peers. And the fact is, that though personal nobility—the nobility acquired by the performance of great actions—is in itself of the highest value to the state, as well as to the individual, it is not sufficiently valuable to entitle the heirs of a great man to take perpetual rank among the great landed proprietors of the realm. The duties and responsibilities of nobility depend more upon the trust reposed in each member than upon that member's personal qualifications. The noble cannot be separated from his lands nor from his tenants, nor from the multifarious heavy responsibilities thereby incurred; he is the representative of a great interest in the state; he is the representative of his land, and of all connected with it; he is the representative of a great class and gathering: his duties are not merely personal; he cannot found his right to nobility upon personal merit alone. Personal qualifications can give no valid right to hereditary privileges, whereas land is perpetual—*rura manebunt*—and the privileges as well as the duties attached to it should be perpetual also.

"It would, therefore, be another step towards constituting the aristocracy of the state on a more solid and reasonable basis, if the orders of baronets, and of knights of various descriptions, were purified of their anomalies, and rendered attainable only under rules of a more general and fixed nature than at present prevail. Both these classes of nobles—for so they may be called—require considerable purification; the former, that of baronet, should be made the intermediate class between the nobles by personal merit, or knights, and those who are nobles by their lands, the peers. As was observed before, no baronetcy should be conferred unless a real estate of a certain value could be shown to be possessed, *clear* of all mortgage and debt; and the retention of such an estate for a certain number of descents, should establish a legal claim to the title of baronet; while the subsequent increase of the same estate, and a similar retention of it for a certain number of descents, should establish a further claim to the honour of the peerage. If the orders of knighthood were made more difficult of entry, and if they were specially reserved only for public personal services, they would rise again in public estimation, and would be suitable for all purposes of reward required by the sovereign.

"At the same time, and as a consequence of this, peers and baronets should not be admitted into the orders of knighthood—they should be satisfied with their own dignities. The garter, the thistle, and the shamrock should be reserved especially for the great military and naval commanders of the realm: the bath, and perhaps one or two other new orders, should be destined for men of eminence in whatever line of life they might be able to render service to their country.

"It is an opinion controverted by some, but it seems founded in reason, that the twelve judges, who are at the head of their most honourable profession, should not merely be allowed to sit on the benches of the House of Lords, but that they should have the right of voting therein, and, in fact, be summoned as peers for life upon their elevation to the bench. No order of men in the whole state would exercise power more conscientiously, and from no other source could the Upper House derive at once such an increase of deliberative strength in the framing and revision of the laws. The bench of spiritual lords, and the bench of legal lords, ought to form two of the purest ornaments in the bright galaxy of the peers of the realm."

"Members of the Lower House for counties are always called *knights* of the shires they represent; and so they ought to be. No person should be eligible to represent a county unless previously adorned with the honour either of knighthood or of the baronetage, or unless the younger son of a peer of the realm; and indeed

the attaching of titles of nobility to the possession of estates of a certain value and fixity of tenure, and the annexing of baronetcies to similar properties, would put all the principal country gentlemen in a position suited to the duties of a knight of the shire. We should not then see the absurd and mischievous anomaly of an ambitious theorist of no landed property in his own possession, but backed by the democrats of a manufacturing district, thrust upon the legislature as the representative of a large agricultural county. We should rather find the knights of the shires forming a compact and most influential body in the imperial parliament, the real representatives of the interests of their constituents, and the main conservative element in the Lower House of the legislature."

We have now presented, in all its fair proportions, this magnificent scheme for the regeneration of England. Our readers have before them the mighty Panacea, which the political doctor of Blackwood, disclaiming "all *nostrums* of political economy," has devised for the cure of all evils that have afflicted, are afflicting, or may afflict, the body politic. The crowded and starving population of the manufacturing districts are to be silenced, if not relieved, by the ball practice of the Real Estate riflemen. The grievous taxes and poor rates, which oppress the small agriculturists, will be liquidated, by the gradual abolition of all the inconsiderable freeholds and fee simple estates, and the conversion of the owners thereof into tenants under the shadow of overgrown proprietors. While other statesmen are devising the relief of Ireland, by measures to promote and facilitate the alienation of property, our projector means to arrest the progress of England towards a similar state of distress by a policy exactly opposite. And, when in the fulness of time his plan shall have gone into complete operation, the wealth ignobly acquired in the practice of professions, in trade, in manufactures, and the mechanic arts, will probably undergo a salutary depletion under the swords and bayonets of the feudal militia. The purses of rich capitalists will be made to bleed as freely, as they did in the good old times of the Plantagenets. Possibly they may be made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains by tooth-drawers and ear-clippers, so much in vogue in the days of worthy King John: and we may witness the repetition of such diverting scenes, as that in which Front de Bœuf extorts from Isaac the Jew so handsome a subsidy, by the aid of threats and tortures. Such were the arts of government and police, under the rule of the feudal monarchs and nobles, so much lauded and lamented by this writer: and we might reasonably expect a return to them, if it were possible to conceive of the revival of such a system.

But no sane man can imagine such a resurrection to be possible in this age. When the tendency of events for centuries past has been to abridge more and more hereditary power and privilege—when political and civil rights have been constantly extending and diffusing themselves among the masses, once excluded from their exercise—when even Wellington, the Iron Duke himself, the embodiment of stern conservatism, has been long ago forced by necessity, to sanction the Catholic Emancipation bill—when the government has been constrained to endow a Catholic college in Ireland—when the Jews, the proscribed Jews, are knocking loudly at the doors of Parliament, and demanding (what they must soon obtain) the removal of their civil disabilities—amid such influences as these, in the broad noonday of the nineteenth century, such a rattling of the dry bones of defunct feudalism is a folly, that defies the reach of superlatives. And to whom is the appeal made? To a majority; whose wealth, influence, and numbers, steadily increasing, have wrought the very changes complained of; and who are now solicited to undo their own work, surrender what they have acquired, and submit once more to the yoke under which they groaned so long. In Æsop's fable, the enamored lion was persuaded to part with his claws and teeth, that he might not frighten the fair damsel who was to become his bride. The real purpose to knock him on the head, was not disclosed until he had become defenceless. But here, with admirable candor, the true object is avowed in the outset: and the great mass of the British nation are requested to strip themselves of their franchises, that they may once more fall under the sway of lordly taskmasters. Surely, our author's readings of English history must have stopped at the reign of Henry V., or at the latest with that of the despotic Harry the Eighth. He can know nothing of the Stuart dynasty—the eventful struggles of the 17th century—the causes which produced them, and the consequences that have followed. He cannot have heard that Cromwell's troopers, and the London trainbands, were raised from these same middle classes in town and country, to which he looks for recruits for the feudal army—that they fought, not for prerogative and privilege, but for civil liberty and equal rights—and demolished, on many a field, the squadrons of well born cavaliers, to whom this project is to raise up such illustrious successors. He has gone to sleep with the chroniclers and romancers of the middle ages, and wakes up, like Rip Van Winkle, thinking his nap has lasted but one night. He cannot comprehend the changes that have occurred in the minds of men, and the structure of governments. It is to be hoped some benevolent friend will put into his hands Macaulay or Mackintosh, Hallam

or Hume, and impart to him some slight notion of what has happened in this long interval. If he does not belong to that class of people who "never learn any thing, and never forget any thing," he may possibly open his eyes to the absurdity of his speculations: or at least may diversify his labors, by endeavors as useful and promising, to stop the printing-press, prostrate the telegraphs, blow up the steamboats, and run the locomotives off the track. When he has done all this, let him dam up the waters of the Amazon and the Mississippi, and roll them backward to their springs. Then—and not till then—may he expect to divert the mighty current, whereon float the destinies of England and of the world, from that channel in which, for good or for evil, the hand of Providence has appointed it to flow.

"LETTERS AT SEA."

The sun hung low, half hidden by the range
Of Cordillera's peaks, and o'er the surf
Threw rainbow colors for its foamy caps.
The soft winds from the shore bore the sweet breath
Of the Magnolia's bloom, and in each inlet
Its snowy leaves, like fleecy clouds, reposed
Upon the waves which on the pebbly shore,
Played a low chime as gentle as the tone
Of mother's lullaby at summer eve,
Sung to her slumbering infant. Farther out
The nautilus had spread his little sail,
And eyed his own light shadow on the wave.
The dolphin's back had caught more radiant hues
From the rich light of even, as it wreathed
In many a graceful form, and lingered still
Around the vessel's side. The drooping sails
Hung motionless, save when the rippling breeze
Waved the light cordage, and half-raised the curls
From the damp brow, fanning it with freshness,
And whispering of dells and leafy trees.
All was calm, and filled with stilly beauty
Which stole the sense away. It was one
Of those delicious moments when the mind,
Seeming to dwell on naught, feels o'er it come
Fair shapes of loveliness ineffable,
And on the heart the gentle dew of feeling
Doth fall unwittingly, to freshen there
The flowers of affection 'till their fragrance
Filleth our being. So felt one, who, pale
And languid, had been borne upon the deck,
That the cool air kissing his cheek, again
Might bring to it the rosy flush of health.
As murmured the light waves around, their tone
Seemed changed by magic and he heard instead
The voices of his home:—he wondered then
If those belovéd ones e'er thought of him—
If midst the circle of their happy sports,
An eye grew sadder as it missed his smile,
Or marked his vacant place. Then came a fear
He was forgotten, and his full soul thrilled
With a wild, feverish wish for sympathy.
Starting, as from a trance, he gazed around,
As though he hoped to find the dearly loved
Beside him, but with sickening heart he sank
Again upon his couch and sadly gazed
Far o'er the waste of waters. Suddenly
His pulse beat quicker; he descried a boat,
Bounding across the waves, and its gay motion
Gave life to hope. It near'd the ship; and soon
A friend, the bearer of glad tidings, came
With letters from his home. He turn'd them o'er
And o'er again. He scarce could read their lines,
His vision was so dimmed with tears of joy.
And as he caught their meaning, once again
He felt the fresh breath of his native hills,
And thoughts of childhood's happy home and friends
Brought back his childhood's tenderness and tears.

L. W.

AN APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Wonder of wonders! Earth hath naught in all
Her realm of beauty and magnificence,
To match thy matchless grandeur! Glorious Blanc
Retires pavilioned midst his mantling mists,
Nor dares to claim a rivalry with thee.
The Alpine cataracts that headlong leap
From heights so dizzy that they fall dispersed
In fleecy sheets of foam, are but the play
Of Nature in her frolic mood, compared
With thy vast whirl of waters. The loud roar
Of Ocean in its fury only seems
A deaden'd echo to thy ceaseless plunge.
That giant Arch whose grand proportions fill
The gazer's soul with such sublimity,
That thought withdraws dismayed, serenely stands,
A *silent* witness of its Builder's power;
Whilst thou, sublimer still, doth make appeal
To the amazed and awe-struck ear no less
Than to th' enraptur'd, overflowing eye!
Thou hast no rival. Earth had only need
Of one such model of stupendous skill,
To shadow forth *His* might and majesty,
Who gave thee all thy glory.

Feeble man,
In thine o'er mastering presence shrinks, appalled
At his own nothingness. Can *his* weak hand
Prevent thy leap tremendous? Can he blow,
With vaunting wisdom's breath, the veil aside
That shrouds thine awful bosom, and behold
The dread abyss beneath? Or can he snatch
One jewel from the rainbow-diadem,
Wherewith the sun hath crowned thee sov'reign queen?

I tremble as I gaze:—and yet my soul
Revives again with this indwelling thought;—
That though thy stunning torrent pour itself
In undiminished volume, on and on,
For centuries unsumm'd,—there *is* a time,
When all that makes thee now so terrible,
(Yet in thy greatest terror, lovely still,)
Shall sink to silence quiet as the grave:
But now I stand upon thy fearful brink,
In mute, strange wonder rapt,—I, who appear
So evanescent when compared with thee,
Shall rise superior o'er this failing earth,
Whose ruins shall become thy sepulchre!

Lexington, Va.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1849, *by John R. Thompson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.*]

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

"The barber is a lank lean man, and noses
In every cupboard, like a questing dog,
To find some bone of scandal. He seems humble,
Timid, and modest; but beware him sirs,
For the keen newsmonger steals its secret
From the dumb face whereof he grasps the chin."

The Barber.

The footsteps heard by the Countess Hermione, as she conversed with Sir Ludwig of Felseck, were those of Merlin; but she was presently aware that from a different quarter other persons were approaching. In fact as the Norwegian swept aside the hangings from a more private entrance, and paused upon the threshold, a gentleman, leading by the hand a handsome boy, appeared in the ante-chamber. The countess, who had for a moment encountered her husband's glance, and smiled away the quarrel which had a little before left her in tears, turned to the new comers. She at once, upon catching a view of them, sprang to her feet, and ran to meet them, exclaiming—

"He is here, and I knew not of it! Maurice—Maurice"—

Her countenance beaming with smiles and tears, she cast her arms about the boy—a pale-faced silent child with a thoughtful expression—and covered his cheeks, brow, and lips, with kisses.

"Beware, countess," said Sir Ludwig of Felseck.

"Beware? Certainly I shall not beware," the lady answered. "Good D'Imhoff, I salute you. Take my thanks for so charming a surprise."

She addressed these words to the boy's conductor, a noble looking person with an intelligent face somewhat furrowed, and the carriage and air of a man of rank and fashion.

Sir Ludwig of Felseck then said, with a gesture toward the Norwegian:

"Countess, be conscious of the presence of this gentleman, who as master of the chateau, is doubtless entitled to an explanation which he is too courteous to ask."

The countess did not answer, but ran on in endearing talk to the boy.

"Maurice—Maurice—have you indeed come back to me? God bless you, dear child: you are bronzed like a Bohemian, and these miseries have shorn away your curls. Saucy boy, you are grown tall enough to be a brave page."

"This fair lady is engrossed, sir," said Sir Ludwig, "and I must speak in her place. Monsieur, I am called Sir Ludwig of Felseck. I stand in a near relation to the countess, your wife. This child is my son; this gentleman is my friend, the Chevalier D'Imhoff."

"Pardon me, my excellent husband," the countess added, "if I have been remiss. Sir Ludwig has spoken a part of the truth. He might also have informed you that from the birth of this child I have been a mother to him, and love him with quite a mother's devotion."

The eyes of the countess gleamed with a double meaning.

Merlin replied to these speeches. His confidence in their truth was not sure. He indeed saw nothing in a sure light. He had stumbled into a labyrinth, and shadows, deceptions, riddles surrounded him. Moreover his loss of self-respect had much injured his customary hearty freedom of manner. Sullen, embarrassed, and irritable, he had become a singularly different person from the frank and bold youth who had, so short a time before, left the Swedish shores with a heart full of honest love, and a spirit inflamed by gallant hopes.

"I receive your explanations," he said to Sir Ludwig. "I do not question you. It is unnecessary that I should assume the duty of giving you fair entertainment in this accursed chateau, where I am more a stranger than yourself."

"Accursed chateau! did he say accursed chateau? Mon Dieu! my husband, this is intolerable."

Merlin said with a sullen courtesy—"I withdraw the rude word, madam."

"That is well," replied the countess.

At this point in a scene embarrassing to all parties, a page brought to the Norwegian a sealed pacquet. Tearing it open he glanced to the bottom of a leaf, and, with a change of countenance, left the apartment, saying to the page:

"Go before, and conduct the messenger to some place of privacy; then return and let me know where you have bestowed him."

The name at the bottom of the leaf was that of Captain Piper. Enclosed were letters, several months old, from Mariana Sture and the good senator, directed to the camp of the king of Sweden. Captain Piper had written briefly as follows:

"Sir,—In passing I have learned enough to be assured that you delay in this neighbourhood. I am *en route* for Sweden, and send to you certain letters, the answers whereunto will be no burthen to your assiduous servant—

GUSTAVUS PIPER."

The reading of these words brought a rush of blood to the visage of the unhappy Norwegian. Shame and grief unmanned him; he feared to open the accompanying letters. When at last he overcame his nervous hesitation, and read page after page of sweet, hopeful, and confiding utterances, warm and eloquent from the pure heart of Mariana, his eyes became full of tears, and he sobbed heavily.

Then he heard a step near at hand, and a kindly voice said at the same moment:

"You seem unhappy."

He turned and saw the melancholy girl, Giselle. He remained silent.

"You suspect me, and rebuke me, sir," said the girl, interpreting his silence.

"Not so, maiden," he at length answered. "You have seemed to me dignified by sorrow, and of a spirit too grave for wanton arts. I have no confidence to give you, but also no rebuke."

"When tears are in the eyes of a child or a woman," said Giselle, "they are nothing. But when a strong man weeps, we wonder and are awed. But forgive me; I but yielded to an interest which your singular grief excited. You, naturally enough, withhold your confidence from me, and I leave you."

"Not so, girl," Merlin replied. "Tarry: you are honest, I think, where all else is deception. I have much to learn. I wander among mists. You perhaps will explain many things to me."

Giselle mused in silence. She presently said:

"I may explain a part—perhaps enough to serve you. But now, or before ample reflection, I will not trust myself to speak. Moreover we may be interrupted. After nightfall I will meet you in the Astrologer's tower—in that turret-chamber which you have at times used for your meditations. Some one approaches. A brave man may command fortune, and should not despair. Leave tears to the weak. Adieu."

As Giselle disappeared, the page, who had been sent to the bearer of the pacquet, returned to say that he had accomplished his errand. He then conducted the Norwegian to the same turret-chamber which the girl had selected for the promised interview. In this room, awaiting his coming with a fixed stoop in the shoulders, and looks downcast, but watchful in their humility, Merlin found the valet of Captain Piper, Eugenius Flavel.

"Master Flavel," he said with composure, "I remember a scene by lake Vettern, and recognise you without difficulty. I hold in my hand the despatches from Captain Piper. Where now is that gentleman? When came he from Sweden? Why does he return?"

The valet answered these questions. Captain Piper had left Sweden within a month after the departure of the Norwegian himself; he had joined General Lewenhaupt, and would have followed with him on the course of King Charles, but a Polish count had run him through with a rapier at Wilna, in which town he had remained disabled by his wound. He was now returning, still disabled, to Sweden. The incidental quarrel had spoiled his Russian campaign. As for his present whereabout, he delayed in a village three leagues distant, awaiting the return of his messenger from the Chateau d'Amour.

When this information had been extracted from Eugenius Flavel, with less difficulty than might have been expected from the taciturnity which was usual with him in the presence of his master, Merlin said in conclusion:

"Say to Captain Piper that I thank him for his civility in despatching this message to me; and that I will at another time, by another hand, make answer to certain papers which he has sent to me. Receive this reward for your pains, and return at once to your master."

Receiving with obsequious gratitude the gift of the Norwegian, the valet departed as he had come, under the guidance of the page. Let us follow him, to learn how he freighted himself with news. Conducted by the page, he stole on with the silent step of a cat, looking closely about him, and venturing upon questions to the boy. To these the latter answered with so little point that Flavel extracted nothing; the lad was evidently one of those light spirits that live unobservant, and are not reflective enough to be inquisitive or to satisfy the inquisitive. But as the two proceeded, the wise countenance of Wilhelm the steward became visible, and this apparition gave the valet better hopes. The steward coming forward spoke with a patronizing civility to the page, and, as desirous as Flavel himself of a conference which offered an opportunity of exhibiting his rhetorical skill, or at least of letting escape those floods of small talk which were distressing to him in their pent-up condition, took charge of that worthy person, and escorted him with ceremonious politeness to his own quiet sanctuary. Arrived there he made the valet welcome, and introduced him by word and example to a stoup of wine. Master Flavel drank warily, pleading the unseasonable morning hour.

"It is a popular fallacy, sir," said the steward, "which rules our appetites by the index of a clock, which is but unreflecting machinery. That hour which finds a man thirsty is the hour for his potation."

"How charmingly, Monsieur, your life must pass," said the valet looking around him.

"It has its dignities, and its enjoyments—perhaps not altogether unmerited—but also its trou-

bles," Wilhelm responded with a sigh. Then, as the purpose of Master Flavel to get information was precisely his own, he brought the dialogue near to the subject upon which he was inquisitive.

"You had the honour," he observed, "to know the great Ritter, Prince Merlin, who is just now our master?"

"Yes," replied Flavel.

"Then," continued the steward, "you had the honour to know a very distinguished personage, a nobleman illustrious at home, in—surely those northern countries possess names with which I can never become familiar."

"Yes," replied Flavel.

"Hum,"—muttered the steward, "what was that yes for?" Then he proceeded—"A nobleman, I say, illustrious for his virtues and extensive possessions, to make no mention of a venerable ancestry. This distinguished Brightness you have had the honour to serve—eh?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said Flavel, "and I could acquaint you with some particulars concerning my lord."

"You are a polite person, and I drink to your health," said the triumphant steward whose vanity whispered that his adroitness had led the stranger to the verge of developments. "And now, my dear sir, proceed."

Flavel manifested no perception of the fact that he was expected to enter upon a narrative.

"When his Brightness left his regretting country," continued the steward, "and came, led by some vow, doubtless, riding like a private person"—

"Pardon me," interrupted Master Flavel; "it was rather with the brilliant escort of two hundred armed men, and with his banner displayed, that my lord travelled. You are certainly mistaken on that point."

"Mistaken!" retorted the steward. "Sir, that observation would alone prove you a stranger to this region. I pique myself, sir, and others have not been wanting in complimentary remark, upon the fidelity of my observation and the accuracy of my statements."

"But, Monsieur," persevered the valet, "you have been misinformed by some one disposed to practise upon your confiding disposition. My lord positively journeyed with such an escort as I have mentioned. You have been practised upon."

The steward became ruddy with passion.

"Practised upon! Holy St. Julian, saint of travellers! Am I unable to behold with my own eyes? His Brightness not only came without the escort you speak of, but when I went out to meet him, he was well-nigh in a condition of natural nakedness."

Master Flavel, with eyes and hands uplifted, expressed his amazement.

"Poor gentleman!" he murmured audibly; "to be exposed to this frosty atmosphere in such a defenceless condition!"

"You mistake," said the steward. "It was in sultry summer weather."

"My dear Monsieur," gently exclaimed Master Flavel, "*now* there can be no question but that you are mistaken. To within a fortnight past, my lord the illustrious Prince Merlin, has been known to be engaged in a desperate campaign against the rebels of the northern islands, who refused to supply my lord's purveyors with tribute-honey for my lord's mead. How then could my lord have appeared here in summer?"

"Sir," said the steward with a dignity becoming in such a functionary when outraged by extreme contradiction, "permit me to entertain you with a brief narrative. In the latter days of the last July my lord came to this region. It pleased him, riding alone, as I had the honour to signify to you, in his armour, *ritterliche*, to dismount and make his bath in a stream. Now, sir, there came to him, through the woodlands, certain facetious ladies, the excellent mistress of this chateau at their head; and, in their mirth, these ladies did bear off the clothing and other equipment of my lord. It was whilst in pursuit of his property that I beheld, with my own eyes, his approach, and that condition, near to natural nakedness, of which I spoke, and as to which you did me the respect to controvert me. To this chateau I escorted my lord. I witnessed within ten days thereafter a nuptial ceremony, a marriage of my lord to the countess my mistress—a marriage whereof I must not speak understandingly—and since that time, now three months agone, it has been my duty, as my pleasure, to attend daily upon the presence of my lord, the Ritter, his Brightness Prince Merlin—a plain tale—a plain tale, sir. I am gratified to perceive that I have been perspicuous enough to put to flight those opposite suppositions of your ignorance. I am never mistaken, sir—never."

"I believe you, Monsieur," said the valet. "You possess a genius for observation and for narrative, and your words carry conviction. Now I shall empty a cup to your health, and depart."

The steward became suddenly aware that the interview had resulted in his giving information to his guest, and receiving none in return.

"Delay, my dear sir," he said, "and partake of a slight refection which I will prepare for you."

Flavel, losing some of his civility now that he had drawn from his host such knowledge as he desired, rejected the proffered entertainment, and was in a few minutes on his return to his master,

Captain Piper, burthened with news destined to surprise that gentleman extremely.

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CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"Your words, Timandra, lift me
From a dark vale of servitude, and seat me
Upon a hill of happiness."

The Bondman—Massinger.

The sun of that day was near its setting, when Merlin, who had withheld himself from the society of his countess and her guests, and passed his time in unhappy reflections, sallied from the castle on horseback. His purpose was not determinate: it was but for a greater privacy in his melancholy meditations that he rode abroad.

The letters from Sweden had brought freshly before his eyes the wretched ruin wrought by passion and folly. His heart ached; self-anger and utter misery overwhelmed him as he reined his horse in the light of the declining sun.

In his wobegone and despairing mood, he tracked that forest through which he had passed on the day of his first approach to the Chateau d'Amour. Had he been less engrossed he might have observed several suspicious circumstances in the course of his ride. A shrill whistle sounded from an eminence in his rear, and was responded to by the same shrill notes from several points in the wood. The trampling of horses upon the sodded earth was audible. The shadows of the large trees, and the presence of copse-wood under them, did not altogether conceal the motions of numerous horsemen. If an ambuscade had been purposed, it was certainly conducted with little caution. At length these suspicious sounds and movements, which Merlin had noted as a man may note the passing to and fro of those who attend him in a fever fit, were followed by explanatory actions. A party of horse met him full in front; a similar body coming from the forest united in his rear; even the wood on either side presented under its shadows and amongst its covert, numbers of armed horsemen.

"Stand sir," said one of the cavaliers in his front.

The Norwegian, coming to a perception of the reality, said in some surprise but firmly:

"What is it that you desire?"

The first speaker answered:

"It happened, on a fair day, that Prince James Sobiesky and Prince Constantine his brother, rode into the forests near Breslaw for their divertisement. You bear in mind, sir, what befel the princes on that occasion. We have made a vow, which we are now able to fulfil, to render your majesty the victim of a similar romantic adventure. Come in peace; for, as you perceive, force will not avail you."

"I do not understand you," replied the Norwegian. "Neither do I care to oppose you. Lead on."

This apathy seemed to excite the surprise and comment of the troopers. After speaking among themselves, the company before him opened sufficiently to admit him into its midst. No force was used. The strangers seemed, indeed, to be under the influence of a sort of surly respect for their captive. In a few moments the dragoons, numbering full fifty men, were pricking on at a speedy gait, Merlin riding amongst them as careless of the result as if, like the Campeador, only his body left desolate of its spirit backed the bounding steed.

When the party had issued from the gloom of the wood into a plain, where the light of day still lingered, and indeed gathered increase from a broad moon which began to deepen in its yellow effulgence as the west faded, a sudden check occurred in its progress. This was occasioned by a communication spreading from near the person of the Norwegian to the extremities of the troop. When the halt had been accomplished, several horsemen, making their way through the now confused ranks, rode up to him.

"If it please you, sir," said one of these, "turn fully to the light."

Merlin not only complied with this request, but bared his head. His short auburn curls and his every feature were visible.

"We have fallen into an error," said the same speaker, who seemed to be a leader. "Your extraordinary stature must explain and excuse a very natural mistake. You are at liberty."

An hour after this adventure, the Norwegian, upon whom it made but a slight impression, reentered the chateau. The promised interview with the damsel, Giselle, connecting as it did with subjects of a near interest to him, had not escaped his recollection. He proceeded at once to the turret-chamber appointed for the meeting. Giselle awaited his coming upon a bartizan, or balcony, on which the chamber opened.

"Giselle," he said, seating himself by her side, "speak to me clearly of the many mysteries which beset me in this new and most unhappy condition of my life."

"It is impossible," replied the girl firmly. "But ask, and what I am at liberty to explain, that I will."

"Tell me then," said Merlin, "who is this lady, whose miserable husband I have become! Many circumstances conspire to persuade me that the Countess Hermione of the Chateau d'Amour is but one of those feigned names, and

designations, which the wit of woman is skilful to invent when she desires concealment."

"You have guessed the truth," Giselle answered. "It is not by her true name and designation, which her beauty, her power, her fortunes, and alas! her errors have made familiar to the world, that you know my mistress. But upon this point I will not, for I must not, speak more clearly."

"Now by the Gods," exclaimed the Norwegian, "you have spoken enough for my freedom. I have been wedded to a woman whose real name is not known to me, but concealed by her craft. I will break the bonds of this marriage, where there has been so vital a concealment. If they possessed the triple strength into which affection confirms them, I would yet break them, where imposture had been practised in a matter so sacred. You embolden my spirit, Giselle; for now you have given me a hope of escape from a captivity which gnaws at my heart and consumes my very life-blood."

"And is it possible," said the girl, "that you have never suspected that escape lay open before you? That you had but to will a release to secure it?"

"Explain your meaning," said Merlin.

The girl paused. Presently she said as the result of swift reflection:

"The Countess Hermione is not your wife."

Merlin sprang to his feet.

"What is it that you say?" he cried. "The Countess Hermione is not my wife! Giselle, if you should be by my side when my soul takes its flight from my body, jest then rather than now."

"The Countess Hermione," the damsel spoke on calmly, "resorted to this miserable device to gild the grossness of an amour. She is not your wife. The priest who performed the rite on that wild and infamous evening, was Luigo Basili, my lady's Italian serving-man—a crafty wretch practised in disguises."

The Norwegian heard this speech to an end. He remained for a minute holding the girl's hand, and staring into the blue skies over which the starry wealth lay so brightly strewn. Then he said:

"It doubtless seems strange to you that I hear the story of so degrading a wrong without that natural anger which, in such a case, is not only excusable but becoming. But, truly, there is in the freedom to which I now learn my title so much to rejoice my spirit that I am forgiving of all else. My good Giselle, I left in the northern land, from which I came, a fair and nobly gifted maiden, who did not scorn to repay my devotion with a modest and constant affection. Of late I have dreamed of her as fallen angels might dream of the forfeited gardens of God. Your words now remove my despair. This, even this—great as must be the difficulty of reinstating my hopes fully, of undoing the work so madly done—is such a relief as makes, of itself, the difference between misery and happiness. I have no anger, no indignant rebuke, for the wild-hearted woman, of lawless passions and a false misleading beauty, into whose snares I fell. Giselle, I am again a man; erring indeed, but wiser from error; wounded by the adversary, repentant for a too swift surrender, but again buoyed by the uprising energies of my hope."

The girl seemed not fully to sympathise with him in his newly awakened fervour.

"In informing you of these things," she said, "my purpose has been not only to remove you from a state of dishonour, but to break a spell disgraceful to my mistress. Have you deemed her your wife, and yet possessed no love for her, no appreciation of much that is nobl in her nature? Leave the chateau as speedily as may be; but, stranger, whose presence has proved a fruitful source of folly and sin, and to me of bitter regrets, do not altogether condemn my misguided mistress. She possesses high qualities to redeem her misleading ones. Bear with you a forgiving memory."

Giselle turned to depart. The Norwegian said to her:

"Stay, maiden. You will not speak to me more fully concerning the countess; but this knight of Felseck, and the chevalier his companion—who are they?"

"I am inexorably silent," the girl replied. "I have acquainted you with all that it suited my views that you should know, and perhaps with more than a proper respect for my mistress can justify."

She left the turret-chamber.

CHAPTER NINTH.

"It must be confessed that, in reflecting on the adventures of Charles of Sweden, on the personal strength of King Augustus, and the travels of the Czar Peter, one would be apt to think we lived in the days of Hercules and Theseus."—*Voltaire.*

The Countess Hermione, Sir Ludwig of Felseck, and the Chevalier D'Imhoff were feasting at a late hour. Some damsels in bright tunics, their bare arms glittering with bracelets as they were arched or thrown abroad in artful gestures, their taper feet flying with a free grace in spite of the high-heeled chioppines upon which they were stilted, performed a Polish dance. The natural locks of these damsels were drawn spirally, tier above tier, to a great height, and powdered until the topaz, gold, or ebony, of their hue

had whitened into pearl. On this occasion, as if the freedom of the Chateau d'Amour had been restrained by the presence of her guests, the countess herself had controlled the flow of her brown hair, and wore it in a tower, on the embattled top of which a little banner drooped from a golden staff. Paikel, the Fool, with a diadem of paper, and a purple mantle, occupied the post of honour at the board, a throne-like chair, raised above the others, and coped with scarlet cloth which a metallic eagle gathered at the top into its talons. With his long peaked chin drooped to the yellow clasp of his mantle, Paikel sat sound asleep.

The Norwegian, fresh from his interview with Giselle, joined the company. His countenance had lost its gloom. He came with a buoyant step, and even with the air of one for whom wine, women, music, and the dance have yet a charm unshadowed by the experiences of life. His arrival made a pause in the motions of the dancing girls, whom his melancholy and ill-temper had of late curbed in these exhibitions. But with some gay words he reassured them, and the nimble dance continued.

"My friend," said the countess, after a time, when the Norwegian had done honour to Sir Ludwig, and the chevalier his companion, in a goblet of that imperial wine from the hills watered by the Theiss—"my friend, you again fascinate me—so happy is the change which seems to have visited you."

"And you, beautiful countess," Merlin replied in a gallant tone, "have never ceased to be fascinating."

The countess seemed surprised, then thoughtful, then troubled.

"There is then an obstacle in a course which seemed quite clear," she muttered. Then she added more audibly: "Do I indeed possess a place in your truant heart?"

Merlin evaded the question.

"Countess, tell me why it is that Paikel sits above the feast like a king."

Sir Ludwig answered in place of the lady.

"The jester has forgotten his art. It is proved that his wit is dead or in a trance; that his last merry flash preceded your arrival at this castle. He has become hopelessly stupid, and accounting him fit for nothing better, we have made a king of him, after the Polish mode, which you are aware is elective."

"Kings then are excessively stupid?"

"Otherwise, Monsieur," Sir Ludwig answered, "our jest would be pointless. But do you doubt a proposition universally sustained by facts?"

"Stanislaus," said Merlin, "the present king of this land, is reported a brave, wise, and good man."

"Stupid, Monsieur, stupid"—replied the knight of Felseck. "A virtuous country gentleman who has studied the Lives of Plutarch, but stupid."

"And Frederick Augustus," said the Norwegian, "the Elector of Saxony, the predecessor of Stanislaus on the throne of Poland—do you reckon of him also so lowly? Fame has been fond of that heroic king. His physical endowments, his deeds against the Turk, his princely munificence, his romantic adventures worthy to have been sung by a troubadour before a Court of Love in a contest for the prize of the golden violet, have indeed made him seem to his times a crowned knight of a more chivalric age."

Sir Ludwig buried his large features in a tankard of aleberry, flavoured with spices; when he had finished his draught, he replied:

"Augustus is no king, Monsieur. Possibly he might have continued to be one, had he possessed a reasonable hereditary phlegm and the staid sobriety of a Flemish coach horse. Augustus is not undeserving of your acquaintance. He has a heart for a fair woman, the thirst of a boon companion, a firm seat in his saddle, and can wind a *mot* on a hunting horn, or single the champion boar from a sounder of wild swine, and then spit him with his spear, with the best jager that ever spurred in the greenwood. Augustus, Monsieur, is much too engaging and excellent a person to be a king as kings are."

"What say you, sir, of Czar Peter?" Merlin asked. "He is winning renown by his policy. Do you not think nobly of this empire founder—this illuminator of barbarous races, who achieves in a few years the work of centuries?"

"A mere mechanic fellow," replied Sir Ludwig. "Peter is by no means a gentleman. His genius is pertinacity. He has done something to be sure. He has built a town amongst the nests of the sea-fowl, and he has cut off the beards of a great many of his people. The world call this founding an empire and civilizing barbarians. The Czar, Monsieur, if I had leisure to dilate, or you patience to follow me, would appear to be no exception to that proposition to which Paikel is indebted for his crown."

"You have said nothing of the king of Sweden," Merlin persevered.

Sir Ludwig growled like some monster of the forests when the hunter comes upon his lair.

"That king," he said, "is one of those damnable disturbers of the repose of better men, who worry the world with no more reason than the house dog shows when he assails the cat, chases the maids, and bites the men. You, countess, who knew him in Sweden amongst the pleasures of his court, and you, D'Imhoff, who dealt with him, at my side, at Clissau, and elsewhere, vouch what I say. Instead of able thoughts he pos-

sesses an aspiration, which a schoolmaster in Stockholm put into his head. He is as obstinate as Alexander the Great, whom he learned from the pedagogue that he resembled, or as the devil, or even as the Czar; consequently he follows his aspiration. He has the power of a brave nation at his back; consequently he is enabled to follow his aspiration successfully. I trust that Peter and this king of Sweden will grapple in the wilderness, like bear and dog, and never loose hold with life. I had the honour, Monsieur, to attend the person of Augustus, the Elector, of whom you are so good-natured as to speak approvingly, and for whom I must admit that I do myself entertain some indulging sentiments—I had the honour, I say, to be with him on two marked occasions: at Berzin where he met the Czar, and at Altranstad where he met the king of Sweden."

"Sir Ludwig, you delight me," cried the Countess Hermione. "Do we not walk adroitly on the verges? Do not beware—for beware is one of the miserable self-guarding words of tame persons."

"Countess," replied Sir Ludwig, who availed himself of the interruption to bury the lower portion of his bearded face in the tankard, "I admire you excessively. Beware is an odious word, which you never have been so absurd as to tolerate when disposed to an aberration. We must chase it from our vocabulary like a bat from amongst the lights of a Paphian bower. Monsieur, when the Elector, then king of Poland, met the Czar at Berzin, Europe awaited the result of their deliberations. Now it is a fact that both were drunk for the three days of their personal interview. We brought away the king of Poland, in a horse litter, in a bewildered condition. It was only after a considerable interval of time that he was able to relate, or even recal, the circumstances of the meeting. He has several times assured me that no politic discussion at all was held. The Czar, who is habituated to the use of aquafortis, is supposed to have endured the debauch better. Again at Altranstad, the king of Sweden, in that interview which politicians had with great pains brought about, and from which the peace of the world might be hoped to receive a guaranty, informed Augustus that he had not laid aside his coarse blue coat with gilt brass buttons, or his piece of black taffety which served for a cravat, or his jack-boots, for six years, except when he went to bed—and not always then."

"What charming information," said the countess. "And the unfortunate Elector, dethroned by the wearer of the boots—how did he receive the statement?"

"Of course he discussed the topic selected by the master of an invincible army, as if it was the most interesting one imaginable. When the boots and coat were sufficiently discussed, the potentates parted, and Europe breathed freely again. Kings, Monsieur, are very absurd creatures. If Augustus ever possessed those chivalric virtues and refinements of which you spoke, they have been trodden in a great degree out of him by adversity and a dull modern custom; and perhaps if restored to his crown he would prove no better than his royal brothers. We have deemed Paikel stupid enough to be entitled to a crown. And certainly he makes an unusually good king, for his stupidity is pacific. It would be better for the world if royalty slept oftener as Paikel sleeps—less mischief would go with crowns; better for kings themselves, for the slumber that disables mischief drowns sorrow." Sir Ludwig's visage wore something like a sad gravity as he ended; the expression lingered, however, but for a moment.

Merlin, to whom the public events of several months were almost wholly unknown, and who, since the developments which Giselle had made, had renewed his purpose to follow—and that at once—the king of Sweden, begged the knight of Felseck to acquaint him with the movements of the Swedish army. Sir Ludwig informed him that Charles had marched toward Smolensko, but that, although every where victorious, he had turned from the Smolensko route and gone southward to combine with Mazeppa the Hetman, and was doubtless now in the Ukraine country.

"The route which the king opened," continued Sir Ludwig, "is now beset by the Muscovite forces. The wave has closed behind him, and his general, Lewenhaupt, will have to cleave it anew to come up with him. He must have a wild work of it."

"How far has this general, Lewenhaupt, gone upon the course of the king of Sweden?" Merlin asked.

"Perhaps he has passed the Berozine," answered Sir Ludwig. "And, Monsieur," the knight continued, "if it be your purpose to fly the charms of your countess, and join the banner of the king of Sweden, as has been suggested to me, you will find the wake of Lewenhaupt as thoroughly closed as that of his master. A cavalier, weakly attended, if he possessed the enterprise and prowess of Sir Roland himself, could not make his way in that direction. Your better route lies southward by the marshes of Rokitus, and by Owruez. You should aim, pursuing this route, for Kiovia on the Boristhenes."

"My questions are not idle," said Merlin; "for I purpose, sir, with this lady's will, to depart for the Swedish camp, and that speedily—even so soon as by an early hour to-morrow."

The countess opened her bright eyes to their full extent.

"This indeed is sudden," she said. "Judith, lead the dance—let there be loud music." Then to Merlin: "Enchanter, receive my hand and lead me apart, that we may speak without reserve. The approaching wings of a sad hour darken the air of my enjoyment."

Merlin led the countess Hermione into an embayed recess of the deep wall. There, with their speech drowned to other ears, they conversed. At length they came forth. The countess seemed pensive. She said to Sir Ludwig:

"You are aware that I have practised a deception upon this gentleman. He has discovered it. Perhaps it is well that he has done so. It is his purpose to depart, as he informed you, to-morrow. You must therefore to-night bestow upon him the honour which I besought for him of your goodness."

"Besought, countess? You rather commanded!"

"Be it so then. But you will yield to me in this. Make this wronged gentleman a knight, and a member of your renowned order of the White Eag'e."

"Certain observances are necessary," answered Sir Ludwig, "which require time."

"They can be put aside," the countess insisted. "It is a case of emergency. Dub him a knight, and avow him of your order, as you might do in the crisis of a battle."

"As you choose, madam," Sir Ludwig replied. "The last received members were a traitorous prince, and a Jew banker. If this stranger is not worth a thousand of them, I am not able to judge a man of worth and mettle by his exterior."

Merlin, wondering at this dialogue, said with some earnestness:

"Who are you, sir, that undertake to dispense high honours? I have already been made the butt of masquerading practices in this castle. I believe that a man of honour, as I take you to be, will not lend his aid to a renewal of such practices—practices only to be forgiven in a beautiful woman."

"You will find me in dead earnest," said Sir Ludwig. Then to an attendant: "Bring me the great sword of Duke Hildebrand."

The sword, an immensely large weapon, with a blade of dim blue steel, was brought.

"You desire, Monsieur," Sir Ludwig resumed, "to know me. I see no good cause for keeping you in ignorance, as our fellowship is presently to end, and our travel to diverge. I am that dethroned King of Poland of whom you have spoken in terms of exaggerated approbation. I am Frederick Augustus."

The Norwegian received this avowal with a profound inclination, and said with a mingled expression of surprise and veneration:

"Sir, some wandering thoughts have heretofore assailed me of your majesty's higher condition."

"Perhaps you will permit me to confer upon you," said Augustus, "those honours to which you were just now reluctant."

"I am not at all proved by action sir," Merlin answered, "and it must be a subject of complaint to the illustrious men who are enrolled in your order of the White Eagle, to bring into their ranks a stranger of no fame."

"Your modesty, brave gentleman, is good proof of worth," said Augustus. "Moreover this countess insists, and we are inferior in obstinacy to some other princes." Then he muttered to the Chevalier D'Imhoff—"I am a little unsteady. I shall find it more difficult than I supposed, to go through this matter. Take care D'Imhoff—give me the sword of Duke Hildebrand. By gallant St. George, if my legs are at fault, the potations have at least improved the vigour of my arms. I could cleave the fellow to the chine."

"Do not mistake so far as to do so, sire," said the chevalier."

The Norwegian, to whom a freak of fortune proffered such an honour as brave men of high rank might contend to reach as the recompense for life-long toils, perils, and self-denials, determined, whatever might be the circumstances attending the bestowal of it, to receive it. He knelt before the Elector. The Countess Hermione, folding her arms, repressed by her imperious demeanour a disposition on the part not only of the spectators, but of Augustus himself, to make a jest of the grave ceremony.

Her frown daunted the dancing girls, and put the Elector upon his guard. He performed his part with only one deviation from dignity. One of the ornaments, swinging from the ceiling above him, was a silver saint holding a demon, of baser metal, by tail and feet. This with other cressets of quaint device lighted the apartment; for from the upturned face of the suspended demon, flaring out at eyes, nostrils, and mouth, flames issued. The unnecessary vigor with which the Elector wielded the gigantic sword severed saint and devil from the ceiling, and brought them down first upon his own shoulders and then, by rebound, amongst the damsels who were grouped behind him. With this exception, Merlin Brand was dubbed a knight with suitable decorum. He was subsequently made, by a brief process, and recognised in a formula rather fantastic for the age, a member of the knightly brotherhood of the White

Eagle. D'Imhoff, an officer of that order, received the Elector's command to attend to the enrolment. The ensign of the order, a white rosette with a central medallion bearing the image of an eagle, Augustus took from his own bosom, where he had worn it concealed, and suspended it by its cordon upon the breast of the Chevalier Merlin.

"We do these things hastily, and with some omissions," said the Elector, "but with none so fatal as marked a former ceremony to which you were subjected. You are more surely a knight, and a brother of our order, my dear chevalier, than you ever were a husband. And now that we have finished this business, the night is not so late but that we may return to our amusements. Is the Fool never awake with the hubbub? We have knighted a soldier, and saint and devil have been by the ears, and he still sleeps. He has drunk the draught of Iamblicus and his six brothers. Touch his crown with a torch. Perhaps he may awake mirthful after slumbers so remarkable."

As the paper circlet blazed, the countess, finding that the Norwegian was no where visible, went swiftly in pursuit of him. The unwedded pair were presently together with none near to witness their meeting. A lamp, expiring on the wall near them, struggled with the moonlight, which entered at a *machicolle*, or shot-window. The countenance of Lady Hermione was visible, with its many blended expressions, in this light.

"Assure me before we part," she said, with a tone not a little touching, "that you will, at times, remember me gently and forgivingly."

"I cannot fail to do so," the Norwegian answered. "In truth, but for a heart preoccupied, I could have forgotten the world in the delights of this Capua. Surely I shall have many romantic and tender thoughts of this our extraordinary union, mysterious Hermione."

"Yes—call me Hermione," said the countess with a sigh. "It possesses a pleasant sound from your lips. Chevalier Merlin, there are times, and perhaps this is one of them, when I regret that we cannot forever be Merlin and Hermione, and shut the troubled world, with its iron duties and dark passions, quite out from our castle of love."

"I have urged you hitherto," said the Norwegian, "to be frank with me, and to let me know your true name. This I may sometimes have urged from mere curiosity. I do not urge it now; but, assuredly, I do desire to know, without mystery or reservation, this bright lady who has been so near to me, and who must so frequently visit my reflections during the remainder of my life."

"Sir Merlin," replied the lady, "remember me in your love as Hermione, in your prayers as the Countess of Konigsmark."

The Norwegian heard this avowal of the identity of the countess with the most celebrated woman of her times, with scarcely a mark of surprise.

"To speak the truth madam," he said, "I have imagined as much, since I learned the true rank of the knight of Felseck. Fame has united your proud names inseparably. But still, have I not reason to be incredulous? Can you be indeed that lady whose fidelity, to an unfortunate prince, has been held to redeem a passionate error, and to give the veil of virtue to a mere union *par amours?* The dame of the bright wit—of the wonderful eloquence trained in the music of many tongues—the saint of adoring poets, and the chosen friend of philosophers—the sparkling creature, full of beauty, grace, and generosity beyond praise or computation—such has fame spoken the Countess of Konigsmark; and you, lady, may seem to me all this. But the Countess of Konigsmark is reported to have maintained her constancy to her lover and lord with a fervour that grew with his misfortunes. You hurried into involvement with a mere adventurous soldier—a stranger. I believe, but am full of wonder."

"If you have not penetrated the mystery of my nature," said the Countess of Konigsmark—"if you have not learned to account for its contradictions in our experience as husband and wife, a few words now cannot possibly enlighten you. Suffice it that I do retain an affection as profound as affection can be where right does not consecrate it, for another, and yet have wasted and still waste some tenderness upon yourself. Remember, my friend, that he whom I for a time seemed to desert has placed no sacred pale about my heart, but left it like a wild bird with the privilege of roaming. Would that I had been his true wife as I have been your feigned one. How staunch would I not have been in glory or sorrow! But now we must part. When we meet for a few brief moments to-morrow, we meet as the Chevalier Merlin and the Countess of Konigsmark. Have you now, at this parting moment, no kiss for the lips of Hermione?"

This gentle ceremony of love was enacted. Merlin pressed the dewy lips of the lady. In a moment after, she had flitted like a shadow from her place, and he stood alone.

ANSWER TO CANNING'S ENIGMA.

Cares is a noun of plural number,
Foe to sleep and quiet slumber;
But Sally comes and with an S,
Turns bitter cares to sweet *Caress*.

AFFLICTIONS.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

There are moments that come in their sombre array
  Like thoughts of the shroud and the tomb,
When the light from the eye and the cheek fades away,
  And sets in the night of their gloom.
Less joyous, 'tis true, for a time may appear
  These hours of affliction and pain,
Than the "daughters of music" whose song charms the ear
  As the Syren's bewildering strain.
But O! to the humble these moments of night
  Are dearer than all that may shine,
For they see through the darkness the dawn of that light,
  Which glows with a radiance divine!

There's a beam still remaining when darkness is near,
  More beauteous than that of the noon,
In glory it waits till the planets appear,
  And the billow embraces the moon;
A melody lingers awhile in the sky,
  When the shock of the thunder is o'er,
And the wave leaves a murmur of music on high,
  When it breaks and recedes on the shore;
And thus each affliction, howe'er it may pain,
  Brings a joy that forbids us to pine,
And the harp struck to sorrow awakens a strain,
  That thrills to a rapture divine!

The friendships of earth may appear for awhile
  The truest and best to the heart,
But O! how they change with Prosperity's smile,
  As the goddess is seen to depart!
There's a friend who remains in adversity's night
  As true as in days that are flown,
He beams on the lowly with smiles of delight
  And makes all their sorrows his own,
For His love which alone has the power to save,
  Beams brightly round life's sad decline,
And o'er the disheartening gloom of the grave
  Diffuses a lustre divine!

PROVINCIALISMS.

It does not follow that because there are no provinces in the United States, no provincialisms are to be found among the people. Social peculiarities of phraseology, precisely analogous to those which in England would be denounced as provincialisms, are to be met with here in rich abundance. But there is a strong disposition on the part of our countrymen to think their own peculiarities of this kind entitled to higher respect than they would themselves accord to those of the Scotch and the Irish. Freed from the domination of the English government, they seem determined also to emancipate themselves from the shackles of the English dictionary and grammar, as if submission to even that species of constraint were a disgraceful badge of colonial vassalage, and as if American innovations upon the English Language were a suitable concomitant or necessary consequence of American reforms in the principles of government. It has recently become notorious that the Harpers of New York, the most considerable of the American publishers of books, have been for years engaged in a systematic and most impudent attempt to level all writers, whether English or American, to their own favorite Yankee standard of orthography. It is difficult to say whether efforts to Americanize the English language are more deserving of ridicule or of reprehension. That noble language has now become the heritage of the world. It is spoken not merely by the people of the British Islands and of the United States, but by those of the extensive British provinces and colonies on this continent, in the West Indies, in Asia, Africa and Australia. The common care of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world should be to preserve the English language in its purity, and transmit it pure to the countless millions destined to speak it in another age. But even were it desirable (as it is not) to impress upon the language the stamp of American innovations, the history of colonization in every period of the world shews that it would be impossible to accomplish such a result. Physical force and political power may shift from the mother country to the colonial settlement, and the latter may equal or surpass the former, in wealth, in luxury, and in general refinement; yet in all changes and revolutions, the standard of the common language remains immovable, and every question about the purity or legitimacy of a word or phrase is solved by an appeal to the usage of the educated and the polite in the mother country. Sicily, Grecian Italy, Macedonia and Grecian Egypt, became successively more powerful than Greece, the mother country of them all; but all of them, and all other countries colonized from old Greece, always retained and acknowledged their inferiority and dependence, so far as related to the common language. The mother country, and Athens the capital of its civilization, continued to the last to dictate the laws of the Greek language, wherever in its wide diffusion that language might be spoken. And so it must be in regard to the English language. The standard of its purity must always be found in England, and American innovations must always be contemned and rejected, by the overwhelming majority of the people who speak the language, as mere corruptions,—as mere local cant and provincialism.

I have often heard it remarked, and sometimes by northern men, that in the Southern States the English language is spoken and written by the

well educated with greater purity and correctness, than by the corresponding class of persons in the Northern States. Whether the remark is upon the whole a just one, I do not know. Yet it is countenanced by several peculiarities of diction prevalent among our brethren of the North, some of which are constantly to be met with in the writings of men of literary pretension, and even of literary eminence, and seem to be employed by them with the most exemplary and undoubting faith in their legitimacy. The few that I now proceed to specify, however firmly they may be rooted in the Yankee dialect, will scarcely be considered by an educated Southron or Englishman as properly belonging to the English language.

A reverend doctor of divinity, well known in Philadelphia, in an essay on christian baptism, published a few weeks ago, (that is to say, sometime in June 1849,) in the newspaper called "The Christian Observer," says that *pouring water on to the fists* is the proper translation of a phrase in the Greek, usually rendered *pouring water upon the hands*. He thus evidently employs the particles *on to* as equivalent to *upon*; and the same use of the same particles is exceedingly common among writers of even greater reputation than the reverend essayist. That it is a mere provincialism. unworthy of an educated man, can scarcely be questioned: for though correct speech admits the same combination of the same particles, it is with a signification wholly different from that imposed by the reverend doctor and his northern brethren, whether literary or illiterate. A Southern minister of the Gospel, walking to church in company with this learned theologian of Philadelphia, might simply and naturally say, if he thought they were in danger of being too late, "Come, let us get *on to* the church"; and no Englishman would perceive any thing remarkable in the exhortation; he would understand it as simply meaning, "Let us get forward, or onward, to the church." Yet the reverend Philadelphian would doubtless halt in great astonishment, and stare at his clerical ally as if he deemed his reason unsettled, thinking he had proposed the unseemly exhibition of bestriding the roof of the sacred edifice. The luckless Southron might find great difficulty in making it understood that he had been speaking English, and not Yankee, and that he had no intention to indulge in irreverent or unbecoming levity. And if the same reverend doctor should chance to be subject to a failing very common among learned men, that of forgetfulness, and should unduly delay his preparations for keeping an appointment to preach at a station somewhat remote, his ears would no doubt give smooth and approving admittance to an admonition from a relative or servant, couched in terms like these:—"Sir, in view of Sabbath, it is time for you to pour some water *on to* your fists and face, and get *on to* your beast's back."

In a book called "The Wonders of the Heavens," by Alden Bradford, published about a dozen years ago, (in Boston, I think, though in that particular my recollection may be erroneous, as it is long since I saw a copy of the work) the compiler introduces a short mythological account of the signs of the zodiac, and of the constellation Gemini, or "The Twins," among the rest. These twins, he informs us, were Castor and Pollux, who, while they sojourned upon earth, were engaged in the famous Argonautic expedition, in which "they conducted with great gallantry." And nothing is more common than to see in the writings and to hear in the conversation of Northern men a similar use of the verb *conduct*. A Southron, who had learned at school and college that this verb is active, and that it grammatically requires an express noun substantive following, would naturally, upon hearing from a northern man that upon some occasion, John Smith the ubiquitous *had conducted with great gallantry*, listen in expectation of being forthwith informed what it was that John Smith had so gallantly conducted,—whether himself, or a troop of horse. or another man's wife. But he would listen in vain. Only by specific enquiry might he learn, or by mere conjecture conclude, that the thing which John Smith conducted with great gallantry, was no other than the gallant John Smith's own proper self.

I once knew a gentleman from one of the Northern States, who, on being asked at table what he would choose to eat, was in the habit of responding, "I've a *notion to* an egg," or "to a potato," or to anything else he might happen to approve at the time. Whether this very odd phrase is common among the better educated of the Northern people, I have never learned. The gentleman in question, like the reverend doctor already mentioned, was both theological and literary.

"*In view of* these facts—these circumstances—these considerations," or the like, is a form of speech that I suspect is not indigenous, but borrowed, though I have little doubt that it was first received in the Northern part of the Union, and thence diffused through the other portions. So common has it now become, that scarcely a State paper, petition, or memorial of any sort, scarcely a dissertation on any subject, whether moral, political, theological or miscellaneous, scarcely even an editorial article of half a column in a newspaper, can be concocted in these United States, without pressing this everlasting phrase into the service. Were it the very best of all

possible or imaginable phrases, such incessant repetition would suffice to render it wearisome beyond endurance. But instead of being the best, it seems to me the worst, or among the worst; worthy to be expelled from our own language, even if indigenous, rather than to be adopted and incorporated into ours by translation out of another. My chief objections to the phrase are the following. *First*, It is justly liable to exception for ambiguity. We know indeed that men have eyes and the faculty of viewing, and that facts have not, and therefore, when a man says that in view of certain facts he draws certain conclusions, we infer his meaning to be, that he himself is the viewer, and that the facts are merely objects to be viewed; though the reverse of that meaning would suit the words just as well. *Secondly*, When a man is said to be in view of a certain object, it is not clearly or necessarily imported that he is viewing or looking at the object, but only that the object is within his range or scope of view. Perhaps the latter meaning would most commonly, as it might with at least equal propriety, be attributed to those words; yet in the phrase under consideration, the other meaning must be arbitrarily imposed upon them, in order to repel the danger of flagrant nonsense. *Thirdly*. When it is said that a man, in view of certain facts, (that is, viewing or considering certain facts) draws a certain conclusion, we are only informed that he views those facts *and* draws that conclusion; not that he draws the conclusion *because* he views the facts. The dependence of the one act upon the other, the consequence of the one from the other, is nowise asserted; and though we assume or infer such dependence and consequence to be intended by the speaker, and do so without difficulty or hesitation, it is only because his words would of themselves import a mere absurdity. In point of logical precision and grammatical propriety, it is no better to say that a man eats his dinner in view of hunger, than to say that he does the same act in view of a church. *Fourthly*, I incline to believe that the phrase in question is an idiom adopted from the French language, though even there it seems to be ambiguous and worthless. Boyer in his French dictionary, under the word *Vue*, gives the following examples of the use of that word: "*Etre à vue de terre*, to be in sight of land: *Etre en vue de la terre*, to be seen from the land without discovering land."

We of the South have been so often and so earnestly assured by our northern brethren (who of course should know best) that they are immeasurably superior to us in industry, energy, enterprise, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, prolificaation, arts, sciences, literature, theology, religion, morality, and in all the virtues, accomplishments and good gifts of human nature, that we should be worse than infidels if we entertained a single doubt of the fact. Under the humiliating sense of inferiority in matters so numerous and important, it is a comfort to discover that there are still some things, few and trivial though they may be, in which the imitation of our betters would not be for the better, but for the worse.

P.

SONNET.

No wind, not even a fluttering breath had given
Apparent motion to that land-girt bay,
Still as the stagnant soul the water lay,
Sombre beneath the starless cope of Heaven,
Save where it met the shore, or rippled 'round
A few, worn trunks that near it stood upright,
And there, broke into sparkling lines of light,
Making a faint, and yet not mournful sound.
An image, mused I, of our changeful life!
Dark must their course be ever, who repose
On joys of sense, dead to all active good;
If happiness were rightly understood,
It would be won with struggles and with blows;
Our brightest moments are struck out in strife.

AGLAUS.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which, with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite to Heav'n,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Shakspeare.

Two years had elapsed, since Mr. Selden's permission had been so reluctantly obtained for Charles' entering the ministry, if his resolution remained unchanged after a probationary term of six months. These six months had been spent by Charles, in strict accordance with his father's wish, in active employment, and more frequent intercourse with society, and as a last remedy, which Mr. Selden trusted would be particularly efficacious in his diseased state of mind, he had paid a visit of many weeks to his aunt, Mrs. Lennox.

This lady was a sister of Mr. Selden's, who had married early in life, and settled in Maryland, and though Mr. Selden and herself had seldom met since her marriage, he still remembered her with affection, and was likewise proud of

her character and standing in society. She had been a widow for many years, and though, after a decent period of retirement after her husband's death, she had mixed as cheerfully and as frequently in the business and pleasures of the world as formerly, she had shown no sort of disposition to form a second matrimonial connection. Her time and attention were chiefly devoted to the management of her affairs, which were ordered with a degree of decision and good sense, that obtained for her a high degree of consideration and respect, affording one of the innumerable instances of the verification of the text, "If thou doest well to thyself, men shall praise thee." Comfort and elegance were seen and felt in all her household arrangements, and her daughters, for she had no sons, were carefully educated, that is, they were instructed not only in the ordinary, but also in the extraordinary branches of learning, for which teachers could be procured. They were highly accomplished, according to the fashion of the day, and were taught to pay the strictest regard to the most minute particulars relating to manner, dress, or personal appearance.

Louisa Lennox, the eldest daughter, was particularly admired for her beauty and accomplishments, and Mr. Selden had always wished that a marriage should take place between Charles and herself. To bring this desirable event about he thought it highly probable that nothing more would be requisite than to make the parties acquainted, and this he trusted would prove the very plan for inducing Charles voluntarily to abandon his determination to become a minister. But this scheme, like most others of the same nature, proved a complete failure, Charles returned from this visit heart whole, and in all respects the same, except that a little more polish and ease were perceptible in his manner, as the necessary consequence of constant association with ladies, who sedulously attended to all the conventional observances of good breeding, and gave the tone of fashion to their own little world. Charles Selden's commendations of Louisa Lennox's accomplishments, his praises of her dazzling beauty, made his indifference still more provoking to his father, and he was disposed to regard his insensibility as arising from the spirit of contradiction, and a determination to thwart all his plans. Even the remonstrances of Mrs. Selden failed, at first, to produce their usual effect of dispelling his vexation, but the mildness and good sense with which she represented the unreasonableness of being angry with Charles for not complying with a wish which he had purposely concealed from him, at length, nearly restored his good humor.

Mr. Selden was naturally kind, good humored, and not at all disposed to exercise unreasonable authority. Charles had complied cheerfully with his part of the bargain, and he felt himself bound both in honor and kindness to make no farther opposition to his plan of life, either by remonstrance, argument, or those sort of negative influences so well described by the common expression of throwing cold water upon any thing, which is often found, in the long run, to be the most effectual mode of opposition.

Reginald and Arthur were scarcely less opposed than their father to Charles' determination, and they tried to shake it by the united powers of ridicule, persuasion, and argument. They were surprised at the firmness, mildness, and unwearied good humor with which Charles met their attacks, and were sometimes obliged to acknowledge, that he had vanquished them with their own weapons. Mrs. Selden and Margaret were the only members of the family who encouraged Charles by their cordial approbation. Virginia did not attempt to oppose his design, but it was evident there was something in it which was not agreeable to her feelings. It seemed to her to be a great pity, that the eldest son, one to whom she had looked especially to support the honor of the family, so intellectual, so agreeable, so young, and so full of life, should sink down into a mere country parson. The day had not yet arrived when interesting young ministers could conjure up romantic associations, and when they might appear with their full, dark eyes of unearthly lustre, their lofty brows excelling the Parian marble in whiteness, and their pale cheeks with one bright pink spot, in the pages even of the most fashionable poem or novel. The only romantic idea of a minister that had ever presented itself to the imagination of Virginia was that of some venerable Catholic priest with silver hair, bending under the weight of age, pale with vigils and fastings, performing the imposing rites of his faith, in some ancient Gothic church, or chapel, ornamented with paintings of Italian or Spanish masters, while strains of solemn and unearthly music were breathing around.

Yet Virginia had been so carefully educated in religious principles, and so accustomed to regard her mother's opinions with the utmost respect and deference, that she would not have ventured a word of open disapprobation, especially as she had no reason to give for her averseness to Charles' becoming a minister, which she thought would account satisfactorily either to her mother or Margaret for her opposition. She had nothing to urge against it but feeling, and such feeling too, as she was sure they would not approve. Virginia could not hear, without pain, the lightest word of disapprobation, even from an indifferent person, but from those she loved it

was insupportable, and a word or jest, which would be forgotten almost as soon as uttered, if addressed to a person of ordinary sensibility, would instantly bring tears to her eyes, and be long remembered by her with pain.

It rarely happens that any course of conduct, evidently springing from principle, and maintained with firmness and good humor, does not succeed in gaining respect and overcoming opposition. Charles Selden was so consistent in his conduct, so natural and kind in his manner, and defended his own views and opinions with so much good sense and earnest feeling, that he was given up at length, by his friends, to pursue his own way quietly, even if his father renounced all hope that he would relinquish his plans. Mr. Selden was a very affectionate father, and since he became convinced that the favorite schemes which he had cherished for his eldest son would never be accomplished, he began to think how Charles' happiness could best be promoted in his own way. It was but a few years before this period that the Act of Legislature had passed which deprived the Episcopal Church of the glebe lands, and Mr. Selden would have considered this circumstance as adding tenfold to the worldly disadvantages which his son must incur in becoming a minister, had he not fortunately possessed the means of independence, without the pecuniary aid of his parishioners. A moderate fortune had been bequeathed to Charles, while yet a child, by a bachelor uncle. Mr. Selden's idea of justice would not have permitted him to regard the law of primogeniture, in the testamentary disposition of his property, yet he did not like the idea that Sherwood and all the noble improvements about it must go down, because he was not able to give any one of his sons a sufficient portion to keep it up properly; he had, therefore, been much pleased at this additional property which had fallen to Charles, regarding it as the means of keeping up the dignity of the family; he would not have said rank, even in his heart, this would have been an unpardonably aristocratic idea, but a wish to maintain the dignity of the family was legitimate even in a republican.

Charles was well aware how entirely the course of life he had entered upon, militated against his father's views with regard to the station in society which he wished the future head of his family to maintain, and was much concerned at the disappointment which he had himself occasioned. To remedy as much as possible all the unpleasant consequences which would arise from his devoting himself to the ministry, he endeavored to pursuade his father that it was natural, and more suitable that Reginald should, as it regarded all worldly distinctions, be now considered as his eldest son, and chosen as the future heir of Sherwood. Mr. Selden strenuously resisted the proposal, he could not bear the idea of depriving Charles of his birthright, as he had always considered it, and he thought such a request could only have originated from wounded feeling. He imagined Charles was hurt at his disapprobation, perhaps thought himself lowered in his affection or esteem, by his embracing a profession which he certainly should not have chosen for him, which moreover thwarted some of favorite schemes, but which was a learned and honorable one, and one, too, which he had evidently chosen as much from principle as from inclination. Even if it were mistaken principle, still steadiness and consistency of principle must be respected, especially in so young a man as Charles.

Thoughts such as these passed rapidly through Mr. Selden's mind, when Charles conversed with him on this subject, for the first time, and he positively refused to listen to the proposal with a degree of affectionate warmth, which convinced Charles of his sincerity. Charles, however, urged his point with so much frankness and kind good humor, as to convince his father that he was not actuated in making the request by any thing like wounded feeling. He spoke so unaffectedly and kindly of Reginald's talents and acquirements, of the probability that he would make for himself a name, and of the dignity with which he would represent the family, that Mr. Selden doubted not for a moment, that these praises sprang from his heart, and he listened to him with admiration and regret, regret that he had thus persisted in renouncing a station in society which he was himself so well qualified to adorn. Charles perceiving that his father listened to him in silence, began to think that his resolution wavered, or that he perhaps hesitated, from delicacy to himself, to express the real grounds of his objection to Reginald's becoming the heir of Sherwood. He knew that Mr. Selden had always thought that the property bequeathed to him by his uncle, which had been much increased by judicious management, could alone have enabled him to keep up Sherwood properly, as a child's portion of the estate would have been insufficient for the purpose.

After a moment's pause, Charles resumed "There is one reasonable objection, I am aware, to this plan; a large house and extensive grounds are only sources of vexation and embarrassment to a man of moderate fortune. A child's portion of your estate would scarcely enable Reginald to keep up Sherwood, even with shabby gentility. I could not see the old place go down, without pain, and request you, not entirely from disinterested motives, to add the portion which you

intend for me to my brother's; this is no affected or overstrained generosity, for you know the kindness of my uncle has left me more than sufficiently provided for the way of life I have chosen."

"Never, never, my dear boy: I should not believe any one but yourself to be in earnest in making such a proposition. No, I will not disinherit you because you do not happen to think as I do. Even if I were to consent that Reginald should inherit Sherwood, I could not for a moment listen to the proposal that you have just made. You must not mention it to me again, unless you wish to displease and wound me. Reginald has commenced the practice of law—let him depend on his own exertions for acquiring additional property, should Sherwood ever be his; of which I am by no means sure. I must take time to consider of it. Say no more," he added, observing Charles about to reply.

Charles was silent, but his eye plainly expressed what he wished his father's determination to be, and he felt almost certain that his wish, as far as regarded the transference of Sherwood to Reginald, would be granted. Mr. Selden was not apt to waver in his resolutions, or to adopt new plans of action at the suggestion of any one; and Charles was sure from his promise to consider of the plan, that it accorded in a great measure with views and feelings hitherto unacknowledged to himself. He did not doubt that Mr. Selden still loved him, but was not that love lessened since the pride and hope, which mingles so largely in most men's affections for their sons, had been crushed by his choice of a profession? How often had this question arisen in his heart, and how often had he checked, though never answered it!

Charles had fully weighed, and thoroughly understood, all the sacrifices which his choice of a profession involved; nor did he shrink from them, or waver for a moment in his resolution, yet he could not wholly repress the feelings of pain which sometimes awakened in his heart, when any circumstances forcibly reminded him that the strict union of pleasures, of pursuits, of interests, that once subsisted between his father, brothers, and himself, no longer existed. They were still kind as ever—perhaps as much attached to him; yet he perceived they looked upon him as one politically and civilly dead. His vocation, they thought, was to mind heavenly things, and how this was to be fulfilled in the ordinary duties and circumstances of life, they had not formed an idea. Even in Virginia the same feeling, though differently displayed, was perceptible; but in the society of Mrs. Selden and Margaret, he always found sympathy, encouragement and appreciation—those inestimable blessings of friendship which can support and invigorate the heart under the most discouraging and depressing circumstances.

As the time approached more nearly for Charles to enter upon the duties of his new vocation, he became more impressed with a sense of the magnitude and holiness of the office he had undertaken; yet the fervor of piety, the firmness of religious principle which animated him, inspired that exalted hope and courage that can conquer difficulties, which to the cold and timid appear impossibilities. The languishing, almost dying state of the Episcopal Church in Virginia operated as a stimulus to Charles' zeal, and as he had received ordination he did not wish to delay entering upon his labors. There was no difficulty in finding vacant parishes, as there were very few supplied with ministers, and many churches were falling into decay from disuse. Charles Selden had been solicited to accept a parish about forty miles from Sherwood, in which there was a well built brick church, and a parsonage house, or glebe, at a convenient distance from it, which might be rented or purchased for a very moderate sum. This locality possessed many advantages and presented a field for extensive usefulness, which determined Charles to go thither immediately. Mr. Selden insisted on making the repairs and some comfortable additions to the house at his own expense; and Mrs. Selden and Margaret were indefatigable in making up household linen and getting together all necessary articles for housekeeping. Virginia too assisted, but not very efficiently, for though sense of duty and affectionate feeling induced her to assist in the useful, but homely occupations in which her mother and sister were engaged, they accorded so little with her taste and inclinations, that she was continually falling into reveries, during which she almost forgot to move her fingers, and scarcely knew whether she was hemming or stitching.

Charles had already written to invite his aunt, Mrs. Mason, to come and reside with him, as the mistress of his establishment. This arrangement met with the entire approval of all his family, as they felt very averse to the idea of his being exposed to the discomforts and loneliness of a bachelor establishment, and they thought this plan would be alike advantageous to Mrs. Mason and himself.

Mrs. Mason, sister of Mrs. Selden, was a widow about forty years of age. She had married for love after a very long engagement, as her marriage had been deferred by Mr. Mason's pecuniary embarrassments and repeated failures and disappointments in his attempts to benefit his fortunes. After a few years' union, Mr. Mason died suddenly and left her with a slender provis-

ion for herself and two little boys, who were then almost infants. For many years previous to her marriage, Mrs. Selden had resided at Sherwood, and had become almost as tenderly attached to her sister's children, as if they had been her own. All shared her love, but Charles was her especial favorite. All remembered her now with affection, and could recall a thousand kind acts and instances of affection for which they had been indebted to Aunt Charlotte; but Charles remembered her with peculiar tenderness. He knew that Mrs. Mason had long wished to remove from her present situation, as it was in many respects a disadvantageous residence, and she had lingered there from year to year, chiefly because all the happy years of her marriage had been spent at this spot, and every object was associated with the memory of her first and only love. But Mrs. Mason had too much strength of principle to sacrifice the welfare of her children to the indulgence of sentiment, and he was sure she would not hesitate to accept his offer of assisting her in the education of her boys, if she would do him the favor of presiding over and directing his establishment. The delicate and affectionate manner in which Charles expressed his wish to Mrs. Mason, touched her heart deeply, and she did not lose a moment in replying to his letter and giving an immediate and grateful assent to his proposal.

It was now only two or three days before the time Charles was to leave his father's house, and though it was only for the distance of fifty miles, the idea of the approaching separation was very painful to all. Mr. Selden's pain at parting with his son was not so poignant as his mortification and regret at Charles' choice of a profession, which became more vivid now that he was about to enter on the duties of it, as he realized it more forcibly. It required all his kindness, and all the self-command he could exert, to enable him to abstain from any expression of his feelings which might cause Charles unnecessary pain, and he could not always, when he was alone with Mrs. Selden, repress his vexation at her want of sympathy with him on this subject.

Charles' manner was so affectionate and respectful towards his father and mother, so free from all assumption of superiority towards his brothers, so cheerful and kind to his sisters, that it was impossible for Mr. Selden to find any cause for reproach; but as the endearing and noble qualities of his heart, the rare and varied powers of his mind, became daily more apparent, his father's regret at the sacrifice, as he considered it, which he was about to make, became deeper. He would often murmur to himself, as he looked at Charles, "What a pity—what a pity, and nothing can be done to help it."

It was now a May evening, and the family circle had assembled together in the parlor, all occupied with the thought, that they were so soon to lose one of the group from amongst their number, and some of them engaged in picturing to themselves Charles' future fate in the most gloomy and unattractive colors.

Charles was standing at a window, regarding the fields and forests clothed with the first bright young verdure of spring, and the gay tints of the flower garden, absorbed in reverie so serious as to amount almost to sadness. The first bright period of life is past, such was the tenor of his thoughts; be it mine now to fulfil the great ends for which life itself was given, nor look back at the pleasant path which I must no longer tread, but press upward to the perilous and elevated ascents, to which I am called by a Divine voice. Can I dread to tread any path sustained by Almighty love, guided by Almighty wisdom?

Mr. Selden looked around him with an air of discomfort and vexation, perhaps felt more strongly because not expressed in words; then approaching the mantel-piece said, turning to his daughters:

"I wish, girls, instead of these vases of flowers, we had a cheerful fire; roses and pinks are quite unseasonable on such an execrably damp, chilly evening. I can see no reason why I should be tortured with rheumatism, because it is the month of May and roses are in bloom."

Margaret rang the bell and ordered John, who answered the summons, to kindle a fire immediately.

"And take care you do not roast us alive," added Mr. Selden.

A cheerful fire was soon kindled on the hearth, and one cause of discontent being thus removed, Mr. Selden busied himself in finding something else of which he could complain, but nothing presenting itself to his observation, or recollection, he took refuge in moody silence, and drawing his chair to the hearth, fixed his eyes upon the embers.

"How dull we all are," said Arthur, yawning and sauntering to a window to look out; "an east wind blowing too, and clouds collecting for a long, rainy season. Mother, if you have a good, strong rope, which can be procured without much trouble, I think I'll hang myself this evening."

"We cannot spare you yet," said Margaret, laughing; "you are too useful. I need your services now to play a game of backgammon with me."

"I am quite ready for any thing that promises the faintest ray of amusement, but I thought you were too much devoted to making sheets and

pillow-cases to take time for any other employment."

"Oh, but my task is done now," said Margaret, folding up her work; "so you may take your choice between backgammon and suicide."

"Then to oblige you, I will defer the act of self-immolation for the present."

He added in a low tone to his sister, as they were arranging the backgammon men, "I understand the plan—this game is not for my amusement, or yours, in reality—I am to play with my father, and you are to move the men."

"You don't object I hope"—

"Oh no—any thing to restore good humor—I am willing to make any sacrifice for that purpose."

After eyeing the game for some minutes, Mr. Selden approached the table and began, as he usually did on such occasions, to act as Margaret's adviser.

Meantime Charles had moved to the spot where Virginia was sitting with her work in her hand, though her thoughts were evidently not at all engaged in her occupation, from the slowness with which her fingers moved, and the abstracted air of her countenance.

"What are you thinking about, Virginia," he said; "not this work I am sure."

"I was thinking, what a sort of a place the Glebe is, and imagining the vines of honeysuckles and roses clustering around the porch, and the birds building their nests in the bushes; then I was furnishing it all neatly, and just as you spoke, I was adorning the mantel-piece with flowers in my beautiful old china vases, which my grandmother gave me. I mean this to be my offering to the new establishment."

"Thank you, a thousand times, Virginia; but it is a pity to waste that rare china on a bachelor brother. I am sure too, my grandmother never designed it such a fate."

"Indeed, you will mortify me cruelly, if you refuse to accept it as a memento from me. Aunt Mason, I know, will appreciate it."

"That is a very good notion of Virginia's," said Arthur, whose quick ear caught every thing passing around him. "I don't know that flower vases will be particularly useful, but then I think we should all contribute to set you up, as a new housekeeper of course wants every thing. What say you to taking my Newfoundland dog, Nero, with you, and my new fowling-piece; but I suppose," he added, in a tone of genuine compassion, "you would not think it proper to shoot."

"I don't think there is any harm in shooting, Arthur; but then I scarcely expect to have time for it; but the dog would be a real treasure—it will be like carrying a friend from home with me."

"He is a noble animal," said Arthur, gratified to find his gift duly appreciated, "and almost as fond of you Charles, as of myself. You will miss our dogs and horses sadly. I don't know how one gets through life without them."

There was a general laugh at the simple earnestness with which Arthur spoke, and Reginald now first looked up from a book which he had been for some time intently perusing.

"My contribution, Charles, has been planned long ago. I have procured some valuable historical works for the purpose of sharing them with you; they will afford interesting occupation for your intervals of leisure."

"Stop—don't thank him yet, Charles," said Arthur laughing. "Margaret has not told us yet, what she intends to do. I dare say, all the goods and chattels she possesses are already secretly packed up, to be despatched to the new establishment."

"You have given me more credit for generosity than I deserve. I have packed up nothing but my tea-china; this will match Virginia's vases: then it will have the advantage of making Charles and Aunt Mason think of me at least once a day."

"Now comes the time for my speech," said Charles, smiling.

"Not yet," said Mr. Selden, with a look of restored good humor. "I must not be outdone in generosity by these children—so I will give you one of my best riding horses. I had once intended Bayard for you, but he would perhaps be too spirited, and look too flashy, so you can take any of the others you prefer."

"Since you are so kind as to allow me to make a selection, I prefer abiding by your original intention, and taking Bayard. It would be a shame, father, to have profited so little by your lessons in horsemanship, as not to be able to manage such a noble animal, and I like him all the better for being handsome."

"That's right Charles," said Arthur with a look of approbation. "I don't see why a minister should give up all manly exercises, all pleasure in life, and pace about on an ambling pony like an old woman."

"Take care what you say of old women," said Mrs. Selden laughing.

"Oh, mamma, no one would ever think of you in connection with old women," said Virginia.

"Certainly not; if every one was like you, Virginia, I should continue to be a heroine of romance to the end of my days. You have commenced a hopeless war, my dear, against realities; it is best just to take things as they are with the best grace we can."

"As Margaret does, for instance," said Arthur.

"How? I don't understand you, Arthur,"

said Virginia. I only know that you always think me in the wrong, and Margaret in the right, about every thing."

Margaret observed the shade of mortification and jealous feeling that overshadowed Virginia's lovely face, and said in an open and cheerful manner—"I can explain Arthur's speech more satisfactorily than his good nature will allow him to do. I do not wage a hopeless war against realities, by pretending to be as pretty as you are, Virginia, but just take my face as it is with the best grace I can." Then laying her finger on Virginia's lips, as she saw she was about to reply, she added, "Come, do not commence the hopeless war again. I am sure you make every possible effort to endow me with imaginary graces, and I only wish you to do what is better still, see me for just what I am, and like me just as well as if I possessed the advantages you wish to ascribe to me."

All were struck with the simple dignity of Margaret's manner, and the radiant expression of kindness and good humor that beamed from her eyes.

Virginia pressed her hand fondly, and said, "I do love you from my heart, Margaret, for what you are."

"And for what I am not, too, Virginia," said Margaret, smiling; "but enough of this. We have not forgotten, papa, that you promised yesterday evening, to read us another of Shakspeare's historical plays this evening."

"Mr. Selden assented with a smile. He always said that Shakspeare was the next best book in the world to the Bible, and he read it remarkably well too, which is a very rare thing. He soon became deeply interested in reading Richard III., and the evening which had commenced so gloomily, closed in cheerfulness and good humor.

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CHAPTER V.

> "Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.—*Wordsworth.*

The arrival of Charles Selden in his parish, occasioned a great sensation. In a quiet country place, thinly settled too, it was considered an event of no small importance; many were pleased at the idea of seeing the old church opened once more, some from early associations, some because they thought any thing which would produce a general assembling of the people desirable, others because they considered it as a suitable occasion for the display of good looks and good clothes; a considerable portion of the community hailed the prospect of relief from the intolerable tedium of Sunday, whilst a few rejoiced from better and higher motives.

Much curiosity and interest were excited as to the person, talents, qualifications and manners of the young minister; it was something so unusual for a young man, possessed too of so many worldly advantages, to become a clergyman, that it excited universal surprise, and many strange and amusing speculations were made as to the cause of such a determination. The young ladies had heard a vague report that he was handsome,—this, however, wanted confirmation,—the young gentlemen, that he possessed abilities of no common order, but they supposed he was an eccentric genius, and applied to some of the old ladies of their acquaintance, to learn if there was not a vein of madness in one side or other of the family.

Many of the lower classes connected the ideas of toryism and aristocracy with the Episcopal church, and entertained feelings of hostility towards their expected pastor, though some still retained a partiality for the old church, where in their youthful days, they had assembled to join in the worship of God.

Happily, for Charles Selden, he knew nothing of the various speculations and gossip, of which he was the subject; when he quitted the home of his youth and love, he felt that he had launched forth on a great, an awful career, from which no earthly ties, no human considerations must be allowed to retain him. The constant habit of viewing all his fellow creatures as immortal beings, made him regard all things connected with human affairs, rather in their eternal, than in their earthly relations; a deep sense of the evil, weakness, and infirmity, belonging to the nature of man, produced in his heart, not only tenderness and compassion for all, even the lowest and most depraved, but also inspired him with the most earnest and fervent desire to impart to the souls of all the healing and purifying influences of that holy religion, which is alone capable of elevating the nature of man to its glorious destination. Acting under the influence of these elevated views, these lofty yet tender feelings, all minor considerations lost their power on Charles's mind. He forgot to think what impression his manners, talents, and appearance, would make on his parishioners; whether his gesture, delivery and language would be admired in the pulpit, and various other subjects of personal interest, which generally excite much anxiety, in the minds of most persons, on such occasions. Nothing could have contributed so much to his success as an orator, as this forgetfulness of self, "from the abundance of his heart, his mouth spoke," and words of truth, wisdom, and kindness, fell from his lips. His simplicity

of intention, and fervor of feeling, imparted to his manner and delivery, the natural graces of oratory, in a higher degree, than the most careful study, and laborious practice of the rules of art could have done; his flexible and melodious voice was modulated by native taste, sense and feeling. his gesture was earnest, dignified and appropriate; his language seemed but the graceful and classic drapery, meant to clothe, rather than adorn striking, luminous, and affecting ideas.

The impression produced by Charles Selden's first sermon on the minds of his hearers, was not only that of admiration and respect for the speaker, but of interest in the subject, at least, during the time they were listening to his discourse, such as many of them had never previously felt. It is true, some listened only to find occasion for cavil or criticism, others from that love of oratory which has always characterized our countrymen, but all, except a portion of the young ladies, whose minds were busily employed on other subjects, listened intently, and this, at least, was a great point gained.

Upon reaching the church door, after the conclusion of the sermon, Charles found several gentlemen, waiting to offer the most pressing invitations for him to return home with them to dinner. Each preferred some claim to prove the peculiar propriety of Charles' accepting his invitation, and it was not without difficulty, that he could resist their kindness and importunity. Some looked dissatisfied, when Charles with simple modesty excused himself, by saying, that it was so short a distance from the church to "The Rectory," he could not without a violation of principle as to Sunday visiting, spend the remainder of the day any where but at home, unless there was some particular reason for doing so. It cost Charles some effort to say this, for he understood perfectly well, that such an assertion would be attributed either to a weak scruple, or pharisaical pretension, but he was aware, in taking a new position in society, how much the first step costs, and determined to commence immediately the course he intended to pursue in future. In order to remove as much as possible, the unfavorable impression that he perceived his speech had made, he assured each one of a speedy visit.

Mr. Travers with undiminished cordiality of manner, invited Charles to spend the following day with him, saying, he considered himself as having a peculiar right to his company, since Mr. Selden and himself had been college friends; the invitation was accepted as cordially as it was given, and Mr. Travers begged him to come early to a family dinner.

Mrs. Travers and her daughters had scarcely taken their seats in the coach, before they commenced an interchange of sentiments, as to all they had seen and heard in church.

"Oh, was'nt it a sweet sermon," commenced Anna Maria, the eldest of the young ladies, "and then he is so handsome; did you observe how white his hand looked, Mamma, as he waved it towards the conclusion of his sermon, and what beautiful hazel eyes he has?"

"Dark blue," said Juliana, "not hazel at all."

"How absurd, I appeal to Mamma if they are not hazel."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Travers, "I did not observe the color of his eyes; he is certainly a handsome young man though, and very much like his mother. I remember seeing her twenty-six years ago at a ball. She was thought a great beauty then, and the instant I saw this young man, it brought her looks back as fresh to my memory, as if I had seen her yesterday."

Here Juliana burst into an uncontrollable fit of giggling, and when Mrs. Travers with some vexation demanded, whether there was any thing so laughable in what she just said, replied, as soon as she could command her voice sufficiently to speak: "Oh la, no, mamma, I was not thinking of what you said, but just then, I thought of Susan Linton, standing in front of the pulpit, with her demure looks, and her eyes half shut, and her great, red prayer book in her hand, trying to look pretty and sweet with all her might—if she could only have seen how queerly the crown of her bonnet had got bent, she would have played off a few less airs. I pinched you, Anna Maria, to make you observe her, but you would not take any notice of me."

"Pshaw," said Anna Maria, "you have no soul, Juliana, I was listening to the sermon."

"I'll lay a wager," said Juliana, "that you know no more of what was in the sermon than I do; what was the text?"

"I don't remember the words exactly, it is quite sufficient to remember their import."

"Well, what was their import?" said Juliana, mimicking her sister's manner so ludicrously, that Mrs. Travers could scarcely repress a smile.

Anna Maria's heightened color betokened no very gentle reply, when Mrs. Travers hastily interposed, by saying, "No more of this, Juliana, it is plain to see that you have not profited much by the discourse. The text was taken from the Psalms, and—"

"Oh, mamma," said Juliana, "see what a fine horse the minister is riding. he has just taken the cross road to 'The Rectory;' how well he manages it too! I had no idea of his riding such a horse as that."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Travers.

"Oh, I thought a sober old pony would be much more suitable. It is really a pity he should

be a minister. What shall we talk to him about to-morrow, Anna Maria? We shall never be able to get through the day with propriety."

"Answer for yourself, if you please," said Anna Maria, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "I shall not experience the slightest difficulty."

"Then you will be the only member of the family who will not, I dare say. George will abscond, if he can get a hint of the minister's coming to-morrow."

"But he must not get a hint of it," said Mrs. Travers, with a very grave look, "I shall be seriously displeased with you, Juliana, if you mention it to him, until I have prepared him for it."

"No danger from me," said Juliana laughing, "I am entirely on your side, mamma, I want George to be caught, if it were only for the fun of the thing."

"George will at least behave like a gentleman, in his own house," said Anna Maria, "he knows what is due to a guest, to say nothing of that guest being a minister."

"That guest being a minister, is just the horrid part of the affair. If he was just a common, young gentleman, no one would be better pleased to see him than George."

"Except Juliana," said Anna Maria.

"Yes, I don't deny it; if he were a beau worth catching, I would enter the lists with you Anna Maria."

A disdainful glance was Anna Maria's only reply, nor did she deign to bestow the smallest attention on any more of Juliana's sallies, which were continued without intermission, until they arrived at home.

F*****.

LAMENT.

BY JAMES WYNNE, M. D.

Once I had dreams of bliss
  But these have fled,
On lips that mine might kiss,
  Vile worms have fed,
Soft eyes which mine have met
With beams that linger yet
In death are set.

Hopes that in memory dwell,
  Like a frail flower,
Rudely were crushed and fell,
  Ere summer's hour,
Nipped ere the petals blew
On the stem where they grew,
Mid tears of dew.

A DAY IN DALARNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES AT EUROPE."

MORA, August, 1848.

My Dear M——, Many an evening have I spent, as you will no doubt but too well recollect, in attempting to describe to you the peculiar charms of Scandinavian scenery. You would not believe me; you could not understand my fancy for a cold, sterile, colorless country after having basked in the warm light of Italy and seen the burning glare of the setting sun on Mount Hymettus. Granite is gray and a Northern sky is gray, you used to say, and the lakes are dark and the pines have but one verdure; while a Southern sky is azure and crimson and ethereal green, and the fields are clothed in brilliant colors, and the waters smile and shine like burnished silver. Who can prefer sombre melancholy to glowing enthusiasm? I can, my dear friend. I love the placid quiet of these waters; I love the gentle whispering in these dark forests; I love the gray, sober, earnest granite. So I left Italy and hastened to the cold North, whence the bold Normans came to conquer the world, and where now, alone of all Europe, peace reigns amid piety and contentedness. Nor do I repent it, now that I have been here more weeks than I expected to stay days. Let me give you an account of one day's travel, my dear madam; a day spent high up in Dalarne, where no nobleman ever dared live, and where men are not ashamed to doff their hats and repeat the Lord's Prayer when they hear a church bell ring! Remember, however, I entreat, how often you have pitied me for not possessing either "sentiment" or "enthusiasm," and how utterly unfit I must therefore be to describe a country so wholly devoid of all "romance."

It was late, very late when we passed the beautiful Dalelf (Valley-river,) for the last time on one of those curious floating bridges which are peculiar to Sweden, and entered the little village of Leksand. The tower of its church seemed to soar high into the air, whilst below it the broad, silvery sheet of lake Siljan spread its quiet waters. Slowly we bent our way through the narrow street to the gaily illuminated tavern. A neat and tidy looking "Mamselle" received us the moment the horses stopped, with the pleasant news that the house was crowded and not a bed could be obtained! There we were, high up in the North of Sweden, at ten o'clock at night, in a place where we knew nobody and where there was but one tavern. The Minister—my travelling companion—made all kinds of hazardous propositions to the sympathising Mam-

selle, but in vain. His imprecations had no better effect, and even Gustaf, the inimitable Gustaf was at a loss what to do. In the meantime our *Skjutsbonde* began quietly to take his horses out of the carriage, and told us coolly, he expected we would not find it too cold during the night to sleep on our seats. A bright thought struck me; there was a church, consequently there must be a "Prost," or Dean, with his comfortable parsonage and his "guest-chamber." The proposition to honor him with a visit was carried unanimously, and as soon as the horses were put to again, we drove over to his house. Alas! the gates were closed and not a light was to be seen. Fortunately, however, our embarrassing situation and Gustaf's invariable plan to hint something about "Foreign Minister" and "Americans" had excited general sympathy and half the population of Leksand—some in very odd, others in very scanty night costume—accompanied us to the parsonage. The kind Mamselle had preceded us and was negotiating for our reception. It was intensely cold; a bottle of claret and our last two loaves of wheat bread restored us but moderately. At last, after a long hour's waiting, the gates were opened and we entered a large yard, surrounded on all sides with stately wooden houses. We were asked in a whisper to come in; one of the servants evidently not yet quite awake, led us through a large room, filled with beds, into another, where she prepared our own and bade us welcome. I could not help stealing down again, tired and chilled as I was. The moon had just emerged from some dark clouds, which obscured the lower part of the sky and shed a mellow, pale light over the beautiful landscape. Church and parsonage lay on a high promontory, reaching boldly far into the lake. Terraces with flowers and shrubbery led down to the sandy shore, where a little ripple mingled its low, musical notes with the murmur of the light breeze in the tall trees above. On the river lay a tiny steamboat, the first that had ever reached its mouth, and far to the North stretched the lake with its glassy, shining surface, bounded on all sides by high, dark mountains. The white church with its bright copper roof loomed high above the surrounding buildings, and nothing was heard save the low chant of a hymn in one of the distant houses on the margin of the lake.

Early in the morning all the inmates of the house were awake. We were hurriedly dressing, and speculating whether a fair, but thin, pale lady, who gathered flowers in the garden, under our window, could be the "Prostinna," when Gustaf entered with more amazement in his face than I thought him capable of showing or feeling. He was evidently as much distressed as surprised at something that had happened to him. We had to ask several times before he could speak. And strange enough it was. The Dean had met him in the hall, and after inquiring how we had slept and who we were, quietly asked where we thought to get our breakfast? He who has ever spent one day in Sweden, he who ever heard of Sweden, will readily conceive our surprise at this most astounding breach of hospitality. We questioned Gustaf until the poor fellow began to think that he himself had committed a crime, but we could elicit nothing to explain the extraordinary conduct of the priest. We packed up our few things and determined directly to leave the first inhospitable roof we had yet found in Sweden. In the adjoining room stood the Dean in all the pompous majesty of two hundred pounds weight and the full dress of his rank. I bowed and said a few formal words of thanks for the "night's rest." The man positively begged me not to mention it, and quoted a verse from the bible commanding the faithful to receive strangers! The Minister said nothing. I was indignant, but I knew not that the worst was yet to come; for on descending the stairs a most savory odor greeted us: the kitchen door stood open and there were half-a-dozen stout cooks at work, boiling, stewing, roasting, baking! This was too much; we hurried past the pale lady with the bouquet and shook the dust from our shoes.

The Mamselle at the tavern, where we sought refuge, was as much amazed as Gustaf; she could not comprehend our leaving the Prost without our breakfast. Was he not the great Dean of Leksand? Had he not the second best living in the whole kingdom? and was he not all over Dalarnek nown as the rich Prost Schulzberg? An excellent breakfast, in every respect, even in its oatcakes, like a Scotch breakfast, soon consoled us, and the sight from our windows was such as to engage our whole attention. Right before us lay the stately church with its graveyard and huge stone wall, and the lake at its foot! The space between the house and the shore was filled with hundreds of gaily dressed men and women. Family stood by family and parish by parish. All wore a more or less picturesque costume; even the smallest children had their nicely embroidered caps, their short scarlet dresses, their white and blue stockings, and heavy square-toed shoes with the high heel in the middle of the foot. The men in their long white and blue coats with rich embroidery on the shoulders, and their broad-brimmed hats with scarlet band and tassels, looked grave and serious. A beautiful race of men they were; not one under six feet, not one badly made, or lightly built, they looked like the Dalkarls of old, who

marched down upon Stockholm and seated the Wasa on his throne.

We strolled down to the church. The doors were open and a burial was going on in the graveyard. The priests in their rich, many-colored robes, the people in their gay costumes, the lovely landscape around us with its dark, solemn background of lofty mountains, the mysterious Sunday-stillness, all impressed us with an uncommon sense of the grand and the beautiful. We walked to the steep precipice where it suddenly fell down to the water's edge. How different the lake looked in broad daylight! From far and near boats, large and small, were seen approaching. They were rowed with all the precision of a man-of-war's boat, and with a swiftness perfectly surprising to us landsmen. As they came nearer, we distinguished the different costumes—here scarlet prevailed, there blue; that long, narrow boat with its fifty oars has nothing but white coats; that small one with the large birch-tree in it, to serve as a sail, looks like a huge yellow-bird. Not a word is spoken, not a laugh heard. Silently they land; silently the women and maidens and children get out; silently the men draw the boat up on the fine, glittering sand, and walk to the small log-cabins along the shore, where they deposite their oars and little provisions. Boat after boat comes in, until the shore is lined for more than a mile, and the crowd stands close to the church-yard wall. The clock strikes nine and the large bell sends forth its slow, measured tones. And see, the men uncover their herds, the women fold their hands, and in a low and humble voice they repeat the Lord's Prayer. The large gate has opened and the venerable old priest in his robes appears, with his two assistants at his side. Slowly and solemnly walks he down through the files the crowd forms by falling back on both sides.

For each father has he a kind word, but with the widow and the orphan he stops and speaks words of comfort and consolation. There a tall, handsome youth blushes and stammers and begs to have his engagement with the stout, fair girl at his side proclaimed in church; here another Dalkarl in his bright crimson cravat and light green jacket wishes to be married after service—every one has a request to proffer or a favor to ask. When all have had an opportunity to see their shepherd, the bell rings again, the church-doors are opened, and, without haste or crowding, the people walk in. Two thousand five hundred persons were that day assembled in Leksand church! And yet it was not filled. It is a noble building; constructed after the manner of catholic churches, in the shape of a cross, with galleries around three of the branches, and filled with portraits and pictures of great age and some of great value. The organ is a superb instrument, and to hear it played by a master's hand, and suddenly breaking out into one of the most beautiful anthems of the old Italian school, was truly startling. And what a parterre of flowers below us! Did you ever see one of those gardens in Germany where twenty or more acres of land are filled with tulips and hyacinths forming curious devices? I could think of nothing else with which to compare the strange aspect of the various costumes in the church as seen from above. Their service, Lutheran as they call it, is not unlike that of the Episcopal church. Only one feature struck me here and in Germany, as far preferable to our custom. They do not depute a hired band of singers, to praise or thank God in their stead, but they all join in the singing for themselves, young and old, taught and untaught—and I assure you it sounded well and looked far more natural, far more solemn and elevating than our mode of singing.

We left soon after the beginning of the hymn which closed the service, found our carriage waiting for us, and hurried on to Rattvik, where there is one of the finest churches of Sweden, where we wished to see the people coming out of church and departing for home. Our road led us along the margin of the lake, and a glorious lake it is. Its waters, clear as crystal and smooth without the slightest ripple, showed the bright, silvery sand below and the deep blue sky on the surface. Tall pines came down to the very edge and rose in solemn grandeur up to the high summits of the surrounding mountains. Here and there red houses would peep out from the dark canopy and the large windows would glitter and sparkle in the bright sun. On the opposite side another promontory stood boldly forth into the lake with its fine old church and lofty steeple, with its parsonage, the very picture of rural comfort and abundance, and its row of boats drawn up on the sandy shore. To the right fertile lands stretched far out into the woods, until the hills gradually descended, and another dark, shadowy lake lay before us, surrounded on the opposite sides by high mountains, with huge granite masses almost overhanging its still waters. We reached the summit of a far-famed mountain, the so-called Bergsaengsbackar, and at our feet lay another arm of the lake with its large church on an island, connected by a small bridge with the main land. It was Rattvik. Before we descended, however, we had to go a mile or more into the forest to change horses. This we thought rather troublesome and unnecessary, so we proposed to our postillion, a little boy of ten years, to go on with the same horses. Our plan was received with great indignation; did we think Olaf Olafson was a child, and knew

not when his horses were tired? Must not Olaf Olafson be at home for the afternoon's service? We tried to coax the little fellow to do our will, and Gustaf in his zeal to serve us spoke rather harshly to him, when down he jumped, and, ere we suspected what he was about, coolly began to undo the traces. We had already driven faster than we ought, he said, and his horses must be brought home. There stood this boy not yet in his teens, in stature hardly reaching up to his horses' shoulders, and went stoutly, resolutely to work, defying us three grown men! Truly, they are a fine race of men, these Dalecarlians! They show it in all their manners and customs. Thus they say "thou" to every body and demand consideration from the highest. When some hundreds of them, years ago, were employed by the late king to level and plant the public park near Stockholm, it happened that the treasury was empty and they were not paid. One day the king came out and rode through the park; suddenly he finds himself surrounded by these Dalecarlians; they approach, hat in hand, and one of them walks up to him, takes his hand, and says: "Father, surely it is not thy will that we should work for thee and not be paid; if it be thy will, it is not ours!"

We yielded, the bold boy leaped on his horse and galloped off, promising to send postillion and horses from the "Gastgifvergarden," as the stations are called, to our carriage which we left on the high road, equally sure that it would not be touched, and that it would not be in the way of any traveller, for travellers there are none. We walked down to the church. And what a walk we had! Now through dark forests, the road lined with gigantic trees, now over a barren granite rock, crowning an eminence and giving us such a prospect over lake and plain and mountain as no country but Switzerland can equal. There is something very noble in those "noble" firs, as Linné used to call them. Dark and sombre is their dress, but how lofty they rise; never straying aside, never bending and twisting in fantastic forms, but tall and erect striving up towards Heaven, throwing off their lower branches as they ascend higher and higher, until they bathe their gently waving tops in the blue ether. As your eye follows the slender and yet manly stem from its moss-grown foot up to its lofty summit, your soul too seems to ascend from the earth and your thoughts follow the silent monitor and wander up to that God who is equally great in the tiny moss of yesterday, and the gigantic tree of centuries. Here and there one of the mighty ones had fallen, shivered by lightning, and I could not help thinking of Andersen's, the Danish poet's amusing tale of the bundle of matches. Do you remember, how, one pleasant evening, the kettle and the bucket, the candle and the lamp in a peasant's kitchen begin to tell stories? The matches too are not silent, and boast most loudly of their lofty descent. Had not their father been of the greatest of his kind, a tall, stately fir tree in the forest? When they were green yet, they were so happy! Every morning and evening they had diamond-tea, that was the dew, all day long glorious sunlight, and all the little birds singing to them and telling them fairy-tales. They were among the richest too, for the birches and maples had clothes only in summer, but they were wealthy enough to wear their gay, green dress throughout the year. But then came the wood-cutter,—that was the great Revolution,—and their family was cut down; the great ancestor, to be sure, now stood in the middle of a large ship and sailed around the world; the branches were sent abroad among the people to enlighten it, but they, the matches, alas! were sadly degraded and lay in the kitchen of a poor old woman!

Suddenly we came upon a "clearing" in the forest. A large, newly-built house with its moss between the logs yet golden-green, and its new red color scarcely dry, stood upon the side of a gently sloping hill; two smaller buildings, not finished yet, enclosed an open grass-plot, in the centre of which a beautiful fountain rose. A little, bustling stream fell behind the principal building from rock to rock, gaily dashing its waters into silvery spray, until just under the verandah it disappeared for a moment, brilliantly again to rise in a most beautiful jet glistening like crystal in the sun. What a lesson for a desponding, cowardly misanthrope like myself! A group of gentlemen and ladies stood before the gate, which opened upon a little garden, and gazed curiously at us. But what was our amazement, when on coming nearer, we discovered a rough sign-board over the entrance with the inscription—Water Cure Establishment! To be sure, there among the rocks, were all their mysterious sheds with their douches and wave-baths and setting-baths, and there stood the luckless company, congratulating each other upon the abundance of red spots and pleasant eruptions of skin they observed in each other's faces!

We caused them, I fear, bitter disappointment; they had evidently considered us a pleasant addition to their number, and must now see us pass by! A few minutes brought us to the church of Rattvik, a large stone building with all the traces of old age, but with gradual additions about it. It struck me, that the often-mentioned good taste of the monks of old in selecting the most beautiful sites for their convents, was by no means confined to the Catholic church. Here were large old churches in considerable numbers, built during a

time when sober, puritanic Protestantism succeeded brilliant, imaginative Catholicism, and yet could grander, more beautiful, more picturesque positions be chosen than the three peninsulas before us? Boldly, abruptly jutting forth into the lake, they rose gradually, heaping rock upon rock, until at the highest point they rounded off in steep, lofty cliffs, leaving at their basis but a small, narrow edge of finest sand, as on purpose for the boats that brought the pious from North and South to the ministrations of the altar. Noble did the church of Rattvik seem, as its stately mass crowned the eminence and its golden cross soared high in the air, whilst through the open windows the solemn harmony of a thousand voices rose up to Heaven. Beneath it the dark but clear waters,—around it the green, old forests with their granite neighbors,—and right opposite, in the lake, another church rising from the very centre of the glassy sheet, and to the North still another with its lofty tower—and not a human habitation within sight! Truly God was felt here.

Behind the forest's edge we discovered the parsonage. Three stately, well-built houses for the Dean and his two Vicars; large, substantial stables with the usual cluster of smokehouses and storehouses, surrounded a large, open square with its highly-valued maple-tree in the centre. For we have left the region of orchards and flower-gardens, and maples, beech-trees and weeping-willows are planted and nursed like peach and quince-trees in our more Southern climate. A little, cheerful old woman—she was deaf and did not like to stay in church during the sermon—curtesied and begged us to enter. How "home-like" these rooms seem! the floor strewn with its fragrant fir-twigs; a garland of maple-leaves, skilfully woven like a carpet border, along the walls; mirror and printframes hung with green, sweet-scented leaves and yellow buttercups scattered here and there. How the good old woman, in her tidy white cap with its streaming ribbons, stared when I opened my basket and displayed the strawberries we had bought in Fahlcen and carefully carried so far! Could we not have some milk and sugar? Certainly, and away she limped to the milk-house and came back with a wooden bowl—beautifully carved—full of the richest cream and some of the "Prostinna's" own snow-white sugar. We enjoyed both the delicious fruit and the satisfaction of the kind servant when she saw us leave half of our little treasure for her hospitable mistress.

The bell rang and I hastened to the church; the path led through a rye-field and the stalks, although bent down by the heavy ears, closed high over me. I measured some, they were nearly eight feet high! I had hardly taken my seat on the parapet of the church-yard wall when the doors opened and the congregation came out. Quietly, silently, they left the house of God; at the door they waited until all the members of the family were together, and then the father would look up into his beloved wife's eyes, and they would thank God in their hearts, and hand-in-hand, the children clustering around them, they slowly walked down to the water's edge. How sadly the poor widow with her orphan child looks around her! He is not there to offer his hand, and, a tear stealing down her blanched cheek, she follows the happy group. There too is the poor old father with his silver locks and dimmed eye: they have all gone before him—they have left him alone! The ranks open; they take off their hats, for old age is respected here; and the children crowd around him and kiss his hand, and the old minister in his surplice walks up to him and takes his arm. Black I found here the prevalent color, but it suits well the grave, serious looks and stately carriage of these proud peasants. And what a race of men they are! There are thousands here and not one misshapen, not one undersized. Tall and erect, with thoughtful eye, and independence in every movement, they slowly approach.

At the gate they separate; groups are formed and increase until village stands again by village. The variety of costumes here was neither so great nor so striking as in Leksand; one only struck me; it consisted of but two colors: canary yellow and white, and it was the least becoming of all. The people of Rattvik itself, who returned by the path I had come, were all, as I had said, dressed in black, only here and there relieved by a crimson seam or a crimson tassel. And the same black coat and hat, gown and cap, you saw on the old white-haired parents and on the child that was carried on the mother's arm.

An hour or so passed in pleasant repose under the large birch trees which overshadowed the churchyard. Refreshments were brought forth and disappeared with astonishing rapidity, but not without a prayer before and after the meal, taken on stone or logs, as it happened to be near. Then the young men—perfect giants they were—went to the large black boats, painted white inside, and pushed them into the water. The maidens yielding nothing in strength or stature, followed soon and took the outside seats.

Now they all crowd around their little fleet; children are carried in and safely stowed away; the old and the suffering are placed where they are most comfortable; then the young and the strong take their seats in the middle of the boat and seize the large, powerful oars. The girls

pull off their gloves and only wait for the signal to assist the men in rowing. At last all the boats are filled, one man of each only stands on the sand, his foot on the stern of the vessel; he looks at his neighbor, the word is given and off he pushes his boat, nimbly leaping into it just as it rights in the clear water. How they pull! with one stroke the twenty oars glide smoothly into the unruffled lake and the boat quivers and rises and shoots ahead. It was a fine sight to see these hundreds and hundreds of light, swift vessels, starting from the same point, in one moment cover the placid sheet. Each boat had its full freight of young and old, and each boat had its own costume; in the bow the only sail they ever use, a large green birch tree with its snow-white bark, in the stern the strong, old man with his snow-white hair. Now they are about a mile from the shore, and here they divide; some steer straight on, others diverge to the South and the North; instead of one compact mass, you see numerous little fleets of twenty, ten, or even two only, sailing together, and now the race begins. Who will be the first home? Their strong sinewy arms pull the oars back until they bend as if they were snapping asunder; the boats bound along, lightly skimming the smooth surface, and a thin white spray falls over the bow. Soon they diminish, become little black spots in the distance, and before you have quite recovered from the novelty and the excitement of the scene, the lake as is quiet and lifeless again as if its placid waters had never been disturbed.

On our return, we found the Dean and his assistants waiting for us. Kindly and with much dignity he invited us to enter and to refresh ourselves. Might he ask if we came perhaps from Fahleen or Upsala? From America. From North America? He was amazed. However, he recollected, and begged to tell us that he too had travelled, and, when a student at Upsala, been all the way to Stockholm. Now he thought of it, he had heard that an American Embassador had come to Sweden. Thereupon Col. E—— is in due form introduced. He steps back; is it possible, such honor, the American Minister at his house! And the other gentleman—meaning my humble self—it cannot be; what, he also from America! Oh, Meta, Hjalmar, Brenda!—and he hurries to call his wife, and his son, and all the people about the parsonage, to look at the American Minister. And they come, wondering, staring, hardly believing. Others, who have lingered about, or rested themselves, come up, and one turns to the other and says, he is an American, from North America, far across the Atlantic Ocean! For their schools are good, although their schoolmasters wander about from house to house, and they all know where America is. But what brings us up here in the mountains? What can we desire to see in so poor a country? And they look at their mountains, and their forests, and their lake: they love them, surely; but what could *we* love them for? We were completely surrounded. From America? says an old, but hale-looking man; oh, then we can tell him all about his son Ifvar, who has gone there with father Jansen, to worship his God in his own way. What, we do not know father Jansen! Why, over one thousand Swedes went to America with him. We must surely be mistaken or very forgetful.

We were really sorry not to be able to accept the kind old Dean's pressing invitation to remain with him. He gave us his blessing, as if we were his children, and long after our horses had carried us over hill and mountain, we could see the little dark group still assembled near the church.

Towards night we reached the Northern end of this beautiful lake, where the mountains rise high and leave but a small dark channel, whose waters connect the Siljan with the Orsa Lake. So narrow is this gulf that we did not perceive it until our horses suddenly dashed off in full gallop and descended the steep hill in true Swedish fashion, Below, on the floating bridge which sank deep even under the light weight of our carriage—we distributed our own weight carefully on other parts—nothing was seen but the dark rushing waters and the overhanging rocks. High up, the trees left here and there a little opening through which a mellow light fell upon the sides of the narrow passage. We felt as if returning to the world, when our small but indefatigable horses brought us after half an hour's hard climbing, again to the high table land on which the village of Mora, with its proud church and lofty steeple, appeared in the full glory of the setting sun. Here, as in every village, we found large but graceful arches of evergreens, with fanciful devices and the two arrows of Dalecarlia, spanning every street; whilst high above them rose the Maypole with its garlands and gaily waving ribbons. They stand from year to year until a new May calls upon the youths of the village to plant a fresh tree. Some of the boats, returning from Rattvik, had long preceded us and brought the news of the two live Americans. So we found the the streets lined with people, the Mayor of the little village in his uniform, and a band of riflemen discharging their guns in our honor. Gustaf turned round, his face radiating with joy, and begged us to look at the men. Fine fellows they certainly were, worthy descendants of the men of the valley, who assisted Gustavus Wasa

when he was but a poor exile. There was no sign of servility, none of those disgusting bowings and scrapings of continental people, but silent and collected were they, with all their curiosity and their desire to honor us. One of them, a man of forty, the perfect *beau ideal* of a man, as far as the physique was concerned, stepped up, took off his broad, round hat, smoothed his long, rich hair, and bade us, in a few, simple, but heartfelt words, Welcome in old Dalarne. Others came near and shook hands with us, or offered us their houses for the night and "as long as it pleased us." We had, however, a letter to a gentleman, who had recently come to Mora from the South of Sweden, and occasionally received strangers at his house. Through a long, noble avenue of birch-trees we reached the summit of a lofty eminence, on which his newly-erected house stood, surrounded by the usual cluster of smaller buildings.

The prospect was really beautiful. Before us stretched the Siljan lake in its full length, closed at the lower end by the village of Leksand and its picturesque bridge across the Dalelf, with its proud church and lofty steeple towering high up to heaven. All around were dark mountains, presenting the peculiar outlines which are characteristic of granite-formation, the green forests covering their sides and reaching down until they bathed their roots in the clear water, and at our feet the village of Mora, with its famous old church and the square, oddly-carved belfry, standing like most steeples in Sweden, at some distance from the church itself. Turning back, the eye followed the gulf between the two mountains, through which the waters had broken a channel to connect the two lakes, and beheld beyond it another lake, smaller than the Siljan, but not less picturesque and grand in its solitude and imposing scenery. Far away towards the North rose still higher mountains, branches of the Kjolen, and finally this marvellous chain of snowy peaks in all their severe, Northern beauty and grandeur.

We found Mr. Per Person, the "Southerner," as his neighbors called him, a very agreeable and well informed gentleman, most anxious to receive us well. Clean rooms, snowy linen and a very inviting supper with tea, a rare luxury in these distant regions, were far more than we had been led to expect. Our village friends waited patiently, swinging up and down on their elastic benches, until we finished our supper, and surrounded us again as soon as we left the house. We must surely be anxious to see Mora and the place where the great Gustavus spoke to the Dalmen. It was now quite late, and we were most heartily tired, but we could not resist the pressing invitation of the good people around us. There was something so touching in the love they bore a Wasa, whose last descendant was an exile in foreign lands; they took it so evidently for granted that we must be as anxious to see as they were to show, that we gave ourselves up to their guidance, and descending the hill, soon entered the village of Mora. Not without a certain solemnity they let us into one of the farm-houses and through it into the small meadow enclosed by a stone wall. Here it was that on a cold Christmas day the young, bold Wasa waited until the men of the valley came out of the church right opposite; here it was that he spoke the memorable words which, although at first rejected, took root in their hearts and won him a kingdom.

A bold man Gustavus Wasa was, and a great man thereafter. His father and his uncle had fallen in the bloody massacre of Swedish nobles at Stockholm, when he, proscribed and pursued, came into "the Valley" to raise an army and overthrow a dynasty! Fortune did not smile upon him, nor man favor him. In peasant's dress he worked with axe and flail, but treason was near and his low garb did not protect him. Three days he lay hidden under a fallen pine-tree, where friendly hands brought him food and cheering news. A cellar, unchanged to the present day, concealed him soon after when closely pursued, and a woman saved his life when death seemed to be at hand. He was working on Arendt Person's estate when his gold-embroidered collar was discovered by a jealous fellow-servant. Arendt Person thought of the great gain which the capture of such a man would bring, and came with twenty men to seize him. But Person's wife, a lovely and a gentle woman, had suspected his plan and gave the Wasa warning and a sleigh to escape. The enemies were close upon him; day and night they hunted after him. It was a wagon with straw, that concealed the great king, when horsemen came up inquiring for him, and, eyeing the load with suspicion, stuck their sharp lances into it. The Wasa was wounded, and badly wounded; but not a sound escaped him. The blood trickled down from sheaf to sheaf; but the peasant's cunning saved him once more. Slily he approached one of his horses and cut his foot, so that when the watchful eye of the pursuers saw the blood on the snow, the wound of the horse was pointed out and taken as the cause of the bloody track.

Thus, constantly threatened and even paying with his life's blood for an hour's safety, did Gustavus, towards Christmas, reach Mora, the heart of the Valley, the land of the bravest of brave Sweden. On this spot where we stood now, he waited till the men of Dalarne came out from church, and when they had gathered around the

noble youth, he rose to the full height of his lofty stature, shook the brown curls from his face, and with glowing eloquence spoke to them of the wrongs of the Dane who reigned over them, a wicked foreigner, a heartless tyrant; of the bloody massacre where the flower of Sweden's nobility had been cowardly butchered; of the oppression and cruelty under which the whole land groaned, and declared that if they loved their country, if in Dalarne there were still men, Swedes to be found, he would be, under God, their captain and free their common fatherland!

But the grave men of Mora were silent as their granite rocks; they consulted and deliberated, and when they looked at their wives and children around them, they thought of the horrors of war and the danger of their beloved ones and told the bold man before them that they had sworn an oath to Christian the Dane and that he had better go from them. And the Wasa bowed his head and fled.

He busied himself in the mountains, seeking a path into Norway. But the men of Dalarne thought of his words: they had sunk deep into their hearts. News also came of recent oppression and fearful murder, of heavier taxes and more cruel injustice; and they repented. Messengers were sent, fleet as the wind, on snow-shoes, and they followed the Wasa over river and lake, over mountain and peak.

And Gustavus Wasa stood once more, where we stood now. And the men of Dalarne were around him. But it was no longer the poor, friendless fugitive, who spoke to them: it was their "captain and lord, the lord of the valley and the whole Swedish land." A trusty band of valiant youths were his guard, and a small but invincible army hailed him their chief. The men of the mountains followed the example of their neighbors,—"was not Gustavus wonderfully preserved by God Almighty as the last drop of Sweden's knightly blood?" This army grew, and like an avalanche, carrying the masses away with him, he rushed down upon the Lowland and never rested, never halted, until he was seated on the throne of Sweden.

Is it a wonder that the men of Mora, proud of their forefathers, loved to see us on the spot where they first swore to free their fatherland, and to speak to us of him whom they raised so high? Eagerly they crowded around us, and eagerly they told us of every trait in his character, of every hair-breadth escape he had made. Their memory was so faithful, their eyes so bright when they related the scene of the cellar and the wagon, the words he had spoken and the oath their fathers had sworn, that we forgot all this had happened full three hundred years ago. They were worthy sons of their sires. It was now late at night when we returned to our house, our minds full of thoughts and our hearts warmed both by the Past and the Present. And so closed a day in Dalarne, the "Valley."

BION. IDYLL. 4.

ΤΑΙ Μοῖσαι τὸν Ερωτα τὸν ἄγριον οὐ φοβέονται
Εκ θυμῶ δὲ φιλεῦντι, καὶ ἐκ ποδὸς αὐτῶ ἕπονται.
Κ' ἠν μὲν ἁρα ψυχὰν τις ἴχων ἀνέραστον ὑπηδῆ,
Τηνον ὑπεκφεύγοντι, καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλοντι διδάσκειν·
Ἠν δὲ νοὸν τις Ερωτι δονεύμενος ἀδὺ μελίσδη,
Ες τηνον μάλα πᾶσαι ἐπειγόμεναι προρέοντι.
Μάρτυς ἐγών, ὅτι μῦθος ὁδ' ἅπλετο πᾶσιν ἀληθής·
Ἠν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ ἀθανάτων τινὰ μέλπω,
Βαμβαίνει μεν γλῶσσα, καὶ ὡς πάρος οὐκ ἐτ' ἀείδει·
Ἠν δ' αὐτ' ἐς τὸν Ερωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδαν τι μελίσδω,
Καί τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματος ῥέει ὠδά.

Translation by J. J. S.

Of love the cruel, the ruthless boy,
  The Muses feel no fear;
But with souls of fondness and feet of joy
  They follow his light steps near.

And if ever a churl of unloving heart
  Invadeth their hallowed track,
They veil the page of their gentle art,
  And flee from his presence back.

But the love-stricken bard, who with wild notes sweet
  Outpoureth his soul in song,
Oh! ever with eager joy they greet,
  And around him all lovingly throng.

Yes, believe it! to other of Gods or men
  In vain would I tune my lute,
For my voice refuseth its office then,
  And my stammering tongue is mute.

But whene'er to my Lysis I change the theme,
  And to Venus' heart-conquering boy,—
Then forth from my lips, as if touched with flame,
  Outfloweth the song of joy.

THE STREETS.

(Extract from an Unpublished Work.)

BY IK. MARVEL.

* * * * Meantime, what is street-life doing? Whither tends now the tide, that in the morning, and yester-night rolled up rocky barricades, and glittered with sparkling arms?

The streets are comparatively quiet, but they are not deserted. Before sunset, placards headed—No MORE OF BOURBONS!—No MORE OF KINGS! and announcing the Provisional Government were posted at every corner throughout the city. Through the long Rue St. Antoine, groups

were gathered around them, talking eagerly of the day: and black-belted workmen wiped the blood and dust from their bayonets, as they listened to the reading of the proclamations. That worst of faubourgs, St. Marceau, was all alive with bare-headed women, and bare-legged boys, climbing over the barricades, and shouting huzzas as they waved the streaming placards over their heads. Here and there, in more open streets, cabmen drove furiously along, with cockades stuck in their shining hats.

The Cafés wore their usual brilliancy, and were filled to overflowing, with noisy, talking companies. Ladies and gentlemen were passing with quick, half-frightened step, along the Boulevart, looking curiously on the rude barricades, and the mangled stumps of their favorite shade-trees. Workmen, arm in arm with National Guard, and helmeted dragoon, went loitering by. Far up the broad asphalte walk, they mingle in the crowd, with bold courtezan streaming with red ribbons, and wondering cautious-stepping stranger, and fearless-shouting street boy, and push their way into the eddies that are writhing, till long past midnight, around the grim arches of St. Martin, and St. Denis.

The shops were all closed: and twice at least, you might have seen a white-lipped, staring group gathered round a corpse, guarded and billeted—*Voleur*.

By the Madaleine, the post of the soldiery was burning, and the white flames lit up like day, the columns and entablature of the church.

The prison of the Abbaye had no soldier guards, save the citizens, and political offenders were wandering at will around the streets that hem the Luxembourg.

The Carmagnole and Marseillaise were chanted from time to time, around the corner wine-shops, and by students of St. Cyr, walking in long file. Enthusiasm had caught hold even of cold reformists; and black-coated Bourgeois were chatting with porter and brick-layer.

As darkness drew on, the Cafés, and here and there, a tall house, were illuminated. Still, the citizen soldiers stood guard. The barricades remained untouched, and the sentinels stood upon them—their forms projected darkly against the red light of the bivouac fires below,

It was not a night without fearful anxiety.

The people had triumphed: but how were they to use their triumph?

Mothers trembled at sight of the blood red caps. Old men, mindful of the old Republic, shuddered at those words, fresh printed, of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

Royalists grew timid, and gathered up their valuables for flight. Bankers passed the night in arranging papers, and jewels. Strangers talked of early departure. The crimson flag, that since three o'clock had been floating over the Tuileries, haunted their slumbers. There was something even in such names as DUBOULAY, and MARRAST, and CARNOT, to make that first Republican night, a night-mare.

The evening was all a wonder; the night was all a tremor. There were not a few who passed it beside stiffened corpses, or at the bed of wounded. And there were some who, drunken with enthusiasm, or by excesses in the cellars of the Tuileries, danced fearful orgies around dead brothers.

Others, glowing with a generous zeal, at thought of the monarchy that had been put down, and of the popular government that had been erected, and confiding in the good intent of the victors, slept quietly and soundly beside their fire-locks.

Ambitious heads dreamed strange dreams. Such as BLANQUI, BARBES or LAGRANGE, so long the hunted victims of a dynasty that feared them unless chained, are awake and free, plotting, and rejoicing. They were men of fierce enthusiasm, who had perilled life, property, liberty, every thing that men hold dear, for their idol scheme of a Republic; and now that it has overtaken them, half unawares, they huzzaed like fanatics, while they trembled with apprehension.

Fierce old women in upper garrets, inflamed by poverty, and the blood of offspring shed that day before Chateau d'Eau, still kept their light burning, and till morning cleared up the danger, were turning scraps of lead into murderous bullet.

In the old families through the faubourg St. Germain, which had begun to creep from the shadows of the July Revolution, into the sunlight of court-splendour, there was wonder and fear.

The rich merchants of Chaussée d' Antin, and Rue Lafitte, grown rich under patronage of Bourgeois King, trembled for their bourgeois pride, and their bourgeois wealth.

There was now no far-seeing TALLEYRAND for the fearful nobility to beg, and to bolster themselves upon. There was no General LAFAYETTE, or popular LAFITTE, for rich Bourgeois to seek in shelter. These men, and such as these, had all passed.

There were many afoot, and astir who had witnessed, and been partakers in one Revolution, or in two—perhaps in three. But of those great names which belonged by history and association, to half a dozen Revolutions—which retained old taint of an old Royalism, and which, notwithstanding, were sustained in public favor, either by admiration for talent, or respect for lineage, only one now belonged to a living man. And he, that night, in a narrow street, heavily

shaded by the tall and princely houses—the Rue de Rac, was lying on the edge of the Grave.

But none, neither of the timid, or of the strong, of the winners or of the losers, thought it worth their while to consult now the great CHATEAUBRIAND. His day was gone.

The mind that had illumined the literary horizon for nearly half a century, had sunk almost into idiocy. Old nurses took care of the man, who had been once the care of kings.

He who had revelled in the splendor of every court in Europe, and wandered with young feet over American wild-lands; who had united reputation of Poet, Philosopher and Statesman, who had belonged to the Diplomacy of the age, whose name was attached to great treaties, and whose opinions had weighed with imperial cabinets,—now, that the chrysalis of lingering feudality was breaking fibres, and a new political being stretching wings, was but a slobbering fool, quarreling with his nurse for gruel!

Thus, the hero of letters and monarchy, the failing support of a failing cause, the last of royal poets, the lingering dreamer of regal dreams, was passing away amid the luxuries of old-time extravagance;—was listening with the irritable petulance of dotage to the gums that ushered in a Republic, was lapping his last cordials from golden spoons, and slowly dying on regal damask.

* * * * * *

THE GRAVE OF BYRON.

It is a shrine where poets bend
  In silent adoration
Of one, who living, awed the world,
  Though scorning its oblation;
A world which knowing not the heart
  So early tinged with sadness,
Saw not that in its bitter depths
  'Twas well nigh wrought to madness.

As from the wind-harp, o'er whose chords
  The stormy blast is rushing,
So from thy soul the music burst,
  By passion stirred to gushing:
Yet, thou, still heeding not the gift
  That unto thee was given,
Did'st wake a lyre whose murmurs knew
  No echoing tone in Heaven.

And still, with saddened hearts we think
  The while, on one possessing
All thy deep wealth of intellect
  And yet unblessed,—unblessing:
Turning from hearts that might have loved,
  A home that might have kept thee,
Thine was a grave in foreign climes
  Where only strangers wept thee.

And oft is breathed the heart-felt sigh
  That thou, "the world forgetting,"*
Hadst not then turned thy thoughts above,
  There thine affection setting;
That thus, when thou believ'st thyself
  By all on earth deserted,
In the pure light of Heaven thy dream
  Of darkness, had departed.

But by thy grave still Hope itself
  Sheddeth a tear of sorrow;
And thinking on thy yesterday
  Asks "what is now its morrow?"
Then leaveth all, in trust, to Him
  Who, not as man sees, seeth;
And not with man's unyieldingness
  The future lot decreeth.

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston, Mass.

* "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, June 28, 1849.

France, calling itself republican since February, 1848, has, at length, since the date of my last, enjoyed a few days of republican government. It commenced on the 28th of May with the opening of the Legislative Assembly. On that day the *Provisional* ceased: the Constituant gave place to the Constituted: and the regular machinery of a free republican government, organized by the new Constitution was put in complete operation.

It worked fifteen days—only fifteen—when its insufficiency became patent: it was set aside, and the stronger, simpler machine of despotic government was necessarily resorted to for the salvation of society. On the 15th instant Paris was declared in a state of siege—the two chief cities of France and fourteen entire departments are now under the iron rule of martial-law. You know how this was brought about. The main result of the elections of last month were, as I anticipated, overwhelmingly reactionist. Five hundred of the seven hundred and fifty members composing the new Assembly were monarchists of one or other of the fallen dynasties. Two or more were of the ultra republican and socialist party, composing the mountain. The very small fraction remaining consisted of the moderate republicans, who formed perhaps the controlling element of the Constituant Assembly. I did not anticipate the almost total discomfiture which overtook this party in the last elections,

and the consequent increase of power, at the expense of the moderates, which awaited the democratic socialists. These last count in the new Assembly much more numerously than in the old. Their untiring *propagande*, their union at the polls, their energy and discipline, won signal triumphs even in Paris, where, beyond all question, the friends of order had they evinced similar qualities, would have carried all their candidates. The *Mountain* in the new Assembly at once took position boldly and confidently, as the representative of a strong and growing party in the country, ere long to become dominant. Their efforts to gain the army over to the socialist doctrines had succeeded, if not to a positively very great, certainly to an alarming extent: witness the triumphant candidacy of three simple and ignorant sergeants, whose sole recommendations to the party which sent them to the Legislature, were the extreme violence of their political opinions and their contempt of wholesome discipline. The election returns showed that in all places where the army was allowed to vote freely, a large vote was given to the socialists. The Mountain exaggerated the disaffection that prevailed in the army. They believed it almost complete; at least to an extent that would neutralize the action of the army upon an appeal to force: and they showed from the very commencement of the session a confidence in their power, an intolerance and audacity which indicated clearly enough their intention to bring matters to a speedy crisis. The majority, or their side, furnished them with abundant provocation. Confident in their actual numerical force, they were as intolerant and ultra and almost as noisy as their opponents themselves. All questions were decided against the Left—its members were excluded from all offices—its presses were almost daily seized—its writers prosecuted, fined, imprisoned—*reaction* was evidently at work in the assembly and in the government. It was clearly visible not to the exasperated *Montagnards* only, but to all impartial observers. But it was the misconduct and perversion of the Roman expedition, ordered by Government and sanctioned by the Assembly, which was seized upon by the opposition and made the pretext for precipitating the appeal to force, which for several months past I have been sure was in contemplation. This Roman expedition was in its very inception of questionable expediency and legality. In its subsequent management, in the gross perversion which has taken place from its original avowed object, it has certainly become a flagrant, disgraceful and outrageous violation of the French Constitution, of the laws of nations, and of natural right. I believed, as did almost every one else prior to the appearance of the French army before Rome, that the Pope had been ejected, and the republican form of government imposed upon the Roman people by a factious and audacious minority—that so soon as the city should be relieved from the *terror* in which it was held, the majority would recall the Pope, and accept the mild, ameliorated and progressive government which that really liberal and excellent prince had inaugurated in Rome. I do not yet believe that the Romans are ripe for republican government: or that, if left to itself, absolutely free from Austrian, French, and all foreign intervention, it would fall soon to odd in wild democracy and anarchical excess: but in view of the events of the last two months, I cannot resist the conviction that if not unanimously republican, the Romans are unanimously opposed to all foreign dictation, and are valiantly, aye gloriously resisting it. The French Republic engages in its constitution "to respect nationalities," and not to "make war upon the liberties of any people." I believe it would be wisest to restore the Pope: but if the Romans don't think so, no other nation, nor all other nations united have the right to say they shall receive him, imposing upon the Romans liberty in any other sense than that in which they themselves understand it. The French were checked in a first attempt to enter Rome: and now they say, (the government says,) their military honor is engaged—that before this, all other considerations must yield—and in spite of French constitution, of sacred nationality, and natural rights, Gen. Oudinot is ordered to enter Rome with his army—no matter what the cost.

Rome will have to succumb. It probably has succumbed: and ere this, Gen. Oudinot dictating his terms from the Vatican or the Capitol, is complacently persuading himself that French honor has been sacred. Error! All the real honor of the day belongs to the defeated Romans! And the French have justified, *if they have not prepared*, another Congress of allied sovereigns in Paris, imposing upon France liberty as they understand it,—that is the bastard son of a degenerate race for legitimate monarch. It would be a just and most fitting retribution.

This iniquitous expedition was seized upon by the *Montagnards*, and made the pretext for a course of most violent parliamentary and popular agitation, which ended on the 13th instant in another call to arms of the people of Paris. Ledru Rollin, it is believed, thought the insurrection premature: but the other leaders, and the impatient, ardent clubs, urged him, compelled him on, in spite of himself. The Democratic leaders of Rome and Paris were in close correspondence. The crisis here was hastened with

the hope of saving the Roman republic. It was too soon by at least a couple of months: and the cause of the red republic, (whose triumph would have been assured with more discretion,) if not utterly lost, is indefinitely adjourned. The repression of the insurrection was admirably prompt and energetic. Had Gen. Changarnier adopted Cavaignac's plan of last June, allowing the insurrection to fully develop itself, and then suppressing it, *secundum artem*, a more terrible tragedy than that of June, 1848, would have been enacted. The result itself would have been doubtful in view of the known disaffection of several legions of the National Guards, and the reasonable apprehensions with respect to the army. True the army did not exhibit any signs of faltering: but the occasion can hardly be said to have offered itself. No where did it come into serious collision with the insurgents. The barricades were no where seriously defended. They were rushed upon and demolished even before they were completed. The insurrection thus happily crushed in its inception, did not cost on both sides more than a dozen lives. Some four or five hundred arrests have been made. Some twenty members of the *Mountain* are included in the prosecutions. Most of them have fled from France. Ledru Rollin, Boichot, and Rattier, the two sergeants, have escaped. It is supposed the trials will take place in August at Versailles. The insurrection broke out simultaneously in Paris, and several of the departments. Had it gotten well under way in Paris, but few of the departments would have been spared, and terrible civil war would have desolated France. At Lyons the struggle of the troops with the insurgents continued for two days. Several hundred were killed on both sides and many prisoners taken. But the cause of order finally triumphed. In Paris the majority are confirming their victory by a series of measures of great severity: some of very questionable expediency, others of questionable legality, and others of unquestionable unconstitutionality. Several legions of the National Guards are dissolved and disarmed. By virtue of the state of seige, six of the radical daily papers are forbidden to appear: and five others have been formally notified that a similar order will be taken with reference to them if they continue to discuss the constitutionality of the Roman expedition. Clubs have been interdicted; and the right of union for political purposes suspended for a year at the pleasure of government. This is not by virtue of the state of seige, and is palpably in violation of the constitution. The Executive is not bound to render account of the execution of this law till after the expiration of the year; but must, before the expiration of that period, introduce a bill for the permanent introduction of clubs, and the *regulation*, (it was *expressly refused* to add "*and assurance*") of the right of political meeting. This is not all. A bill has been offered by ministers, and the majority are about declaring *urgency*, and voting it forthwith, by which the liberty of the press is almost extinguished; severer in many respects than the bill of September, 1835. Those measures, I believe with the goverment, are *necessary*. Without the state of seige and the repressive measures I speak of, Anarchy will howl triumphant throughout all the departments of France. Well, what is to be done? Will the people submit? They will not. They ought not. Professing to be republican, living under liberal institutions guarantied by a constitution, they will not consent that the constitution should be to them a dead letter—a continual lie—worse, a bitter mockery! Without their constitutional liberties, they will conspire and rebel. With them, they will speed through license to Anarchy! Well, what is to be done? I answer—be honest! abolish the constitution—abolish the republic! Make legal a strong, almost despotic form of government: and then—why then—I won't promise that Frenchmen will be quiet; but they'll be—*as quiet as they can. Que voulez-vous?* It's in the nature of the beast. You may lead the donkey where you will with a simple cotton thread about the nose—but try to conduct the tiger with a simple cotton thread! France is the beautiful and terrible tiger of nations.

There are signs of important political combinations approaching, and dissensions in the cabinet,—Dufaure, Minister of the Interior, uniting with some seventy *moderates* to form a constitutional third party between the royalists and democrats. These new *Girondists* will fail as the old did. But they will save their heads I trust.

I have observed that so many of the French journals take malicious pleasure in culling from American papers every thing that will enable them to indite a paragraph of abuse and disparagement upon our institutions, or throw contempt upon American manners and society, that I must plead guilty to a little spiteful gratification, as I send to be recorded in the *Messenger* and amuse its readers, the following advertisements copied verbatim from several of the most respectable Paris journals. They might well afford the text for a page or two of capital retort. But I don't feel in the humor just now: so the advertisements may speak for themselves; after I have simply reminded your readers, (they might doubt as they read,) that I am writing from *France*, which claims for itself the exclusive worship among nations of "the Beautiful, the Just, the Unselfish, the Grand," and which never fails

to taunt America with grovelling addiction to "mere material well-being."

"*Insurance*—On Life, against Fire, Hail, Maritime Risks, Failures in Business, Accidents in Carriages.

"MARRIAGES.—*Company of Assurance of Marriages.* Rue de l'Ouest 104—near the Luxembourg.

"Marriage is the most important engagement we may contract. It is that which has most influence, for our happiness or misery, during life. By a single word we contract an indissoluble engagement: and this word is often pronounced with the greatest levity. One yields to the attractions of beauty, of fascinating manners, or of fortune, without sufficiently examining whether the object possesses those principles and sterling qualities which alone can insure the happiness of a household. But this conscientious and so necessary examination is impossible for a great number of persons, who are hindered by their engrossing daily occupations and are therefore compelled to rely upon information too often entirely untrustworthy.

"It often happens that one cannot find in the circle of one's acquaintance, the person with whom he should form this alliance; and then it is that he is beset with interested reports respecting fortune, morals, character, &c. Too often also is deception practised in those alliances which are called *marriages of inclination*, and the late truth comes upon you at last with a bitterness proportioned to the depth of the delusion.

"A marriage negotiation should be conducted by a mind free from all prejudice and proof against seductions. One should always commence by an examination of money matters and of character; and that before the first personal interview. To this end, there are no means preferable to that of seeking from a special, honest and discreet association the information which you may desire.

"More than twenty years ago, some honorable men who had occupied themselves with affairs of this sort, so important to the existence of society, conceived that by uniting themselves for the formation of a grand centre of information of every kind, they could render immense service to persons who might please to honor them with their confidence. Extended relations as well at Paris as in the provinces, afford them the means of procuring for persons who wish to marry, the best assorted matches of every rank and position.

"The company charges itself with all the negotiations: and the most implicit confidence may be placed in its discretion and in the sincerity of the information given. In proof of its good faith in this matter, the company will guaranty to those who desire it, the exactitude and the amount of dowries. It will also by means of an insurance, to be good for three, six, or twelve months, undertake to procure within a stipulated time a marriage suitable in every particular. This is an advantage which no company has been able to offer to its clients: for, we repeat it, none of the conditions of society, from the most elevated to the most humble are without the sphere of our operations. We can put in communication persons who possess dowries from one thousand up to two millions of francs.

"All communications must be addressed, free of postage, to M. the Directeur of the Administration, Rue de l'Ouest 104."

Another.

"*Marriages*—M. de Foy, negotiator of marriages, No. 48 Rue d'Enghien. (Severe discretion.) Pay postage.

"*Nota.* A rich repertory offers to ladies a choice of good matches with brilliant advantages."

Another.

"*Marriage.*—A widow lady, a foreigner, possessed of a handsome fortune desires to unite herself with a person of good position in society: and a lady of a certain age desires to unite herself with a retired officer.

"Apply to *Mme. De Saint Marc*, 8 Rue des Colonne, who is charged with the marrying of several widows and rich young ladies. (Pay postage.)"

Another.

"*Marriage.*—Speciality, discretion, dispatch. 12 Rue de la Boule Rouge: At the corner of the passage. *Mme Chatillon* notifies persons who wish to marry that her honorable relations put it in her power to give information with regard to several ladies and misses who in general possess large fortunes. (Pay postage.)"

Another, appearing in a column of miscellaneous advertisements, one for a horse-thief being the first above, and one for the sale of a butcher's shop being the next below.

"A young person, 18 years of age, of agreeable personal appearance, belonging to an honorable family, but without fortune, is desirous of marrying a gentleman of easy fortune. She will be very particular upon the score of birth and social position. Address, free of postage, Mlle. Marie at Grenelle (Seine.)"

I have read lately another advertisement of this kind, but cannot at this moment lay my hand upon it—in which an uncle offers to the notice of the public a ward, his niece, setting forth in the short-

est and most business-like style, her age, accomplishments and the amount of her fortune.

An American friend whose notice had been frequently attracted by these and similar advertisements, asked me the other day if I had ever visited the establishment of one of these venders of matrimony, and if I knew how they conducted their interesting and important negotiations? But I was equally ignorant with himself upon the subject. I had long since marked upon my notebook a *memorandum* in relation to them: and upon one occasion had made an appointment with a friend to accompany me in a visit: but he failed to meet me. Since then, however, I have always kept it upon my list of "things to be done." It was at once agreed by both of us that we could not pass the morning more satisfactorily. We would visit M. Foy, whose advertisement in *La Presse* had just given rise to our conversation. P. was to personate Coelebs in search of a Wife: but not speaking French with sufficient fluency to give and ask the explanations which would be necessary, I was to accompany him in the character of friend and interpreter. We were received by a servant in plain livery, who ushered us into an elegantly furnished waiting-room, stating that M. Foy was now engaged, but would very soon be at leisure. We were allowed to wait, perhaps ten minutes: during which we had ample time to examine the engravings upon the walls, and were duly impressed with the extent of the operations of M. Foy in his honorable vocation of *negociateur des marriages*. At the expiration of this delay the worthy himself entered by a side-door. With French politeness he excused himself for having kept us waiting—a client had just taken his leave—and M. Foy was now entirely at our service.

We were conducted through another room and a narrow passage into the *sanctum sanctorum* which from the character and arrangement of the furniture, one would have doubted whether to call an office or a parlour. Having seen me seated upon a sofa, and my friend in possession of a comfortable arm-chair, M. Foy squared himself upon the morocco-covered *fauteuil* in front of his secretary, and turning down the collar of his loose morning-gown, intimated his readiness to be made acquainted with our business. It was soon told. My friend wanted to marry and preferred a French lady. He had seen the advertisement of M. Foy and had come to ascertain what facilities Mr. Foy could afford to him, what were the terms, and what the mode of proceeding. The worthy dealer in matrimony, as though conscious that there must be something shocking to an English or American mind in rushing without preface *in medias res*, as if it were question of a negotiation for the purchase of a horse or of a house and lot, commenced and was proceeding with some common place remarks upon the importance of marriage, and the consequent respectability and responsibility of his own vocation, when we interrupted him with an assurance that we knew all that, that my friend had duly meditated upon the awful nature of the matrimonial engagement, and believed himself prepared for all its responsibilities, present and prospective. In fine, here is the mode in which affairs are conducted in these matrimonial offices.

The *negociateur* takes particular notice of the personal appearance, manners and fortune of the applicant. He learns in what this fortune consists, where it lies and the amount of income. He asks the profession, and residence, age, habits, and character of his client. He asks proof, documentary, or by the testimony of disinterested third persons whose address is to be furnished, of the truth of the account which the applicant gives of himself. The addresses are only to be made use of when it shall become necessary to satisfy the friends of the lady as to the social and pecuniary position of the client. The strictest honor and delicacy is professed to be observed in the use made of the evidence thus obtained and in the mode of procuring it. The persons whose addresses are given, are not allowed to suspect the intention with which the information is sought. The person is then to describe generally the lady he would be willing to marry: her age, religion, personal appearance and accomplishments and the amount of fortune required. The client then takes his leave with an engagement to call again in the course of three or four days. In the mean time the *negociateur* examines his files, (M. Foy assured us with an air of much confidence and satisfaction, that he had upon his lists some thousands of ladies,) and selects from them those ladies whose qualities, accomplishments and fortune come up to the requirements of the applicant. Upon the second visit the gentleman in search of a wife is presented upon a fair sheet with a list of ladies, (more or less numerous, according to the "richness of the repertory,") from which he is to select the one toward whom approaches are first to be made. In this list, the names of the ladies are scrupulously concealed: but all other desirable information is given. The gentleman makes his choice. At this stage of the proceedings the *negociateur* requires an advance of 20 Napoleons ($80,) and a formal instrument is drawn up, signed by both parties. The *negociateur* agrees on his part, by all the means ordinary and extraordinary in his power, to facilitate and bring about the marriage in question. If himself personally unacquainted with the lady's family, he has relations with other agents who, by means of their particular rela-

tions, manage (without, as M. Foy solemnly assured us, giving the opposite party to suspect how and why the thing is accomplished,) to procure introduction into the family of which in due season the name has been communicated. Once introduced, the gentleman is expected to make his own: but the agents are at hand to watch, and facilitate progress by the skilful communication of favorable facts respecting the character, social position and fortune of the suitor. In due season the parties are sounded as to their disposition with regard to the match, which parental anxiety has now come to consider among the possibilities of the future. But M. Foy assured us that they are never allowed to suspect, and so skilfully are matters managed, that they never do suspect—that the suitor's introduction to the family is other than the result of pure accident, or a fortunate concurrence of circumstances. Accident now marvellously favors the parent in search of reliable information touching the character and fortune of the suitor. He does not see our worthy *negociateur* armed with the documents and addresses which he had the precaution to prepare in an early stage of the proceedings. Probably the information is satisfactory—it is concluded in family council that it would be a good match—the young gentleman is notified that the way is prepared for him—that his declaration would be received with favor by the parents—that the young lady does not abhor him—in short that he may marry her if he will. He proposes, is accepted, the papers are drawn up—and a happy marriage in the French acceptation of the term is effected. The family believing it a purely providential affair, (M. Foy assures us they do,) render to Providence due thanks: but the happy husband knowing the part that M. Foy, 48 Rue d'Enghien has had in bringing about the blessed consummation, bestows his thanks differently—and not his thanks only. A short time after the ceremony, the successful suitor may again be seen in the cabinet of M. Foy. He has the marriage settlement in his hand. M. Foy produces the written contract signed by them both some months ago, upon the occasion of his second visit. By virtue of that agreement he now upon proof of the fortune he has received with the lady, and exhibition of the marriage settlement, pays over to M. Foy 5 per cent. upon the amount of his wife's fortune: and thus ends his relations with M. Foy, *negociateur des marriages*. If it had so happened that the gentleman in search of a wife had not upon sight and introduction been pleased with the young lady first selected, the negotiator would have facilitated in the same manner, his approaches to a second and a third, until one should be found to his mind: all of the affairs to be managed by M. Foy in consideration of the 20 Napoleons prepaid as mentioned above: the client paying nothing more, except the 5 per cent. upon the wife's fortune, due in the event of marriage.

A word now upon the *Cholera:* not that there is in my mind any fanciful connection between the subjects, that would induce me to speak of Cholera immediately after marriage. The two subjects are accidentally in juxtaposition upon my note-book, and that is the sole reason that they are so in my letter. Yet, verily, American notions of marriage and domestic happiness having been fixed in my mind before coming to Europe, if now I found myself compelled to choose between marriage in France, and the Cholera, I should hardly know which to take.

The Cholera in Paris during the first months of its appearance, was of so mild a character and so particular in its attacks, that the public paid but very little attention to it. One of the most distinguished physicians of the city, member of the assembly, said in his place that there was no reason whatever for general alarm—that every year there existed in Paris epidemics more fatal than the Cholera had yet been, without attracting at all the public notice. Thus it continued till the latter part of May. Then it suddenly assumed a frightful extension. It attacked apparently without discrimination all classes and all quarters. For three weeks it was sweeping off, in the city alone, from six to seven hundred daily. The hospitals were crowded—and deaths in private houses more than doubled the number of those who were able to reach the hospitals. Other patients were dismissed from the public establishments in order to make room for those who had the Cholera. Stroll for half an hour in the city, in whatever direction, and one was sure to meet several funeral processions. Many a door was hung with black, indicating corpses within—in front of every church were waiting one, two or three hearses at a time, while funeral services were being performed over the dead bodies. The ordinary means of burial at the disposal of the public authorities were insufficient, and the large canvas-covered waggons used in Paris for moving furniture, sometimes covered with black, and sometimes not, were put in requisition for the transportation of the dead to the cemeteries. One of these vehicles would pass from door to door, and collecting all the dead bodies in the neighbourhood, move slowly on to the burying-ground, followed without order by a motley crowd, mostly of women, weeping aloud, friends of some one of the deceased, whose bodies were in the waggon. Frequently, in the street, men and women dropped suddenly smitten with the Cholera. They were taken up and transported to the nearest hospital: thence, al-

most certainly, to be borne on the morrow to the common last resting-place—for two in three, if not three in four of those who entered the hospitals were destined never to leave them alive. And in the midst of all this, the Parisians were Parisians throughout. French *insouciance* was, perhaps, never more strikingly illustrated. *Que voulez-vous?* are there not a million of Frenchmen in one city—and can any thing less than a pestilence which shall suddenly smite down half the population, taking from every man his neighbour, make the other half sad? The brilliantly lighted boulevards were thronged at night with the same gay crowds; and they danced at balls, and played domino in the *Cafés*, and laughed at the vaudevilles; they rushed to political banquets, and raged daily in the assembly, and conspired nightly in the clubs, while Cholera was decimating the population. Undeterred by the fearful ravages of the pestilence, insurrection on the 13th had prepared for June 1849 its days of civil war bloodier than those of June 1848. Nothing but the prompt preventive energy of Gen. Changarnier saved Paris and all France from a war worse than pestilence. The grand unarmed *demonstration* by which the insurrection commenced, was composed of some fifteen or twenty thousand persons. In its passage along the boulevards, the column filling the street and sidewalks with their tumultuous and noisy masses, met and stopped, till the column had passed no less than eleven hearses conveying victims of Cholera to the grave! During the last fortnight, however, the mortality has been constantly lessening: and it has now descended to a figure which presents nothing alarming even to the timid. The number of deaths per day is now less than one hundred.

Before dismissing this subject, let me allude to a letter which has lately been read in the Academy of Sciences, and has since appeared in most of the Paris papers. It relates to experiments which would seem to establish a connection between Cholera and the greater or less amount of electric fluid contained in the atmosphere.

"The Machine," says the writer, "which was used in my daily observations, is one of considerable power. Ordinarily, after two or three turns of the wheel it emits sparks to five or six centimetres. But since the commencement of the Cholera I have been unable to produce this effect even in a single instance. During the months of April and May the sparks obtained with great difficulty never exceeded two or three centimetres; and almost exactly their variations accorded with the variations of the march of the cholera." This coincidence excited his particular interest, and he watched subsequent results with increased attention. The weather had been cold and unpleasant for the season. "I awaited with impatience," continues the writer, "the arrival of fine warm weather. It came at last: but to my profound astonishment, instead of indicating, as was to have been expected, an increase of electricity in the atmosphere, my machine showed it to be less and less, till on the 4th, 5th and 6th of June I found it to be impossible to obtain from my machine any thing but slight crepitations without sparks; and on the 7th even these ceased and my machine was perfectly silent. This diminution of the electric fluid coincided exactly as we only too well know with the increased violence of the cholera. I was now convinced; and one may well conceive with what anxiety during that sad crisis I consulted my machine, the faithful interpreter of a great calamity. At last, on the morning of the 8th, feeble sparks re-appeared. They hourly increased in intensity, and I perceived with joy that the vivifying fluid was again filling the air. Toward evening a storm in Paris announced that electricity had resumed its place in the atmosphere; and I thought I saw cholera disappearing with the cause which produced it. On the morrow, the 9th, all was right again. The machine at the slightest touch, promptly, I may almost say with joy, emitted lively sparks. One would have said that it was conscious of the good news it was announcing."

The existence of this apparent connection between the electrical state of the atmosphere and cholera is not, I am told, unknown in the United States. Our philosophers have already observed it. It is to be hoped that scientific investigations will, ere long, take it from the list of merely curious phenomena and give it place among the grand beneficent facts with which Science has already illustrated the nineteenth century.

But if the extract above given communicates no new scientific fact to your readers, I shall be much surprised if the following does not make most of them open their eyes with astonishment. It is taken from a little work, lately published here, entitled "Some facts relative to the Spheroidal state of bodies—Trial by Fire—man incombustible, &c. By P. N. Boutigny, (of Evreux.)"

"Upon my return home," says M. Boutigny, "I did not fail to inquire of the workmen what would happen if the finger were immersed in the incandescent mass of melted iron? Most of them laughed in my face. But that did not discourage me. After a while, being at the forge of Magny, near Lure, I repeated my question to a workman, who replied that "nothing was more simple;" and to prove it, he instantly passed his fingers into the incandescent column of ore which was just then issuing from a Wilkinson. Another workman,

who stood by, performed the same experiment with equal impunity. Emboldened by what I saw, I did the same."

The fact in question was no longer doubtful, but M. Boutigny hesitated to communicate it to the Academy until he should be prepared to support it by the adduction of various other experiments. These experiments he thus describes: "I cut or divided with one hand a spout of melted ore five or six centimetres (about 2 inches) in diameter, as it issued from the furnace; and plunged the other into a vessel filled with the incandescent liquid, which it was really frightful to behold. I shuddered involuntarily. But both hands issued victorious from the trial; and now if any thing appears surprising to me, it is that similar experiments are not of every day occurrence. Certainly it will be asked what precaution should be taken to guaranty the hand from the action of the burning liquid? I answer, none! Fear not. Perform the experiment with confidence. Pass the hand rapidly, yet not too rapidly, into the molten mass. If the experiment is made timidly and with too great rapidity, you may overcome the repulsive force which exists in incandescent bodies, and thus establish contact with the skin. In that case the skin would indubitably remain there and in a condition not difficult to conceive. The experiment succeeds particularly well when the skin is moist. The involuntary terror which one experiences in presence of these masses of fire almost always puts the whole body in that condition of moisture essential to success. The following I have found to be the best preparation for the experiment. I rub my hands with soap, so as to give them a polished surface. Then at the moment of making the experiment I plunge the hand into a cold solution of sal ammoniac saturated with sulphurous acid, or simply into water containing sal ammoniac, or if you have not the latter substance convenient dip the hand merely in cold water."

M. Boutigny then gives the following philosophic explanation of this phenomenon:

"It is to my mind a positively established fact that the hand and metal do not come in contact with each other. If there be no contact, heating can only take place by means of radiation. This is enormous it must be admitted; but in our experiment no account need be taken of radiation, for in fact it is nullified by reflection. I think that I have long since proved that water in the spheroidal state possesses the remarkable property of reflecting the calorific rays, and that its temperature never reaches that of its boiling point: whence it follows that the finger or the hand, being moist, cannot attain the temperature of 100°, the experiment not being of sufficiently long duration to permit the complete evaporation of its moisture to be effected. Persons familiar with the experiment of immersing in water a body of incandescent silver or platina, will readily understand the mechanism of this. In the first case it is the water retiring from the metal which then seems to be inclosed within a crystal envelope: in the second case it is the liquid metal which retires from the moist hand. In the first, the metal is active and the water passive: in the second, the moistened hand is active and the fused metal is passive. It is the same experiment reversed; and the two form but one. In one word, the hand, inserted in metal in a state of fusion, isolates itself. The humidity which covers it, passing to the spheroidal state, reflects the radiant caloric and is not heated sufficiently to boil. It is true, therefore, as I said in the beginning, that this experiment apparently so dangerous is in fact almost absolutely without danger. I have often repeated it with lead, bronze, &c., and invariably with the same success. Thus in the course of ten years I have made ice in a furnace heated to whiteness, and have bathed with impunity in a mass of incandescent metal; and that by virtue of the laws which govern matter in the spheroidal state. It results also from these notes that a considerable number of facts reported in history and generally deemed fabulous, may well be true. Ancient philosophers probably knew much that we are now ignorant of. A little more respect for them and a little less admiration for ourselves would do us no harm."

The pretended miracle by which one of the Eastern Magi, disciples of Zoroaster, is narrated to have gained thousands of converts, is now of easy solution. He proposed that twenty pounds of molten brass should be poured hot from the furnace upon his naked body, upon condition that if he underwent the trial uninjured, unbelievers constrained by the prodigy would profess conversion to the faith. It was done and the scientific imposter witnessed the rapid acceptance of his creed.

But let those who are disposed to pity the credulity of misled Persian multitudes, and laugh at priestly artifices practised 550 years B. C., reserve their sympathy. I will afford them occasion to exercise it much nearer home. The anecdote just related reminds me of what has just been passing within the circle of my own observation, A. D., 1849, within an hour's walk of the city which calls itself the capital of civilization. To my mind the superstition of the Persians is much less surprising, the imposture of the Magi much less worthy of indignation than that of our day.

About five miles N. W. of Paris upon the right bank of the Seine is the pleasant little town of *Argenteuil*. It is celebrated as the seat of a

convent founded by the Bernardines, to which in 1120 Eloisa retired after the misfortunes of Abelard, and remained till the Paraclete was prepared for her. But the great object of interest now in Argenteuil is the treasure which its church contains. One thousand and fifty years ago, saith the veridical chronicle, in the year 799, the Emperor Charlemagne received from the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid and from the Patriarch of Jerusalem a multitude of magnificent costly presents. Among them were several inestimable relics taken from the treasury of the holy city. One of the most precious of these relics, *the veritable tunic worn by our Saviour*, was selected by the Emperor, and presented to the church of Argenteuil; where it has ever since been most religiously preserved. It is periodically exposed for the veneration of the faithful, and upon these occasions crowds from the whole region round about Argenteuil flock to the church to enjoy the blessed spectacle. On Ascension-day, the 17th ult., the portable shrine containing the holy garment was borne in solemn procession through the streets of the town, surrounded with sacred chant and ceremony by numerous priests and followed by the humble, believing and adoring population. In the evening at vespers an Apostolical missionary pronounced with fervent unction a discourse suitable to the occasion.

I do not know whether the following advertisement taken, *verbatim*, from *Le Univers*, a religious paper of Paris, will strike you as funnily as it does me. It appears to me a literary curiosity well worth preservation.

"Prayers for deliverance from the Cholera:—at 1 franc the hundred."

"Cheap enough!" remarks another journal. At this rate the "Prayers" may be had at less than the fifth of a cent a-piece.

W. W. M.

SONNET.----FRIENDSHIP.

As onward, o'er life's devious paths we wend,
  Now, 'mid the blooming sweets of summer time,
  And now, through stern-browed winter's icy clime,
How firm our tread, if one true hearted friend,
With changeless love, our pilgrim steps attend;
  With lightsome feet, the roughest steeps we climb,
  And oft live o'er our childhood's dewy prime,
While joys and sorrows, hopes and memories blend.
Love may grow cold, the ties of kindred rust,
  And no remembrance thrill upon the heart,
But friendship's bond remains, and ever must,
  Nor time, nor wrong can bid its voice depart,
Though wounded sore by slight, or broken trust,
  Its life is shown, by the still rankling dart.

C. C. L.

Staunton, Va.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Osgood, for the last three or four years, has been rapidly attaining distinction; and this, evidently, with no effort at attaining it. She seems, in fact, to have no object in view beyond that of giving voice to the fancies or the feelings of the moment. "Necessity," says the proverb, "is the mother of Invention;" and the invention of Mrs. O., at least, springs plainly from necessity—from the necessity of invention. *Not* to write poetry—not to act it, think it, dream it, and be it, is entirely out of her power.

It may be questioned whether with more industry, more method, more definite purpose, more ambition, Mrs. Osgood would have made a more decided impression on the public mind. She might, upon the whole, have written better poems; but the chances are that she would have failed in conveying so vivid and so just an idea of her powers as poet. The warm *abandonnement* of her style—that charm which now so captivates—is but a portion and a consequence of her unworldly nature—of her disregard of mere fame; but it affords us glimpses, which we could not otherwise have obtained, of a capacity for accomplishing what she has not accomplished, and in all probability never will. In the world of poetry, however, there is already more than enough of uncongenial ambition and pretence.

Mrs. Osgood has taken no care whatever of her literary fame. A great number of her finest compositions, both in verse and prose, have been written anonymously, and are now lying *perdus* about the country, in out-of-the way nooks and corners. Many a goodly reputation has been reared upon a far more unstable basis than her unclaimed and uncollected "fugitive pieces."

Her first volume, I believe, was published, seven or eight years ago, by Edward Churton, of London, during the residence of the poetess in that city. I have now lying before me a second edition of it, dated 1842—a beautifully printed book, dedicated to the Reverend Hobart Caunter. It contains a number of what the Bostonians call "juvenile" poems, written when Mrs. O., (then Miss Locke,) could not have been more than thirteen, and evincing unusual precocity. The leading piece is "Elfrida, a Dramatic Poem," but in many respects well entitled to the appellation, "drama." I allude chiefly to the passionate expression of particular portions, to delineation of character, and to occasional scenic effect:—in construction, or plot—in general conduct and plausibility, the play fails; comparatively, of course—for the hand of genius is evinced throughout.

The story is the well known one of Edgar, Elfrida, and Earl Athelwood. The king, hearing of Elfrida's extraordinary beauty, commissions his favorite, Athelwood, to visit her and ascertain if report speaks truly of her charms. The earl, becoming himself enamored, represents the lady as anything but beautiful or agreeable. The king is satisfied. Athelwood soon afterward woos and weds Elfrida—giving Edgar to understand that the heiress' wealth is the object. The true state of the case, however, is betrayed by an enemy; and the monarch resolves to visit the earl at his castle and to judge for himself. Hearing of this resolve, Athelwood, in despair, confesses to his wife his duplicity, and entreats her to render null as far as possible the effect of her charms by dressing with unusual plainness. This the wife promises to do; but, fired with ambition and resentment at the wrong done her, arrays herself in her most magnificent and becoming costume. The king is charmed, and the result is the destruction of Athelwood and the elevation of Elfrida to the throne.

These incidents are well adapted to dramatic purposes, and with more of that art which Mrs. Osgood does *not* possess, she might have woven them into a tragedy which the world would not willingly let die. As it is, she has merely succeeded in showing what she might, should and could have done, and yet, unhappily, did not.

The character of Elfrida is the bright point of the play. Her beauty and consciousness of it—her indignation and uncompromising ambition—are depicted with power. There is a fine blending of the poetry of passion and the passion of poetry, in the lines which follow:

——Why even now he bends
In courtly reverence to some mincing dame,
Haply the star of Edgar's festival,
While I, with this high heart and queenly form,
Pine in neglect and solitude. Shall it *be?*
Shall I not rend my fetters and be free?
Ay!—be the cooing turtle-dove content,
Safe in her own loved nest!—the eagle soars
On restless plumes to meet the imperial sun.
And Edgar is my day-star in whose light
This heart's proud wings shall yet be furled to rest.
Why wedded I with Athelwood? For this?
No!—even at the altar when I stood—
My hand in his, his gaze upon my cheek—
I did forget his presence and the scene;
A gorgeous vision rose before mine eyes
Of power and pomp and regal pageantry;
A king was at my feet and, as he knelt,
I smiled and, turning, met—a husband's kiss.
But still I smiled—for in my guilty soul
I blessed him as the being by whose means
I should be brought within my idol's sphere—
My haughty, glorious, brave, impassioned Edgar!
Well I remember when these wondering eyes
Beheld him first. I was a maiden then—
A dreaming child—but from that thrilling hour
I've been a queen in visions!

Very similar, but even more glowing, is the love-inspired eloquence of Edgar.

Earth hath no language, love, befitting thee.
For its own children it hath pliant speech;
And mortals know to call a blossom fair,
A wavelet graceful, and a jewel rich;
But thou!—oh, teach me, sweet, the angel tongue
They talked in Heaven ere thou didst leave its bowers
To bloom below!

To this Elfrida replies:

If Athelwood should hear thee!

And to this, Edgar:

Name not the felon knave to me, Elfrida!
My soul is flame whene'er I think of him.
Thou lovest him not?—oh, *say* thou dost not love him!

The answer of Elfrida at this point is profoundly true to nature, and would alone suffice to assure any critic of Mrs. Osgood's dramatic talent:

When but a child I saw thee in my dreams!

The woman's soul here shrinks from the direct avowal of want of love for her husband, and flies to poetry and appeals to fate, by way of excusing that infidelity which is at once her glory and her shame.

In general, the "situations" of "Elfrida" are improbable or ultra-romantic, and its incidents unconsequential, seldom furthering the business of the play. The *dénouement* is feeble, and its moral of very equivocal tendency indeed—but I have already shown that it is the especial office neither of poetry nor of the drama, to inculcate truth, unless incidentally. Mrs. Osgood, however, although she has unquestionably failed in writing a good play, has, even in failing, given indication of dramatic power. The great tragic element, passion, breathes in every line of her composition, and had she but the art, or the patience, to model or control it, she might be eminently successful as a playwright. I am justified in these opinions not only by "Elfrida," but by "Woman's Trust, a Dramatic Sketch," included, also, in the English edition.

A Masked Ball. Madelon and a Stranger in a Recess.

Mad.—Why hast thou led me here?
My friends may deem it strange—unmaidenly,
This lonely converse with an unknown mask.
Yet in thy voice there is a thrilling power
That makes me love to linger. It is like
The tone of one far distant—only his
Was gayer and more soft.
Strang. Sweet Madelon!
Say thou wilt smile upon the passionate love
That thou alone canst waken! Let me hope!

Mad.—Hush! hush! I may not hear thee. Know'st thou not
I am be rothed?

Strang.—Alas! too well I know;
But I could tell thee such a tale of him—
Thine early love—'twould fire those timid eyes
With lightning pride and anger—curl that lip—
That gentle lip to passionate contempt
For man's light falsehood. Even now he bends—
Thy Rupert bends o'er one as fair as thou,
In fond affection. Even now his heart—

Mad.—Doth my eye flash?—doth my lip curl with scorn?
'Tis scorn of thee, thou perjured stranger, not—
Oh, not of him, the generous and the true!
Hast thou e'er seen my Rupert?—hast thou met
Those proud and fearless eyes that never quailed,
As Falsehood quails, before another's glance—
As thine even now are shrinking from mine own—
The spirit beauty of that open brow—
The noble head—the free and gallant step—
The lofty mien whose majesty is won
From inborn honor—hast thou seen all this?
And darest thou speak of faithlessness and him
In the same idle breath? Thou little know'st
The strong confiding of a woman's heart,
When woman loves as—I do. Speak no more!

Strang.—Deluded girl! I tell thee he is false—
False as yon fleeting cloud!

Mad. True as the sun!

Strang.—The very wind less wayward than his heart!

Mad.—The forest oak less firm! He loved me not
For the frail rose-hues and the fleeting light
Of youthful loveliness—ah, many a cheek
Of softer bloom, and many a dazzling eye
More rich than mine may win my wanderer's gaze.
He loved me for my love, the deep, the fond—
For my unfaltering truth; he cannot find—
Rove where he will—a heart that beats for him
With such intense, absorbing tenderness—
Such idolizing constancy as mine.
Why should he change, then?—I am still the same.

Strang.—Sweet infidel! *wilt* thou have ruder proof?
Rememberest thou a little golden case
Thy Rupert wore, in which a gem was shrined?
A gem I would not barter for a world—
An angel face:—its *sunny wealth of hair*
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat
And dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering ever;
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world
Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure—
Dreamy—subdued—but oh, how beautiful!
A look of timid, pleading tenderness
That should have been a talisman to charm
His restless heart for aye. Rememberest thou?

Mad.—(*impatiently*) I do—I do remember—'twas my own.
He prized it as his life—I gave it him—
What of it!—speak!

Strang.—(*showing a miniature*) Lady, behold that gift!

Mad—(*clasping her hands*) Merciful Heaven! is my Rupert
dead?
(*After a pause, during which she seems overwhelmed with agony*)
How died he?—when?—oh, *thou* wast by his side
In that last hour and *I* was far away!
My blessed love!—give me that token!—speak!
What message sent he to his Madelon?

Strang.—(*Supporting her and strongly agitated,*)
He is not dead, dear lady!—grieve not thus!

Mad.—*He is not false, sir stranger!*

Stran. For thy sake,
Would he were worthier! One other proof
I'll give thee, loveliest! if thou lov'st him still,
I'll not believe thee woman. Listen, then!
A faithful lover breathes not of his bliss
To other ears. Wilt hear a fable, lady?

Here the stranger details some incidents of the first wooing of Madelon by Rupert, and concludes with,

Lady, my task is o'er—dost doubt me still?

Mad. *Doubt thee, my Rupert! ah, I know thee now.*
Fling by that hateful mask!—let me unclasp it!
No! thou wouldst *not* betray thy Madelon.

The "Miscellaneous Poems" of the volume—many of them written in childhood—are, of course, various in character and merit. "The Dying Rosebud's Lament," although by no means one of the best, will very well serve to show the earlier and most characteristic manner of the poetess:

Ah, me!—ah wo is me
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow.

My leaves, instinct with glowing life,
Were quivering to unclose:
My happy heart with love was rife—
I was almost a rose.

Nerved by a hope, warm, rich, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence—
My green and graceful prison.

My pouting lips, by Zephyr pressed,
Were just prepared to part
And whisper to the wooing wind
The rapture of my heart.

In new-born fancies revelling,
My mossy cell half riven,
Each thrilling leaflet seemed a wing
To bear me into Heaven.

How oft, while yet *an infant-flower,*
My crimson cheek I've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade.

And, pressing up and peeping through
Its small but precious vistas,
Sighed for the lovely light and dew
That blessed my elder sisters.

I saw the *sweet breeze rippling* o'er
Their leaves that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all the store
Of dew-drop gems away.

I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic with a rose's glee
With sunbeam, bird and air.

Ah, me!—ah, wo is me, that I,
Ere yet my leaves unclose,
With all my wealth of sweets *must die*
Before I am a rose!

The poetical reader will agree with me that few things have ever been written (by any poet, at any age,) more delicately fanciful than the passages italicised—and yet they are the work of a girl not more than fourteen years of age. The clearness and force of expression, and the nice appositeness of the overt and insinuated meaning, are, when we consider the youth of the writer, even more remarkable than the fancy.

I cannot speak of Mrs. Osgood's poems without a strong propensity to ring the changes upon the indefinite word "grace" and its derivatives. About every thing she writes we perceive this indescribable charm—of which, perhaps, the elements are a vivid fancy and a quick sense of the proportionate. Grace, however, may be most satisfactorily defined as "a term applied, in despair, to that class of the impressions of Beauty which admit of no analysis." It is in this irresoluble effect that Mrs. Osgood excels any poetess of her country—and it is to this easily appreciable effect that her *popularity* is owing. Nor is she more graceful herself than a lover of the graceful, under whatever guise it is presented to her consideration. The sentiment renders itself manifest, in innumerable instances, as well throughout her prose as her poetry. Whatever be her theme, she at once *extorts* from it its whole essentiality of *grace*. Fanny Elsler has been often lauded; true poets have sung her praises; but we look in vain for anything written about her, which so distinctly and vividly paints her to the eye as the half dozen quatrains which follow. They are to be found in the English volume:

She comes?—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where Passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, *gazing breathless there,*
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro,

Or think the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not—but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

This is, indeed, poetry—and of the most unquestionable kind—poetry *truthful* in the proper sense—that is to say, breathing of Nature. There is here nothing forced or artificial—no hardly sustained enthusiasm. The poetess speaks because she feels, and *what* she feels; but then what she feels is felt only by the truly poetical. The thought in the last line of the quatrain will not be so fully appreciated by the reader as it should be; for latterly it has been imitated, plagiarized, repeated *ad infinitum*:—but the other passages italicized have still left them all their original effect. The idea in the two last lines is exquisitely *näive* and natural; that in the two last lines of the second quatrain, beautiful beyond measure; that of the whole fifth quatrain, *magnificent*—unsurpassed in the entire compass of American poetry. It is instinct with the noblest poetical requisite—imagination.

Of the same trait I find, to my surprise, one of the best exemplifications among the "Juvenile Rhymes."

For Fancy is a fairy that can hear,
Ever, the melody of Nature's voice
And see all lovely visions that she will.
She drew *a picture of a beauteous bird*
With plumes of radiant green and gold inwoven,
Banished from its beloved resting place,
And fluttering in vain hope from tree to tree,
And bade us think how, like it, the sweet season
From one bright shelter to another fled—
First from the maple waved her emerald pinions,
But lingered still upon the oak and elm,
Till, frightened by rude breezes even from them,
With mournful sigh she moaned her sad farewell.

The little poem called "The Music Box" has been as widely circulated as any of Mrs. Osgood's compositions—but I will be pardoned for quoting it in farther exemplification of her ruling feature—grace:

Your heart is a music-box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command
Of melody sweetest and clearest
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break;
Then oh, be the magic key mine
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
And there's one little tune it can play
That I fancy all others above—
You learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with and ends with "I love—"I love"
It begins with and ends with "I love."

The melody and harmony of this *jeu d'esprit* are perfect, and there is in it a rich tint of that epigrammatism for which the poetess is noted.

Some of the *intentional* epigrams interspersed through the works are peculiarly happy. Here is one which, while replete with the rarest "spirit of point," is yet something more than pointed.

TO AN ATHEIST POET.

Lovest thou the music of the sea?
Callest thou the sunshine bright?
His voice is more than melody—
His smile is more than light.

Here, again, is something very similar:

Fanny shuts her smiling eyes,
Then, because she cannot see,
Thoughtless simpleton! she cries
"Ah! you can't see me."

Fanny's like the sinner vain
Who, with spirit shut and dim,
Thinks, because he sees not Heaven,
Heaven beholds not him.

Is it not a little surprising, however, that a writer capable of so much precision and finish as the author of these epigrams *must* be, should have failed to see how much of force is lost in the inversion of "the sinner vain?" Why not have written "Fanny's like the silly sinner?"—or, if "silly" be thought too jocose, "the blinded sinner?" The rhythm, at the same time, would thus be much improved by bringing the lines,

Fanny's like the silly sinner,
Thinks because he sees not Heaven,

into *exact* equality.

In mingled epigram and *espièglerie* Mrs. Osgood is even more especially at home. I have seldom seen anything in this way more happily done than the song entitled "*If He Can.*"

Let me see him once more
For a moment or two;
Let him tell me himself
Of his purpose, dear, do!
Let him gaze in these eyes
While he lays out his plan
To escape me and then
He may go—if he can.

Let me see him once more!
Let me give him one smile!
Let me breathe but one word
Of endearment the while!
I ask but that moment—
My life on the man!
Does he think to forget me?
He may—if he can.

"The Unexpected Declaration" is, perhaps, even a finer specimen of the same manner. It is one of that class of compositions which Mrs. Osgood has made almost exclusively her own. Had I seen it without her name, I should have had no hesitation in ascribing it to her; for there is no other person—in America certainly—who does anything of a similar kind with anything like a similar piquancy:

"Azure-eyed Eloise! beauty is thine;
Passion kneels to thee and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladdened the world with thy fame;
Painters half holy thy loved image keep;—
Beautiful Eloise, why do you weep?"

Still bows the lady her light tresses low,
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow.

"Sunny-haired Eloise, wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe; bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips' play;
Diamonds like star-drops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep;
Angels watch over it;—why do you weep?"

Still bows the lady her light tresses low;
Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow.

"Gifted and worshipped one! genius and grace
Play in each motion and beam in thy face.
When from thy rosy lip rises the song
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong.
Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter—
Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter—
One only spirit thou'st failed to bring down—
Exquisite Eloise! why do you frown?"

Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul.

"Touched by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
Charmed with the magic of mind in thy face,
Bewitched by thy beauty, e'en *his* haughty strength—
The strength of the stoic is conquered at length,
Lo! at thy feet see him kneeling the while—
Eloise! Eloise! why do you smile?

The head was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes;
She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise,
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.

The point of all this, however, might have been sharpened, and the polish increased in lustre, by the application of the emory of brevity. From what the lover says much might well have been omitted; and I should have preferred leaving out altogether the autorial comments; for the story is fully told without them. The "Why do you weep?" "Why do you frown?" and "Why do you smile?" supply all the imagination requires; to supply *more* than it requires, oppresses and offends it. Nothing more deeply grieves it—or more vexes the true taste in general, than *hyperism* of any kind. In Germany, *Wohlgeborn* is a loftier title than *Edelgeborn;* and in Greece,

the thrice-victorious at the Olympic games could claim a statue of the size of life, while he who had conquered but once was entitled *only* to a colossal one.

The English collection of which I speak was entitled "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." It met with a *really* cordial reception in Great Britain—was favorably noticed by the "Literary Gazette," "Times," "Atlas," "Monthly Chronicle;" and especially by the "Court Journal," "The Court and Ladies' Magazine," "La Belle Assemblée," and other similar works. "We have long been familiar," says the high authority of the "Literary Gazette," "with the name of our fair author. . . . . Our expectations have been fulfilled, and we have here a delightful gathering of the sweetest of wild flowers, all looking as fresh and beautiful as if they had grown in the richest of English pasture in place of having been 'nursed by the cataract.' True the wreath might have been improved with a little more care—a trifling attention or two paid to the formation of it. A stalk here and there that obtrudes itself between the bells of the flowers, might have become so interwoven as to have been concealed, and the whole have looked as if it had grown in that perfect and beautiful form. Though, after all, we are perhaps too chary; for in Nature every leaf is not ironed out to a form, nor propped up with a wiry precision, but blown and ruffled by the refreshing breezes, and looking as careless and easy and unaffected as a child that bounds along with its silken locks tossed to and fro just as the wind uplifts them. Page after page of this volume have we perused with a feeling of pleasure and admiration." The "Court Journal" more emphatically says:—"Her wreath is one of violets, sweet-scented, pure and modest; so lovely that the hand that wove it should not neglect additionally to enrich it by turning her love and kindness to things of larger beauty. Some of the smaller lyrics in the volume are *perfectly* beautiful—beautiful in their chaste and exquisite simplicity and the perfect elegance of their composition." In fact, there was *that* about "The Wreaths of Wild Flowers"—that inexpressible *grace* of thought and manner—which never fails to find ready echo in the hearts of the aristocracy and refinement of Great Britain;—and it was here especially that Mrs. Osgood found welcome. Her husband's merits as an artist had already introduced her into distinguished society, (she was petted, in especial, by Mrs. Norton and Rogers,) but the publication of her poems had at once an evidently favorable effect upon his fortunes. His pictures were placed in a most advantageous light by her poetical and conversational ability.

Messrs. Clarke and Austin, of New York, have lately issued another, but still a very incomplete collection of "Poems by Frances S. Osgood." In general, it includes by no means the best of her works. "The Daughter of Herodias"—one of her longest compositions, and a very noble poem, putting me in mind of the best efforts of Mrs. Hemans—is omitted:—it is included, however, in the last edition of Doctor Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." In Messrs. C. and A.'s collection there occur, too, very many of those half sentimental, half allegorical compositions of which, at one period, the authoress seemed to be particularly fond—for the reason, perhaps, that they afforded her good opportunity for the exercise of her ingenuity and epigrammatic talent:—no poet, however, can admit them to be poetry at all. Still, the volume contains some pieces which enable us to take a new view of the powers of the writer. A few additional years, with their inevitable sorrow, appear to have stirred the depths of her *heart*. We see less of frivolity—less of vivacity—more of tenderness—earnestness—even passion—and far more of the true imagination as distinguished from its subordinate, fancy. The one prevalent trait, *grace*, alone distinctly remains. "The Spirit of Poetry," "To Sybil," "The Birth of the Callitriche," and "The Child and its Angel-Playmate" would do honor to any of our poets. "She Loves Him Yet," nevertheless, will serve, better than either of these poems, to show the alteration of manner referred to:

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek.
She loves him yet!
Through all Love's sweet disguises,
In timid girls,
A *blush* will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds.
Whenever his name is heard
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget
However his faith may waver.
Through grief and shame,
Believe it, she loves him yet!

His favorite songs
She will sing;—she heeds no other.

With all her wrongs
Her life on his love is set.
Ah, doubt no more!
She never can wed another.
Till life be o'er
She loves—she will love him yet!

The following stanzas are in a somewhat similar tone, but are more noticeable for their terse energy of expression:

Yes! lower to the level
Of those who laud thee now!
Go, join the joyous revel
And pledge the heartless vow!
Go, dim the soul-born beauty
That lights that lofty brow!
Fill, fill the bowl!—let burning wine
Drown in thy soul Love's dream divine!

Yet, when the laugh is lightest—
When wildest flies the jest—
When gleams the goblet brightest,
And proudest heaves thy breast,
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and jovial guest—
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—
The shade of Love's departed hours.

And thou shalt shrink in sadness
From all the splendor there,
And curse the revel's gladness,
And hate the banquet's glare,
And pine 'mid passion's madness,
For true love's purer air,
And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee
For one unsullied sigh from me.

Yet deem not this my prayer, love!
Ah, no! if I could keep
Thy altered heart from care, love,
And charm its grief to sleep,
Mine only should despair, love,
I—I alone would weep—
I—I alone would mourn the flowers
That bloom in Love's deserted bowers.

In not presenting to the public at one view all that she has written in verse, Mrs. Osgood has incurred the risk of losing that credit to which she is entitled on the score of versatility—of variety in invention and expression. There is scarcely a form of poetical composition in which she has not made experiment; and there is none in which she has not very happily succeeded. Her defects are chiefly negative and by no means numerous. Her versification is sometimes exceedingly good, but more frequently feeble through the use of harsh consonants, and such words as "*thou'dst*" for "*thou wouldst*," with other unnecessary contractions, inversions, and obsolete expressions. Her imagery is often mixed;—indeed it is rarely otherwise. The epigrammatism of her conclusions gives to her poems, as wholes, the air of being more skilfully constructed than they really are. On the other hand, we look in vain throughout her works for an offence against the finer taste, or against decorum—for a low thought or a platitude. A happy refinement—an instinct of the pure and delicate—is one of her most noticeable excellences. She may be properly commended, too, for originality of poetic invention, whether in the conception of a theme or in the manner of treating it. Consequences of this trait, are her point and piquancy. Fancy and *näiveté* appear in all she writes. Regarding the loftier merits, I am forced to speak of her in more measured terms. She has occasional passages of true imagination—but scarcely the glowing, vigorous, and *sustained* ideality of Mrs. Maria Brooks—or even, in general, the less ethereal elevation of Mrs. Welby. In that indescribable something, however, which, for want of a more definite term, we are accustomed to call "grace"—that charm so magical, because at once so shadowy and so potent—that Will o' the Wisp which, in its *supreme* development, may be said to involve nearly *all* that is valuable in poetry—she has, unquestionably, no rival among her countrywomen.

Of pure prose—of prose proper—she has, perhaps, never written a line in her life. Her usual Magazine papers are a class by themselves. She begins with a resolute effort at being sedate—that is to say, sufficiently prosaic and matter-of-fact for the purpose of a legend or an essay; but, after a few sentences, we behold uprising the leaven of the Muse; then, with a flourish and some vain attempts at repression, a scrap of verse renders itself manifest; then comes a little poem outright; then another and another and another, with impertinent patches of prose in between—until at length the mask is thrown fairly off and far away, and the whole article—sings.

Upon the whole, I have spoken of Mrs. Osgood so much in detail, less on account of what she has actually done than on account of what I perceive in her the ability to do.

In character, she is ardent and sensitive; a worshipper of beauty; universally admired, respected, and beloved. In person, she is about the medium height and slender; complexion usually pale; hair black and glossy; eyes a clear, luminous grey, large, and with great capacity for expression. In no respect can she be called "beautiful;" but the question "is it possible she is not so?" is very frequently asked, and by none *more* frequently than by those who most intimately know her.

Note.—Some passages of the above article have appeared in some of our Magazines—in "Marginalia," &c.

WEYER'S CAVE.

In Augusta County, Virginia.

BY THE REV. J. NEWTON BROWN.

Our Guide leads down the shadowy way,
Around our heads the torches play;
And myriad forms of wonder glance
Upon our gaze as we advance,

With silent awe, around him, all
Survey the Statuary Hall;—
What strange colossal figures first
Here on the startled vision burst!

From every side upon us loom
Titanic shapes of power and gloom;
Shadows of those to darkness hurled,
And relics of the deluged world!

A long and narrow opening past,
Our torches now emerge at last,
Where glorious shines the lofty Throne,
Ascribed by name to Solomon.

A fine Cascade appears to fall,
In beauty down his Palace Wall;
While on the left a Pillar springs,
Worthy the most superb of Kings.

Behind, are rarer wonders yet,
In his Shell Room, or Cabinet:
Nor ocean cave, nor jewelled mine,
Could yield us riches more divine.

Turn now, and view this Pantheon,
Where all the gods appear in stone;
While calm, amid the rabble wild,
Sits the Madonna with her Child.

Into the Armory next we go;
Ajax's Shield is here to show;
Struck by the light spear of our Guide,
It rang, but no stern voice replied.

Advancing, we encounter soon
The Grand Pagoda of Rangoon;
While seated in his moveless chair,
The still Boodh rests forever there.

The Twin Room and the Balustrade,
And the rich Tapestry surveyed,
In the Cathedral now we meet
The Bishop with his Desk and Seat.

Wrecks of the Mediœval Age,
On every side our thoughts engage;
Column, and arch, and castled hill,
Magnificent in ruins still.

Hark, the deep summons of the Drum!
The Guide is there, and there we come:
How shift the scenes! A few steps more,
We stand upon the Ball-Room floor.

A hundred feet this floor expands,
Midway a Paganini stands;—
The Sounding Board, and Dressing-Room,
Our torches with their light illume.

New wonders call. Advance, advance;
Leave others here to weave the dance;
O'er Suntag's Hill our footsteps bend,
'Till Jacob's Ladder we descend.

Where are we now? These rooms they call
The Senate Room and Congress Hall;
But pause not long, for farther on
Lies the grand Hall of Washington.

Two hundred, fifty feet, and more,
We glance our eye the space before;
Like Heaven's high vault, in darkness far
This Hall extends, without a star!

Just in the centre vast and dim,
Our voices raise a patriot hymn;
For here, unwrought by mortal hands,
The Father of his Country stands!

The ancient Pyramids and Towers,
Do homage to his god-like powers;
Damocles' Sword, Achilles' Shield,
Like homage to our Hero yield.

Turn to the left, and gaze upon
This Room of Lady Washington:
What splendid folds and hangings here!
This Mirror, and that Chandelier!

Now to the Diamond Church descend,
What columns spring! What arches bend!
Its glittering spire, how white and high,
It towers towards the upper sky!

A noble Gallery stretches round;—
Hark, for yon Organ's pealing sound!
Look up, and see an Eden fair;
Lo Heaven and Earth are meeting there!

'Tis lost! That Paradise is lost!
A rugged Wilderness is crost;—
The Rising Moon reveals in light,
Napoleon on the Alpine height.

On our right hand superb and high,
What wondrous structure meets the eye?
'Tis Babel's Tower! With flutings soft,
Story on story springs aloft!

Behind, all white with hoary years,
The Frozen Cataract appears;
In front, the dazzling Hill of Snow;
The Coral Bank gleams forth below.

The Ladies' Toilet here we view,
The Theatre and Snow Bank too;
The new and brilliant Balustrade,
The Terrapin and sweet Cascade.

Oh, see this Mammoth Oyster Shell!
These Mummies in their stony cell!
Minerva with her spear and helm!—
Wonders on wonders here o'erwhelm!

Come now, your weary steps beguile,
Here at the Fountain of the Nile;
Drink from this pure and glittering spring,
Whose waters sweet refreshment bring.

Hence we return. One wondrous spot
Awaits our steps; forget it not.
Oh, let not mortal man profane
A glory Earth may seek in vain!

Irreverent men! No longer call
This, Jefferson's or Jackson's Hall;
Gaze round this Sanctuary fair;
Lo, the veiled Seraphim are there!

Breaks through the gloom a grander thing—
Behold yon great Archangel's Wing!
That awful Wing! You see no more—
But bow with him, and GOD adore!

June 26th, 1849.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

ADDRESS delivered at the Dedication of the HOLLY-WOOD CEMETERY, on Monday the 25th June, 1849. By OLIVER P. BALDWIN, Esq., of Richmond, Virginia. Published at the request of the Board of Directors. Richmond. Macfarlane & Fergusson, Printers. 1849.

No exhibition of public taste of late years has been so gratifying to the sensibilities, as the decoration of the burial grounds of our country. To linger around the spot where we have deposited the remains of our dearly-loved, to deck it with the flowers of early spring, to carve upon the stone which sets it apart some simple expression of our affectionate remembrance, seems an office in unison with the best feelings of humanity. It has been too long the custom to bury the dead within the narrow limits of crowded grave-yards, amid the noise and glare of cities, where the mourning relatives cannot visit undisturbed the tomb of the departed, and where it often happens that the sanctuary of one sleeper is invaded to provide for the last resting-place of another. Far more seemly is it to select some rural retreat, upon whose breezy hill-tops and verdant declivities the mute but significant marbles may gleam out from the shade of primeval forest-trees, surrounded by the rose and the violet, affecting evidences of filial or parental love.

We know there are those who argue that when the informing spirit has left its tenement of clay, it is a matter of little moment what becomes of the inanimate mass. We do not envy the disciples of so cold and cheerless a philosophy. Speculate upon the topic as they may, there comes at length a negative to the repulsive sentiment from the inward consciousness of each of them. We *feel* that it is not so; we recognise the desire that we should repose, after the great change that awaits us, "in some sheltered nook," as the Address before us so beautifully expresses it, "where the voices of those we love, hastening from the broad sunlight of the world, may oft be heard in sighs and prayers, and like the nightingale, singing her sweet song in darkness, pour out the plaintive notes of affection and sorrow, amidst the consecrated shadows of the tomb."

The quiet beauty of rural cemeteries has always appeared to us in touching contrast with the rectangular walks and mournful cypresses of the city grave-yards. There is something, to us we confess, inexpressibly soothing in the green turf enamelled with blossoms, the song of birds in the interlacing branches of the trees above and the play of light and shade upon the mounds beneath, as the sun in his setting shines lovingly through the crevices of foliage. Around us is diffused a "dim religious light" more subduing than any ever shed through painted window on cathedral aisle, and we are apt to think, after lingering, for a time, among such sacred haunts, that death itself wears a less terrible aspect than before. We would represent him, at such an hour, not as the horrific skeleton with the scythe, but rather as he is imaged in the ancient genii, a fair winged boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in his right hand. In Holbein's Dance of Death, of all the modes in which the Destroyer is made to approach, there is none perhaps so striking as that, where he enters a group of little children seated around the fireside of a cottage, and taking one of them by the hand, leads it out of the door. "Quiet and unresisting," says the author of Hyperion, "goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings and torch inverted."

Such images of death as these are in harmony with the feelings inspired by rural burying-grounds. We would, therefore, have our depositories of the dead made attractive places of resort for the living, that while they derive from the frequent contemplation of the grave, affecting monitions of the shortness of life, they may come to consider the last call as one to a more peaceful state of existence. We would not attract them by gaudy parterres or the vulgar pretension of monumental fripperies, but by the softening influences of the place upon the feelings and the heart, inducing to a more sober walk among the pomps and pageantries of the world.

The new Cemetery of Holly-Wood near Richmond is a spot of rare beauty, in the gentle undulations of its hills and the soft murmurs of its brooks and rustling foliage. A high mound at the farthest extremity commands a view of the city, at the distance of a mile and a half, the spires and cupolas of its churches and public buildings standing in relief against the sky. At the base of this mound flows the James over the rocks of its obstructed bed, singing a perpetual requiem to the departed who rest upon its banks. In this Cemetery will soon be deposited the forms of the young and the old—beauty bursting into womanhood, manly strength just entered upon the active duties of life, age with the silvery locks and the decrepid limbs. Here let affection rear the simple tablets of fond remembrance and plant the flower that shall typify its unavailing regrets. Let no "flattering false insculptions" be graven upon the tombs that shall here be erected, to record of some lost brother "not what he was, but what he should have been." But let all be done "decently and in order," so that to the thousands who in after years shall thread the avenues and paths of Holly-Wood, it shall seem the resting-place of a Christian people, and the dust that moulders in its bosom be regarded by them, in the language of the German poet, Klopstock, as "seed sown by God to be ripened for the harvest."

The Address of Mr. Baldwin, delivered at the dedication of Holly-Wood Cemetery, was a most eloquent and affecting effort. Its author is one of the most graceful and accomplished writers with whom we are acquainted, and would soon reach the highest literary distinction, were his

studies devoted to that walk of life rather than to the strife and excitement of politics. We should like to lay before our readers some extracts which we had marked out for quotation in the present Address, but we have not room for them. The pamphlet is very handsomely printed by our own publishers, Macfarlane & Fergusson.

THE HISTORIES OF CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS. With Notes for Colleges. By *W. S. Tyler*, Professor of Languages in Amherst College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton: 168 Chesnut street. 1849.

We very recently noticed an edition of the Germania and Agricola by Mr. Tyler, and now we have one of the "Histories of Tacitus" from the same hand. From our examination of the latter publication, we are convinced that Mr. T. is improving, as an editor, not only by experience, but by great care and evidently enthusiastic industry.

He is certainly a man of no ordinary talents, and his essay on the characteristics of Tacitus would be an ornament to any of our best reviews. Appearing as it does in a school-book, it will of course meet the eye of few literary men whose attention is not specially turned to the classics, but we trust will inspire students, who use this edition, with that enthusiasm, tempered by sound judgment and good taste, which marks the editor himself.

We should be pleased, however, to see this admirable, although somewhat eulogistic criticism of Tacitus, published as a separate article.

The translation of Döderlein's essay on the diction of Tacitus, in which that German commentator illustrates his author's peculiarities of language by many examples from the original, gives us a clearer conception of those peculiarities, than any thing which we have before seen, and must lead all who read it to a more intelligent and habitual observation of the remarkable expedients, by which Tacitus endeavored to combine his three favorite and not easily reconciled objects—excessive brevity, rapidity and brilliant, dignified impressiveness.

These two essays swell the bulk of the volume a little, but, in our opinion, are fully worth the price of the book.

Mr. T. seems anxious to profit by all criticisms, and, from the glance which we have been enabled to give his notes, has evidently presented the scholastic public with an edition which leaves little to be desired in the way of explanation.

He says that the notes "have been made somewhat more grammatical," and that "their value has been increased by more copious references to the excellent grammar of Zumpt, in addition to that of Andrews and Stoddard. It is chiefly by way of such references, that the general principles of grammar have been illustrated. Sometimes, however, a concise statement of the principle referred to has been added."

Now we would prefer to have this method reversed, and the "concise statement" precede the reference, which may be, and often is, to a book, not within reach of the student. He will certainly read the "concise statement," when uninterrupted by references and quotations, and *may* afterwards look at a book referred to, if it be accessible; but, when he encounters a long note bristling with strange names and symbols, he will often pass it over in indolent disgust. References are principally valuable to teachers, who indeed usually make notes valuable or worthless to their pupils by their mode of examination.

This mistake, as we think it, is however common to most, if not all the commentators, and might be easily corrected in a new edition. We do not hesitate to recommend this, as the best school-edition of Tacitus which has come under our observation.

A FIRST BOOK IN GREEK, Containing a full view of the forms of Words with Vocabularies and copious exercises. On the method of constant imitation and repetition. By John McClintock, D. D., Professor of Languages, and George R. Crooks, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages, Dickinson College. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff street. 1848.

If the students at our schools do not become good classical scholars, it certainly will not be for want of books prepared to afford them facilities. It has been well said that we are "overwhelmed" with them; we have before us a *dubia cœna*, from which it requires no little consideration to choose the best of so many tempting vianda.

The plan of teaching languages, adopted in this volume, seems now to be preferred by common consent to every other. According to this scheme, we learn other languages, as we do our own, with the additional advantage of having an intelligent friend perfectly acquainted with the language that we are acquiring constantly at our elbow, talking and writing correctly himself, pointing out all the rules and idioms as he proceeds, selecting examples to illustrate new usages, and finally requiring us to make sentences, involving the same principles and idioms, until they are indelibly stamped on the memory. The method in fine is an admirable combination of the practical and scientific, by which teacher and pupil are both kept incessantly at work, not however too difficult for the latter, who is conscious of easy progress at every moment. The two gentlemen who have prepared this book seem to understand this system becoming so deservedly popular, and to have carried out very successfully.

One excellent peculiarity in their book, is that a knowledge of quantity and accents is imparted from the very first in connexion with each lesson. This is applying the same general principle to pronunciation, and we have no doubt of its being the only method, by which good habits of pronunciation can be immediately acquired and bad ones effectually prevented.

An application of prosodial rules to poetry, after mispronunciation has from habit become incurable, is like attempting to convert a clown into a gentleman, by arraying him once a week in his Sunday finery.

We approve very highly of summing up, as is done in this book, of the rules which are at first scattered; but we cannot say as much for the written questions.

The editors promise a second book shortly, and, if they go on as they have commenced, they will be entitled to the thanks of all classical teachers in the United States, unless perhaps those who may be rival publishers.

LOYOLA AND JESUITISM IN ITS RUDIMENTS. By Isaac Taylor, Author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 285 Broadway. 1849.

This is in many respects a remarkable work. Indeed from so philosophic a writer as Isaac Taylor, we could not expect one of a different character. His manner of treating the attractive subject he had selected differs very essentially from all the recent publications with reference to the order of Jesus. Perhaps the article, written a few years ago for the Edinburgh Review, which was at first attributed to Macaulay, but afterwards known to be the production of Stephen, has been more universally read than any other treatise on Jesuitism. Mr. Taylor's book is in remarkable contrast with the antithetical sentences and highly-colored pictures

of the Reviewer. His style is the highest degree spiritual and meditative, rich with the eloquence of a loftier inspiration and pure in the exercise of a more refined simplicity. The present volume will be cordially welcomed by a large class of readers, to whom Isaac Taylor's books afford constant solace and delight.

It has reached us through Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL, BY VICTOR COUSIN. New York. Daniel Bigby—1849.

So many frivolous and immoral works have been given to the American public in the form of translations, that we are slow to commend such works to their favour. Two striking exceptions claim our notice, however, in the publications of Mr. Bigby of New York. Cousin is chiefly known to English readers by his Philosophy of History. The volume named above is conceived in the same vein of comprehensive and subtle analysis. Without the elegant rhetoric of Burke, it unfolds the subject more definitely, and abounds in vigor and clearness of statement and felicity of illustration. It is well translated by Mr. Daniel of Cheshunt College. and very neatly printed. The same publisher has given us a translation of "The Village Doctor," a most pathetic, unexceptionable and interesting little story by Madame D'Arbouville.

LADY ALICE OR THE NEW UNA. A Novel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

If we were to attempt the discussion of the problem which this book unfolds, considered in the abstract, an essay would be requisite, and on a subject scarcely appropriate to our secular pages. Its scope is like that of several works of fiction that recently have become popular, such as "Hawkstone," "Father Clement," and one, the title of which we forget, by Mr. Brownson. It is, indeed, a new and interesting feature in this class of writings to develope theological, ethical and religious questions; and without expressing any opinion as to the doctrine enforced in the present work, we advise all interested in the existent controversy between the advocates of what are called high and low Church principles, to read "Lady Alice." In a literary point of view it is a peculiar work, inasmuch as, if we are not misinformed, it is an American production, first published in England. The author is said to be Mr. Huntington, a brother of the artist of that name, and the vivid descriptions of Italian scenery and manners, with which it is interspersed, confirm the report, as Mr. H. passed many years in Italy.

ITALIAN COMEDIES. Select Comedies; Translated from the Italian of Goldoni, Giraud, and Nota. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1849.

In this volume the English reader is introduced to a new and most interesting range of dramatic literature. The Italian Comedy of the last century, so effective in its results on society, has been fully discussed by Sismondi in his Literature of Europe, but we are not aware that any English version of the plays even of Goldoni, the most famous dramatist of his country, has before appeared. The present volume, indeed, gives us but two comedies of Goldoni, and these, by no means, the most striking of his productions.

One who reads Italian comedy for the first time in these pages, after making large allowance for the unavoidable defects of translation, will be at some loss to account for the success, which attended its representations. That this success was very great is shewn in the reforms which were brought about by the Venetian stage,—how gambling was checked,—how the rage for pic-nics was in some degree mitigated, (by the way, we are sadly in want of a new Goldoni to satirize our own "*Smanie per la Villegiatura*,")—how the *cavalier servente* was brought into disrepute. In none of the comedies here given do we recognize the brilliant fence of wit that distinguishes the dramatic compositions of Sheridan, nor can any of them sustain a comparison, for interest of dialogue, with the plays of Molière. It would require indeed a consummate hand to come up to these masters of the art, but he who falls short of them sinks into the least tolerable of all forms of mediocrity. In tragedy or in sentimental plays where the accessory of verse is admissible, positive failure may be escaped by the musical flow of the language or the finish of single passages, as in the *Bianca Visconti* and *Tortesa* of Mr. Willis, which, though not successful as dramatic compositions, are so studded with gems of imaginative beauty as to be worthy of long preservation. But in prose comedy, there is wanting the help of versification, and if the dialogue flags, the play is very certain to be damned. We say, then, considering the entire lack of piquancy in frequent passages of these plays, that it would seem remarkable to an English reader that they occupied so high a rank in the literature of their age.

It cannot be denied, however, that these comedies furnish very agreeable reading, and are remarkable for the ingenuity of their plots and the naturalness of their incidents. The book is for sale by A. Morris.

SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warter, B. D. New York. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street. 1849.

The title of this publication took us completely by surprise, as we had never imagined that Southey could have kept any other Common-Place Book than "The Doctor," that queerest of all *omnia gathera*, where the whole tribe of authors, ancient and modern, from the Homeridæ down to Maria Del Occidente, are jumbled together like the statues of "Homer and Plutarch and Nicodamus" in the groves of Castle Blarney. This posthumous "Common-Place Book" is by no means so entertaining as "The Doctor," but it is nevertheless a very acceptable addition to the library, presenting a vast deal of curious research into old and forgotten authors. We commend it to the attention of the public, although we confess that for summer reading we should much prefer to follow the adventures of Daniel Dove, or to doze over the pages that tell us

"How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by."

The very excellent paper and fair typography of the present work do great credit to the Messrs. Harper. It may be found at the book store of A. Morris.

KALOOLAH, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri: An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. London: David Bogue, 86 Fleet Street, 1849.

The only fault we can find with Kaloolah is one which we venture to say nobody else but ourselves will ever express,—it is too long. We arrive at this conclusion not by reason of any impatience or fatigue experienced in reading it—for it is easy labor to cut its leaves—but by estimating it, as Macaulay once suggested of a dull biography, by avordupois; there seems to be too much of lively and graphic narrative, too much of ink and paper for the purchase-

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money. A passing New York sentiment—no other than Keese—once said when Bacon's Essays sold for twelve and a half cents, that it was "too much pork for a shilling," and so we think of "Kaloolah." Nevertheless it is the book of the month, and will furnish enjoyment to a vast number of readers, during the listlessness of the dog-days. We could wish for no more delightful task, under the reign of Sirius, than a dozen such volumes, in Mr. Putnam's choice style of publication, to be read supinely beneath a large shade tree in the country.

Messrs. Nash and Woodhouse have it for sale.

SERMONS BY THE LATE THOS. CHALMERS, D.D., LL. D., Illustrative of Different Stages in his Ministry. 1798-1847. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the sixth volume of the series of Dr. Channing's Posthumous Works simultaneously published by the editor at home and by the Harpers in this country. It comprises a period of half a century in the dates of the sermons which it contains, the concluding discourse being the last ever written by the gifted and lamented author. Apart from the doctrinal character and moral teachings of Dr. Channing's Pulpit Essays, there is a certain attraction in the style that cannot fail to win the attention of the reader. It presents a happy medium between the severe and the ornate, the stream of eloquent thought flowing on ever brilliantly and forcibly. As specimens of rhetorical beauty, the sermons of the present volume are by no means the best that might have been selected, but the design of the compilation seems to have been rather an illustration of his ministry under different aspects than a monument of his literary merit.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. By Washington Irving. Author's Revised Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway and 142 Strand, London. 1849.

Those who are familiar with Washington Irving's graphic delineations of scenery and incident (and what educated American is not?) will readily believe that the present work is a delightful one. It forms the tenth volume of the new edition of the "Complete Works" which is now nearly finished. The sale of these charming books, we learn, has been beyond the expectation of the publisher, so that those who would secure the best and only complete edition of Irving, should not delay purchasing any longer. It may soon be difficult to procure the volumes.

This book may be obtained of A. Morris.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered before the Board of Trustees of Hampden Sidney College, January 10th, 1849. By L. W. GREEN, D. D., President. Printed by Johnston and Stockton—Market Street—Pittsburgh. 1849.

We rejoice to see the efforts that the friends of Hampden Sidney College are now making to revivify that venerable institution of learning, for many years past in a declining state. The new President, Dr. Green, will doubtless effect much in this good work. He enjoys an enviable reputation as a profound scholar and accurate thinker, and the Address before us furnishes abundant and gratifying evidence that he is no unworthy successor of those great names in the annals of Virginia, which are associated with the earliest and best instructions of these halls of science.

In the exordium of this Address, Dr. Green alludes in effective language to the foundation of the college and pays a passing tribute to the memory of that great man, whose name stands first, conjoined with one scarcely less illustrious, in the title which it bears. Accustomed to regard John Hampden as the noblest exemplar of [illegible] which history records before the days of Washington, we are sorry to observe that Dr. Green falls into the common error which supposes him to have embarked with Cromwell for America and to have been stopped in the Thames by an Order in Council,—thus representing him as ready to abandon the great principle of civil freedom for which he afterwards laid down his life. The fact has been established by Miss Aikin and fortified by Mr. Rives that such could not have been the case,—that the order in council to arrest the vessels was revoked almost as soon as it was made; so that if they had really embarked for the purpose of going to America there was nothing to prevent the execution of their design—and that the order itself was dated 43 days before the final judgment of the Court of Exchequer in the matter of the ship-money. To believe the story of the embarkation, therefore, would be to impute to Hampden an ungraceful retreat from a controversy which was still pending and undetermined—"a hypothesis," says Mr. Rives, "to which the whole tenor of his life and character stands in contradiction."*

The style of Dr. Green, as exhibited in this Address, though condensed, is neither simple nor pleasing. We are reluctant, however, to base an opinion upon a pamphlet which the author has had the bad taste to place for publication in the hands of a printer *in another state*, for we know not what allowances to make for blunders of the press. We have marked no less than twenty-three awkward typographical errors, which are apparent to every reader—how many mistakes may be latent, it is impossible to say. Certainly there must be something wrong in the following passage in allusion to Patrick Henry:

"Tutored in such a school, we need not wonder that the earliest efforts of his genius were directed against that clerical denomination he had witnessed only to abbor; and when in after years, he spoke amidst cries of 'Treason! Treason!' those words of fire, which caused the ears of those who heard to tingle, till all men woke up, at once, as from a trance, and catching up the sound, sent it onward, and onward still, in louder and yet louder peals of reverberating thunder."

We trust this is an error of the types, if for no other reason than to teach Virginia professors how ridiculous it is to employ Pennsylvania workmen to do what can be so much better done at home; as all will acknowledge who will compare the bold, clear typography of Mr. Rives' Discourse, printed by Shepherd & Colin of this city, with the deformed pages of this Pittsburgh pamphlet.

* See "Discourse on the Character and Services of John Hampden, &c. By W. C. Rives, Esq."

AN APOLOGY.—We have recently discovered with unfeigned regret that a poem published as original in the March number of this magazine for the present year, entitled "Song, Translated from Jacobi," is a plagiarism from an English author. The person from whom we received it, most shamelessly stated it to be his own, and as our confidence in his integrity was unwavering, we were induced to publish it. As his design was rather to win the credit of so beautiful a translation, than to play off a trick upon ourselves, we forbear to give his name. Comment is quite unnecessary upon so discreditable a performance, but we may say, in general, with reference to borrowed articles that are imposed upon Editors as original, that the practice of such tricks argues a small mind, and has always received the reprobation of gentlemen. We are secure from such impositions, in all doubtful cases, by requiring a responsible name with the article.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

PROSPECTUS.

This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selection: and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of *the movement*—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite *must* be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste. *May*, 1844.

TERMS.

The Living Age is published every *Saturday*, by E. Littell & Co., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

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The following Letters on the plan and execution of the work have been received:

Dear Sir,—I have read the prospectus of your proposed periodical, "The Living Age," with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage, long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone, not only to our literature, but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and

superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

I wish it every success; and my only fear is, that it may not meet as full success with the public as it deserves. I shall be glad to be a subscriber. I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

JOSEPH STORY.

Cambridge, April 24, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I approve very much of the plan of your work, to be published weekly, under the title of the "Living Age:" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

I wish it abundant success, and that my name be added to the list of subscribers. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

New York, 7th May, 1844.

It seems to me that a selection from the highest foreign journals, if conducted with discrimination and taste, might have a very favorable influence on our reading community, deluged as it is, with periodical and other publications, which have little to recommend them but their cheapness. I have looked occasionally into the Magazine formerly conducted by Mr. Littell, and I have little doubt, from the capacity he showed in that selection, that he would compile a magazine, from the sources indicated in his prospectus, that would furnish a healthy and most agreeable banquet to the reader. Believe me, Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

Boston, May, 1844.

From the specimens that the public has seen, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Littell is able to make, from the mass of contemporary literature, instructive and interesting selections. I wish you success, with all my heart. Yours, very truly,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen any similar publication of equal merit; and I heartily wish for it that wide success it deserves, as a most agreeable and useful selection from that vast mass of the current periodical literature of our time, which has grown to such importance that none are beyond the reach of its influence, and few can safely be ignorant of what it is constantly sending forth to the world. Be pleased, therefore, to consider me a regular subscriber to the Living Age from the beginning. Very truly yours,

Boston, 5th August, 1844. GEO. TICKNOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in congratulating you upon the success of the *Living Age*, which has been well deserved by the great cleverness shown in its management. It has been a welcome visiter to my family, always giving us a variety of instructive and pleasant reading. Indeed, the only fault I have to find with it, is that it gives too much weekly—a fault which those of more leisure than myself, will not be likely to find. Yours, very truly,

Philadelphia, October 29th, 1844. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WASHINGTON, 27TH DECEMBER, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, all orders should be addressed to

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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XV., Nos. 9 & 10. SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER, 1849. Whole Number, CLXXVIII.

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Fremont's First and Second Expeditions.*

The first exploring expedition made by Lieutenant (as he then was) Frémont, commenced June 10th, 1842, and ended towards the close of September following, having thus occupied somewhat less than four months. Frémont was accompanied by a party of twenty-one men, mostly Creole or Canadian *voyageurs*, men accustomed to danger, and enured to fatigue and privation. Mr. Preuss, a German, went out as topographical assistant, a man named Maxwell as hunter, and the famous Kit Carson as guide. The party started from a point near where the Kansas empties into the Missouri, in latitude 39°, about 400 miles above St. Louis.

"During our journey it was the customary practice to encamp an hour or two before sunset, when the carts were disposed so as to form a sort of barricade around a circle some eighty yards in diameter. The tents were pitched, and the horses hobbled, and turned loose to graze; and but a few minutes elapsed before the cooks of the messes, of which there were four, were busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. At nightfall the horses, mules and oxen were driven in, and picketed—that is secured by a halter, of which one end was tied to a small steel-shod picket, and driven into the ground; the halter being twenty or thirty feet long, which enabled them to obtain a little food during the night. When we had reached a part of the country, where such a precaution became necessary, the carts being regularly arranged for defending the camp, guard was mounted at eight o'clock, consisting of three men, who were relieved every two hours; the morning watch being horse-guard for the day. At day-break the camp was roused, the animals turned loose to graze, and breakfast generally over between six and seven o'clock, when we resumed our march, making regularly a halt at noon for one or two hours."

There would seem to be not a little of the spirit of chivalry, romance and poetry in an expedition of this kind. Leaving the dust and turmoil of the busy world far behind them, these *voyageurs* setting their faces westward, embark into a vast expanse lying beyond the pale of civilization and of law. All that is commonplace is left in the rear;—before them all is comparatively a *terra incognita*, novel, wild, magnificent. How many studies for the pencil must not the evening bivouac exhibit, or the rousing of the camp at dawn of day, or the line of march—how much that is grotesque, picturesque, arabesque? The march would be subject to hazards enough to give it the dignity of danger, yet not so hazardous as to render it gloomy. Liberated from the obligations of law and of opinion, nevertheless the principle of order and subordination would be secured among them by a sense of mutual dependence. The appearance of the country passed over and its productions, the elk, the antelope and the buffalo, and the various incidents of the journey, would serve to break agreeably the usual monotony, while life in the open, salubrious air, with continual exercise, would lend its exhilarating influence and banish ennui. Such is the picture which the imagination would body forth in starting upon such a journey. But for the first thousand miles, at least, the picture far exceeds the reality. The prairies, indeed, after first entering upon them, on the margin of "the plains," present vast, boundless scenes of Eden-like verdure and unrivalled beauty. And indeed such magnificent prospects occasionally re-appear during the progress of the march across "the plains," when a sea of vegetation and flowers they spread out in one vast level, or are seen swelling into superb ridges or sloping away in shadowy declivities.

Still it must be confessed in spite of all its rich and poetic effect, when first the delightful panorama is unfolded to the view, that in a few days the traveller's stock of admiration becomes sensibly impaired, and ere long perhaps quite exhausted. The prairies, like the females of the South Sea islands, are not more, but the less charming for being naked. There is an intimate connexion between beauty and utility, and the prairies exposed to the full blaze of the sun, or to the unbroken sweep of the wintry wind, are found not to wear so well as the forest-crowned scenes.

The animation of the party is greatly heightened when they encounter the buffalo, roaming in dark masses over the plains. "Indians and buffalo," says Frémont, "make the poetry and life of the prairie." As the surge of emigration sweeps on westward, the Indians and the buffalo will be gradually exterminated, and at length the prairies will be divested of their poetry and life. Frémont gives the following picture of a

*"REPORT OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842. Printed by order of the House of Representatives." By J. C. FREMONT, U. S. Topographical Engineers.

buffalo hunt, in which he engaged on the 1st of July:

"They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation and wavering in the band and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand-gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole crowd. A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear. and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to turn and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*) and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter were precipitated to the earth with great force rolling over and over, with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West, under the name of Proveau, and with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart."

Upon another occasion a vast herd of buffalo was seen debouching in dark columns from the hills, towards the river, until Frémont and his party were entirely surrounded by their incalculable numbers, stretching for miles in front and in rear, and leaving around the travellers an open space of only two or three hundred yards.

Upon reaching the head of the Platte river, Frémont with a small party, including three Indians, proceeded up the valley of the South Fork, while the rest of the company went up the borders of the North Fork. On this route Frémont witnessed an instance of the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo committed by the Indians:

"The buffalo started for the hills, but were intercepted and driven back toward the river, broken and running in every direction. The clouds of dust soon covered the whole scene preventing us from having any but an occasional view. It had a very singular appearance to us at a distance, especially when looking with the glass. We were too far off to hear the report of the guns or any sound; and at every instant through the clouds of dust, which the sun made luminous, we could see for a moment two or three buffalo dashing along, and close behind them an Indian with his long spear, or other weapon, and instantly again they disappeared. The apparent silence and the dimly seen figures flitting by with such rapidity gave it a kind of dreamy effect, and seemed more like a picture than a scene of real life. It had been a large herd when the *cerne* commenced—probably three or four hundred in number; but though I watched them closely I did not see one emerge from the fatal cloud where the work of destruction was going on."

On the 9th of July Frémont caught the first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains at the distance of about sixty miles. It was the snow-covered "Long's Peak." On the following day he reached St. Vrain's fort, situated on the South Fork of the Platte at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and about seventeen miles from Long's Peak. From this post the party turning towards the North, bent their course in the direction of Fort Laramie, distant about 125 miles. Near the borders of Horse Creek was found a geological formation which the winds and rains easily mould into a variety of forms. The white herbless rock resembles masonry, and at one place it forms a half-moon of two or three hundred yards diameter with enormous bastions at either end. Along the line of parapets rise lofty domes and minarets, giving it every appearance of an old fortified town. On the banks of White river are similar curiosities of a still more extraordinary character.

Fort Laramie, a post of the American Fur Company, stands on the Laramie, (near where it empties into the Platte,) on high ground, and its lofty, quadrangular, clay-built, white-washed walls and bastions give it rather an imposing appearance. "A cluster of lodges, which the language told us belonged to Sioux Indians, was pitched under the walls, and with the fine back ground of the Black hills and the prominent peak of Laramie mountain strongly drawn in the clear light of the western sky, where the sun had already set, the whole formed at the moment a strikingly beautiful picture." This post was established for the purpose of carrying on a trade with the Indians, they exchanging buffalo robes for the usual articles used by the savages including tobacco and ardent spirits. The American Fur Company indeed was averse to the introduction of liquors among the savage tribes, "but in the present state of things, when the country is supplied with alcohol, when a keg of it will purchase from an Indian every thing he possesses, his furs, his lodge, his horses, and even his wife and children, and when any vagabond who

has money enough to purchase a mule, can go into a village and trade against them successfully, it is impossible for the Fur Company to discontinue its use." The Company as a regular trader is interested in the preservation of the Indians; but the vagabond casual dealer, indifferent to the fate of his victims, is only intent on wringing from them his immediate gains.

Lieut. Frémont attended a dog-feast, where "the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire in the middle of the lodge and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous with something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked round and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of *fat young puppies*. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquillity; but fortunately I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to enjoy my platter." Lieut. Frémont found Fort Laramie a very suitable place for a military post to keep the neighboring Indians in check, and to protect the immigrants on their route to Oregon. Accordingly some companies of United States troops have been lately ordered to establish themselves at that commanding point. From this fort Lieut Frémont proceeded up the North Fork of the Platte, by the Red Buttes, a famous landmark, and the Hot Spring Gate. Here the mountain sheep was found in great numbers and two or three of them were killed. This animal is provided by nature with horns which are sometimes not less than three feet long and a foot and a half in circumference at the base. These horns serve to protect the animal in pitching down precipices when chased by wolves. This animal, indifferently styled the mountain sheep or goat, would seem rather to resemble the latter, being not woolly, but coated with a hair like that of the deer. July 31, the party reached the valley of the Sweet water, and on the following day they encamped at Rock Independence, another conspicuous landmark, being of granite, 650 yards long and forty high, upon the base of which are inscribed many names of travellers, &c. August 8th, they reached the SOUTH PASS. "Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain one hundred and twenty miles long, conducts by a gradual and regular ascent to the summit about seven thousand feet above the sea, and the traveller without being reminded of any change by toilsome ascents, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific Ocean. By the route we had travelled, the distance from Fort Laramie is three hundred and twenty miles, or nine hundred and fifty from the mouth of the Kansas." Proceeding on his march Frémont found himself in an Alpine region of the Wind river mountains, where the water froze in midsummer. The magnificent effect of this bold scenery was enhanced by its sudden contrast with the previous prairie journey of a thousand miles.

Frémont thus depicts a sun-rise in this mountain region: "The sun has just shot above the wall, and makes a magical change. The whole valley is glowing and bright, and all the mountain peaks are gleaming like silver. Though these snow mountains are not the Alps they have their own character of grandeur and magnificence, and will doubtless find pens and pencils to do them justice." Doubtless some adventurous artist, possessing the enthusiasm of Catlin, would find in this region some of the finest subjects in the world, where suddenly bursting upon the explorer's eye were seen a vast succession of snow-crowned mountains, pile upon pile, Pelion upon Ossa, all glowing in the pearly light of a splendid summer day, while here and there, between frowning ridges, lay crystal green lakes and valleys carpeted in richest verdure, with cataracts pouring from rock to rock.

Continuing to ascend the mountains, the party admired the stern grandeur of the rocky summits towering above, and in striking contrast, scenes of exquisite verdure, numerous lakes, roaring water-falls, and brilliant Alpine flowers. Here at the height of ten thousand feet above the Gulf of Mexico were noticed a squirrel-like animal, a sparrow-like bird, and flocks of the mountain-goat clambering over the rocks like Alpine *chamois*. Fatigue, hunger and the rarity of the elevated air now affected Lieut. F. and some of his men with headache, giddiness and vomiting. At last after encountering great difficulties and much suffering, Frémont found himself on the highest point of the Wind River Mountains—being 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. On this summit a solitary humble-bee lighting on Frémont's knee, proved that the region of animated nature had not yet been surpassed. The mountains exhibited features of terrible convulsion and the prospect was immense on every side. It was observed that the report of a pistol expired almost instantaneously. Here the flag of the United States was unfurled, and Frémont congratulated himself upon having reached the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains; since known as "Frémont's Peak." He now returned through the valley of the Sweet Water, the North Fork of the Platte, the Platte, and the Missouri, to the mouth of the Kansas, his starting point, which he reached on the 10th of October, 1842.

The valley of the Kansas is a prairie country, the soil rich, the "bottoms" well timbered. The valley of the Great Platte is of the same character and abounds in luxuriant grasses. From the Forks of this river to the Laramie river the soil is sandy. The valley of the North Fork is destitute of timber, but produces fine grass. On his return during September, Fremont found the whole country looking like a garden. The Sweet Water valley is a sand plain included between mountains of primitive rock.

On the 29th of May, 1843, Capt. Frémont set out upon a second expedition to the far West, in compliance with the instructions of the Chief of Topographical Engineers. His party on this occasion consisted of thirty-nine men, including several who were in the former expedition. Mr. Preuss again accompanied him as topographical assistant. Thomas Fitzpatrick was employed as guide. A free young colored man of Washington city volunteered to go with the party and manfully performed his part. Two Delaware Indians, an old man and his son, went out as hunters. The party was armed with carbines and took out a 12lb. brass howitzer, managed by three men, under the charge of Louis Zindel, a Prussian, long a non-commissioned officer of artillery in the Prussian service. Twelve carts drawn each by two mules carried the camp-equipage and provisions and a light-covered wagon conveyed the instruments, telescopes, barometers, thermometers, &c. The intended route was now up the valley of the Kansas river and to the head of the Arkansas and beyond in quest of a Pass through the mountains in that direction, so that the main object of this exploration would *commence* where the former one *ended*—at the South Pass. Proceeding up the Kansas they arrived on the 8th of June at the head of that river, where it is formed by the confluence of the Smoky-hill fork and the Republican, and continued to march along the monotonous borders of the latter and so by the South Fork, St. Vrain's Fort, Medicine Bow river, and Sweet Water to the South Pass, which they reached on the 13th of August. This Pass probably destined to be of so much importance in future, is twenty miles wide and its elevation Frémont now found to be 7000 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico. It is about half-way between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean. Its latitude is somewhat over 42°, being about the same with the city of Boston. Now if Mr. Whitney's grand rail-way project could have been carried into effect, and the road located so far North as this, would it not have encountered great obstacles from frost and snow, for a considerable portion of the year, which would be entirely avoided by running the road in a more Southern latitude, provided a Pass should be found somewhere in the vicinity of the Missouri line?

August 21, the party reached the valley of the Bear river, the principal tributary of the famous Great Salt Lake. According to the rule of "omne ignotum pro magnifico," the trappers and travellers of this remote region had invested this lake with many superstitious terrors and were accustomed to lending a pleasing horror to their conversation around the fires at night, by stories of a terrible whirlpool on the surface through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterraneous channel. Early in September, Frémont and his companions beheld the great inland Salt Sea, the Dead Sea of the West, spread out before them in a sheet extending far beyond the reach of vision. Large islands, some mountainous, here and there dotted the expanse of water. On the 9th, Frémont with four others embarked on the Great Salt Lake, in a precarious India-rubber boat. As they proceeded, the water assumed a beautiful sea-green color, and the saline spray falling on the hands and arms of the voyagers at once encrusted them with salt. Landing on an island, they observed a deposite of the larvæ of insects about fifteen feet wide and eight inches deep, and the cliffs and rocks were *iced* with an incrustation of salt. Ascending a rocky peak some 800 feet high they obtained a fine prospect of the Lake enclosed within rugged mountains. The island proved to be a rocky hill about twelve miles in circumference. A magpie and another larger bird were the only living things seen on it. At night after kindling large fires, for the purpose of "astonishing the natives," they slept secure, lulled by the roar of the ocean-like surf. They returned in the morning to the main-land. Five gallons of the Lake water, roughly evaporated over the fire, yielded fourteen pints of fine salt. Leaving the vicinity of the Salt Lake, Frémont proceeded to Fort Hall, a trading post, distant from the frontier of Missouri via. Fort Laramie, and the South Pass, about 1,300 miles. It is situated in a valley, formed by the confluence of Portneuf river with Lewis's fork of the Columbia, which it enters about nine miles below the fort. Frémont recommends this as an eligible post of relief for emigrants, the country west of it along the Columbia being a sort of desert for three hundred miles. Passing by the picturesque American Falls of Lewis's fork, and the outlet of a subterraneous river through a gloomy volcanic region, they were hospitably entertained at Fort Boisé on the Lewis's fork or Snake river, by Mr. Payette of the Hudson's Bay Company. This fort is only nominal, it being simply a dwelling house,

and the garrison mustering only one Canadian engagé. Some days journey beyond this the exploring party gained a view of the *Grand Rond*, a beautiful level basin, verdant, fertile, well-watered, and encircled by well-wooded mountains. The *Grand Rond* is about 60 miles in circumference, and will form a fine country in some future transalpine state. The country-seat will be in the centre, and a pleasant ride of ten miles, perhaps on a rail-way, will convey the inhabitants of this new *Circleville*, to the foot of the neighboring mountains, where pic-nic parties may refresh themselves by the margin of some crystal spring, under the shade of some wide-spreading beech. Beyond the *Grand Rond* and in the vicinity of the Blue mountains, spruces, larches and balsam-pines of great height were observed, some of them 200 feet high with a circumference of from 12 to 21 feet. The trunks of the larches were sometimes 100 feet without a limb, while the white spruces were covered with branches nearly to the ground. All these trees have their branches, particularly the lower ones, declining. October 23, Frémont came within view of the snow-capped summit of Mt. Hood, distant 180 miles, and on the same day reached the Presbyterian Missionary establishment of Dr. Whitman* on the banks of the Walahwalah river. The Doctor happened to be absent on a visit to the *Dalles* of the Columbia. At the Nez Percé fort, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, the party gained the first view of the Columbia river there about 1,200 yards wide. It is formed about 9 miles above the Nez Percé post, by the confluence of Lewis' fork and the North fork, which has retained the name of Columbia—as being the main stream. The point of junction or some place near it will doubtless ere long come to be of great commercial importance. Batteaux from tide-water ascend to the point of junction and then far up the North fork or Columbia. The other fork has not yet been navigated for commercial purposes. From the mouth of the Kansas on the Missouri to this point of junction of the Columbia is about 2,000 miles. the necessary land travel in crossing from the United States to the Pacific Ocean. The Nez Percé fort is in latitude about 46 degrees north. Passing down the line of the Columbia, Frémont encamped, Nov. 3rd, within hearing of the roar of its falls. These are annually submerged by the back-water from the basin below forming a great natural lock at this place. The *Dalles* of the Columbia is the name given to the stream where it is confined within the walls of a chasm, in a sort of trough, the narrowest part of which is not more than 58 yards in width, while the height of the walls above the water is 25 feet. When the river is low there is no difficulty in the navigation of the *Dalles*; but when it is high they are impassable. The depth of water in the *Dalles* must be enormous, the Columbia being suddenly contracted from the width of upwards of a mile to such narrow limits. Frémont found the water deep and black and curled into many small whirlpools and counter-currents, unbroken by foam and almost without a ripple. Some miles below the *Dalles*, the Columbia entering the lower mountains of the Cascade range, the banks are abrupt, rocky bluffs 150 feet high, like those of the Hudson, which gradually become more mountainous as the river approaches the cascades. Frémont with a small party voyaged down the river in a canoe. The Cascade range of mountains are so called from a series of cascades by which the Columbia, 45 miles below the *Dalles*, breaks through the mountains, where Mt. Hood and St. Helens rear their snowy tops on either hand of the passage. Here it was found necessary to carry the canoe across a portage of two miles. Here of course a canal will be hereafter excavated to circumvent the rapids. At Fort Vancouver the officer of the Hudson's Bay Company exhibited every courtesy and hospitality to the American party. Here stores and provisions were procured, and a Mackinaw boat and canoes manned with Canadian and Indian *voyageurs* for the voyage up the Columbia to the *Dalles*. The barque Columbia lay near Fort Vancouver, about to sail for England, only awaiting the Express batteaux from the upper waters of the North fork, with the overland mail brought from Montreal and Hudson Bay via. Lake Winipec. Re-embarking on the waters of the Columbia, Frémont and his party again reached the *Dalles* in about a week. They now commenced the homeward journey by a new route, making a wide circuit to the South, and South East, and through the great Basin between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. Setting out on the 25th of November, they reached Tlamath Lake, December 11th. This lake, however, it would seem, is covered with water only at the melting of snow on the surrounding mountains. During the remainder of the year it is probably only a verdant savannah through which winds the river Tlamath. The latitude of this lake is about 43° North. Its diameter is about 20 miles. It is picturesque and fertile, and the neighboring mountains being well timbered, is indicated as an eligible site for a military post. After journeying some days, they discovered a saline lake which was named Summer Lake, and shortly after another of the same size, which was named Lake Abert, in honor of the chief of of the topographical bureau. Encamping near

* Since murdered by the savages.

another lake on the 25th of December, it was named Christmas Lake. Early in January, 1844, a hot spring was discovered, several hundred feet in circumference. at one extremity of which was a space of 15 feet in diameter entirely occupied by the boiling water—saline, clear and deep. The next remarkable object met with was the Pyramid Lake, set like an emerald in the mountains and deriving its name from a remarkable rock emerging from the water, and rising to the height of 600 feet. This lake is somewhat less than a mile high, being about 700 feet higher than the Great Salt Lake, from which it lies nearly West, and distant about eight degrees of longitude. The Pyramid Lake is nearest to the Western rim, as the Great Salt Lake is to the Eastern rim of the Basin lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada—a Basin which for the most part is still, in 1849, a *terra incognita*. The Pyramid Lake is about 35 miles in length. The streams of the other lakes in this region abound with the salmon-trout about three feet in length, and Frémont found its flavor superior to that of any other fish that he had known. The course of the party had been since leaving the Summer Lake, along the flank of the Sierra Nevada, and the lakes and rivers encountered were the draining of that range. The journey of exploration had now been in progress for about a year. Early in February, Frémont undertook to force a passage across the Sierra Nevada, covered with deep snows, and so to make his way to the beautiful and luxuriant valley of the Sacramento which lay on the other side. The establishment of Capt. Sutter was only about 70 miles distant. To enable them to cross, it was found necessary to break a road through the snow by beating it down under the feet of men and horses. The enterprise was a terrible one and to all appearance desperate. After passing up some distance the general depth of the snow was found to be 5 feet, and in some places not less than 20, and the thermometer at zero and a little above it. Added to this the party suffered extremely from scarcity of provisions. One dog had been eaten before the commencement of the ascent, and after attaining the height of about a mile and a half another little one was prepared for the table, (figuratively speaking,) after the Indian culinary method. Of that occasion, says Frémont, "we had to-night an extraordinary dinner, pea-soup, mule and dog." February 20th, 1844, the party after almost incredible endurance and labor encamped on the summit of the PASS, 1,000 miles by their route from the *Dalles* of the Columbia. This Pass is eleven degrees West and four degrees South of the South Pass. This range of the Sierra Nevada is loftier than the range of the Rocky Mountains. On the following morning the party enjoyed a sunrise scene, "which even here was unusually glorious and beautiful. Immediately above the Eastern mountains was repeated a cloud-formed mass of purple ranges, bordered with bright yellow gold; the peaks shot up into a narrow line of crimson cloud, above which the air was filled with a greenish orange, and over all was the singular beauty of the blue sky." February 21st, the explorers gained a distant prospect of the Sacramento and the Bay of Francisco—the Chesapeake of the Pacific coast. At this time the commissariat of the party was simply a mule for each day. Great difficulties were encountered in the steep descent. These snowy mountains, are covered with magnificent forest trees of an enormous size—cedars sometimes 130 feet high and 20 feet in circumference—the white pine, the hemlock spruce occasionally 24 feet in circumference—the white spruce and the red pine, which last attains a height of 140 feet and circumference of sometimes not less than 30 feet. One cedar was found to be 28½ feet in circumference four feet above the ground. These cedars exceed even the famous cedars of Lebanon. Frémont upon finding that the chief difficulties of the descent had been overcome, with a few companions now set out for Captain Sutter's establishment with the purpose of bringing back a supply of provisions for his suffering party. The verdant and beautiful valley of the Sacramento presented the appearance of Elysium to men just emerging from the wintry horrors of the Sierra Nevada, "when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering, when horses died, and when mules and horses ready to die of starvation were killed for food." Mr. Preuss, a scientific member of the expedition, being accidentally separated from the company for some days, was near perishing by starvation, being forced to subsist on a species of wild onion growing in rocky places, and which he with difficulty dug up with his knife,—and some big ants which he let run on his hand and stripped off in his mouth, which he found had an agreeable acid taste,—and some very small frogs! At length some friendly Indians, who perhaps had never before seen a white man, gave him a supply of roasted acorns. Passing down along the banks of a river that turned out to be the Rio de los Americanos, Frémont reached Capt. Sutter's fort at New Helvetia, near where the last mentioned river empties into the far-famed Sacramento. Hospitably received by Capt. Sutter, after a night's rest they started back with fresh horses and provision to rejoin the rest of the party and supply their wants. On the second day they were met—a forlorn company—feeble, emaciated, on foot, and each man leading

a horse or mule as feeble and emaciated as himself. Many of their horses had been lost among the mountain precipices and with some their packs, and with a mule was lost the botanical collections made in a journey of 2,000 miles. Out of 67 horses and mules with which the passage of the mountains was commenced, 33 only reached the valley of the Sacramento. A repast of good beef, bread and salmon was the first relief from the sufferings of the Sierra. Returning they encamped at the junction of the Sacramento and Americanos, March 8th. They were here farther distant from the frontier of the United States than they had been four months before, when they started from the *Dalles* of the Columbia—*homeward*.

Capt. Sutter, formerly of the French army, after passing some time in the United States, removed in 1838–39 from the Western part of Missouri and formed the first settlement in the valley where he is established. It was not very long before he reduced the Indians under his control, and made them useful serfs.

In the absence of timber for fences, he *ditched* his extensive wheat-fields, he built his fort of *adobe* or sun-dried bricks and cultivated a large tract of land by means of Indian labor. The fort during this visit of Frémont mounted 12 guns and was garrisoned by 40 Indians in uniform. The production of wheat in this region varied from 35 to 100 fold. March 24th, Frémont and his party resumed their homeward journey with a cavalcade of 130 horses and mules, and about 30 head of cattle, including 5 milch cows. Capt. Sutter furnished them also with an Indian boy, a *vaquero* or cattle-driver. Their course was south easterly in the direction of the head of the river Joaquin. Early in April they reached this river, the borders of which abound in elk, antelope, and wild horses, while the pools swarm with wild-fowl, principally geese. About the middle of April the broad and elevated snowy-ridge of the Sierra was crossed by Walker's, an excellent pass in latitude about 35° North.

From the delightful valley of the San Joaquin, where nature revels in all her charms, this pass transports the traveller, by a sudden transition, to a vast desert, a sort of American Zahara, "where wilds immeasurable spread, seem lengthening as they go." The party at this time were a curious mosaic of Indians, Americans, French and Germans. The number of horses and mules were above a hundred, half of them unbroke. The line on march extended a quarter of a mile, like an oriental caravan on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Proceeding in a southerly direction, in a few days they struck the Spanish trail, and reversing their course, now moved along it directly North, having to go six degrees in that course before they could reach the latitude in which they proposed to cross the Rocky Mountains. The Indians along this part of the route are land pirates, the American Bedouins of the desert, their hand against every man's and every man's hand against them. Frémont observed that in expression of countenance they resembled beasts of prey, and all their actions were those of mere animals. They belong to the race called Diggers, whose sole occupation is to procure food sufficient to support existence. Roasted lizards are a favorite dish with these wretches. Bands of them followed in the wake of Frémont's party, as sharks pursue a ship at sea, or as wolves follow an army to pick up *waifs*. One of the party wandering a short distance, was murdered by these Indians. The desert journey ended, upon reaching *las Vegas*, [the fertile plains,] de Santa Clara, latitude about 37°, where the annual caravan from California to New Mexico, halts and recruits for some weeks. The distance travelled through the desert from Walker's Pass to *las Vegas*, was 550 miles, occupying 27 days, in a region parched, and desolate, and full of dangers from hostile Indian robbers. May 13th, Frémont came within sight of the Wah-satch range of mountains, covered with snow, and forming the South East part of the Great Basin. In a few days the party diverged from the Spanish trail, after having pursued it for 440 miles. Reaching the Sevier river, which was found ten or twelve feet deep, they forded it by means of boat-like rafts, made of bulrushes. The Utah Lake, which is *fresh* water, is connected by a river with the Great *Salt Lake*. The Utah Lake is almost entirely surrounded by mountains. Its chief tributaries are the Spanish Fork, and the Timpanogo or Rock river. In arriving again at the Utah Lake, in May, 1844, Frémont completed a circuit of 12 degrees diameter, North and South, and ten degrees East and West, since he had visited the same sheet of water in September, 1843. This circuit amounted to 3,500 miles of travel, and had occupied eight months. During this time the explorers had never once been out of sight of snow. The mountains on the Pacific side of the Continent are higher and more numerous than those on the Atlantic side, and what is extraordinary, the Sierra Nevada, and the coast range, although so near the coast, are much higher than the Rocky Mountains. These coast ranges rise in frequent peaks that tower to a great height, and some of them are volcanoes which vomit flames and smoke amid eternal snow. The San Joaquin and the Sacramento running in opposite directions and parallel to the coast, meet and form the great Bay of San Francisco. The Columbia is the only river that breaks through all the ranges and opens up by means of

its branches a communication with the interior of the continent. The value of this great river, whether for military or commercial purposes, is inestimable.

The Pacific coast is high and iron-bound, with but few bays. The interior is guarded by the formidable barriers of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada, and the access to the interior is only by the Columbia and its valley—in some parts so narrow as to be easily defended. This in Frémont's opinion, will render Oregon the most impregnable country in the world. Another singular feature of this part of the continent, is the existence of the Great Basin, about a mile higher than the surface of the ocean, and not less than four or five hundred miles each way in extent, and surrounded by mountains. Of this Basin, but little is yet certainly known, but it is supposed to have a system of lakes and rivers of its own, having no outlet nor any connexion with the Columbia or the Colorado. Of this system of Lakes, the great Salt Lake is one, which has a tributary, Bear river, four or five hundred miles long. The Great Basin lies principally in Upper California. The greater part of the Basin is supposed to be desert, but this is only conjecture. Much of this vast *terra incognita* may prove to be fertile and picturesque, and for the adventurous explorer it affords although a hazardous, yet a most interesting field. That a full exploration of this and of all other unknown parts of newly-acquired territory, should be made by the United States government, as soon as practicable, there can be no doubt.*

Of the inhabitants of the Basin, the *Diggers* are in the lowest stage of humanity. Others of the natives more fortunate and less degraded subsist on fish, found in the lakes and rivers, from which they repulse the *Diggers*. Oregon as far as observed by Frémont, appeared inferior to the Atlantic States for production of grain. Yet many parts produce wheat excellently. As a grazing country its promise is very great. Its climate is mild and healthy.

About the middle of June, Frémont turned up the valley of the Platte, and proceeded through the New Park, a beautiful circular valley, ninety miles in circumference, environed with snowy mountains, well watered and verdant, fringed with pine at the foot of the mountains, a paradise for grazing animals. The Indian name for this Park, is "*Cow-lodge.*" The travellers had for some time found themselves again in a region abounding with game, and the hunters now and then brought in fat buffalo cows. June 17th, the explorers crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains, through a beautiful pass in latitude about 41° North. This summit is about a mile and three quarters high. They now descended into what is called Old Park. Here they were harassed by a war-party of Arapahoes, who did not fail to levy the usual "black mail" from them. Shortly after, Frémont's party passed within view of a battle, in actual progress, between the Utahs and Arapahoes—there being about 500 men closely engaged, and the crack of their rifles distinctly heard, while warriors on horseback were seen galloping to and fro, and groups of people gathered around the wounded and dead, as they were brought from the field of battle. At length extricated from the difficulties and dangers of the mountains, the way-worn travellers found themselves on the borders of the Arkansas, and by the 1st of July arrived at Bent's Fort, where they were saluted with a display of the national flag. and a *feu de joie* from the guns of the fort, and at this hospitable post they reposed for some days. In pursuing the journey towards the Missouri frontier, by the sudden rise in a river, near which they were encamped, all the baggage was covered by water, and all the perishable collections almost entirely ruined. On the 31st of July, they reached the Missouri river, after an absence of fourteen months, during which, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of climate and weather and the exposure, privation and fatigue, which they were subjected to, not one case of sickness had occurred. Embarking on board a steam-boat, they reached St. Louis, August 6th, 1844. Since the termination of this journey of exploration, other explorations, private and national, have been made, and a large mass of additional information, relative to the vast new territories of the United States, has been collected. Col. Frémont himself has had opportunities to greatly enlarge the stores of his already extensive geographical knowledge of New Mexico, and California, and a digest of it may be found published together with the highly interesting and instructive "Military Narrative" of Lieut. Emory, also of the Topographical Engineers. Bryant's "What I saw in California," is a work full of valuable information, and his adventures and observations are charmingly described. Several other works of interest and value have appeared—and the knowledge of the newly-acquired territories is of course much more ample and more accurate now than in 1844—but the two

* An expedition to the Great Salt Lake, organized by Col. J. J. Abert of the Topographical Bureau, set out from Jefferson Barracks on the 1st of June, 1849. The party is under command of Capt. Stansbury, assisted by Lieutenant Gunnison of the Topographical Engineers. The papers announce that after an exploration of the Salt Lake, and surrounding region, the party will proceed to examine a new route thence to the head-waters of the Gila, to unite with the present Southern route to California, about Santa Fe. The expedition will probably be absent eighteen months or two years.

explorations made by Frémont in 1842 and in 1843-1844, must ever be considered the basis of all precise and scientific information, relative to the countries referred to, and the name of Frémont is immortalised among the great travellers and explorers, and will doubtless survive as long as those of the Sierra Nevada, or the Sacramento.

C. C.

LINES,

Suggested by a Conversation with a Friend.

I'd have no carved elaborate stone
Within some dim-lit stately dome,
Which crowds infest—
A grave—a *rural* grave for me
Beneath some fragrant hawthorn tree—
There would I rest.

Blithe birds should carol o'er my head,
Bright dew-drops gem my verdant bed,
And flow'rets bloom—
And woodland breezes freshly blow,
Mingling with the flowers below
Their soft perfume.

Nurt'ring the turf to deeper hue,
And imaging the sky's rich blue
In mirror clear—
Transparent streams should purl around
Sweet requiems murmuring o'er the mound
In their career.

At morn, when fair, with rays divine,
Our glorious sun should o'er me shine
Cheering and bright!
And each clear night, the paler beam
Of moon or stars, above me gleam
With silv'ry light.

* * * *

Such be the place of my repose,
When Death shall end Life's cares and woes!

J. M. C.

LADY ALICE, OR THE NEW UNA.*

Lady Alice, or the New Una, is written with a profound and manifest contempt for the realities of life, and for that dramatic theory which requires in a novel or poem a close adherence to human nature as it is, regarding this as the highest result of art. This contempt is not only visible in the incidents of the story and the portraitures of its characters, but is openly avowed. "The moral of such a tale as this," says the author, "will hardly be comprehended by those who have the habit of going to fiction for the representations of real life. The departure from reality to gain the permanence and beauty of the ideal will probably offend them," (vol. 2, p. 159.) And in the preface we are told that it "is half an allegory," by which "the beauty of the soul of the heroine" is made to "shine forth" to greatest advantage.

Before commenting on our author's story, or its moral, we will briefly relate to our readers such an outline of that story as will enable them to judge more correctly of our criticism. Although published as "a most extraordinary book by an American clergyman," the *dramatis personæ* are English, and the plot is laid in "the sea-girt isle," and on the continent—principally, so far as the latter is concerned, in the Eternal City.

The story opens by presenting to us Augustus, Lord Beauchamp de Glentworth, and his younger brother, Frederick Clifford—two young and romantic Romanists, dwelling at Cava in all the ardor of brotherly love, and attending mass with all the punctuality of penitents on probation. Lord Beauchamp is impetuous and impulsive; and sighs after some early love, of whom we get no hint until the close of the first volume. Mr. Frederick, on the other hand, is calm, serene, self-relying, with accomplishments which out-Crichton Crichton, and a coolness more imperturbable than the gates of Pandemonium—with a face which Antinous might envy, and a form from competition with which Apollo himself might shrink. As to years, this hero was born January 17, 1818—(see quotation from Peerage, vol. 1, p. 57)—and first figures on the stage of action in the year of grace, 1841. He has of course attained all his "marvellous accomplishments," as a soldier, sailor—in fact, as every thing at the early age of twenty-three, and may therefore be well held up to future generations of flagging school-boys, as a model

* Lady Alice; or, the New Una. A Novel. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street. 1849.

well calculated to stimulate them into industry and imitation. But though thus calm and self-relying—though "too serene to feel at all, or at least to feel permanently the influence of her sex," (vol. 2, p. 33,) Mr. Clifford's time was at hand, and like most of the lords of creation, no matter how cool and diplomatic, he was destined to fall a victim to the all-fascinating influences of a woman. In a lucky or unlucky hour, as remains to be seen, he goes on a bathing excursion—and there contrives to save the life of a fair unknown, the very incarnation of English beauty and of that sort of piety familiarly known in theological circles as ultra High Churchism.

The lovely Puseyite is of course the New Una, the heroine of the tale, and the enchantress of the heretofore invincible Mr. Clifford.

That "education forms the common mind" is a popular dogma grown into a truism; but our book shows that it exercises a no less influence over the *uncommon* mind. Such was that of Lady Alice: for though "she had never disobeyed her father or her mother," yet "with every body else she would, and she did have her own way always," (vol., 1. p. 76,)—thus exhibiting "a character, not only ardent and susceptible, but resolute and independent." This very original character was subjected to a course of education equally novel, which arose out of the peculiar courtship and ante-nuptial arrangements of her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Lennox.

The Duke was "a Scot, a widower, and a Presbyterian." He had the audacity to fall in love with Lady Kate Courtenay, who had "made up her mind on three points"—to wit: that she would marry no one possessed of any of the three foregoing qualities. The Duke "proposed" and was "refused in the most charming manner in the world." Shortly afterwards another conversation was held, in which the Duke's Presbyterianism was discussed. He had contrived to obviate the other objections. It was in this fashion—

"You object on principle to marrying a member of the Church of Scotland," said the Duke meditatively, and making his horse walk.

"It depends whether your Grace objects on principle to your children being bred members of the Established Church of England. If I became a mother," continued the young lady with great animation and a glowing cheek, "the religious nurture of my children would be in my eyes a sacred duty that I could never abandon to another; and plainly, I could not and would not teach them the tenets of your confession."

"Could I hope that you would ever become the mother of a child of mine, I would agree, dear Kate, to your teaching it any religion you liked."

The conversation terminated here, but our author shrewdly comments upon it as follows:

"It is self-evident that this conversation decided two questions most materially affecting the heroine of this tale:—first, whether she should exist at all; secondly, how she should be educated after she had been brought into the world."
Vol. 1, *pp.* 26, 27, 28.

In due course of nature, after this conversation between the loving Duke and the conscientious Lady Kate, the first of these questions was decided in the affirmative, by the appearance of the Lady Alice on this earthly theatre—and the second was, in due course of story-telling, pretty much settled by putting her under the care of the Hon. and Rev. Herbert Courtenay—a brother of the Duchess, and Rector of St. Walerie—a parish in the Duke's gift, and his favorite residence. The Hon. and Rev. gentleman's opinions or politics are no where accurately made known—but it requires no great penetration to discover them when one peruses the account of the services at the church of St. Walerie, with its "six massive candlesticks of silver, filled with huge wax candles, (vol. 1, p. 33,) ever lighted at the hour of service"—or reads the description of the chapel at Lennox House, the Duke's town residence, with its "sumptuous sanctuary," the *beau ideal* of our author's ecclesiastical architecture—

"This wanted nothing. Here were the credence and piscina, the canopied sedilia, the lofty candelabrum for the Paschal candle—a magnificent work in silver gilt. The altar, ascended by four steps, was also of white marble, with a carved reredos of the same material. In the centre compartment of the latter, the mystery of the Incarnation was presented in its immortal type—the Virgin and her Divine Son. In the side compartments were kneeling angels, saints and shepherds.

"The altar was dressed as in Catholic chapels on the continent; wax lights and flowers; a narrow cloth of snowy linen, with a deep fall of costly lace. The crucifix and great candlesticks were of gold."—*Vol.* 2, *p* 39—

together with numerous other details of fan-tracery—niches—decorated canopies—sculptured apostles and painted saints—golden lamps and stained glass windows—and a particular account of "an aspersorium containing holy water"—details which are no doubt very interesting to individuals of Mr. Courtenay's persuasion, and very appropriate to the private chapel of a Presbyterian.

Under her uncle's care the Lady Alice grew up to be, in a religious point of view, all that the most zealous High Churchman could desire, abhorring Presbyterians and other sectarians on the one hand—on the other fully sympathizing, nay, freely participating in the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome; but disputing its jurisdiction over the Anglo-Catholic Church.

(vol. 2, p. 184.) She had other tutors too, it would seem, for we discover in the development of the story, that she speaks at seventeen all the languages of modern Europe with perfect purity and ease—draws and paints so exquisitely, that her pictures exhibited at the Exposition create an unheard-of furor—whilst her singing equals the choral harmonies of the angels, and her waltzing is worthy of Terpsichore herself. But whilst thus acquiring those accomplishments supposed to belong more particularly to the *salon*, the mere outside show of society, she has not been neglectful of other attainments peculiar to less wealthy and favored females. She is learned in the science of the cuisine, in fact so learned that even the all-knowing Frederick Clifford seeks instruction of her on this point, (vol. 2, p. 120,) and so "deep in the mysteries of embroidery and worsted-work," that the Parisian Mrs. St. Liz, is glad to learn of her "how the honey-comb stitch is done," (vol. 2, p. 138.) But in her pursuit of arts, accomplishments and theology she has not overlooked the sciences. She is familiar with Sexicava Rugosa, (vol. 2, p. 90,) and has her own theory about the Silurian strata and the tertiary formations—all this too at seventeen, when she is dragged out of the water by Frederick Clifford and kissed by him on their first meeting until she opens her "large, soft, dark eyes," (vol. 1, p. 15, 16,) and makes his acquaintance.

A kiss would appear to be a very good way of breaking the ice in a love-affair—especially where the parties are very romantic and pious; for we find our hero and heroine on their next meeting Alice-and-Fred-ing one another like old friends or acknowledged lovers. Our author pertinently inquires—(vol. 1, p. 52)—

> "Who can declare the obligation incurred by giving and receiving the slightest caress of love, or predict its consequences?"—

a question which at our advanced stage of life, we cannot undertake to answer satisfactorily: we think though that in our earlier days, if memory serves us correctly, such things were regarded as tokens of truth and affection on one side, of loyalty and devotion on the other. We know not how it is with "the children of this generation." We may be considered as *laudator temporis acti*, yet with our quondam contemporaries, it seems to us that the spirit of chivalry had not wholly departed, though its usages were neglected. Indeed, we knew one youth who could obtain no "caress of love" from his fair lady, but who wrung a reluctant permission to retain a handkerchief of which he had accidentally gained possession, yet who nevertheless regarded this with an affection somewhat akin to that which he felt for the lady herself. No pilgrim ever bent with more devotion over some hallowed relic, than did he, night and morning, contemplate "the delicate web," and gather, as he affirmed, new strength for a life of daily struggle and arduous mental toil. But be the obligation or the consequences what they may, they are assuredly such as neither Mr. Frederick Clifford nor Lady Alice Stuart are inclined to shrink from. In fact, they seem to court such responsibility, as may be readily seen by a reference to the scene in Lennox House conservatory, (vol. 2, p. 37)—that of the sofa at St. Walerie, (vol. 2, p. 77)—or that in Lady Alice's bedroom, (vol. 2, pp. 191, 192, 193,) at Rome. The "tender submission" of the New Una on these occasions is so glowingly depicted, that we do not wonder at Mr. Fred's running any risk for kisses from those ripe lips and pressures from those white arms. But we do not anywhere perceive "the consequences" of these "caresses of love" stated: they are only indirectly disclosed—and in this point of "the moral of his tale," we frankly confess we think our American clergyman has failed—inasmuch as he asks a question which he does not pertinently answer; a question too, a correct response to which might be of great service to his junior readers.

But whilst thus briefly engaged "in giving and receiving" these "caresses" in cathedrals and ballrooms—for all times and places seem alike to our hero and heroine—the course of their true love is somewhat broken in upon, and made to run less smoothly, by a certain Lord Wessex and his proposals for the hand of fair Alice. Handsome, well-dressed, and thorough man of the world—backed by the wishes of her deceased brother, the late Lord Stratherne, he has prospects of success. But like the mists of the night they disappear before the sun of the all-conquering Clifford. Lord Wessex becomes a devil through rage, jealousy and disappointment, and abducts Lady Alice,—abductions are the fashion now-a-days in the late novels—just as she is on the eve of matrimony. This abduction is managed in so clumsy a style, (we doubt very much whether our author, the American clergyman, had ever any thing to dowith a like performance,) that we are forced to smile at the distresses of a young and beautiful woman, dressed in sailor boy's clothes, tossed in an open boat and fed on a biscuit and some water for days, her allowance being finally reduced for the last two days to water only, (vol. 2, p. 150.)

Prior, however, to making these matrimonial arrangements which were so rudely interrupted by Lord Wessex's manœuvres, a very grave question had been discussed between Clifford

and Alice, similar to that considered by the Duke and Duchess, from the latter of whom our heroine seems to have derived an hereditary right to some such talk. The conversation took place in Lennox House Chapel, in the sumptuous sanctuary," in the light of "the golden lamps," of which a description has already been furnished our readers. She has just objected to his Romanism, and the necessity of their marriage being celebrated according to the ceremonies of that communion—a point which she cannot concede, though she frankly admits that the difficulty could be got over by adjourning to France, where there could be no question of conflict of jurisdiction between the Anglican and Roman churches. But her scruples of conscience are such that she cannot well permit herself to yield them. Still they may be got over, but another difficulty lurks behind. Clifford presses to know what that is.

"'Go on without fear, dear Alice. Forget that I am your lover. Forget my sex.'

"'You anticipate what I find it hard to express. Yes,' she continued with great softness of manner, and hastily dashing away a tear, 'I know, of course, dearest Frederick, that to consent to be your wife is to promise to lie, one day, in your bosom and become, almost certainly, the mother of your children.'

"'Beloved Alice!'

"'When Mamma was married,' pursued Alice, 'it was agreed that all her children should be educated in the Church of England. A good and pious Presbyterian might well consent to that, but not a good and pious Romanist. Could *you* consent, *I* would not that you should be placed in so ignominious a position."—*Vol.* 2, *page* 41.

Clifford here proposes an arrangement similar to that which existed between his own parents—"a division of the spoils," or rather offspring; an arrangement which she rejects, and in such fashion as to convince him of the hopelessness of any attempt to change her resolution on the subject. He saw that this

"was not a case of those ordinary prejudices against his religion which he would have combated. Alice had none. She herself was surrounded by all the external signs of his faith. She accepted its dogmas apparently nearly as himself. She did not consider the doctrine of his church as heretical, nor its worship idolatrous. The intolerance was wholly his, and was the cause that her mind, nurtured in religous sympathy, recoiled from a union with him, and not the less because he was personally dear to her."

In fact he saw pretty clearly that if he wished to marry her he must learn to look at the respective jurisdictions of the Church of England and the Church of Rome within the realms of Queen Victoria in a very different light from what he had been in the habit of doing. So after another affectionate embrace or two, he disappeared by a back stairs to a very serious consideration of this important question. Our readers, who doubtless will charitably take into consideration Clifford's youth and tantalizing position, and also the fact that Alice is a great heiress in her own right—a fact which we omitted to mention—will not be surprised to find that in the course of a few pages, (vol. 2, p. 68,) he writes the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Courtenay a letter announcing his conversion from the church of Rome to that of England; and assigning his reasons, which we confess our inability to appreciate. Upon this conversion the marriage is agreed upon, and as we before stated, is broken off by Lord Wessex's abduction of the intended bride.

We here leave our hero and heroine, whose present position we beg our readers to bear in mind for a few moments, for the purpose of relating an episode which has much to do with the story and especially with its moral. It is the history of Louise Belmont, Countess of Schönberg. whom our Lennox party meet in the Alps, and with whom Alice is speedily on the most confidential terms. It is just after the rejection of Lord Wessex, who nevertheless has joined their party on their Alpine excursion, and who avenges himself by making love to the beautiful countess, albeit that she is the wife of another—a proceeding which the virtuous Louise contrives shall be witnessed by Clarie, Lady Alice's *femme de chambre*. Next morning Lord Wessex disappears, and in the evening Louise exposes him to Alice, and thereupon relates her history, which occupies Book the Fourth, being one eighth of the two volumes.

Miss de Belmont turns out to be the illegitimate cousin of Lord Beauchamp and Frederick Clifford. She is adopted and recognized, however, by her father, and put by him to a school, at which she becomes acquainted with Lady Augusta Dudley, sister of our Lord Wessex, and intimately so with Lady Isabel Fitzgerald, also the cousin of the Cliffords, and, so far as family arrangements go, the intended bride of Lord Beauchamp. Lady Isabel insists upon Louise passing the vacation with her at her mother's mansion. Here Louise meets the Cliffords. With Frederick she has a most curious and Platonic flirtation. But Augustus forms an earnest attachment for her, which we suppose, for we are not so told, was reciprocated by her. At least charity would lead us to offer the excuse of violent passion for her subsequent conduct. Their first meeting takes place when Louise has just passed sixteen. Two years later they meet again,

and, after a few misunderstandings, the Cliffords, father and mother, Papa de Belmont—in fact, every body consents to and approves of the match, except Lady Devereux, grandmamma of Augustus. Papa Belmont thereupon counsels delay, but Augustus urges a run-away match, to which Louise consents, and they start for Gretna Green. "It is a singular sensation—that of eloping," says Louise, and we presume she speaks the truth. An accident happens—

"We made the greater part of the distance by railway, and, descending too soon from the carriage at the last station, where we were to have resumed posting, Augustus fell. A loaded car was advancing slowly on the parallel track. He was thrown against it, striking his head, and was taken up insensible. For a week I never quitted him."—*Vol.* 1, *p.* 183.

At the end of this time he got better. Her father arrived. He was under the impression that the accident occurred on their return from Scotland. She does not undeceive him nor Augustus, who entertained a similar idea, his faculties having been somewhat confused by the collision with the rail-car. De Belmont was obliged to start for the continent unexpectedly, and believing his daughter legally married, put off the "religious ceremonies" of being married by a Roman Catholic priest until his return. His stay is greatly and unavoidably prolonged. In the mean time things happen which go to show that "the caresses of love" are not always without their "consequences." We narrate this in Louise's own words. Our readers must not forget, however, that the innocent Alice is her only listener.

"Unhappy girl that I am! Thus I exclaimed when, after a month of remorseful solitude, I discovered that I was to be a mother. An unmarried mother! Good heavens! I! Was it possible that this could be true of me? Month after month I continued alone. Pecuniary embarrassment was added to my distress. My father wrote that he was obliged to draw for the full amount of his balances; and begged that my husband would charge himself with the expenses of the establishment for a few months. Should I now summon Augustus, accept the reparation of his hand, and in six months give him an heir to the honours of the Beauchamps and of his wife's ineffaceable disgrace? Never."—*Vol.* 1, *p.* 185.

Her servants not precisely understanding her desolate position grow refractory. One undertakes to rob her. She shoots him, as he is getting into the window, wounding him seriously though not mortally. This has a salutary effect in restoring discipline. Shortly after Lady Beauchamp, mother to Augustus, arrives. She inquires into matters, finds out the exact state of the case, though Louise "would not tell her anything," "treats her exactly as a daughter," "visits her daily," "supplies her with money," in short, "shows her unbounded kindness." At length her child is born, and she makes a resolution, so curious in its character, so well supported by reasons, that we give it in her own words.

"Partly influenced by my injured affection, and partly by a wish to offer an expiation to my own self-respect, I made a rash vow to live solely for my child, and never while it lived to marry even Augustus. Legitimated now it could not be, and it never should have any legitimate brothers to look down upon it with scorn."

The majority of our readers will, like ourselves, probably be at a loss rightly to understand the propriety of Mademoiselle de Belmont's conduct in this matter. Perhaps, they may doubt the principle as well as the wisdom exhibited in the deceit practised on her father, on the man who loved her and believed himself her husband, on her guiltless, helpless offspring. Perhaps too they may find it difficult to reconcile her line of conduct with their ideas of female modesty, womanly affection, and maternal devotion. But they must bear in mind that "the moral of this tale will be hardly comprehended by those who go to fiction for the representations of real life," nor must they forget that the tale itself is "a departure from reality to gain the permanence and beauty of the ideal." But to return to the narrative:

"Lady Beauchamp came in. After the first inquiries she broke to me that her son had accompanied her, and begged to see me. 'Does he know?' 'As yet nothing,' she said.

"I looked at my infant. To see it embraced and acknowledged by its father, to be myself consoled and thanked by his kiss—could I deny myself this? My resentment was gone. 'Let him come in,' I said, 'but tell him nothing.'

"She went out, and presently I heard his well known step in the dressing room. 'What, is she in her bed room? Is she ill?' he asked.

"They came in, and he stood by the bedside bewildered and pale. Unaccustomed to the darkened chamber, he could not tell if I were extremely ill or not.

"'Oh, why, Louise, have you concealed from me that you were ill?' he said in a tremulous tone, and kneeling by the bedside.

"'My illness, Augustus, is but of yesterday, though I have carried the cause of it nine months in my bosom.'

"How he started! A faint cry of the babe, awakening, explained my words. His first exclamation was of joy and tenderness. He kissed first me and then his child. Then his countenance again altered.

"'How cruel you have been! You have ruined yourself, and me, and your child. How have you *dared* to deceive me thus?'"

Vol. 1, *p.* 189.

This sort of conversation is put a stop to on the ground of exciting the invalid too much. Augustus urges marriage; a thing which seems odd in a father whose child has been so deeply wronged. But this book is "a departure from the real to gain the permanence and beauty of the ideal," and the injury seems only to act as a stimulus to his ardor, a fillip to his affection. She refuses his proposals. The child, with great prudence and propriety on its part, dies. The mother is removed to Lady Beauchamp's residence, where convalescence proceeds with due rapidity. Mr. de Belmont returns from the continent as Count de Belmont, and the favorite aid-de-camp of the king of ——, the name of his dominions not being mentioned. To the capital he takes Louise, where the king is introduced to her as Count Schönberg. He manifests a strong, though pure attachment for her. This gives rise to much scandal, the consequence of which is that her father is shot in a duel, and she is nominally married to the real Count Schönberg, whose title the king assumed, but in reality is only adopted by him as his daughter, he being a very old man. She passes, however, as his wife everywhere, and demeans herself accordingly. Here her story to Alice ends, but to complete her history for our readers, we will pursue it further.

Lord Beauchamp and his brother, Mr. Frederick Clifford, shortly after the period when the history of the Countess is related to Alice, are visiting Venice. Of course they pass much of their time in "gliding voluptuously about in a gondola." One evening when Beauchamp is alone, (vol. 2, pp. 10—22,) a gondolier summons him to enter one of these water-coaches and speak to a signora. He does so, of course. As the door opens he gets light enough to discover that the lady is on the left side. He seats himself beside her. The door is shut, and all is darkness. Augustus tries to draw her into conversation. His efforts are fruitless. After a somewhat long and embarrassing silence she leans her head upon his shoulder. This assures him "that the stranger was really a lady. He recognized the free masonry of *bon-ton* in her very familiarity. Her head reclined lightly on his shoulder, her soft hand was simply resigned in his."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 11.

We know nothing by experience of English society, and can not say therefore whether or no, such are the tokens which English women give by way of proving to strange gentlemen that they are ladies. Certainly such has not been our experience in American society, whatever may have been that of our author, the American clergyman. Beauchamp again essays a colloquy, in vain—but various embraces take place, during the progress of which they discover to each other that they are unmarried and disengaged, and the lady assures him that she is purity itself, except her indiscretion with him. The response to this assurance is thus told:

"Augustus replied to the stranger's assertion of her integrity—pity his weakness—by a caress. It was first suffered; then timidly returned; and then the stranger hid her face in his bosom, and seemed to weep. This lasted but for a moment. She summoned the gondolier hastily. She directed him to return to the Foscari Palace. She did not speak again till they arrived; but then it was to propose a meeting for the following evening."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 13.

Of course he made "the assignation." Next morning Frederick Clifford leaves him to visit Lucerne. Next evening he "keeps his assignation," (vol. 2, p. 14,) and off they go in a gondola again. He finds her figure, particularly her shoulders and arms, very beautiful, but her face he cannot see. She wears both a black mask and a veil. He begs for a sight of her physiognomy. She declines, assuring him that she "is called beautiful;" and on being pressed by him, gives him such a description of her face, that he is irresistibly reminded of Louise, Countess of Schönberg. Donna Maddelena, such is the name of the fair incognita, inquires into the history of his attachment for her. He tells her that even at that moment he is still attached to Louise. Maddelena replies by sinking into his arms, and Beauchamp, forgetting Louise, begs that "their love may be hallowed by marriage," (vol. 2, p. 18.) She closes with the proposition. He takes her to his house, sends for her maid, who brings a bridal dress, and for a priest, who brings Frederick Clifford. The priest confesses them, and whilst the lady is undergoing this moral purgation, Mr. Frederick subjects his brother to an examination which proves very unsatisfactory. He however contrives to see his future sister-in-law without her mask, a thing which the bridegroom cannot accomplish, and then approves of the match. The marriage is solemnized—Augustus embraces his unknown and masked bride, and they part for years. We know not how long a time elapses, but when they next meet it is in London. Maddelena and Louise are discovered to be one and the same person. Count Schönberg is put to death on the first opportunity—his horses run away with him—and the happy pair become Lord and Lady Beauchamp. (Vol. 2, p. 65.)

We may also mention as an incident in the plot, that Lord Wessex engages himself to Grace Clifford. The engagement is broken off by the manœuvres of Alice. Frederick Clifford fights a duel with Wessex; the weapons are swords, and Clifford disarms his antagonist three times; when

the combat is terminated by the interference of the seconds. Wessex rushes to his room, and is about blowing out his brains when he is arrested by one Mr. Matson, an illegitimate brother of Lord Wessex, the quondam steward of the Duke of Lennox, and the creature through whose instrumentality the abduction of Lady Alice is effected. He afterwards reappears at Rome as the Baron Von Schwartzthal. Grace Clifford, after her rupture with Lord Wessex, forms an engagement with Lord Stratherne, the brother of Alice.

Our readers must now gather up all these characters—some two years after the abduction—except Lady Alice, and put them down at Rome. They must also add Captain and Lady D'Eyncourt, the brother-in-law and sister of Alice—and finally, they must set the whole party to visiting all the myriad curiosities of the Eternal City, and to Mr. Frederick Clifford's other occupations, they must add on his part a seemingly incessant attendance on mass and prayers, churches and chapels. At the Exposition a St. Cecilia attracts their attention. It is undergoing criticism. The German artists are astonished—the French delighted—and the English charmed. The artist enters. It is Mr. Alfred Fitzalan. He is English of course, though "attired in the highest style of French fashion." Clifford makes his acquaintance and buys his picture. When he goes to pay for it, he is struck with "the startling identity" of young Fitzalan with Alice Stuart. They have much talk together. Clifford has a fit of crying, after which they go to luncheon in company, on which occasion, by-the-way, Alice takes too much wine and falls ill in the street. After dinner they proceed to Lady Beauchamp's rooms, where Fitzalan figures extensively, and Grace Clifford, by putting "her hand gently on his heart," discovers "a woman's agitated and overflowing breast," (vol. 2, p. 141,) and Mr. Fitzalan and Lady Alice are known to her as one and the same. A promise of secresy is exacted from Grace, and thereupon Alice contrives a visit to Miss Clifford's apartment and there tells her story, which consists merely in a series of improbabilities not worth relating here. Grace and she discuss the propriety of her keeping the oath of concealment which has been extorted from her by Matson and Wessex. On that score Alice is easy. But she says—

"What troubles me most is, that for man or woman to wear the garb appropriated by custom to the other sex seems to me expressly forbidden by scripture. It is a dreadful thing for me to violate such a law. I ask myself, day by day, if the promise by which I engaged to do it, was not void in itself."—*Vol.* 2, *p.* 153.

It is a subject on which any doubting mind might consult both St. Peter, (1 Peter, c. 3, v. 3,) and St. Paul, (1 Timothy, c. 2, v. 9,) to advantage. But Alice determines to keep up her costume. We rather think she has a latent liking for "the ample tube of the fancy trowsers," and the "brilliant, coral-studded linen swelling gently over the bust," (vol. 2, p. 130.) Clifford, over whom as over all the rest of the party, except Grace, a most unaccountable stupidity or blindness seems to have come to prevent their recognition of Alice, takes rooms next to Fitzalan, and lives on terms of almost hourly intimacy with this "bi-sexual," individual.

It is needless to dwell on the details of their residence at Rome. We shall hasten to the denouement. Fitzalan, Wessex and the Baron or Matson, find that the secret of her disgrace can no longer be kept. It is necessary to get rid of him. So he (or she) appears at the Carnival as Miss Fitzalan. One thing occurs in reference to this which on the score of morals we do not "readily comprehend." Fitzalan tells Clifford that he has "lost all his friends, father, mother, sisters and brothers," (vol. 2, p. 115,) and subsequently confesses to him, (vol. 2, p. 165,) that this is untrue, the falsehood attracting no attention from him, and then this sister is introduced on the stage. Fitzalan is then metamaphosed into the Princess Alexina Galitzin, and as such, has quite a career of ambition and splendor sketched out for her future. As Fitzalan, however, he (or she) reappears and takes a seat in the vettura of next morning for Naples, and is to have a parting interview with Clifford. Much to his regret he does not on his return to his room find the much loved Frederick, but looking upon this as another drop of bitterness in his cup, he retires quietly to bed. Clifford, who had grown tired of waiting for Fitzalan, and had walked out on the parapet of the house where he had fallen asleep, now "enters the chamber," which seems to him filled "with the atmosphere of chastity," (vol. 2, p. 189.) He approaches the bed where "Fitzalan lay in a position of natural slumber"—"recognizes the countenance of sweet, yet almost death-like, repose," "the watch, excessively small," "the ivory comb, with the bas-relief carving": still he does not believe Fitzalan to be Alice. He throws himself on the sofa. His movements disturb her. She jumps out of bed, walks across the room for a glass of water. He discovers from her night-dress that she is beyond doubt a woman:

"but, at this moment, the brand shot out a bright tongue of flame, which revealed both face and figure completely.

"'Alice!' He threw himself at her feet with that cry of incredulous joy.

"She gave a little shriek, but immediately per-

ceiving who it was, faltered his name. Clifford blushed almost as deeply as herself, as he folded her in a tender embrace, then drew her towards the fire, and gazed, as if he still doubted his own senses, at her face so rapidly changing. He kissed her forehead, lips, hands, in a state of delirium. She had too much sensibility herself to expect him to be calm at such a moment, but her eyes wandered around for her dressing robe, which lay on a chair. He enveloped her with it, without either having spoken, piled the fire with dry faggots from the panier, sat down, and placing her on his knee, folded his arms once more around her form."

"Indeed, it was more than human nature was capable of, to restrain at such a moment, the expression of feelings which their mutual reverence but rendered more deep. We may take it for a scene of passion as pure as natural. And as her lover calmed, Alice, in her turn, permitted herself to press her lips again and again to his burning forehead, and then she would lay her head fondly on his shoulder and slightly sob."
Vol. 2, *p.* 192.

The interview lasts some time. It ends in Clifford's expressing his determination to marry her in the morning, and refusing in the mean season to trust her out of his sight. Next morning he is delirious from the effects of the malarious fever, contracted by sleeping out the night before in the open air. Of course Alice determines not to leave him. All is discovered. Lord Stratherne calls out Wessex. The Baron acts as Wessex's second. Stratherne shoots Wessex, of course; but Wessex shoots the Baron—killing him on the spot, (vol. 2, p. 203.) Clifford is pronounced dying, and has an English clergyman to confess him, and give him the Sacrament. He then tells Alice of certain herbs, to be found only on the Roman Campagna, which he directs to be gathered and administered to him. This she does—and of course, in spite of the doctors and the fever, he recovers; and we come to the last scene of all in this strange eventful history—the marriage. This is done in true Anglo-Catholic style by the Rev. and Hon. Herbert Courtenay.

"The ceremony, in short, was such as has not been witnessed in England since the early and unspotted period of the sixth Edward, which exhibited the purified Church of England as she was in the beauty and love of her espousals, before an adulterous tampering with the foreign reformation had led her to prevaricate in her fidelity to her Eternal Bridegroom."—*Vol.* 2, p. 215.

We are then entertained with an elaborate description of "a room in which Clifford at one time found himself," and of what occurred there. Of these mysteries, not being members of the clerical profession, we know nothing, and must therefore content ourselves with an extract, concerning the merits of which, having more than once visited an upholsterer's shop, we may be permitted to say that we know something.

"But the chief object in the soft light and stillness of that bridal chamber is the ivory couch, classically formed, profusely carved, and half enveloped in clouds of lace. On the counterpane of the bed—white satin brilliantly embroidered in gold and colors, the work of Clarinelle St. Liz—reposes the same memento. (a crucifix,) of the Divine Sufferings that have purchased and sanctified all human bliss, which formerly protected the bed of the lonely Fitzalan."

As also incidental to the better understanding of the "moral" of this story, we may as well mention, that Lord Wessex, at the time of his engagement to Grace, was engaged also in a *liaison* with Isabel, the early friend of Louise de Belmont, now the wife of Lord Devereux—a species of domestic arrangement which passes without rebuke on the part of our "moral" and Reverend author, who however excuses it on the ground that Devereux has first "deserted" her, (vol. 2, p. 62.)

We have thus endeavored to give a faithful outline of this story, which is written to illustrate the propriety of departing from the realities of life "to obtain the permanence and beauty of the ideal," and to teach "a moral not readily comprehended by ordinary minds." The book naturally presents itself in three aspects: as a theological work, or exposition of the views held by one extreme section of the High Church Episcopalians; as a moral tale, in which "the beauty of the soul of the heroine is made to shine forth" with more than ordinary splendor; and as a work of art, which abandons the realities of life to develop by a reproduction of the author's mind, something superior to any representation, however accurate, of human nature as it is really exhibited by the discipline of actual existence.

Of the book in its theological aspect, we have nothing to say. As men and as Christians, we might perhaps pause before we rashly condemned the Church of Rome,—to whose care we are indebted under God for the preservation of the Bible through so many centuries of mental darkness and heathen persecution, and so much learned and pious exegesis of the sacred writings,—because that Church holds itself entitled to administer its rites and consolations to its children, no matter where sojourning. As men and Christians, we might too, perhaps, be cautious how we adjudged the Protestant sects,—who have so manfully fought the battle of religious belief founded on reason rather than authority,—to be beyond the covenanted mercies of God, even though their ministers do not officiate by

virtue of the Apostolic descent. And as men and Christians, we might possibly be disposed to extend the mantle of charity over our Low Church brethren, who being within the fold of the true branch of the Catholic Church and receiving its sacraments at the hands of regularly ordained ministers, are nevertheless unenlightened as to the right meaning of some of the Rubrics, and are still walking in darkness as to the merits of Tract number Ninety. But we are neither men nor Christians. We are only ultra High Church Episcopalians. As *such* we know our duty. Like our author, we condemn the Romanists because of their unsoundness on the question of Episcopal jurisdiction: we condemn the sectarians, because they have not the Apostolical succession; and as for Low Churchmen, wolves in sheep's clothing, scoffers at the Oxford Tracts, let them be Anathema Maranatha. Romanists, Sectarians, Low Churchmen—we damn them all alike with equal unction and expedition.—*Fiat justitia!*

As a moral tale, we confess that we are disposed to use no ordinary language in speaking of this book, coming as it does from the pen of one who is professedly engaged in teaching the religion of our Blessed Lord. As the work of a *clergyman*, it may and will penetrate into houses where it would not otherwise have gone, and be perused by those to whom such scenes of vice are strange. When Ernest Maltravers and Alice or the Mysteries were given to the public, men condemned them because of the probable pernicious effects of a tale, in which a deviation from the paths of virtue was rewarded by marriage and honorable position. Here the same thing occurs to Louise de Belmont. In Bulwer's novel, the unfortunate Alice was an orphan, a mere child, without education and writhing beneath the tyranny of a father, who, if we remember rightly, perishes by the hands of the law. The name of the Creator, except as an imprecation, is unknown to her. As such she sins. But her sin brings with it the means of education. Her mind is unfolded; she learns to know the truth; and with that knowledge comes regret, remorse, and years of penitence and expiation. Then purified by suffering and prayer, she meets again the man of her early love, and he, so far as he can, repairs the wrong which he had done. But Lady Beauchamp's case is wholly different. She is wealthy and highly educated. Augustus is represented as being mentally unconscious, when she seeks his couch. She then deceives her father, and Lord Beauchamp—suffers her child,—but we will not dwell further upon the details of this disgusting, and thanks to nature, impossible story. Again, Lord Wessex engages himself to Grace Clifford at the same time that he is living in adultery with Lady Devereux. Again, for a woman "to wear the garb of the other sex" is a misdemeanor in law, punishable by imprisonment in this happy land of liberty, where it is regarded by our wise men as an offence against morals and decency; yet the beatific Lady Alice sports trowsers with "an ample tube" for two years; and all for the sake of testifying her devotion to the true doctrine of Anglo-Catholic jurisdiction. Again, Lady Alice, who takes too much wine at the dinner table of a hotel, perches herself in her night-clothes on her lover's knees and spends much time in kissing his burning forehead, and indulging in other tender endearments—the scene of action being her own bed-room—her only protection being a crucifix lying on her bed; and we are told it is an exhibition of "passion as pure as natural." The naturalness of it, we do not question, but of its purity, *credat Judæus*. It is unnecessary however to comment further upon the moral tendency of this story. To every pure-minded woman, to every right-thinking man, to every father, husband, brother, it must seem as though the Reverend Author, "being thereunto instigated by the Devil," (to use the language of criminal indictments,) had deliberately taxed both his memory and his imagination, to produce a work which should be as licentious in its details as it is infamous in its general principles. To compare such a book with the productions of Eugene Sue is to do the Frenchman great injustice. He wrote the Mysteries of Paris for the purpose of exposing the atrocities practised under legal pretences against the poor; and he succeeded in attracting general attention to the character of the criminal code. He wrote the Wandering Jew to exhibit the iniquities of the Jesuits; with how much effect, let the newspapers answer. But this book, to all appearance, is written merely to show that adultery and seduction may be practised with impunity—nay, that they tend to develop the beauty of one's soul, provided one keeps a crucifix on one's bed, and recites the Compline Psalms of an evening. Against such uses of the symbol of salvation and of the Holy Scriptures, all honest Catholics and Protestants will alike protest.

Last of all, we must look at the book in an artistic point of view, as an illustration of the theory that it is necessary to "depart from reality to gain the permanence and beauty of the ideal." As to this, we presume that no one, however infatuated with the theory itself, will ever cite this novel as an instance of its correctness. But for ourselves, we, in part, attribute this failure of the author (in a mere literary sense) to the theory which he has adopted. It is not that upon which the great masters of art have wrought out those immortal works which

have been and ever will be the delight and admiration of mankind. To the earnest, sorrowful Dante, Poetry was that

> divine philosophy
> Musical as is Apollo's lute,

which every where to the attentive ear discourses of Nature and the Divine intelligence*:—with the ardent, creative Schiller, "true art is not satisfied with a show of Truth. It rears its edifice on Truth itself, on the solid and deep foundations of Nature†"—whilst the serene and thoughtful Goethe has thus recorded his ideas of art in "the golden cadences of poesy":—

> As all Nature's thousand changes
> But one changeless God proclaim,
> So through Art's wide kingdom ranges
> One sole meaning still the same.
> This is Truth, eternal Reason,
> Which from Beauty takes its dress,
> And serene through time and season,
> Stands for aye in loveliness.‡

To mention Homer and Shakspeare, is to call to mind developments of man and man's character, which, in their depth, assume at times the appearance of revelation. And yet the wondrous book of man's nature is but partially unfolded by them. What need to go beyond it? Why not pore over its pages? Is there not enough of tenderness, of excitement, of novelty, of tragedy to be found there? Now grave, now gay; thoughtful and trifling; sublime and sensual; passionately struggling with life; sadly wrestling with doubt; thirsting for knowledge as for hid treasures, yet thereby only increasing sorrow; vainly endeavoring to elucidate the eternal problem of his intellectual existence, the solution ever escaping him just as he seems about to grasp it; dimly realizing the complicated relations of his social existence, the mysterious action of mind upon mind; with passions, desires, and feelings that put him on a level with the beasts that perish; with hopes, fears and aspirations that render him but a little lower than angels; the mysterious link between the spiritual intelligences which minister round the throne of the Most High, and the creatures which are of the earth, earthy: such are some of the traits of human nature, and are there not materials enough here upon which to exercise the plastic hand of Art?

We will, however, dismiss this book by saying, that as a theological exposition, it is a slanderous caricature of Catholic christianity: as a moral treatise, it is licentious and corrupting in the extreme: as a work of art, professedly upholding a theory, it is a wretched failure. The Reverend Author and his friends will doubtless meet these censures by the assertion that the work has created a sensation and procured notoriety for its Author. We can only answer, that the same thing may be said of Judas Iscariot and a host of kindred spirits and their works.

Lee Town, Va., July, 1849.

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* Filosofia, mi disse, a chi l'attende,
Nota non pure in una sola parte,
Come Natura lo suo corso prende
Dal Divino Intelletto.
Inferno, Canto xi. 97–100.

† Remarks on the use of Chorus in Tragedy.

‡ Carlyle's Translation of Wilhelm Meister.

BOYHOOD.

"Thou hast my better years—
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind."
Bryant.

"It was but childish ignorance,
Though now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy."—*Thomas Hood.*

The bright, bright hours of boyhood!—
Of t'mes their memories rise
Like clouds of a golden and purple hue,
Over Fancy's radiant skies.
The bounding pulse, and the joyous heart,
The life untouched by pain,
And the whispered tones of a glorious Hope,
All rush to mind again.

The Past! in its fairy realms I live,
Its garden is filled with flowers,
And my spirit inhaleth the incense sweet
That ascends from its roseate bowers.
As the wanderer lone on the desert sands,
Looks back to his home with tears,
So the wanderer lone on the sands of life,
Hails the light of his early years.

I remember my bosom's first warm thrill,
As a beautiful form passed by—
The glossy folds of the waving hair,
And the light of the beaming eye,—
And I deemed that woman's sweet, fair face,
In its holy thought did seem
Like the angel-features that on me shone,
Each night, in my boyhood's dream.

I remember *her* whose slightest tone,
Bore with it a magic power,
Whose warm glance beamed on my folded heart,
Like the sun on his favorite flower—
Till the passionate thoughts that slumbered there,
In a still sleep, deep and long,
Burst forth, like waves from a woodland shade,
To beauty and light and song.

I remember the smile of one who loved,
Her thoughtless and wayward boy,
With a love that mocked all chance or change,
And which Death could not destroy.

She blessed me then with a fervent prayer,
As her cold lips pressed my brow—
Weary seasons have vanished since—
I can feel that wild kiss now.

I remember my boyhood's early friend—
Our pledges of earnest faith—
A faith, whose spotless and golden link,
Should be bright and true till death—
Alas! alas! we are distant now,
Those pledges are little worth—
I have mourned the wrecks of my fondest hopes,
I am almost alone on earth.

I remember my boyhood's visioned gleams
Of a distant and sinless clime,
Where the panting soul of an untold bliss,
Sighed not at the knell of Time.
Where the seraph-minstrels that wandered by,
Bore lyres of such sweet tone,
That the dreamer knew their chords were wooed
By the airs of Heaven alone.

I remember my boyhood's guileless thoughts.
To the heart's still depths they gave,
A purity soft as the light of stars
On a tranquil fountain's wave;
Purity! clouds of sin and shame
Have overshadowed its image bright,
But the sun will burst through this darkness yet—
It cannot be always night.

P. H. H.

THE TABLET OF THE THEBAN CEBES.

Translated from the Greek.

BY REV. J. JONES SMYTH, A. M.

[Cebes was—as the title indicates—a native of Thebes. He was a disciple of Socrates. Xenophon in the 'Memorabilia,' B. 1, ch 2, sec. 48, makes honorable mention of him, as being one of those distinguished men who by their virtuous lives and patriotic conduct showed what was the real nature and true tendency of the instruction which the great Philosopher imparted. Plato has made him one of the interlocutors in his Phædon.

This is the only production of Cebes which has come down to us. He is said to have written two other dialogues.

The edition from the following translation is made is the small Leipzig one of Tauchnitz, 1829.

The translator has aimed at giving a version as nearly literal as the idioms of the two languages will admit. None except those who have made the trial, can form any adequate notion of the difficulty of rendering the condensed power of Greek particles and the nice and philosophical shades of meaning of Greek compounds into tolerable English without obscuring or greatly weakening the beauty and vigor of the original. Why is not this chaste and beautiful little work made to form a part of our School or even College courses? Its brevity, plain and simple style and elevated moral tone all recommend it.]

THE INTERLOCUTORS: A STRANGER AND AN OLD MAN.

1. We happened to be walking in the place sacred to Chronus, in which we saw a great variety of votive offerings. But in front of the temple a certain tablet had been presented, on which was some strange painting, containing some peculiar mysteries, which we were unable to comprehend, or find out what they could mean. The painting did not appear to us to be either a city or a camp; but there was a circle enclosing two other circles, a greater and a less. There was a gate to the first circle, close to which a large crowd appeared to be standing; within the circle a multitude of women was visible; and beside the entrance to the outer gate and circle an old man was standing, who by his gestures seemed to be enjoining something upon those that were entering.

2. After we had for a long time perplexed ourselves about the interpretation of this myth, a venerable old man standing at our side, said: "Strangers! The difficulty which you now experience about this painting is nothing unusual, for very few of the inhabitants of the place are at all acquainted with its allegorical interpretation. Indeed the offering itself was not made by a citizen of the place; but a stranger who came here a long time since,—a man of great intelligence and remarkable for his wisdom, and who both by precept and example manifested an ardent love for a kind of Pythagorean and Parmenidean mode of living, consecrated this place, and presented this painting to Chronus."

Stranger. "Did you ever see or get acquainted with this man?"

Old Man. "Yes. Being a youth at the time, I was in the habit of gazing at him long with admiration, for he used to discourse on a great variety of subjects with earnestness and power; and of this allegorical painting I have frequently heard him give a full explanation."

3. *Stranger.* "Then, I beseech you, if some business of importance does not happen to prevent, to explain it to us, for we have been very anxious to learn what in the world it means."

Old Man. "With great pleasure, strangers, However it is proper that I should first tell you that the explanation involves some risk."

Stranger. "Of what nature?"

Old Man. "If you attend to and understand what I am about to tell you, ye shall be both wise and happy; but if you do not, then becoming foolish, unfortunate, morose and ignorant, a life of misery awaits you. This interpretation resembles the enigma of the Sphinx, which she was wont to propose to men, for whoever was able to solve it was saved, but he who could not was destroyed by the Sphinx. So is it with the interpretation of this painting; for Folly is a Sphinx to mankind. She proposes as enigmas such questions as these, What is good, what bad,

and what neither good nor bad in life? Now he that does not understand these is destroyed by her, not indeed all at once, as he perished who was devoured by the Sphinx, but like the man in the hands of the torturer, he wastes away gradually during the whole of life: but on the other hand, whoever does understand these things is saved and 'Folly' perishes, while he becomes happy and blessed all his lifetime. Therefore I beg you to listen and take heed."

4. *Stranger.* "Truly, you have excited our curiosity very much, if such be the case."

Old Man. "Such, indeed, is the case."

Stranger. "You need not on this account defer the explanation, as we shall attend with all diligence, seeing that the consequences are so great."

The old man thereupon picked up a rod, and pointing it towards the picture, said; "Do you see this circle?"

Stranger. "Yes."

Old Man. "You must first know that this place is called 'Life.' That large crowd standing near the gateway are they who are about to enter upon life. The old man, whom you see standing above, with a map in one hand, and pointing apparently at something with the other, is called the 'Tutelary Deity' or 'Genius,' (Dæmon.) He is giving directions to those that are entering as to what they must do when they commence life, and pointing out to them the path in which they must walk if they would be safe in life."

5. *Stranger.* "What is the way in which he bids them walk, or how are they to act?"

Old Man. "Do you see close to the gate, a seat placed at the spot where the crowd is entering; upon it is seated a woman of studied elegance of demeanor, and fascinating appearance, with a cup in her hand?"

Stranger. "I see her. Who is she?"

Old Man. "Her name is 'Deceit,' for she misleads all men."

Stranger. "How? What does she do?"

Old Man. "She drugs with her influence all who enter life."

Stranger. "What does she make them drink?"

Old Man. "'Error' and 'Ignorance.'"

Stranger. "What then?"

Old Man. "As soon as they imbibe these, they enter life."

Stranger. "Do all drink this 'Error?'"

Old Man. "All: some, however, take larger, and some smaller draughts. Again, do you see within the gate a number of women; they are associates, but differ in their forms and appearance?"

Stranger. "I observe them."

Old Man. "These are called 'Sentiments' or 'Opinions,' 'Desires' and 'Pleasures.' As soon as the crowd enters, these women seize upon and embrace every individual, and then lead them off."

Stranger. "Where do they take them?"

Old Man. "Some to safety, and others to ruin, through the agency of 'Deceit.'"

Stranger. "Alas! what a pernicious draught that was which you mentioned!"

Old Man. "And yet these all profess to be guides to the highest good,—to happiness and prosperity. But they who through ignorance and error have tasted of the cup of 'Deceit,' can never find what the true path in life is, but wander about at random; just as you see how those who have entered before these, are roaming about wherever chance may take them."

7. *Stranger.* "I see them. Who is that woman standing upon a round stone; she seems to be both blind and crazy?"

Old Man. "Her name is 'Fortune.' She is not only blind and crazy, but deaf also."

Stranger. "What does she do?"

Old Man. "Go about in all directions, take from some all that they possess and give it to others; she then straightway deprives the latter of the gifts which she had just presented to them, and distributes them to others without any judgment or stability of purpose. Her natural disposition is therefore admirably pourtrayed in the manner of her representation."

Stranger. "What manner?"

Old Man. "As standing upon a round stone."

Stranger. "What does that represent?"

Old Man. "That there is neither safety nor stability in her gifts. For great and terrible disasters befal those who put any confidence in her."

8. *Stranger.* "What does that great throng of people that surround her want? and what are their names?"

Old Man. "They are called 'The Thoughtless;' and each of them is begging for the things which she is scattering about."

Stranger. "Why then this difference in their appearance, some seem to be filled with joy, while others, all despondent, stand wringing their hands?"

Old Man. "Those who appear rejoicing and laughing are they who have received some favor from 'Fortune:' by them she is called 'Good Fortune.' Those who are represented as weeping and wringing their hands are they from whom she has taken the gifts previously bestowed: these, on the contrary, call her 'Bad Fortune.'"

Stranger. "What are these gifts that cause so much joy in those who receive them, and so much grief in those who do not?"

Old Man. "Such as many men consider to be blessings."

Stranger. "Pray, what are they?"

Old Man. "Wealth evidently, and fame, rank, children, power and sovereignty, and such like."

Stranger. "And are these not blessings?"

Old Man. "We will investigate that by and bye. Let us now go on with the explanation of the picture."

Stranger. "Very well, be it so."

9. *Old Man.* "When you have passed this gate, do you see another circle farther up, and outside of it some women standing, gaudily arrayed, like women of pleasure?"

Stranger. "Yes."

Old Man. "These are called 'Intemperance,' 'Profligacy,' 'Covetousness' and 'Flattery.'"

Stranger. "Why are they standing there?"

Old Man. "Watching for those who get any thing from 'Fortune.'"

Stranger. "What then do they do?"

Old Man. "They rush up to and embrace them, ply them with flattery and importune them to stay with them, saying that they will lead a pleasant and easy life, free from toil and hardship. But if any one is prevailed upon by them to enter upon a life of voluptuousness, he finds it to be pleasant and agreeable for a time, until the excitement wears off, and no longer. When sober reason revives, he then finds that he was not using and enjoying pleasure, but that she was devouring and wantonly ruining him. And just as soon as he has squandered all that he got from 'Fortune,' he is forced to become a slave to these women, to bear every insult with patience, to submit to vice and degradation, and for their sakes to perpetrate any villainy, as theft, sacrilege, perjury, treachery, robbery, &c. And when all is done, they then hand their victims over to 'Punishment.'"

10. *Stranger.* "What kind of person is she?"

Old Man. "Do you see a little behind the other women a small door-way and a narrow dark spot, where some miserable, filthy, ragged looking women appear to be congregated?"

Stranger. "Yes, distinctly."

Old Man. "Of these, the one with the whip in her hand is called 'Punishment;' the one with her head sunk on her lap, is 'Grief;'" and the one tearing her hair is 'Anguish.'"

Stranger. "And who is that ill-looking, lean, naked man standing near them, and at his side a miserable meagre woman that resembles him?"

Old Man. "His name is 'Lamentation,' and the woman, who is his sister, is called 'Despair.' The man is handed over to these, and lives with them in a state of torment. He is next hurried off to the abode of 'Wretchedness,' there he lingers out the remainder of his life in all kinds of misery, unless 'Repentance' should kindly put herself in his way."

11. *Stranger.* "What would be the result if 'Repentance' should meet him?"

Old Man. "She rescues him from his miseries, and places at his side another 'Opinion' and another 'Desire.' The one leading him to 'True Science,' and the other, at the same time, inviting him to 'False Science.'"

Stranger. "Then what takes place?"

Old Man. "If he should attach himself to this 'Opinion,' she will bring him to 'True Science;' having been purified by her, he is saved, and becomes happy and prosperous in life. But if he reject her, he is again involved in all the mazes of 'False Sentiments.'"

12. *Stranger.* "Alas! what a great risk has to be run the second time! But this 'False Science,' what of her?"

Old Man. "Do you see that second circle?"

Stranger. "Very distinctly."

Old Man. "And on the outside of it, near its entrance, a woman is standing, who appears to be very neat and elegant?"

Stranger. "Yes."

Old Man. "The thoughtless and unreflecting mass of men call her Science. But she is False Science. Now, even those who are preserved, when they would go on to 'True Science,' call here first."

Stranger. "Why, is there no other road by which they could reach the True?"

Old Man. "There is."

13. *Stranger.* "Who are those men that are walking about within the circle?"

Old Man. "The lovers of 'False Science,' who, being deceived, fancy they are associating with the True."

Stranger. "What are they called?"

Old Man. "Poets, Rhetoricians, Dialecticians, Arithmeticians, Geometricians, Astrologers, Voluptuaries, Peripatetics, Critics, and such like."

14. *Stranger.* "Who are these women that seem to be running about, they resemble those in the first circle, among whom you said were 'Intemperance' and her associates?"

Old Man. "They are the same."

Stranger. "What! are they admitted here also?"

Old Man. "Yes, indeed, even here, but rarely, not as they are into the first circle."

Stranger. "And are the 'Opinions' also admitted?"

Old Man. "Yes, for the draught which 'Deceit' administered still remains in them, so also do 'Ignorance' and her associate 'Folly.' Indeed, neither the 'Opinion' nor her train of evils

can be got rid of, until men, renouncing 'False Science,' get into the true path, and drink that potent medicine which will purge away the noxious train. When they have cleared away and expelled their previous ills,—Opinions, Ignorance, and all the rest,—then they will be safe. But if they remain with 'False Science,' not a single evil will be got rid of, for all their learning."

15. *Stranger.* "What is this path which leads to 'True Science.'"

Old Man. "Do you see up there, that place, which is quite vacant—it looks like a wilderness?"

Stranger. "Yes."

Old Man. "And do you also see a little wicket, and in front of it a path, not much frequented, for very few walk there, as it looks to be steep, rough and stony."

Stranger. "Very clearly."

Old Man. "And what seems to be a lofty eminence, the ascent to which is very narrow, and surrounded on all sides with deep precipices?"

Stranger. "Yes."

Old Man. "Then that is the way to 'True Science."

Stranger. "It is fearful even to look at!"

Old Man. "Again, do you see high up on the eminence a large, lofty rock, rough and steep all round?"

Stranger. "I see it."

16. *Old Man.* "Do you see two women standing upon the rock, graceful and elegant in person, and earnestly stretching forth their hands?"

Stranger. "I see them. What are their names?"

Old Man. "One is called 'Firmness' and the other 'Perseverance.' They are sisters."

Stranger. "Why do they stretch forth their hands so earnestly?"

Old Man. "To encourage those who have arrived at the place to keep up their spirit and not be dismayed, telling them that they have only to persevere a little while longer, and they will soon come to a pleasant path."

Stranger. "And after they have come to the rock, how do they ascend, for I see no way that leads up to it?"

Old Man. "The women come down and draw them up, and tell them to rest awhile. After a little they impart to them 'Vigour' and 'Confidence,' and promise to bring them to 'True Science.' They then show them the road, how beautiful and level and easy it is, and free from every thing that would injure them, as you perceive."

Stranger. "Yes; it is perfectly evident."

17. *Old Man.* "Do you see, just before that grove, a place which looks very beautiful, meadow-like, and radiant with a flow of light?"

Stranger. "Distinctly."

Old Man. "And do you observe in the middle of the meadow another circle and another gateway?"

Stranger. "Yes. What is the name of this place?"

Old Man. "The home of the 'Blessed.' There dwell 'Happiness' and all the 'Virtues.'"

Stranger. "Proceed. What a lovely spot it is!"

18. *Old Man.* "Do you see near the portal a very handsome lady, of a grave and dignified appearance, she is already past the meridian of life, dressed in a plain but elegant robe? She is not standing on a round stone, but on a square one, firmly fixed in the ground. At her side are two other ladies, who appear to be her daughters."

Stranger. "They are all very distinct."

Old Man. "The one in the middle is 'Science, the others are 'Truth' and 'Persuasion.'"

Stranger. "Why does she stand upon a square stone?"

Old Man. "As a sign to those that are approaching of the safety and firmness of the road, and an emblem of the stability of the gifts which are conferred there."

Stranger. "What does she bestow?"

Old Man. "'Confidence,' and 'Fearlessness.'"

Stranger. "Whence do they arise?"

Old Man. "From the assurance of not having to endure any great evil in life."

19. *Stranger.* "Oh, what lovely gifts! But why does she stand on the outside of the circle?"

Old Man. "That she may kindly receive those that come, and administer to them her purifying medicine. Afterwards, as soon as they are thoroughly cleansed, she introduces them to the virtues within."

Stranger. "How so. I do not exactly comprehend you."

Old Man. "You will easily do so; for instance, if a man happened to be seriously indisposed, and calling in a physician, he would remove the cause of the disease by cathartics, so that he might restore him to convalescence and health; but if he refuse to conform to the course prescribed, then the physician very justly giving him up, he is carried off by the disease."

Stranger. "I understand that."

Old Man. "In like manner, when any one comes to 'Science,' she receives him very kindly, and administers her medicine, for the purpose of

purging away and carrying off all the noxious qualities which adhered to him at his arrival."

Stranger. "Pray, what are these?"

Old Man. "The 'Ignorance' and 'Error,' which he imbibed from 'Deceit;' also 'Arrogance,' 'Lust,' 'Intemperance,' 'Anger,' 'Avarice,' &c., with which he was filled in the first circle."

20. *Stranger.* "When purified, where does she send him?"

Old Man. "Within, to 'Knowledge' and the other 'Virtues.'"

Stranger. "What virtues?"

Old Man. "Do you not see within the entrance a company of women, who seem to be handsome and elegant in appearance; they are also dressed with plainness and simplicity, and are totally free from that affectation and vanity which characterized the other women we saw?"

Stranger. "I see them. What are their names?"

Old Man. "The first is called 'Knowledge,' and the others—who are her sisters—are named 'Fortitude,' 'Justice,' 'Integrity,' 'Temperance,' 'Decency,' 'Liberty,' 'Self-control,' and 'Meekness.'"

Stranger. "Oh, most lovely society! How I hope and desire to join you!'

Old Man. "If you understand and habitually practise what you hear, you may."

Stranger. "We will assuredly do all in our power."

Old Man. "Then you will be kept safe."

21. *Stranger.* "When these women get him, where do they take him to?"

Old Man. "To their mother."

Stranger. "Who is she?"

Old Man. "Happiness."

Stranger. "Tell us about her."

Old Man. "Do you see the path which leads to that high hill—the acropolis of all the circles?"

Stranger. "I see it."

Old Man. Again, do you observe a certain dignified and graceful lady at the main entrance, seated on an elevated throne, richly but not gaudily dressed; with her head encircled by a chaplet of fresh, rare and beautiful flowers?

Stranger. "Very distinctly."

Old Man. "That is 'Happiness.'"

22. *Stranger.* "When the individual has come to her, what does she do?"

Old Man. "She, with the assistance of all the virtues, crowns him as if he had been victorious in some hard-fought contests."

Stranger. "What foes has he subdued?"

Old Man. "The fiercest, even those terrible monsters which ere while sought to destroy and torture and enslave him; yea, he has gained such a mastery over himself, that these are now his slaves, as he once was theirs."

23. *Stranger.* "What are these monsters you talk of? I am anxious to know."

Old Man. "First, there are 'Ignorance' and 'Error;' do you not consider them to be monsters?"

Stranger. "Yes, and pernicious ones too."

Old Man. Then there are 'Sorrow' and 'Anguish;' 'Arrogance,' 'Avarice' 'Intemperance,' and every other vice. He is now their master, and not they his, as formerly."

Stranger. "O glorious struggle and most glorious victory! But still you have to tell me, what is the influence of that wealth wherewith you said he was crowned?"

Old Man. "A very happy one, my young friend. He that is crowned with that influence, becomes blessed and happy. His hopes of felicity are all in himself and not in others."

24. *Stranger.* "What a splendid victory is this of which you speak! After his coronation, what does he do, or where does he walk?"

Old Man. "The virtues taking him under their guidance, bring him to the place from which he first came. They show him how those who remain there drag out a vicious and miserable existence—how, shipwrecked in life's ocean, they roam about or are led off thoroughly overpowered as if by enemies, some by 'Intemperance,' some by 'Pride,' some by 'Avarice,' others by 'vain-glory,' and others by other vices—how powerless they are to shake off the fetters with which these have bound them, so that they might be saved and come to this place; but on the contrary how their whole life is trouble and vexation. They explain to him how these sufferings have originated in their inability to find the path to 'True Science,' because they had forgotten the directions given by the 'Guardian Genius?'"

25. *Stranger.* "Your reply appears to be very good. But I am unable to see why the 'virtues' should direct his attention to the place which he had before left."

Old Man. "Because he never had a thorough knowledge or accurate perception of what is done there. He had been in a state of doubt and darkness, supposing good to be evil, and evil good, the result of the Ignorance and Error which he had imbibed. He therefore had been leading as wretched a life as the other inhabitants of the place; but now having acquired the knowledge of what is fit and proper, he is enabled to live happily himself and to perceive, the evil course which they pursue."

26. *Stranger.* "After he has seen all this, what still does he do, or where does he go?"

Old Man. "Wherever he pleases; for he is as safe everywhere, as one would be in the

Corycian grotto; and wherever he goes, his life is in all things one of unchanging felicity, for every body is as glad to receive him, as the sick are a physician."

Stranger. "Is he entirely free also from all apprehension of injury from those females whom you called monsters?"

Old Man. "Entirely. He will never more be harassed by 'Pain,' or 'Sorrow,' or 'Intemperance,' or 'Avarice,' or 'Poverty,' or any other evil; for he is now completely master over and superior to all that formerly troubled and vexed him. Like men who are bitten by vipers, and because they possess an antidote, sustain no injury from these reptiles, which inflict even deadly wounds upon others; so because he carries an antidote against them, none of the above evils can trouble him."

27. *Stranger.* "Very well explained. Now tell me, who are those that appear to be coming down from the eminence; some of them having crowns on their heads give every indication of great gladness; and others, without any, looking sorrowful and sad, with their limbs and heads wounded and bruised, are beset by some women?"

Old Man. "The crowned ones are those who have been saved by 'Science,' and are rejoiced at having met her. The others without any crowns, are either those who having been rejected by 'Science,' are returning, wretched and miserable; or those who having lost all courage, and though they had gone as far as 'Perseverance,' yet turned back, and are now wandering about they know not where."

Stranger. "Who are these women that follow them?'

Old Man. "'Sorrow' and 'Anguish,' 'Despair,' 'Ignorance' and 'Infamy.'"

28. *Stranger.* "You tell me that every evil follows them?"

Old Man. "Yes, indeed, and that right closely too. But when these men get the length of 'Voluptuousness' and 'Intemperance,' they attach no blame to themselves, but forthwith commence upbraiding 'Science' and her disciples, saying how wretched, miserable and unhappy they are, because they forsake their course of life, and lead one of hardships, totally destitute of the good things they enjoy."

Stranger. "What do they call good things?"

Old Man. "'Debauchery' and 'Intemperance,'—to group them under two leading terms; for they consider the indulgence and gratification of the appetite and passions to be the chief good—*summa bona.*"

29. *Stranger.* "What do you call those two gay and laughing ladies, who are coming thence?"

Old Man. "'Sentiments.' Having brought to Science those that have been admitted to the virtues, they are returning to escort others, and to tell them how happy those whom they just now introduced have already become."

Stranger. "Are the 'Sentiments' themselves never admitted to the virtues?"

Old Man. "No. Mere opinion is never permitted to arrive at perfect Knowledge. It is her business to hand these people over to Science; and when Science has received them, then the Sentiments return to bring up others; thus they resemble ships, which after their cargo has been discharged, sail back, and are laden with some other commodities."

30. *Stranger.* "Your explanation appears to be a beautiful one. There is still one thing, however, which you have not made clear, viz: what the directions are which the Guardian Genius gives to those who enter life."

Old Man. He tells them to be brave and hopeful. Be you the same, for I will explain all to you without any concealment."

Stranger. "You are very kind."

Old Man. "Do you see that blind looking woman, standing upon the round stone, who I told you before was named 'Fortune?'"

Stranger. "Yes."

31. *Old Man.* "He tells them to place no confidence in her, not to believe that any one can receive from her a permanent gift, or one that he is to consider as permanent, or to look upon as his own; for there is nothing to hinder her from taking it away, and giving it to others, as she is often in the habit of doing. For this reason he bids them to be perfectly unmoved as it regards her gifts, neither to rejoice when she gives, nor repine when she takes away; neither to slight or to over-value her: because she never acts from judgment or reflection, but by random and by chance as I told you before. On this account the 'Genius' tells them not to be astonished at any thing she may happen to do, and not to resemble those dishonest bankers, who when they receive money on deposit from the people, are filled with joy, and look upon it as their own. They become indignant when the money is redemanded, and think themselves very badly treated, never reflecting that they received the deposit on condition of paying it back when demanded by the person who had made it. The 'Genius' tells them to regard 'Fortune's gifts in the same light, and remember it is her very nature to take back what she once gave, then immediately to bestow larger and richer gifts, and finally to sweep off all—not only these, but all previous ones. Hence, he bids them to take what she may give, and with them in their possession to betake themselves speedily to the firm and solid gift."

Stranger. "What is that gift?"

Old Man. "The one which they shall receive from 'Science,' if they can reach her in safety."

Stranger. "What is it?"

Old Man. "The true knowledge of every thing fit and proper, which is a safe, sure, and unchangeable gift. To this, he tells them to fly quickly. And when they come to those women, who I told you before were called 'Intemperance' and 'Voluptuousness,' he bids them hurry past them, and place no confidence in them, but to proceed until they come to 'False Science,' and to tarry awhile with her, and get from her what they may want to assist them on their journey, and then to go on by the shortest route to 'True Science.' Such are the directions which the 'Guardian Genius' gives. And whatever unfortunate creature transgresses or disobeys them, perishes miserably. (33.) Such is the interpretation of the myth contained in this painting. If you wish to enquire more particularly about any portion of it, do not hesitate to do so, for I will gladly explain it to you."

Stranger. "You are very kind. Pray, what does the 'Genius' tell to them get from 'False Science?"

Old Man. "Any thing that may be useful."

Stranger. "What has she that would be useful."

Old Man. "The Rudiments of learning, and as much of other branches of knowledge as may serve—to use the language of Plato—as a bridle for youth, to keep them from being drawn off to other matters."

Stranger. "Is it necessary for all who would reach 'True Science' to acquire these?"

Old Man. "Not absolutely necessary, by any means, but highly advantageous. For these things do not contribute anything to their becoming better men."

Stranger. "Do you say they contribute nothing towards making them better men?"

Old Man. "Not a whit. They can become better without them; still they are not useless. Thus, for example, although we can, by means of an interpreter, understand any thing that is said, yet it would he better, if when a conference should take place we ourselves had a tolerably accurate knowledge of the language used. So there is nothiug to prevent a man from becoming better without the aid of these branches of learning."

34. *Stranger.* "Do those learned men, therefore, possess no advantage over others in the way of moral improvement?"

Old Man. "How can they, when it is evident that they are as much deceived as others about 'Good' and 'Evil,' and are still the slaves of all manner of vice? Indeed the knowledge of language, and the mastery of all Science and Philosophy cannot prevent a man from being a 'Drunkard,' and a 'Debauchee,' or keep him from avarice, injustice, treachery, or any act of a disordered mind."

Stranger. "'Tis true, we see many such cases."

Old Man. "What superior advantages therefore has education been to them, in the way of making them better men?"

35. *Stranger.* "Evidently none, on your premises. But why do they spend any time in the second circle, just as they are drawing near to 'True Science?"

Old Man. "And what good does their delay do them? when we can frequently see people who pass these learned men and proceed at once from 'Intemperance' and the other vice we mentioned, in the first circle to the third circle to 'True Science.' Have they, then, any superior advantages? Nay, they become either more obstinate or more unteachable."

Stranger. "Pray, How?"

Old Man. "Because if nothing else, these second circle men pretend to know that of which they are profoundly ignorant. Now as long as this is the case, they must necessarily be incapable of being roused to the pursuit of True Science. Then, there is another thing, do you not see that the 'Opinions' of the first circle accompany them as well as the others? Thus they are in no respect better than they, unless 'Repentance' should come to them and convince them that they are not with 'True,' but 'False Science,' by whom they have been deceived; and that living in this manner, they never can be safe. And it behooves you, strangers, to dwell upon and practice what you have been told until these lessons become familiar and habitual to you; to this end you must frequently and unceasingly think upon them, considering all else as of secondary importance: but if you do not act thus, all you have now heard will be utterly worthless."

36. *Stranger.* "We will do so. But explain to us how it is that the things which men receive from Fortune are not blessings; such for instance as life, health, riches, fame, children, success, and the like? or on the contrary, how their opposites are not evils? For your language does appear to us to be paradoxical and improbable."

Old Man. "Well then, will you try to give me your opinion on the questions which I am about to ask?"

Stranger. "Certainly I will."

Old Man. "If a man is leading a life of wretchedness and misery, is existence a blessing to him?"

Stranger. "I think not, but rather a curse."

Old Man. "How then can life be a blessing in the abstract, if in this case it is a curse?"

Stranger. "It is a curse to those who live badly; but a blessing to those who live well."

Old Man. "Do you tell me, then, that life is both a blessing and a curse?"

Stranger. "I do."

37. *Old Man.* "Do not make such incredible statements; for it is impossible that the same thing can be both bad and good. Thus, a thing might be both profitable and injurious, right to be chosen and proper to be shunned at the same time."

Stranger. "That is impossible. Yet, if a life of misery is an evil thing to him who leads it, how is it that existence is not a curse?"

Old Man. "Is it not obvious that *to live* and to *live miserably* are not synonymous?"

Stranger. "Yes, that is evident."

Old Man. "A life of misery therefore is an evil, but life itself is not. Because if it were, then evil has befallen those who live well and happily, inasmuch as life, which according to your statement, is an evil, belongs to them."

Stranger. "Your argument seems to be a very good one."

38. *Old Man.* "As therefore existence is the portion both of those who live well and of those who live badly, it cannot be said to be either a blessing or a curse; for as the application of the knife or the cautery to the diseased is neither healthy nor unhealthy, so is it regarding life."

Stranger. "I grant that."

Old Man. "Then think; whether would you rather live wretchedly or die honorably and bravely?"

Stranger. "Die honorably by all means."

Old Man. Therefore neither is death an evil, since it is often preferred to life."

Stranger. "I grant that."

Old Man. "The same mode of reasoning holds good regarding sickness and health; for it is frequently better not to be well, but the opposite, according to circumstances."

Stranger. "Your reasoning is good."

39. *Old Man.* Let us go on now and examine the subject of wealth. It is easy to see—for the instances are numerous—a man in the possession of riches, living in misery and affliction."

Stranger. "Yes, truly many a one."

Old Man. "Then wealth contributes nothing to a good and happy life?"

Stranger. "So it appears; for these men are worthless."

Old Man. "It is not money, therefore, that makes a man good, but Learning or Science."

"*Stranger.* "Yes, according to your reasoning."

Old Man. "Wherein does the good of wealth consist, if it does not assist its possessor to become a better man?"

Stranger. "I don't know."

Old Man. "So then it would better for some men not to be rich, since they do not know how to use their wealth."

Stranger. "That is my opinion."

Old Man. "How therefore can any one come to the conclusion that the very thing which it is frequently better not to possess, is a blessing?"

Stranger. "They are wrong altogether."

Old Man. "If therefore a man has knowledge enough to enable him to make a proper and prudent use of money, he can live well; but without this, he will live badly."

Stranger. "Your whole reasoning seems to be very true."

40. *Old Man.* "In short, the honoring of these things as blessings, or the despising and degrading of them as evils, is the cause of trouble and injury to men; when they are honored, and thought to be happy solely on their account, they, as a matter of course, do anything, even the most unrighteous act, for the sake of obtaining them. All this results from their ignorance of what is good, for they do not know that good never proceeds from evil: but it is easy to see many men who have acquired their wealth by vicious and disgraceful acts, such as treachery, robbery, murder, slander, fraud, and other many and horrible deeds."

Stranger. "This is very obvious."

41. *Old Man.* "If, therefore, good never can proceed from evil, as is true; and if wealth does proceed from crime; then it follows as a necessary consequence that wealth is not a blessing."

Stranger. "The conclusion is inevitable from your premises."

Old Man. "But neither wisdom nor justice can be obtained from wicked works; nor on the other hand, do folly and injustice spring from good works; nor can they subsist at the same time in the same individual. But as to wealth, and fame, and success, and the rest, there is nothing to prevent them from being joined in all kinds of vice in any one. So, therefore, these things are neither blessings nor evils; but *wisdom* is the only *good*, and *folly* the only *evil*."

Stranger. "That is sufficient. Your explanation has been full and satisfactory."

EPIGRAM.

What better reason can you guess
  Why men are poor, and ladies thinner—
But thousands now for dinner dress,
  Till nothing's left to *dress for dinner.*

THE INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY.

In the quickening dawn of youth,
I wept my destined lot,
And murmured oft in tones of ruth—
To die, and be forgot!

To perish like the things of earth,
Pass like the zephyr's sigh,
Yet feel within, the thrilling birth,
Of thoughts that cannot die.

The patriot's deed our life blood starts,
The poet's cherished name,
Enshrined within ten thousand hearts—
That were the bliss of fame.

Such yearning is to few unknown,
This instinct of our kind,
To link in common with our own,
The universal mind.

It only soars to reason's height,
When fixed beyond the tomb;
Where, bathed in streams of fadeless light,
The heart's affections bloom.

There only is immortal fame,
In blest communion found,
And there the new, the wondrous name,
Lives the eternal round. L.

ROME: PAPAL AND REPUBLICAN.

Republicans, not less than monarchists, perceive and recognize a distinction between Revolution and Rebellion; and Americans estimate as fully as Europeans can do, the blessings of social order, and are quite as conversant with the real grounds of difference between the blind fury of a mob, and the righteous revolt of an oppressed people. In order therefore to determine what should be the conduct and sentiments of Americans, with respect to the present conflict between Rome Papal, and Rome Republican, it must first be decided whether Pius IX. has been expelled from his seat of government by the machinations of treason, or by the impulses of patriotism.

But before this question can be determined, it is obviously necessary to know by what tenure the Pope held his temporal sceptre, from whom he derived his power, and to whom he was responsible for its exercise.

In entering upon this inquiry, we shall avoid as much as possible all theological discussion, and shall confine our remarks within what may be called *lay* limits; believing as we do that all appeals to prejudices, whether personal or religious, tend to obscure truth and aid error.

The first inquiry that presents itself is this: What was the nature of the papal sway at Rome, and when and how did it originate?

This question fortunately is easily answered—History—papal and protestant—pours a flood of light upon it; and Machiavelli, and Sismondi, Ranke, and Du Pin, are harmonious in the statement of the most important historical facts.

It is conceded on all hands that originally the Bishop of Rome presided simply as a churchman over his diocese. Catholics themselves admit that his temporal power was an acquisition of subsequent times.

Machiavelli, in his Florentine Histories, gives the clearest and most authentic account of the temporal power of the Pope.

"About the year 578," he says, "the Pontiffs of Rome began to assume a greater degree of authority than ever before. The first successors of St. Peter had been venerated for the sanctity of their lives and the miracles they wrought; and their examples gave such credit to the Christian religion, that many princes were forced to acknowledge it to put an end to the distractions that reigned throughout the world. The Emperor of Rome having embraced the Christian faith, and established his throne at Constantinople, the Roman empire hastened to its fall, while the Church of Rome rapidly extended her dominion. *But as all Italy till the invasion of the Lombards was subject to the dominion either of the Emperors or Kings, the Pontiffs assumed no other authority, than reverence for their virtue and learning won for them. In civil affairs they were still subject to those princes, who made them their ministers, and sometimes put them to death for maladministration.* The resolution of Theoderic, king of the Goths, to remove the seat of his government to Ravenna, augmented their influence in the affairs of Italy; for as Rome was thereby left destitute of a prince, the Romans were obliged for their own safety to yield obedience to the Pope."—(1 *vol. Florentine Histories, p.* 32.)

Sismondi, in his History of the Italian Republics, p. 17, gives substantially the same account of the origin of the papal sway. "Rome," he says, "had never made part of the monarchy of the Lombards. This ancient capital of the world, with the territory appertaining to it, had since the conquest of Alboin, formed a Dukedom, governed by a Patrician or Greek Duke, sent from Constantinople. The Bishop of Rome however had much more authority over his flock than this foreign magistrate, and when in the year 717, an *Iconoclast*, or breaker of images, filled the throne of Constantinople, *the popes under the pretence of Heresy rejected his authority altogether.*"

Such was the origin of the Pope's authority

in the *City* of Rome: not derived from any legitimate source, but taking its rise in usurpation. Let us now trace it to its full extent, and show in what manner his other acquisitions of temporal power were obtained.

The next *temporality* which fell into the hands of the Pope, was the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the territories appertaining to it. Machiavelli gives the following account of this transaction.

"Gregory III. being advanced to the papacy, and Adolphus to the throne of the Lombards, the latter in violation of the clearest stipulations, seized upon Ravenna, and made war upon the Pope. Gregory seeing the Emperor of Constantinople so reduced, by the above-mentioned losses, looked for no assistance from that quarter; and resolving no longer to trust the Lombards, who had so often broken faith with him, he had recourse to Pepin II., king of France. Pepin readily promised him assistance, but expressed a desire of first seeing him to pay his duty to him in person. Gregory set out for France, and passed through the quarters of his enemies, the Lombards, without any molestation,—such was the veneration men felt for religion in those times. Gregory arrived in France, was honored by that Prince, and sent back to Italy with his troops, who beseiged the Lombard at Pavia. Astolphus was obliged to accept the terms granted him by the French. But Pepin's army had no sooner returned to France than he refused to perform his engagement. The Pope made a second application to Pepin, who sent another army into Italy, overcame the Lombards, took Ravenna, *and in opposition to the will of the Greek emperor*, gave it to the Pope, with all the territories appertaining to the Exarchate, and the country of Urbino and Marca. No more exarchs were sent from Constantinople to Ravenna, which was afterwards governed by the will of the Pope."—(*Flo. Hist., p. 34.*)

Thus, we perceive that the second territorial acquisition of His Holiness, like the first, was based upon usurpation—only with this difference, that this title was strengthened by two additional links—Conquest of the people themselves, and Donation from a barbarian king, who had no right to bestow.

Charlemagne, the son of Pepin—"the greatest man that Barbarism ever produced,"—says Sismondi,—confirmed these grants and added others to the dominion of the Pope; but by far the largest portion of the papal territory was conferred upon the Church, by the last will and testament of the Countess Matilda.

Machiavelli is very brief in his account of this affair. Being a staunch Catholic, he may have thought that the less he said about it the better. At page 42, in his Flo. Hist., he observes:—

"After the death of Urban, Pascal II. was made Pontiff, and Henry IV. succeeded to the Empire. He went to Rome and feigning friendship for the Pope, sent him and all his clergy to prison; nor would he set him at liberty, till he had conceded to him the right of disposing of all the churches of Germany as he pleased. About this time, the Countess Matilda died, and left all her possessions to the church."

And this is the meagre account he has left us of this most important affair. It is therefore necessary to resort elsewhere to ascertain what these territories were—who the Countess was—and what right she had to dispose of, by will, a territory embracing *seventeen thousand square miles and two millions of inhabitants.*

In Lardner's "Outlines of History," (page 236,) he informs us of what these states consisted.

"The Countess Matilda, the great friend of Gregory VII., had left the reversion of her large possessions to the holy See. These were the imperial fiefs of Tuscany, Mantua, and Modena, of which she had certainly no right to dispose."

The Countess was the wife of Godfrey and the daughter of Beatrice, who was the sister of the Emperor Henry II. She held what is now called the Patrimony of the Church of her uncle, Henry, as imperial fiefs, and yet at her death was induced by Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.,) the most ambitious, arbitrary and powerful of all the Roman Pontiffs, to bequeathe to the Church what never belonged to her; but which afforded a pretext for their usurpation. This was all he desired. How well he devised his schemes the history of papal rule for eight hundred and seventy-five years affords the best commentary.

Since the time of Gregory VII., (1073,) the Papacy had made but one or two insignificant acquisitions of territory—if we except the exorbitant and ridiculous claim of Alexander VI., who, it will be remembered, portioned off the wide domain lying between the North and the South poles, and West of the Azores, between Spain and Portugal. As his Holiness, however, never took absolute possession, or received *livery of seisin*, of any of his Western dominions, it is hardly worth while to enumerate them as coming under his sceptre.

The Romagna, which towards the end of the fifteenth century was overrun by Cæsar Borgia, and erected into a principality, after his flight and ruin, was seized upon by Pope Julius, who, it will be remembered, sword in hand, was the first to mount the breastworks of Mirandola.

Paul III. seized on Perugia; and Citta di Castello was conquered by Julius III. in 1550. Clement VIII. usurped the Duchy of Ferrara in 1595. And the Duchy of Urbino was seized in the sev-

enteenth century—which was the last territorial acquisition in the long series of papal usurpations.

Thus we have before us, the whole Patrimony of St. Peter: not one foot of which the Pope can claim by any legitimate title. As a temporal prince, the Roman Pontiff has always been the most despotic in Europe; for as he held his whole domain by acts of usurpation, fraud, and bloodshed, his subjects have embraced every opportunity to revolt from his government, and he has been compelled to practice all the black arts of despotism to maintain his sway.

A writer in the London Quarterly Review for January, 1848, speaking of the papal government, uses the following language: "It should be borne in mind that the Roman government has hitherto been equally despotic in form and principle; *that no provincial or municipal assemblies existed to form the nucleus of a great council.* No national spirit or character pervades the heterogeneous realm—made up of possessions, to hardly one of which, anything like a decent title can be shown. The donation of Constantine to St. Sylvester, though ridiculed by satirists, and dropped by the papal jurists, is the only charter that can be adduced for the possession of Rome itself, and the Patrimony of St. Peter. The Agro Romano, and the Commarca, may be said to come within the same category. The remoter provinces of the church, though claimed in right of donations and bequests, were all in fact acquired by conquest and usurpation, by the spoliation of princes, and governors, and in direct defiance of the known wishes of the people;—for no government was less popular in the middle ages than that of the church—none was exposed to more frequent rebellions, and in these repeated struggles, all popular rights were trampled on by the victors."

It need hardly be said that the *London Quarterly Review* is the most rabid journal in Europe in its defence of royalty, and the stanchest advocate of hereditary rights, and the corruptions springing from the Feudal System in the old world. A system of arbitrary government, then, which finds not a champion, but an assailant, in the *London Quarterly Review*, must indeed be rotten.

But it may be argued with some plausibility, that Pope Pius IX., is not responsible for the illegal and disgraceful acts of his predecessors—that when he was clothed in the snowy robes and crowned with the dazzling tiara,—when he was swept along the broad aisles and beneath the lofty dome of St. Peter's to the State Hall of the Vatican, that he was then constitutionally inducted into the office of arbitrary sovereign of the Roman people, and was thenceforth *imperator, consensu, urbis et orbis*, of the modern Babylon, and the Patrimony of the Church.

Now in order to test the validity of this argument, it is necessary to inquire into *the form and mode of his election.* For surely no one in these times, with his eyes open and his reason sound, will question this great political truth, that a government in order to be rightly founded, *must be based either on the silent consent, or the expressed will* of the people over whose destinies it presides. The most abject Don Cossack in the Czar's dominions would laugh in the face of the Emperor himself, were Nicholas to affirm that *he ruled by divine right.* The world has outgrown its swaddling-clothes, and has not yet been forced into its straight-jacket. The Roman Pontiff can exercise no prerogatives of government over the states of the Church, consonantly with right and justice, unless the people of those states, by silent acquiescence or by public approval, express their willingness to be subject to his sway.

We have seen by what gradual and stealthy progress, the tiara was extended over the territories of the Italian people; let us now trace the course of that same tiara over their rights and liberties.

From the period that Rome was deserted by her Emperors, and the seat of Empire changed to Byzantium, (which took place in the year 330, under the reign of Constantine,) down to the year 800, she was successively conquered by barbarians from almost every quarter of the world. For nearly five hundred years she was plundered and ravaged by hordes of the Heruli, Ostrogoths and Lombards; and during the same period she never once exercised the right of choosing her own ruler. It seemed as if

"Fate would rigidly her dues regain,"

by allowing every people and tribe on whose neck her yoke had been once securely rivetted, now to oppress her with the same bondage.

In the eighth century, however, as we have already seen, a happy combination of circumstances enabled the pope, who had become a temporal prince, to assume something like independence, both of the barbarian and eastern emperors.

Shortly afterwards Rome advanced one step further towards nationality, and in the year 800 again rose triumphant from her long servitude, and exercised the right of choosing her own sovereign. Sismondi in his history of the Italian Republics, (page 11) thus describes her resurrection.

"For more than twenty years the Popes or Bishops of Rome had been in the habit of opposing the kings of France to the monarchs of Lombardy who were odious to them, first

as pagans and afterwards as heretics. Chief of the clergy of the ancient capital, where the power of the Emperors of Constantinople had been nominally established but never felt, they confounded their pretensions with those of the Empire, and the Lombards having recently conquered the exarchate of Ravenna and the Pentapolis, they demanded that these provinces should be restored to Rome. The Frank kings made themselves the champions of this quarrel, which gave them an opportunity of conquering the Lombard monarchy. But Charles, the king who accomplished this conquest, and who was the greatest man that Barbarism ever produced in treating with Rome, in subjugating Italy, comprehended all the beauty of a civilization which his predecessors had seen only to destroy. He conceived the lofty idea of profiting by the Barbarian force at his disposal, to put himself at the head of the civilization which he labored to restore. In concert with Pope Leo III, he reëstablished the monarchy of the conquered as a Western Roman Empire. He received from the same pope *and from the same Roman people*, on Christmas day in the year 800, the title of Roman Emperor and the name of Charlemagne, or Charles *the great*, which no one before him had so well deserved." * * * "From that period Rome became once more the capital of the Empire. At Rome the chiefs of the Empire were henceforth to receive the golden crown from the hands of the Pope, after having received the silver one of the kingdom of Germany at Aix-la-Chapalle, and the iron crown of Lombardy at Milan."

Such was Rome at the commencement of the ninth century, restored to her imperial rank, victorious over all her enemies, and most of all triumphant in having redeemed from barbarism and elevated to a throne so brave a warrior and so wise a man as the Emperor Charlemagne.

According to Lardner (page 187) when the Pope first became a temporal prince, his election was entirely republican. He says:

"The Pope exercised at Rome the power possessed by the Dukes in the other cities. *He was chosen by the clergy and the people, and the choice confirmed by the Emperor.*"

The first step towards absolute despotism which the Roman Pontiff could take was evidently to throw off the right of confirmation which was still vested in the Emperor even after the separation of the Eastern and Western Empires. Accordingly we find that Hildebrand, whilst he was Archdeacon of Rome, effected a slight change in the election of the Pope. Originally the entire clergy were allowed to vote.

"In the pontificate of Nicholas II.," says Lardner, "it was established in a synod that the Popes were to be chosen by the Cardinal Bishops, *those whose sees were near Rome*, and approved of by the Cardinal priests and deacons (*ministers of the parish churches at Rome*) and the people, and then presented for confirmation to the Emperor. Hildebrand, archdeacon of Rome, was the author of this plan, the object of which was gradually to free the papacy from imperial control. On the death of Nicholas he had Alexander II. chosen and consecrated without waiting for the imperial sanction, and on the death of Alexander, he was himself raised to the Pontificate, under the title of Gregory VII."

How this ambitious and arbitrary Pontiff exercised his power the world has not yet forgotten—for it still feels and suffers from its effects.

In the language of Sismondi—"In the universe he saw but God, the priest, his sole minister, and mankind obedient. Finally concentrating all the power of the church in the Pope, he taught the priests to consider him as an unerring being, who became holy by his election—who could alone name and depose bishops—assemble, preside over, and dissolve councils. He was, he said, in short, a God upon earth—absolute master of all princes who were bound to kiss his feet, and whom he could depose at will, by releasing their subjects from their oaths of fidelity. Hildebrand accomplished, at least for a time, the immense revolution he had undertaken. He compelled Henry V. to do penance before him in the open court of Canosa, whilst the ground was covered with snow; he obliged him to remain three days and three nights in the habit of a penitent, barefooted and fasting before he would grant him absolution."

Having in this manner freed the papacy from the confirmation of the Emperors the next step of the Pontiff was gradually to deprive the people themselves of all power in the election. Before doing this, however, it was thought advisable first to deprive them of the right of choosing their Emperors: a right which had been exercised ever since the time of Charlemagne.

We are told by Machiavelli (page 37) that "under the Emperor Otho III. Pope Gregory V. was driven out by the Romans, but Otho entered Italy (just as Francis Joseph is now doing) and reinstated him in Rome; and the Pope to revenge himself upon the Romans took from them the power of nominating emperors and vested it in six princes of Germany—three bishops, of Munster, Treves and Cologne, and three mere temporal princes—of Brandenburg, the Palatine and Saxony. This happened in the year 1002."

There was but one step now wanting to enslave the Roman people as effectually as they had been, under the reigns of Nero or Heliogabalus.

This was to deprive them of the right of confirming the Popes, after they had been elected by the Roman clergy, and this was effected a few years afterwards. Machiavelli thus records it:

"While the Pontiffs were making all the West tremble with their censures they could not keep their own subjects from rebellion. Accordingly when Nicholas II. was raised to the Pontificate like Gregory V. who had taken from the Romans the power of choosing their Emperors, *he deprived them of their right of confirming the Popes and confined their election to the Cardinals.* Not content with this he entered into a treaty with the princes who governed Puglia and Calabria, and for reasons to be presently explained, obliged all the magistrates, sent by the Romans into places under their jurisdiction, *to render obedience to the Pope*, and some be deprived of their places."

We have now reached that point in the history of papal supremacy at Rome where we might with confidence lay down the pen, and with reason ask, why have not the Roman people the right to escape from a thraldom so debasing as that of papal rule? But there is still another depth in their abyss of degradation. The Pontiffs not satisfied with rendering them subservient to themselves have made them the slaves of the whole world.

Not the priesthood of Rome alone govern Rome, but Austria, France, Spain and Portugal have each the right to veto one nomination of the holy conclave, and by the mouths of their ambassadors to decide who shall sit astride the necks of Romans, oppress them with tyrannical laws and rob them by a burdensome taxation of the hard earned fruits of their labors.

It has been owing entirely to the misconduct of the Pontiffs, that these foreigners have more privileges in Rome than her own citizens.

"Thus it will appear," indignantly exclaims Machiavelli, "that all the wars foreigners afterwards made upon Italy were caused principally by the Roman Pontiffs. Most of the Barbarians that poured themselves into the peninsula came at their instigation: and what is still more lamentable, is practised in our own times—the Popes, first by their ecclesiastical censures, then by the union of temporal and spiritual power, and lastly by indulgences contrived to excite the veneration and terror of mankind: but by making an ill use of that terror and reverence they have entirely lost the one, and lie at the discretion of the world for the other."

It is not the design of this essay to pursue this subject any further. Indeed the notoriety of the late occurrences at Rome renders it unnecessary. The whole scope of our investigations was bounded by the single question, announced at the outset, whence did the Pope derive his power, and to whom was he responsible for its exercise? For upon this, at last, must rest the defence of the Roman people. That question has now been answered, and answered in such a manner that Roman Catholics themselves must admit the truth of the reply or deny the authority of their own historians.

There have been of late inflammatory appeals made to the religious prejudices of a portion of our population. They have been told that it was a part of their religious duty to succor, in as far as their means would permit, the cause of the Roman Pontiff and the necessities of the first bishops of their church. Many have even affirmed that it would be justifiable for them to embark in a crusade to restore the Pope to his dominions and reërect his throne upon an unwilling people; and upon the specious ground that temporal power is absolutely necessary to maintain his spiritual authority and independence.

Unfortunately the History of the Church does not bear them out in this assertion. On the contrary every good christian, Catholic or Protestant, must look back to the early ages as the period when christianity was most prosperous and pure. Peter held no sceptre, and his successors for seven hundred years after him wore no glittering tiara. Yet was the Roman church perectly independent, and what is more, it rose in glory amid the ruins, and shone in splendor amid the gloom of the darkest ages of the world.

Let Pius IX. accede to the propositions of the Roman Republic; let him return to the city he desired to free from many of the oppressions of his predecessors, and acquiesce in, if he cannot lead and direct, the reforms imperatively demanded by the misrule of a thousand years; let him cast aside forever the empty sheen of earth's baubles and devote every energy of his nature to the purification and regeneration of the Catholic world,—and though no imperial purple wrap his form and no triple crown adorn his brows, though no subject millions look up to him as their prince and chief magistrate, and no hungry officials fawn upon and flatter him as the source of their misused power, still when he shall lie down in his last sleep, with the great and the good who have gone before him, in the opinions of millions who now distrust him, he will rest,

> "Pure as the holiest in the long array,
> Of hooded, mitred, or *tiaraed* clay."

W. H. R.

THE INCH CAPE BELL.

This bell was placed by some monks on a dangerous coast of Scotland. It was rung by the dashing of the waves.

I.

The black and sullen heavens looked low,
The ocean heaved in pain,
And stark between, swung to and fro
The strong ship of the Dane.

II.

"God bless the monks," the Captain cried,
Above the gathering roar,
"The bell will warn, or we might ride,
Straight on the Inch-Cape shore."

III.

"God bless the monks," the seamen ten,
Cried out in voice of cheer,
"No Jonah here—we are true men—
What then have we to fear!

IV.

"The bell will warn, no Jonah here,"
A trembling greybeard cried,
"No Jonah here, why should we fear"—
A groan his lips belied—

V.

Thus spake the only passenger,
A man of giant mould,
A gaunt and grim old Hollander,
Embarked with hoards of gold.

VI.

"What aileth thee, thou poor old man?"
The youngest seaman said,
"Come, keep good cheer, for while I can,
I'll shield thine aged head.

VII.

"And helmsman, list the Inch-Cape bell,
For though I fear not fate,
Far in our native woody dell,
My orphan sisters wait.

VIII.

"The heavens are black, the sea is white,
And loud the billows roar,
The storm is raging at its height—
Is that the Inch-Cape shore?"

IX.

Thus cried the native of the dell,
And strained his practised eye,
"I hear no bell"—"It rings in hell;"
The greybeard made reply.

X.

"I hear the bell, its awful knell
For aye shall curse mine ear,
Mingled with groans and dying moans,
Of sailors shipwrecked here."

XI.

"What meanest thou, O troubled soul,
I charge thee quickly tell;"
The words burst forth beyond control—
"I stole the Inch-Cape bell."

XII.

He dashed the old man by in scorn,
He seized the helm amain,
And quickly half-way round was borne,
The strong ship of the Dane.

XIII.

The clouds were rent, the sunshine fell,
Where, like skeleton entombed,
Was seen the frame where erst the bell,
Far o'er the waters boomed.

XIV.

The old man gasped, he vainly grasped
At every passer by,
They shrunk away in dire dismay,
Scared by his ghastly eye.

XV.

"My mother taught me how to pray,
But gold I loved too well,
Would I another prayer might say—
I stole the Inch-Cape bell."

XVI.

The billows wild, his hungry grave,
High o'er the vessel swell,
One burdened wave the spot will lave,
Where should have swung the bell.

XVII.

The storm is o'er, the crew is safe,
All but that wretched man,
He lies where waves the Inch-Cape chafe—
O pity him who can!

C. C. L.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

The extent and bearing of the Jacobite feeling that pervaded Scotland during the last century, can be appreciated only with extreme difficulty on this side of the Atlantic. The very nature of our institutions renders to us absurd the notion of a whole people almost worshipping, in the intensity of their loyalty, a child whom perhaps they had never seen, of whose natural temper and talents they had no certain guage, and whose sole claim to their affection consisted in the fortune of his birth. Children of the soil, we accord to our mother earth that loyalty which other nations content themselves in expending upon idols of their own creation. But the feeling of patriotism and that of loyalty spring from the same source, though diverted oftentimes into widely diverging channels: their origin and infancy are the same, however much their after lives may vary. And though we may be unable to sympathize with, or rightly measure the purity and constancy of their enthusiasm for the line of their ancient kings, we can at least form some estimate of the extent to which the Scotch carried their generous self-devotion. When, in 1689, the Convention of the Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, by command or request of the Prince of Orange, was held in Edinburgh, in order that some action might be taken on the respective claims of himself and King James VII. to the throne, there is little doubt but that the supporters of the Stuart dynasty were in a decided preponderance in the realm, whether as regards numbers, quality, influence, or fortune. In the west alone, the Whigs and Conventiclers—who were more akin to the fierce Republicans of Cromwell's iron days than any other party—were capable of seriously embarrassing the royal party in sustaining the constituted authorities, and Bothwell-brig had taught them such a lesson, that a firm and undaunted front would perhaps have cowed them for a season at least. But fortunately for William, the Tory party of that day was chiefly composed of the worst of all enemies—lukewarm friends to James VII. The best commentary on the foreign and domestic policy of that king, is the the trite quotation—often used, but rarely rightly—*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

At all events, it will not be now denied by any one, that of all courses of conduct in the world, James adopted the one, that, in the admonitory language of Charles II., was best calculated "to send him on his travels again." Accordingly, the Convention met as above mentioned under circumstances extremely unfavorable to his cause. Many of the warmest Cavaliers refused to attend; some denying the authority of the Prince of Orange to convoke the Estates—others apprehensive of the safety of their persons in an assembly that was, to their eyes, in its very nature illegal and treasonable, comprising so many committed to the extremest courses of hostility towards their party; while, perhaps, in the breasts of the greater portion there existed a decided feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction at the conduct of their royal leader, and of no great reluctance to permit him to taste the fruits of his own pertinacious folly. He has sown the wind, they argued, let him reap the whirlwind. When such were the sentiments of so many of the Tories, it is not strange that the partisans of William constituted a decided though wavering majority of the Convention.

It must not be supposed, however, that James was entirely abandoned in that body. A numerous and bitter minority supported his cause with a desperation worthy of better success. Headed by one of the most remarkable characters that the world has ever seen, John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, they would undoubtedly have prevailed, had sufficient time been allowed them to recruit their ranks from that sluggish body of friends who as yet held aloof from the Parliament House. But finding that matters were coming rapidly to a crisis, and wishing to lose none of the moral force of such a movement, Dundee denounced their further proceedings as illegal, and at the head of his men, left the city in arms for King James.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of bonny Dundee."

The result of the struggle we will not dwell upon; as for its actors, many of them sleep well beneath the heather, where "honour" comes "to deck the turf that wraps their clay." But the feeling their deeds and cause awakened died not with them; and the course of the succeeding sovereigns—William and Mary—and even of Anne to a considerable extent, and above all, of the two first Georges, effectually prevented anything like a cordial acquiescence of the Scottish nation in their governments. The massacre of Glencoe—the Darien affair—the act of Union—each strongly operated to confirm the affections of a great portion of the people for the Stuart line, and while they were never sparing of their blood

* Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and Other Poems, by William Edmondstoune Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood and Sons, 1849. One vol., 8vo., pp. 282.

and treasure in that cause, they omitted no occasion of giving their zeal vent in the most inspiring series of poetical effusions ever called forth by any political occasion. Lingering in the hearts of the veterans of the Fifteen and the Forty-five, these sentiments were readily caught up by their children; and the strains martially chaunted by the quivering lips of a grandsire, in whose memory the glories of Killiecrankie and of Preston, and the youthful form of fair-haired "bonnie Prince Charlie" still shone with a lustre the more precious because only seen in the far-away vista of the past, through eyes dimmed with the tear-drops of regret, found an enthusiastic response from the lips of childhood. With what a magic thrill must not her youthful auditors have listened to an aged Highland widow, when, beside the flickering light of a dying flame, she should croon out some such accents as these—

I ance had sons, I now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!

Nor were these the empty and unmeaning words of a courtly rhymster. They breathed the genuine spirit of a great, a gallant and a chivalrous nation. Well and truly says Lord Mahon, of the Chevalier's farewell to the land of his heart: "He went, but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues, their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie."

With this historical episode, we introduce the volume before us to our readers. Mr. Aytoun, the author, is as yet comparatively unknown to the world, although thousands are familiar with his sportive effusions in Fraser's Magazine, over the *nom de plume* of Bon Gaultier. With these lyrics we have at present nothing to do, save to regret that so much talent should be wasted on such trivial objects. In the pages of Blackwood, over the initials of W. E. A., his muse has frequently essayed a loftier flight, and to its efforts we now call attention. It is in such lays as these before us, that we are reminded of the spirit that impelled the souls of the Highland Chiefs and Minstrels in their palmy days of glory; and it is only by an allusion to those days that we can account for the enthusiastic ardor that fires the imagination of our author, and causes every word to impart to us earnest conviction of his feeling its truth. We turn now to the volume itself.

In one of the old French romances of Anthony Hamilton, may be found a wise word of advice very applicable to our present occupation. Moulinot the Giant, to Belier the Great Ram—"*Belier, mon amy, si tu voudroy me fayre ung grande playsir, commencez, je vous prie, par le commencement.*" Let us begin then at the beginning, and open our pack with a glance at the dedication—"to Archibald William Hamilton Montgomerie, Earl of Eglinton and Winton." There is something very appropriate in this inscription. To the humble strain of an Ayrshire ploughman, a former lord of Eglinton owes more celebrity than to all his own achievements, or those of the whole series of belted earls and barons bold through whom he traces his descent. So long as the face of nature shall remain unchanged; so long as

The banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomerie

shall continue to gladden the eye, so long, like a fly in amber, will the name of that castle's lord exist. It can never die while the name of Highland Mary lives in the heart, or lingers on the tongue—while the sweetest and most impassioned of Burns's lays charms the willing ear. The memory of all the throats cut—the villages harried—the broad acres, won by the sword or lost by the dicebox—the lofty towers that pierced the skies and seem to laugh to scorn the grasp of Time himself—may soon perish—while the fact that one of the old lords was lucky enough to have engaged as a domestic servant in his household, the world-renowned Mary Campbell, will suffice to give his whole race an immortality that she, poor soul! never dreamed of.

The opening poem of the volume entitled "Edinburgh after Flodden," is one of the most thrilling ballads that we have seen for years. It exhibits the state of the city on the first reception of the news of that fatal day,

When broken was fair Scotia's spear,
And shivered was her shield—

when ten thousand of her best and noblest sons lay stretched cold upon the earth around the body of her king—when, in the expressive language of the maidens of Ettrick—

"The flowers o' the Forest were a' wede awae."

It represents the citizens ignorant of the result of a battle that they knew to have been fought—on which the fate of their sovereign, the salvation of the realm, the destiny of the nation were pending—eagerly and most intensely excited as to its event. Crowds of anxious burghers, ho-

ping all things, fearing all things, throng the streets. The altars are blocked up with mothers praying for their sons, wives wailing for their husbands, maidens whispering vows to Mary Mother for their lovers. The town council is met in gloomy state, waiting in dread suspense the presence of the messenger from the camp whom the sentries on the walls announce as near at hand. With clamorous shouts the mob without gaze anxiously at the gates, eager for the entrance of the messenger within the city walls. Suddenly,

——the gates are opened.
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying
"Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal, or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer,
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come;"
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

He is brought before the City Council—

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
And his step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning solely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring:
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

The old Provost, whose last surviving son had been Randolph's standard-bearer in the fray, at length bids him speak his tidings—

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly die;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King."

* * * * *

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant hearted,
Whom ye sent with prayers away,
Not a single man departed
From his monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall!
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the hearth,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dared not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our monarch
Clenching still his shivered sword:
By his side Montrose and Athol,
At his feet a southern lord!

We could give many other extracts of equal spirit and of greater length from this beautiful poem, but our limits are prescribed; and as it is, we apprehend too great temptations to substitute the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the pages before us, in the place of our own text.

"The Execution of Montrose" is the next poem in order; a composition that, in the columns of Blackwood's Magazine, a few years since, was widely read and very much admired.

At the hands of a foreign reviewer, it has lately met with great and well-merited praise. It

would be difficult indeed for the dullest mind to write without fire on such an occasion. The bare mention of the history of James Grahame, "the Great Marquis" of Montrose, is scarcely inferior in heroic interest to the most glowing romances of the ancient Chroniclers. What gem of English poetry is more perfect than his famous love song,

> Oh, tell me how to woo thee, love;
> Oh, tell me how to woo thee!
> For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
> Though ne'er another trow me.

His successes in the field, his conduct at the council-board, his enthusiastic courage, his generous and unflagging loyalty, his moderation in victory, his heroism on the scaffold—all conspire to win our admiration and command our respect. His chivalrous comment upon his barbarous sentence of drawing and quartering, etc., is finely told below, but not less touching and interesting are the verses inscribed by his own diamond on his dungeon's pane, after the last sun which was ever to set before his mortal ken, had sank below the horizon,

> "Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
> Then open all my veins, that I may swim
> To thee, my Maker! in that crimson lake;
> Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—
> Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air:
> Lord! since thou know'st where all these atoms are,
> I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
> And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

No more fitting subject for the eulogium of Bors de Ganes upon Sir Lancelot du Lac, (in the last chapter of the Morte D'Arthur,) can be found in all the realms of history or romance. "And now, I dare to say, Sir Lancelot," said Sir Bors, "there as thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among prece (press) of knights; and thou were the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

"The ballad," says Mr. Aytoun, "may be considered as a narrative of the transactions, narrated by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandsons, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie." After telling of his betrayal and capture, it represents the ominous procession passing slowly onward to the Hall of Judgment, with the Marquis in their centre. his hands "hard bound with hempen span," where his sentence is read to him. The prisoner rises and speaks.

> "Now by my faith as belted knight,
> And by the name I bear,
> And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
> That waves above us there—
> Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
> And oh, that such should be!—
> By that dark stream of royal blood
> That lies 'twixt you and me—
> I have not sought in battle field
> A wreath of such renown,
> Nor dared I hope on my dying day,
> To win the martyr's crown!
>
> "There is a chamber far away
> Where sleep the good and brave,
> But a better place ye have named for me
> Than by my father's grave.
> For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
> This hand has always striven,
> And ye raise it up for a witness still
> In the eye of earth and heaven.
> Then nail my head on yonder tower—
> Give every town a limb—
> And God who made shall gather them:
> I go from you to him!"

The whole of the remainder of this poem maintains an equally exalted flight, but the Review we have already alluded to, has probably made it so familiar to many of our readers that we may exercise a more discriminating spirit in selecting the next passage for extraction. Concerning the "Heart of the Bruce,"—decidedly in our opinion the flower of the volume—we should like to say something. At present, however, we must pass it over, as well as the "Burial March of Dundee," reserving what we would gladly say now, to a period perhaps more consonant with the taste of our readers. "The Widow of Glencoe" is another ballad of considerable merit. The plot is very simple; it being the coronach or lamentation of the widow and orphans of Mac Ian of Glencoe, one of the Clanranald, whose whole village was destroyed, in defiance of the most sacred laws of hospitality, honour and religion, on the night of February 12th, 1692, "att 5 o'clock in the morning precisely," according to the strict orders given on that awful occasion. The hour and season were selected by the Earl of Stair, (then Sir John Dalrymple,) because "now," says he, "the human constitution cannot endure to be long out of houses. This is the proper season to maule them in the cold long nights." "The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, *nor carry their wives, bairns* and cattle to the mountains." From the mass of documentary evidence that the indignant incredulity of posterity brought to light against their fathers, we will select one bearing a particular relation

to the text—albeit it brings no conspicuously bright additional ray of glory, in our eyes, to "the great, good, and glorious memory of the immortal King William III., who delivered us from brass money, popery and wooden shoes." It is as follows; being dated 16th January, 1692.

"*William R*—As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for public justice to extirpate that set of theirs.

W. R."

And that this mandate was not foreign or repugnant to the spirit of his counsellors, we read in a letter of Secretary Dalrymple's, on the fact of its application, that he greatly rejoices thereat—"It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sect." Charity did he say? Such charity as honest old Izaak perhaps entertained towards his frog, which he put tenderly upon his hook, "as though he loved it!" But why multiply words? The subsequent history of that dreadful night is, alas! matter of history—it is but too well known; a history which, as a modern writer well observes, is scarcely paralleled in atrocity, in all the annals of Indian warfare. The late inhuman ravages of the Camanches in Texas would appear in a favorable light when placed side by side with the revolting details of the deeds of a civilized army under the orders of "a Great Protestant deliverer" towards their fellow Christians and fellow countrymen and even kinsmen. 'Tis in these strains a widow mourns her fallen lord, foully slain in a moment of profound peace, by the hands of those who had tasted of his salt and had been sheltered at his fireside, which even among the wild Bedouins of the Desert would have been armed in his defence;—and promises vengeance for his manes. There is something very stern and majestic in the conclusion.

I had wept thee, hadst thou fallen,
  Like our fathers, on thy shield,
When a host of English foemen
  Camped upon a Scottish field—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished
  With the foremost of his name,
When the valiant and the noble
  Died around the dauntless Græme!
But I will not wrong thee, husband!
  With my unavailing cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body,
  Stricken by the traitor, lies;
Whilst he counts the gold and glory
  That this hideous night has won,
And his heart is big with triumph
  At the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten;
  Other hearts be rent in twain,
Ere the heathbells on thy hillock
  Wither in the autumn rain.
Then I'll seek thee where thou sleepest,
  And I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee,
  Dearer than my bridal bed;
And I'll give thee tears, my husband!
  If the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foemen
  Cry the Coronach for thee!

It will have been noticed that although the preceding poems are styled Ballads, they are not exactly couched in the simple and concise phraseology of the more ancient English ballads, as Chevy Chace, for instance. Despite the fact of the present measure having been chosen by Mr. Macaulay for some of his noble "lays of Ancient Rome," we prefer decidedly the less ornate and labored style in which Tickell, Goldsmith and Percy have shown themselves such proficients. Perhaps, however, this style is better adapted to the loftier rehearsal of grand deeds of martial fame. Of a similar tenor to its predecessors, and, of all, most to our taste, is the "Island of the Scots"—the next poem in the book. It must be premised that after William was firmly seated on the throne, the exiled adherents of James saw all present hopes of his restoration at an end, and resolved no longer to be a useless burthen on the purse of a Master whose little all was chiefly composed of the voluntary remittances of his secret supporters in Britain. Accordingly, after a stubborn opposition on the part of James to their self-devotedness, they formed themselves into a company of soldiers, and enlisted under the banners of Louis XIV. Previously to departing for the wars, they assembled for the purpose of bidding adieu for the last time to him whom they persisted in viewing as their rightful sovereign. The scene that morning in the Gardens of Saint-Germain's must have been a touching one indeed. Well might James burst into tears at the sight of such a number of the best, the bravest, the most nobly born of his realm—men into whose laps Fortune had seemed to pour her choicest gifts of Wealth and Rank—voluntarily forfeiting home, friends, fortune, even their ancestral name itself, rather than abandon their principles. What noble sentiments are these—what examples worthy of all imitation! Such was the spirit that cheered the Apostles at the Stake—such was the flame that guided the way of our Fathers, when faint and weary, they were to be tracked across the winter's snow and ice by the bloody prints of their bare feet, while fighting Freedom's battles. Justly says the bard,

Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
  Mortal boons, by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,
  Constancy's the gift of Heaven!

In bidding farewell to this glorious little band, James said—"Gentlemen, my own misfortunes

are not so nigh my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, who are forced from their allegiance by the Prince of Orange, and who, I know, will be ready on all occasions to serve me and my distressed family, could make me willing to live. The sense of what all of you have done and undergone for your loyalty, hath made so deep an impression upon my heart, that, if it ever please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. As for my son, your Prince, he is of your own blood, a child capable of any impression, and, as his education will be from you, it is not supposable that he can forget your merits. At your own desires you are now going a long march far distant from me. Fear God and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon it always to find me your parent and King."*

Under the Marshal de Noailles, and other leaders, this company of heroes saw such effectual service, that in 1714, but sixteen of their number were living. The ballad before us tells of one of their feats, when, under General Stirk, 16,000 Germans attempted to pass the Rhine. The Marquis de Sell, at the head of 4000 French, guarded the opposite shore. A small island, in the middle of the river, was in spite of all his exertions, seized by the Germans, and united immediately by a bridge to their main camp. Of course, this position caused the greatest uneasiness to the French, but it seemed impossible to dislodge them. In this juncture, "a swarthy man," Captain John Foster, the leader of the Scots, volunteers his company as a forlorn hope to storm the isle, on which the enemy had now thrown up heavy batteries.

"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
  Than that which rushes there;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet
  And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
  Is ours not strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
  But there is honor too!"

The old Marquis de Sell gives a joyful assent, upon condition that his men are ready to follow him. The Scotch Captain addresses them, concluding with these words—

"Come, brothers! let me name a spell
  Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
  Through pulse, and heart, and vein!
Call back the days of bygone years—
  Be young and strong once more!
Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
  Is one we've crossed before.

Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
  Rise up on either hand—
Again upon the Garry's banks,
  On Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave,
  I hear the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call—
  "Upon them, for the King!
Stayed we behind that glorious day
  For roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still—
  Now, brothers, will ye in?"

No stay—no pause. With one accord
  They grasped each other's hand,
And plunged into that angry flood
  That bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads,
  Yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell
  And shot and cannon roar.
"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear
  Since earth and sea began
Was never such a daring deed
  Essayed by mortal man!"

* * * * * * *

"The current's strong—the way is long—
  They'll never reach the shore!
See, see! they stagger in the midst,
  They waver in the line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
  And whelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
  When the blast is piping shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
  Down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches,
  Striving with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage
  Cleaving firmly to the rock!
Even so the Scottish warriors
  Held their men against the river—

* * * * *

One word was spoke among them,
  And through the ranks it spread—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!"
  Was all the Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward,
  They struggled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream
  And rushed toward the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
  The German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back
  Where armèd foemen throng.

* This scene is certainly in very striking contrast with the flight of James a short time before from his palace at Whitehall, his throwing the Great Seal into the Thames, and his subsequent vacillation on the approach of William.
[ED. MAG.

But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band,
Right up against the guarded trench
And o'er it, sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand!
O lovely island of the Rhine,
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown?
What saw the winter moon that night,
As, struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain?
A dreary spot with corpses strown,
And bayonets glittering round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound;
And one huge watchfire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well?
And did they honor those who lived,
And weep for those who fell?
What needs of thanks was given to them
Let aged annals tell.
Why should they twine the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed:
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince or peer?
What virtue had such honied words
The exile's hearts to cheer?
What mattered it, that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be!

There—if our readers do not thank us for this long extract, we are much deceived. Perhaps it is but the stirring dregs of the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," as old Buchanan has it—in our system—that makes us warm so in favor of aught that relates to "the land of the mountain and the flood," but certes, the preceding lines make us to prick up our ears like a warhorse at the braying of "a silver trumpet with a martial sound."

"Of "Charles Edward at Versailles," we have little to say. It is inferior to much of its kindred versification. There is something rather bald in the very first line—but the next ballad, "the Old Scottish Cavalier," is magnificent—sufficient in itself to redeem a whole volume of balderdash. It came out some years ago in Blackwood, and well do we remember the effect it produced upon the mind of one from whose lips we have often since heard it sung—in sooth, it is a gem of the first water; such a strain as this must have been the famous war-song of Roland, chaunting which Roger de Taille-fer charged the host on the field of Hastings, and died with its murmurs on his lips.

If we give this song entire, it is the last offence of the kind we shall commit in this paper, and, certainly, the sin will be no heinous one. Although the air is a parody, the subject of the song is matter of real life. Lord Pitsligo is well understood to have been the hero; although the *denouement* is more akin to the fate of Viscount Strathallan, than of Lord Pitsligo, who was a nobleman the most conspicuous of the Low Country, for his virtue, learning, and social influence.

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

I.

Come, listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a Baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time!

II.

He kept his castle in the North,
Hard by the thundering spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish Cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

III.

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names.

Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass
With the glory of the Græmes;
Like a true old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time!

IV.

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touching his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time!

V.

At length the news ran through the land—
THE PRINCE had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old Baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish Cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

VI.

He was the first that bent the knee
When the STANDARD waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until, on bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time!

VII.

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new!
The fair White Rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish Cavalier
All of the olden time!

This closes the political series that has given a name to the volume; the Miscellaneous Poems, however, demand a short notice at our hands. The one entitled "Blind Old Milton," is of considerable merit, and is sufficient to show how much the Author is inspired by poetic sympathy, and how little by the baser feelings of party politics. It paints the after life of him, of whom Gray has sang,

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blinded with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night,

The calm and placid resignation put into the mouth of the author of the "Defensio Populi Anglicani," will remind the reader of some lines written by a contemporary of Milton's, one Francis Lord Lovelace, in 1649, while lying in the dungeon where he had been immured by the Parliament which also confiscated his estates, on account of his adherence to the King.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, that are unconfined, take
These for an hermitage.
While I am constant in my love,
And in me, soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty!

"Hermotimus" is the tale of a husband of Clazomenæ, whose soul had acquired an inconvenient habit of quitting its earthly vesture, and visiting parts unknown. One day, during the temporary absence of the spirit, his wife burned the body, and thus effectually put a stop to such unconnubial conduct. On its return, of course his soul had no place to go to, and though matters are afterwards very ingeniously accommodated in the poem, yet, as our Author notes, his memory must "nevertheless remain as a terrible example and warning to all husbands who carry their scientific and spiritual pursuits so far as to neglect their duty to their wives." The return of the Soul to the wife's mourning chamber is well told, and in an admirably suitable metre, that falls on the ear like the regular chime of a funeral knell.

Night again was come; but oh, how lonely
To the mourner did that night appear!
Peace nor rest it brought, but sorrow only,
Vain repinings and unwonted fear.
Dimly burned the lamp—
Chill the air and damp—
And the winds without were moaning drear.

Hush! a voice in solemn whispers speaking,
Breaks within the silence of the room;
And LONE, loud and wildly shrieking,
Starts and gazes through the ghastly gloom.
Nothing sees she there—
All is empty air,
All is empty as a rifled tomb.

Once again the voice beside her sounded,
Low, and faint, and solemn was its tone—
Nor by form nor shade am I surrounded,
Fleshly home and dwelling have I none.
They are passed away—

Woe is me! to-day
Hath robbed me of myself, and made me lone.

"Œnone," a clever little production, very much in Tennyson's vein—a brother poet, whom Mr. Aytoun delighteth not to honor; and the "Buried Flower" that reminds us of Longfellow's manner of thinking—come next in order. The latter contains many charming gems, elaborately polished and strung together by a rather weak thread, although as a whole it may not possess any very great merit of poetic originality. The following is not particularly modern, but is a prettily told conceit—

Like the wanderer of the desert,
When across the dreary sand,
Breathes the perfume from the thickets
Bordering on the promised land;

When afar he sees the palm-trees
Cresting o'er the lonely well,
When he hears the pleasant tinkle
Of the distant Camel's bell—etc.

And these lines are very musical—in the tone of the whole effusion, however.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
In thy fair and glorious prime,
Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
Through the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
Birds were singing on the tree,
Everything was bright and glowing,
When the angels came for thee.

"The Old Camp"—"Danube and the Euxine" and "Charon's Refusal" are capital, and will be favorites wherever they are read. But the "Scheik of Sinai" and the "Epitaph of Constantine Kanaris" are worthless trash, insipid and puerile to a degree. It is astonishing to us that any man could confess himself the parent of such lamentable weaknesses—flatter by far than the smallest of small table beer. A schoolboy of the fourth form who brought forward such rhymes as these would richly deserve to be birched. But in the quantity of wheat garnered in the volume we have just laid down, why murmur at the presence of a little chaff? Rarely have we risen from the perusal of a work that has afforded us a greater intellectual treat than this, and we hope that those of our readers who may not have the London edition within their reach, may soon be gratified by seeing it issue from an American press.

NATIONAL LYRICS.

—

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

—

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.*

In Boston lay the British host,
His banners wrapped in sleep;
Whilst far and near that iron coast
Was guarded from the deep;
But ere went up the morrow's sun,
Lighting the foe to his grave!
The sudden roar of distant gun
Was heard along the wave.†

For sternly over Bunker's height
Rose, rear'd by hands as stout,
The labor of a single night,
Th' American redoubt!
There Freedom sat upon her hills,
And mark'd the foe afar;
His heavy numbers, haughty drills,
His pride and pomp of war!

Now rose, alike from sea and shore,
The flash of opening guns!
That shook the city to its core,
A light that dimmed the sun's!
And rock'd beneath that iron hail
The steep where Warren stood;
No sound return'd upon the gale—
Th' avengers work'd in blood!

Slowly a long, dark line uprose,
Frowning above the foe!
A light it seem'd to eyes of those
Who watch'd it from below!
For there the hush'd heart's thousand ties
In listening terror lay,
As Freedom's ranks beneath those skies,
Like lions stood at bay!

* Bunker Hill and Fort Moultrie are remote topics. I am not aware, however, of any attempt to do justice to them in numbers. My own attention was accidentally drawn to the subject by the perusal, a short time since, of Headley's two volumes, "Washington and his Generals."

† At four o'clock in the morning the people of Boston and the British officers were waked up by a heavy cannonading from an English ship of war, whose commander first perceived the position which the Americans had taken up during the night.

The haughty foe was gath'ring fast,
While far along that shore,
Was heard the stirring bugle blast,
As slept the cannon's roar!
And glancing banner, nodding plume,
Commingled far and near;
While, o'er that mass of fearful gloom,
The bayonet gleam'd in air!

Said Warren—"Mine where honor calls,
Where the battle heaviest lowers;
For, worthy of these hills and halls,
We'll prove the blood that's ours!"
"Now steady, hearts!" bold Putnam cries,
And wait th' approaching foe;
Mark the light of th' invaders' eyes,
Lay each invader low!

On came the Briton's firm array,
Then stood a moment still;
While his guns lit up another day
Around that silent hill!
Along its steel-clad summit ran
A gleam of hurrying light,
Beneath whose flash the British van
Went down in sudden night!

Successive numbers o'er the slain
Still struggled up the steep,
Its volleys swept their ranks again
Like whirlwind from the deep!
Their numbers rallied, reel'd, stood still—
Then, as rock by lightning riven,
That mighty mass went down the hill,
In fierce confusion driven!

"Now club your guns!" stout Prescott cried,
"Our bayonets are few;
For mark! the foe in stubborn pride,
Brings up his ranks anew!"
With sabre flashing to the sun,
The gallant Warren led;
But, ere that stormy day was done,
He slumbered with the dead!

The brave provincials with the night
Slow withdrew them from the hill;
But, from that long-contested height
Tho' driven, were Victorr still!
And loud the shout of triumph rose
O'er city, hill, and plain,
Whose echoes, while one freeman glows,
Shall never sleep again!

MOORE'S ANACREON.

A very inadequate estimate has often been made of the ability requisite to make a good translation from a great author. It has been supposed that all that is necessary is to manufacture something in another language which should contain the words and phases of the original as nearly as possible in their identical order and disposition. To this we owe that barbarous jargon of bad Latin which is found in the "translation" columns of some old editions of Greek authors, translations which are incalculably more obscure than the difficult passages they pretend to elucidate. The earliest English translations of classical authors are founded upon this idea and the consequence is, that most of them are stiff, harsh, and pedantic to an uncommon degree. The language forced out of its natural shape, inverted and distorted, produces the same unpleasant effect upon our minds that arises from viewing those grotesque absurdities into which gardeners of the last century tortured the picturesque luxuriance of shrubbery.

Nor did this exhibit itself solely in their prose translations. Those scraps of antiquity that had the misfortune to be "done into verse," fared very little better. Old Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, is a lamentable illustration of the fact. True it is that there were glorious exceptions to this common practice; of these, the most admirable is the authorized translation of the Bible. That remarkable work is alike wonderful for its almost literal faithfulness and for its free and unconstrained style, two qualities, it is hardly necessary to say, scarcely ever found together. It is almost impossible for the reader to persuade himself that he is not perusing an original work, there is such a freshness and vigor in it. The various styles of the different authors are admirably preserved. The lyric fervor of David and Isaiah, the elegiac pathos of Jeremiah, the glowing eloquence and eager argumentation of St. Paul, the calm earnestness of John, the steady narrative of the historians, the epic majesty of the book of Job, and the tragic gorgeousness of that sublime and wonderful vision, the Apocalypse,—are all as vivid and distinct as though they had been originally written in the language in which we read them. With all these merits is combined a sober richness and majesty of diction so admirably befitting the solemn truths it conveys that we cannot avoid acknowledging this the masterpiece of all the translations in our language.

Nearly at the same time with this appeared those other celebrated works, Fairfax's Tasso, and Chapman's Homer. Of these the former

was a task far more easy of accomplishment than the latter. There is not that rigorous individuality about the Italian. He wants the Homeric impetuosity and fire, the condensation in sublime passages, the majestic calm of the more delicate parts of the first great poem of Greece. He has none of those vivid pictures painted by a single word which have stumbled all the translators of Homer except Chapman. These peculiarities have rendered him more easily translateable than the blind old Greek. Besides, at that time, English literature was strongly tinctured with an Italian hue. The great master, Spenser, had constructed his exquisite poems on the Italian model, and had given a direction to the English mind. This comparative assimilation smoothed the way to the translator of Tasso. But Chapman had great difficulties in his way. The ornate style of the day, though natural, differed from the severe simplicity of the antique as widely as did the rich and magnificent Gothic architecture from the chaste models of the Grecian temples. He has nevertheless produced a translation far more acceptable to the readers of the original than Pope's, which is, as a cotemporary poet justly said of it, "a very pretty poem, but not Homer."

The truth is that a good translation is a very difficult literary task to accomplish, and requires talénts of a high and peculiar order. These are not of the same character as those that are requisite to produce a great original work, for it is notorious that excellent translators have succeeded indifferently in their original efforts, and that nervous original writers have signally failed in their attempts to translate. Still, though we are compelled to rank translation far below creation, we most confidently assert that it is no more possible for a man of merely moderate abilities to produce a really good translation from a first-class author, than it is for a common-place painter to make a successful copy of a master-piece from the hands of Raphael or Rubens. Any laborious draughtsman may, indeed, transfer to his own canvass, the lines and the proportions of the master's work, may superficially imitate his coloring, but the depth and transparency of the tints, the freedom of the touch, the *feeling*, to use an expressive technical phrase, will be absent. So a laborious scholar, by dint of turning over pages of lexicons and grammars, and diving into learned annotations, may produce for us a sort of copy of his author, but it will convey no better idea of the original than the dead, leaden stare of the early Daguerreotypes of the sprightly faces they pretended to represent. The meaning of an author may be as thoroughly distorted by an inexpert translator as by a clumsy, ill-taught actor. Indeed, the mental qualifications requisite for eminence in the pursuits of both are very much of the same nature. A translator must assume the character of his author, as an actor does that of his part, must feel his sentiments, must think his thoughts, must adopt his temperament. Then, and only then, can he hope to give to the world something like a translation. Otherwise, he will accomplish nothing better than a paraphrase, an imitation, or perhaps a travestie. The same reason that accounts for the world's having seen but one Garrick, one Roscius, and one Siddons, will also explain the rarity of such men as Chapman.

Even to a man of such rare talents as to be mentally qualified for such a task, many difficulties will occur. The very structure of language is in his way. There are characteristic and expressive idioms which are untranslateable, the meaning of which can only be conveyed by a wide circumlocution which often destroys their entire force. Then there are shades of meaning in words which cannot be retained in a translation. Thus, to use two very familiar examples, the French cannot express our *comfort*, nor we their *ennui*; or, to take an illustration of our meaning from the very language of the poet whose name heads our article, what a most inadequate idea do our English translations convey of the minute beauties of that fine passage of Homer's Iliad describing the descent of Apollo, and the sending of the pestilence into the Grecian camp.

Ως εφατ' ευχομενος—του δ'εκλυε Φοιβος Απολλων. κ. τ. λ.

Pope's translation, the only one we have, reads thus:

"Thus Chryses pray'd: the favoring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty top descends;
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feathered fates below.
On mules and dogs the infection first began,
And last the vengeful arrows fixed on man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air,
The pyres thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare, &c.

Now, independently of the general inadequacy of this version, it fails (where indeed failure is unavoidable) in conveying the peculiar force of the different words used to express the arrows of the God. These are so admirably suited to the position in which each is made to stand that we have often wondered how such rare beauty of adaptation could ever have escaped the keen eyes of so many commentators. No one who has directed his attention to them can fail to be delighted by their exact propriety. It will be observed that Pope alludes to them thrice, and that

though he uses three different words in feeble and remote imitation of the great original, there is no peculiar propriety in this change of words on his part. Homer, on the other hand, uses four, and these four substantives are so picturesque that they almost tell the story of themselves. For example, while the arrows are shut up in the quiver on the God's shoulder, they receive a name which etymologically denotes *things carried.** When Apollo has reached the neighborhood of the camp, he sends forth a dart to ascertain whether he be within striking distance, and this is designated by a term denoting *something sent.*† This point being settled, he commences operations in real earnest, and hurls among the devoted Greeks his "feathered fates," which then receive a new appellation signifying missiles *thrown with force.*‡ After they have been raging nine days through the invaders' camp, the unhappy sufferers have had an opportunity to examine them, and our poet therefore gives them a new name indicating that their points have been hardened by *burning,*‖ a well known ancient substitute for metallic heads. It would have been manifestly impossible to transfer these beauties to a metrical translation without a tediousness and prolixity wholly inadmissible; yet difficulties of this kind are perpetually occurring to perplex him who attempts to copy in one language the glowing thoughts of great masters who have written in another.

"Is it, then," it may be asked, "impossible that a correct translation of any eminent author can be obtained?" Not precisely impossible, we answer; but all scholars know that such things are exceedingly rare. An exact version, one which shall convey the precise ideas of the author in the style in which he has written them, is a work of great difficulty; but if to this be superadded the task of imitating his imitations of nature, of being full and sonorous, or thin and whispering, rapid or slow in unison with him, the accomplishment of a translation becomes so nearly an impossibility, that to call it such would be sufficiently accurate for the purposes of ordinary conversation. Cowper, for example, is the only one of the numerous English translators of Homer who has attempted to imitate the sonorous melody of that magnificent line which has been the admiration of so many centuries.

"Βη δ'ακεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης."

But letting this pass, as a perfection not to be expected—what are the requisites for a just translation of a foreign author? Not a paraphrase on one hand, nor a violent distortion of English to suit the Procrustean bed of a foreign sentence on the other, not an imitation like some of the coarse pot-house translations of Anacreon which appeared at the same time with Moore's, but a fair and just rendering of his work as it stands. The one must be, as nearly as possible, an equivalent for the other. If the translator fall short of the original, if he fail, for very weakness, to convey an adequate idea of the thoughts and language of the author, he has manifestly not given the world a *translation.* If, on the other hand, he has attempted to improve upon his author, even though he may have succeeded, he is guilty of quite as palpable a failure. In either case, he is quite as liable to censure as a portrait painter, who, having before him a fine characteristic old head, powerful and intellectual, should copy only the general outlines of the features, and giving us either the drivelling imbecility of dotage, or the sprightly vivacity of youth, should endeavor to persuade people that his picture was a true portrait of his sitter.

We have tried to be explicit as to the requisites of a good translation. Hoping our readers understand our views, we shall now proceed to examine by these tests, the celebrated translation of Anacreon by Thomas Moore. The work has been so universally praised, and the translation has justly attained so high a position among the song-writers of the day, that we can hardly expect our opinions of this performance to meet with general approbation. From this remark, our readers will already have inferred that we are not disposed to pronounce a favorable judgment upon this much admired work. We certainly cannot accede to the general opinion of the excellence of this translation; and yet, we we are by no means disposed, indiscriminately to condemn it. We hope to give sufficient reasons for the views we entertain in this matter, to satisfy our readers that they are at least not wholly without foundation.

Moore has been, by many, supposed the very man of all others, adapted by constitution, taste, and habit, to be a translator of the "Teian bard of pleasure." We regard this notion as a mistaken one. Moore is indeed a man of pleasure. He loves, (or perhaps it would be more proper to say he loved) wine and its kindred gratifications. His early poetry paints him an eager votary of pleasure, utterly regardless of the immoral ty of his enjoyments. But over all such unblushing acknowledgments he throws such a bewitching halo, such a beautiful play of the rainbow glories of an exhaustless fancy, that many are tempted to forget the moral deformity of these seducing writings. He presents to us a false and foul Duessa, tricked off in borrowed bravery, but never hints at the cheat that is played upon us. His wit reminds us of the deluding meteor that hovers over grave-yards and fens,

brilliant indeed, and nimble in its motions, but born of corruption and associated with impurity. He is most emphatically a writer *purissimae impuritatis*. In his most immodest poems, though the very words seem to swoon with voluptuous exhaustion, there is a grace and elegance of diction, a glow of poetry, a fictitious refinement of sentiment, that beguile the thoughtless reader while the poison is stealing into his soul. He never frightens the timid and fastidious by an explosion of coarse vulgarity. He is always elegant, always self-possessed, always alive to the beautiful. He takes care to exhibit the bright side to the view of his reader. He lingers and hovers round an impure thought like a bee round a poison flower, sucking its honey and singing as as though it contained nothing but sweets. These traits fully qualify him to celebrate the retired and courtly joys of an oriental harem. His dreamy, luscious poetry suits well an opium-eater's fancies of the Mohammedan heaven. But this grace and gallantry is by no means a characteristic of the ancient classics. Their voluptuousness is coarse and material. If they have any thing gross to say, they say it in the plainest and most unmistakable manner. They love wine because they like to be drunk, and they make no scruple of avowing their partiality. Their Epicureans are emphatically sensual writers, and their sensuality is unredeemed and undisguised by any tinge of sentiment or gallantry.

Anacreon, the preface to the translation would have us believe, is an exception to this general rule. He, we are told, possesses more refinement, more gallantry than his compeers. We have looked in vain for any indications of this refined sentiment in the Greek. He is, indeed, by no means so gross as Horace or Catullus. He has written of pleasure, and scruples not to avow himself its votary, but he is equally removed from the disgusting plainness of the Latins, and the voluptuous lusciousness of his English translator. Still, he is an ancient, a thorough ancient. He speaks of love, the ancient love, often and plainly, and presents to us the lamentable picture of an old man nursing the memory of by-gone sins, and fanning the dying embers of those desires which disgraced his youth by their untamed excesses. He seems to be immeasurably thankful to the Gods, that they have at least left him in his old age, the privilege and the power of getting drunk. Wine and love are the great themes of his muse, but now and then, in the midst of his revelling, the form of death throws its cold shadow over the flowers that lie sprinkled about him. He pauses one awe-struck moment, and then dashes on in his reckless round of pleasure. That he is old, that his feeble feet are tottering along the crumbling margin of the open grave, he occasionally admits, but he braves it out with the swaggering

τῷ γέροντι μᾶλλον
Πρέπει τὰ τερπνὰ παίζειν,
Οσῳ πέλας τὰ μοίρης.

He is then no sentimentalist, but a plain-spoken debauchee, whose poetry depends, for the interest it excites in the reader's mind, more upon the attendant circumstances of his revels than upon the revels themselves. The spring-time with its flowers and breezes, the cup-bearer Cupid, the groves shadowing the temple, the doves, the dancing graces, the distant view of the calm ocean, the garlands of flowers that crown his fevered brow, the carved work of his goblet—these, and such as these, are the images which linger in our memory. It is the innocent portion of the Anacreontics which gives them their peculiar charm. How different from the translator's own voluptuous poetry, in which every thing is made subordinate to an exquisite sensuality which forms at once the ground-work and entire interest of every poem.

To leave these generalities, let us see how Moore has discharged the duties of a translator in particulars. The first fault we find with him is, that he has made no attempt to distinguish the genuine from the spurious odes of Anacreon. That the first ode in the translation is not the production of the Teian is manifest from its own internal evidence, as any one may see who reads it with the slightest attention. Yet the translator gives it to us as genuine, and finds fault with others who, on his own favorite authority, the Vatican MS., attribute it with much show of reason, to Basilius. The same negligence is apparent throughout this work. He takes the MS. alluded to, as paramount authority, and receives as genuine all the odes which it contains. He seems to dread only the clumsy ecclesiastical versifiers of the early days of the church, but to have no apprehension of those infinitely more pestilent tribes, the grammarians and the emanuenses. The awkward emendations and interpolations of these self-sufficient people, have defaced some of the most beautiful passages in the Greek and Latin classics. They have been at their work with the author before us. The consequence is, that but few of the poems usually attributed to Anacreon are the genuine productions of that exquisite poet. De Pauw, a skeptical and phlegmatic Dutchman, who has given to the world a laborious edition, has gone so far as to declare, that he does not believe any of the odes except a few fragments, to be Anacreon's. "Ambigo maximopere," says he, "an inter hæc Anacreontica vel unum sit hodié quod pro genuino Anacreontis factu haberi queat." He assigns several

reasons for his incredulity, the principal of which is, that, according to the ancients, Anacreon wrote wholly in the Ionic dialect, whereas, in the odes attributed to him, there are scarcely any specimens of this dialect.

If our translator has failed in the critical part of his work, he has come no less short of his duty in rendering the language. One of the most striking characteristics of Anacreon is his simplicity of diction. He is sparing in the use of similes and very parsimonious in epithets. He rarely uses an adjective, and never a compound word, unless it is very material to the idea he wishes to convey. He uses his language to express his thoughts, not merely to embellish his pages. There is very little tendency to diffuseness about him, much less than in Horace. His language in the unadulterated odes is like a transparent stream which permits all it contains to be clearly seen, and gives a lustre to every thing it covers. Moore, on the other hand, is delighted to hear himself sing. His language is copious in adjectives and rich in epithets, usually well placed and picturesque, but sometimes most shockingly malapropos. These all, however, remind us of varnishes of various brilliant tints spread over a fine picture. However beautiful their colors may be, they do but conceal the sober harmony of the original coloring. As a necessary consequence of all this, he is very diffuse, spreading out his meaning in broad, thin, beautiful washes, where he should have concentrated it in strong, spirited touches. A few extracts will fully exemplify our meaning. We shall not take the well-known ode Θελω λέγειν Ατρείδας, for he, himself, admits that it is rendered "rather paraphrastically." The version has in truth, scarcely one recognizable feature of the original. Let us quote from its neighbor the 24th of that translation, the 2d of the common editions. φύσις κέρατα ταύροις κ. τ. λ. The literal rendering is as follows:

> Nature gave horns to bulls,
> And hoofs to horses;
> Swiftness of foot to hares,
> To lions a chasm of teeth;
> To fish the power of swimming,
> To birds the power of flying, &c.

Now let us have what Moore calls a translation.

> To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
> Some boon of strength has nature given.
> When the *majestic* bull *was born*,
> *She fenced his brow with wreathed horn*,
> She *arm'd* the courser's foot *of air*,
> And *winged* with speed the *panting* hare.
> She gave the lion fangs of terror,
> And on the ocean's *crystal mirror*
> Taught the *unnumber'd* scaly throng
> *To trace their liquid path along;*
> *While for the umbrage of the grove,*
> *She plumed the warbling world of love.*"

Here is not only a dilution almost Homœopathic of the meaning, but a total sacrifice of all the character and strength of the original. What a tame, common-place substitute for the striking figure "*chasm of teeth*," is the "*fangs of terror*" in the English translation. The first two lines are interpolated. The words in italics are unauthorized by the text. We are willing to allow some latitude of expression to a writer who translates a foreign poem into English verse, but so wide a range as this, is, to our notion, utterly inadmissible. Nothing can excuse such slovenly Hibernicisms, as first swimming *on* the ocean, and a foot of *air* being *armed*. These are by no means isolated instances. We are constantly meeting with wholly unauthorized conceits, to wit:

> "She gave thee beauty, *shaft of eyes*,
> That every shaft of war *outflies!*
> She gave thee beauty, *blush of fire*,
> *That bids the flames of war retire!*
> *Woman! be fair, we must adore thee,*
> *Smile, and a world is weak before thee!*"

Now, what is the authority for all this? The original says simply:

> "What gave she them? Beauty,
> Stronger than any sabre,
> Stronger than any spear,—
> She conquers fire and iron,
> That woman who has beauty."

Such a version as this, is not sufficiently close to the original to be called even an imitation. It is not a paraphrase, because it does not expand the ideas of the Greek, but substitutes new ones wholly foreign to the subject.

In the twenty-sixth ode we have these words:

> "'*Twas not the created warrior's dart,*
> *Which drank the current of my heart,*
> Nor naval arms, nor *mailed* steed,
> *Have made this vanquished bosom bleed:*
> *No—from an eye of liquid blue,*
> *A host of quivered Cupids flew,*
> *And now my heart all bleeding lies*
> Beneath this army of the eyes."

How pressed down and running over with sweets of language is this ode. Adjectives spring up over it and through it, in the greatest abundance. Nor do we deny that they have their beauty; but we must contend that that beauty is by no means Anacreontic. What says the ode? the following is a bold translation.

> A horse did not destroy me,
> Nor infantry, nor ships:
> But another new army,
> Wounding me from eyes.

One adjective, *new*, in the whole passage. The 17th ode of the common edition, the 4th

of Moore's translation, begins as follows, rendered literally—

"Carving the silver,
O Vulcan! make me
Not a panoply,
(For what are wars to me?)
But a hollow goblet,
As deep as possible,
And carve upon it
Neither the stars* nor the main,
Nor sad Orion, &c."

Moore's version runs:

"Vulcan *hear your glorious task;*
I do not from your labors ask
In *gorgeous* panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But let not *o'er its simple frame*
Your *mimic* constellations flame
Nor grave upon the *swelling* side
Orion scowling o'er the tide, &c."

The sixth line is a conceit as unwarrantable as any in the worst passages of Pope's Iliad.

We should not be disposed to censure our poet so strongly for his use of adjectives if they aided the sense at all. But this they rarely do. They usually but display the fancy of the translator and his command of language without shedding one additional ray upon the meaning of the passage. Sometimes they seem designed to add some touches which the author forgot, to put in some scenery which the Greek left out. If so, the design is in as bad taste as though a painter should copy the figure of the Greek Slave, color the flesh and the trinkets about her, and then fill up the spare canvass with the slave-bazaar and the crowds of higgling dealers. Often these expletives are supremely absurd. We ask our readers if any admirer of Anacreon, (for such we profess ourselves) is not fully authorized to grumble at a translator who makes the old Greek ask Vulcan to carve him a "*rose-lipped maid*" in silver, as Moore does in the ode just cited?

A graver fault than these is one which we have already hinted at in our remarks on the general character of the translator's poetry. There is, in this version, a disposition to linger round voluptuous thoughts, and, as it were, to fondle on them, which we do not find in the original. The Greek says what he has to say, plainly but neither grossly nor glowingly. The Irishman helps him out, and gives a new spice and flavor to his verse, e. g.—

* By the stars, the Greeks particularly uuderstood the constellations of Canis Major and Canis Minor. The wain, as our readers are aware, is the cluster of large stars in Ursa Major.

Καλός τε καὶ φίλεινος.

"Beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eye of fire
Through the mist of soft desire." *Moore.*

Μεθύων ὅπως χορεύσω

Literally.

So that becoming drunk I may dance

"And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel as through the dance's round, &c. *Moore.*

Ὅπου καλαὶ γυναῖκες.

Literally,

Where are pretty women—

"Where the glowing wantons rove." *Moore.*

Σύρους—The Syrians.

—"The amorous Syrian dames." *Moore.*

Χαρίτεσσι συγχορεύων

Literally,

Dancing with the Graces

"When, with the blushing naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces." *Moore.*

Παρὰ σοὶς, Διόνυσε, σηκοῖς, κ. τ. λ.

Literally,

Near thy temples, O Bacchus,
With a deep-bosomed damsel,
Crowned with rosy garlands
I will dance.

"Great Bacchus! in thy hallowed shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume sweetened by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingling soul with every glance.—*Moore.*

We might multiply examples like these indefinitely. They are scattered over the whole book.

We will not, however, condemn universally. Though we cannot admit the translation, as a whole, to be good, it contains some fine paraphrases in which the original is beautifully and truthfully expanded. Thus what an admirable copy of Μὴ διδόντε μήτε μίσγε in Moore's line,

"Just commingling, just dividing."

It is impossible also to withhold our admiration from the expansion of Anacreon's thoughts in the following lines from the same ode, though they certainly far outrun the sober limits of a

translation, and abound in the faults we have elsewhere commented upon:

> "Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
> Sweet petitioner for kisses!
> Pouting nest of bland persuasion
> Ripely suing love's invasion."

We would not be understood as being disposed to underrate our poet's lyrical abilities. Far from it. As an original writer of brilliant and touching scraps of song, we consider him above any recent poet. Few have written so much and so well. His longer poems have always appeared too diffuse, and altogether too cloying. The richness and sweetness of language which is charming in a song becomes wearisome in a longer poem. A drop of ottar of roses on a pocket handkerchief is delicious, but a gallon of it, spilt in a parlor, suffocates us.

But, to return to Anacreon. We have ventured to translate into a short blank verse one of the most beautiful odes—one which drew from the saturnine De Pauw himself the exclamation, "*Odarium mellitum* et vere elegans!" and to present it to our readers in company with Mr. Moore's version, which is one of the closest he has made. In doing this, we are fully sensible of the awkward position in which we place ourselves, but we think the edge of ridicule may be turned by assuring our readers that we do not pretend to a spark of the *mens divinior*—that we have attempted nothing but the closest possible copy of the original, and the nearest approach we were able to make to the Greek measure, in order that those who do not read the classics might have the opportunity of estimating for themselves the merits of the version under consideration. Fidelity then being the only merit we claim for our piece, we make no more modest speeches, but present at once our humble effort.

> Once about the hour of midnight,
> When the Bear was slowly turning,
> By Boötes' hand directed;
> And the many tribes of mortals
> Lay, with weariness o'erpowered;—
> Then the god of love, approaching,
> At my doors commenced a-knocking.
> "Who," said I, "my door is pounding?
> All my dreams thus interrupting."
> Then Love answered, "Open, prithee!
> I'm a child, you need not fear me!
> And I'm wet, for I have wandered
> All this night of moonless darkness."
> Hearing this, the child I pitied,
> And at once a lamp I lighted,
> Oped the door, and saw an infant.
> In his hand a bow he carried,
> Wings behind him and a quiver.
> Close beside the hearth I placed him,
> In my palms his little fingers
> Warm'd I, and from out his ringlets
> Softly pressed the dripping water.
> But, when we had thoroughly warmed him—
> "Come," said he, "let 's make a trial
> Of this bow, how far 'tis injured
> By its string's unlucky wetting?"
> And he draws it—sharp he smites me,
> Like a gad-fly, through the liver.
> Up he leapeth, loudly laughing—
> "Host!" said he, "congratulate me,
> For, indeed, my bow 's uninjured,
> But your heart!—ah, it shall sicken."

This is almost exactly literal, line for line, word for word, phrase for phrase. Moore's translation follows:

> 'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
> The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
> And mortals, wearied with the day,
> Are slumbering all their cares away:
> An infant, at that dreary hour,
> Came weeping to my silent bower,
> And waked me with a piteous prayer,
> To save him from the midnight air!
> "And who art thou," I waking cry,
> "That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
> "O gentle sire!" the infant said,
> "In pity take me to thy shed;
> Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
> I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
> Chill drops the rain and not a ray
> Illumes the drear and misty way!"
> I hear the baby's tale of woe;
> I hear the bitter night winds blow;
> And, sighing for his piteous fate,
> I trimmed my lamp and oped the gate.
> 'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
> His pinion sparkled through the night!
> I knew him by his bow and dart;
> I knew him by my fluttering heart!
> I take him in, and fondly raise
> The dying embers' cheering blaze;
> Press from his dank and clinging hair
> The crystals of the freezing air,
> And in my hand and bosom hold
> His little fingers thrilling cold.
> And now the embers' genial ray
> Hath warmed his anxious fears away;
> "I pray thee," said the wanton child,
> (My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
> "I pray thee let me try my bow,
> For through the rain I've wandered so,
> That much I fear the ceaseless shower
> Has injured its elastic power."
> The fatal bow the urchin drew;
> Swift from the string the arrow flew;
> Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
> And to my very soul it came!
> "Fare thee well!" I heard him say,
> As laughing wild he winged away;
> "Fare thee well, for now I know
> The rain has not relaxed my bow;
> It still can send a maddening dart,
> As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

Baltimore, 1849.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1849, *by John R. Thompson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.*]

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER TENTH.

"Sir Belthazar did shake the silver bells of his bridle reins, and waft back from the tips of his gauntlet an adieu to that bright and now tearful beauty, whereof he had been the prisoner. Saying, in confirmation of these motions significant of the parting, 'Beautiful princess farewell! Love hath for too long a season subjected Belthazar the adventurous knight. But his ornaments shall now be arms, and not the silken robes, his pastime war and not the dance; instead of thy two lamps of love which are going out in the stream of thy tears, the stars which shine down on the world shall light him to his nightly rest.'"

The Monkish romance of Sir Belthazar.

The Norwegian passed the night which had begun with developments so important to his happiness, and which had brought to him honors so unexpected, in the solitude of his chamber, in the astrologer's tower. His reflections upon the recent scene with the elector were not without a tinge of that distrust, which had for some time aided to render his life at the chateau miserable. It might be that the good prince had made a butt of him. The romance of Cervantes had not escaped his reading, and there were points in that inimitable narrative which seemed to bear a suspicious resemblance to his own recent promotion to chivalric dignities. But he dismissed this suspicion after a time, and gave himself to grave and pure thoughts.

Whilst the revel of the elector continued, he prayed in the privacy of his turret chamber. The strong man, humbled before God, confessed his offences, and besought aid in the task of self-purification.

The morning star blazed like a beacon before his devotions were ended. Then he sought sleep, to prepare himself for the toilsome journey which by a swift determination he had fixed upon that day to begin.

A morning bright and beautiful, and strangely gorgeous in its early hues, followed the night so spent. The very fires of the sun were of dull effect compared with the floating splendours of that atmosphere which had promised his advent. The undulating country, plain and wooded, wearing the motley of autumn, and covered with the jewelry of the frost-rime, lay like some region of enchantment, as the early hours advanced above it.

At the third hour after dawn, the inmates of the chateau were astir with some unusual preparation. The elector Augustus was, in fact, preparing to take the field, to hunt the wild cattle which were then to be found in that and the neighboring palatinates of Poland. The revels of the preceding night had belated him, and lost him the dews which all good huntsmen delight to brush away when they go upon the chace. He was about to mount his horse, when Merlin came into the court and interrupted his departure with an account of the adventure with the strange cavaliers on the day before. He had been enabled to recal, and now mentioned, the obscure language of one of the strangers concerning the Sobieskis—the fact that the royal title was used in addressing him—and the declaration made, at his release, that he had been mistaken for another.

"It is clear," said the Norwegian, "that these strangers mistook me for your majesty. Many things disquieted and engrossed me upon my return last night, and it is only this morning that I have reverted to the subject, and perceived your majesty's probable danger."

"Thanks, chevalier," said Augustus; "you have done me a real and valuable service."

He interchanged some thoughtful glances with D'Imhoff, and then promptly dismissed his attendants who were in the bustle of mounting.

"I am reminded," he added to the Norwegian, "that it was your purpose to set off, to-day, upon a journey to the camp of the king of Sweden. Do you still adhere to that purpose?"

"I still adhere to it, sire."

"You spoke last night," continued Augustus, "of my munificence. The hands of my generosity are somewhat empty at present. Your God-fearing Swedes do not rob. but in an upright and lawful manner they do drain princes and nations quite effectually. But I still retain some means of manifesting my favour to a brave gentleman."

"Your majesty's kind and courteous language," said the Norwegian, "would alone be an ample and honourable reward for the most valuable services."

The Elector received this speech with a smile of pleasure.

"Nevertheless," he said, "we must find some more solid means of showing a royal regard—which, for the dignity of princes, if for no other reason, should dispense bounty as its proof. The knight, my dear chevalier, whom you likened to the Paladins, possesses in spite of his poverty a good sword and a strong charger to bestow upon a comrade."

"Sire," said Merlin, with some embarrassment, "I came to the castle a poor soldier. Permit me to leave it a poor soldier. I have honest motives for so ungracious a request to your majesty."

This honest motive, which the Norwegian scarcely defined to himself, was but the desire, in

leaving the scene of those voluptuous sins which had for a time controlled him, to regain in every respect his former sober simplicity.

Augustus replied to his request indirectly.—"Chevalier, permit me to wield your sword. If the weapon prove trustworthy, continue to use it in hewing out your fortunes, and defending your life."

Merlin unsheathed his huge sword, which had formerly elicited those criticisms of Captain Piper, and grasping the blade presented the hilt to the Elector. The latter ordered a casque, and the sword of Duke Hildebrand, which he had used in bestowing knighthood upon the Norwegian, to be brought.

The casque was placed upon the flags of the court. The Elector, swaying Merlin's sword about his head, gathered his full strength, and dealt a tremendous blow upon the burnished head-piece. The blade, deficient in the temper requisite for so rude a trial, broke. Then with the sword of Duke Hildebrand, he dealt a similar blow. That better weapon, glittering and trenchant, penetrated to the hollow of the casque without loss of edge. Then Augustus, presenting the trusty weapon to the Norwegian, said:

"By destroying your sword I make your acceptance of a substitute for it necessary. Chevalier, remember that the gifts of kings carry no degradation with them; also that a king uncrowned will detect, in the refusal to accept his bounty, certain unpleasant reflections upon his fallen fortunes."

To this Merlin answered:

"After what your majesty has just said, I cannot persevere in rejecting your bounty, which, nevertheless, sire, I have in no manner earned."

"This, my dear chevalier, is as it should be," said the Elector; then to one of his attendants —"Bring forth Galba, the young Hungarian charger."

Presently a noble war-horse—a gigantic black-dun, mottled and glossy, with wide thin nostrils, bright and fierce eyes, a grandly arched crest, and vast strength and vast speed evident in his form and carriage—plunged into the court, dragging his grooms and greeting the spectators with a neigh like the clangour of trumpets.

"This steed is of the best blood of Hungary," said Augustus. "He has never snuffed the airs of a battle. Receive the good horse, Chevalier. He would swim the Styx if you exacted such a feat of him, and charge the hosts of Tartarus with furious nostrils and a spirit as infernal as any that he pursued. He is imperial; his name also is imperial. It is Galba. He is quite too noble for any chace except of men."

The gallant horse was equipped in sumptuous housings. The Elector vaulted to his back, and coursed him to and fro, in the extensive court-yard, exhibiting him as the Cid with flying miniver did the renowned Bavieca to king Alphonso. Among the lookers-on were two persons in a balcony above—the Countess of Konigsmark, and Maurice, the youth whom she met with caresses, in a former scene. The Countess waved a scarf, and seemed much animated by the spectacle. The boy looked on in silence, but with flushed cheeks, a quiver of the nostrils, and a light in his eyes which betokened a spirit of kindred with that of the young war horse in the court below. This boy was indeed of the heroic temper. Like the untried charger he as yet but snuffed the battle from afar; but in after times he became first and truest, amidst the thunder of the captains and the shouting. When the king of Sweden, Peter the Czar, the English Marlborough, Eugene, Augustus who reined the wild horse, were gone from the stage, this boy Maurice succeeded them as the first soldier of Europe. The reader, doubtless, from what I I say, recognises in this youth that gallant bastard, the son of Frederick Augustus and his mistress the Countess of Konigsmark, Maurice, Count de Saxe, hero of Fontenoy, marshal, and saviour, of France.

"Chevalier," said the Elector when he had dismounted, "the sword and charger will both stand you in good stead. Accept them both, and remember the giver as one upon whom you have made an excellent impression." He presently added, "The grand chancellor of the order of the White Eagle will issue your patent of knighthood. In the delay which must attend its issue and transmission, so stout a soldier will doubtless have earned it with high actions. Drive Galba and the steel of Duke Hildebrand as deeply as you please into the ranks of our old ally, Peter—of whom, however, not the whole of some recent descriptive remarks, which you may recal, should be taken for unexaggerated truth. There is good assurance, Chevalier, in your frank and gallant demeanour, that the honours which have been bestowed upon you have not been conferred unwisely."

Merlin received the steed and sword and complimentary speech of the Elector with a manly courtesy, which retained nothing of his original reluctance.

Soon afterward D'Imhoff sought and found an opportunity for private conversation with him.

"Sir," said the grave courtier, "you have doubtless wondered that the Elector of Saxony should have singled you out as the mark of his peculiar favour."

Merlin answered:

"I have not wondered at it. Perhaps because

other reflections have occupied me. Perhaps because I have not been sufficiently impressed with my own unworthiness."

The gravity of the courtier acquired a tinge of displeasure. "I will nevertheless," he said, "venture to suggest the motives to a favour, which you seem disposed to attribute wholly to your own worth. First, then, the wishes of the Countess of Konigsmark have had an influence. Secondly, you have perhaps saved the Elector from seizure and captivity by your disclosure of a recent adventure. Thirdly, you were so fortunate as to speak in terms of compliment of the good prince whilst ignorant of his quality. But finally, sir, and I pray your particular attention to this, the Elector of Saxony desires to bind you to him by an exalted regard which will render it impossible that as a man of feeling, and of a nice honour, you can speak freely and commonly of your sojourn in this place—or at least of some of its more delicate circumstances."

"I comprehend you fully," Merlin replied, "and be assured that I shall be most tender of the reputation of the Countess of Konigsmark. I must not suspect, Monsieur, that the Elector designs to buy my silence."

"I do believe," said the Chevalier D'Imhoff, calmly and briefly, "that I have given the true interpretation when I said the Elector of Saxony aimed to secure your silence, not with a price but by binding you to him with the bonds of an honorable and exalted regard."

Here the soldier and courtier parted. Some hours later, Merlin, reining the horse Galba, and wearing at his side the sword of Duke Hildebrand, passed the drawbridge of the Chateau d'Amour, and rode southward. The island of Circe was left behind. A sea whose dangers were not few lay before, but its dangers were such as may destroy without ignominy—such as the brave and wise prefer to the softer perils which waylay fame rather than life. His spirits, as a fresh autumnal wind smote his cheeks, became buoyant. In his escape, from what he had deemed a fatal and irrevocable false step, to freedom he triumphed prospectively over all obstacles. His career lay once more open to him. Its meed was the same which he had proposed to himself before he came within the charmed circle of the Chateau d'Amour. The last few months were after all but a dream. The reality lay before and after them. What effect the dream might have upon his future, how unforgiving might be those in whom the best happiness of his future rested, he was too new to freedom to tame himself to the task of conjecturing.

But he was not yet wholly escaped from the inmates of the castle. He had placed a rolling tract of country, whose crisp grass, and the sere foliage of whose occasional clumps of trees, marked the advance of the seasons to the verge of winter, between himself and the walls which he had recently left. The swelling upland concealed all save the battlements of the castle, and they were becoming vague in the distance. Over the crest of this elevated tract, on his path, came two women on galloping palfreys. He was presently aware of their approach, and stopped on his course.

She who rode foremost was the Countess of Konigsmark. The gallop had brightened her complexion, and increased her voluptuous beauty; her scarlet lip just moved with a slight pant, and her deep bosom rose and fell quickly. Her companion was Judith, one of her damsels, a black-eyed girl with oriental features. The palfreys, slender creatures, limbed like wild deer, were reined up, impatient and scarcely restrainable after their race, at the Norwegian's side. The robes of both riders were in pretty disorder, and the Countess laughed as they were coyly rearranged.

"Ah! Sir Merlin," she exclaimed, "I repented of that stupid state which has to-day been observed between us. I desired, moreover, to make you my messenger, in important affairs, to the King of Sweden. Therefore I am here to arrest you for a moment."

"Your honour me highly, madam," Merlin answered. "I will deliver your missive to the king."

"You speak like some man made of wood," said the Countess petulantly. "You are forbidding enough in your looks to enrage me, but upon reflection I will not be enraged. Monsieur, do not fear that I will annoy you with the least sentiment. I cannot be so cold as yourself, but I can be quite decorous."

"Forgive me, madam"—Merlin began, and would have continued, but the Countess interrupted him:—

"You say 'forgive me,' in a manner which of itself I could not forgive, if I had time to punish you. Sir Merlin, you are without that passion which animates and produces fervour of demeanour. It is an unpleasant reflection to me that you are so. My spell has failed with you. You are unscathed, and the knowledge of the fact wounds my self-love. But it is better for both that, in destroying ties, you have to tear away no profound passion rooted in the heart. If you spurred away from me a broken-hearted knight, the consciousness of your pangs would seriously affect my spirits for some time. Giant, is there no smile in your magazine of graces? My dear Judith, hast thou ever encountered such a bear?"

The Norwegian, pelted with words rough and

gentle, sad and gay, compelled a smile to his face, and replied:

"I am not mirthful, noble lady; but you will find me always, in all things, a faithful if not an entertaining servant, and willing to imperil life in your cause."

"My friend, I know it," said the Countess kindly, "you are gallant; and you have something not wholly unlike a tender regard for poor Hermione, who, for a time, made you a dutiful wife—did she not? But enough of this. You consent to be my messenger to the king."

She placed in his hands a roll strongly bound with threads of silk, sealed, and addressed to the King of Sweden.

"Farewell gentleman," she resumed. "Soon I will repass the borders of Saxony; you are to wander hereafter with the will of Charles to conduct you; perhaps you will journey to Cathay—St. George and St. Julian best know whither your travel leads. But it may be that again in this world we shall meet. I will not forget you. I do not ask an enforced remembrance from yourself. Farewell."

Her ungloved hand, whiter than marble and softer than velvet was surrendered to his lips. The tone of her final words had touched him, and he responded to them with much feeling. The Countess, assuming a gay air, wheeled her palfrey, made a pretty gesture with the white hand, and followed by Judith rode away with flying robes in the direction of the chateau. As the beautiful riders passed the crest of the uplands, the Chevalier Merlin, pursuing his route, entered a forest whose leaves of many hues, detached by the breath of the autumnal wind, were rustling in their slow descent to the earth.

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CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

"And from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, * * * *
* * * till upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darkened air;
The traveller sees other hills ascend
Of unknown joyless brows; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dales, still more and more astray."

Thomson's Winter.

We must lose sight of our adventurer at his entrance into a forest of Poland, and join him again in a different land. But before we rejoin him, something must be recalled of those events which attended the King of Sweden in his daring enterprise, and prepared the way for the disasters of Pultowa.

When Charles passed the Boristhenes, early in September of the year 1708, he led the finest army on earth. This noble army had never sustained defeat. Its equipments were perfect. Extraordinary means had been adopted to secure its subsistence in the hostile country to which its banners were pointed. Two victories since the passage of the Beresina, that river of blood in the later memories of the world, had been added to the catalogue of its gallant achievements—those of Borislow and Hollosin. Driving the Czar before him, Charles passed the Boristhenes, came near Smolensko, and there on a bloody field won a third important battle. Then the step fatal to his fortunes was taken. His supplies were beginning to be exhausted; Moscow lay a hundred French leagues distant; his army had been thinned by its victories. His generals, and Count Piper, his minister, counselled that he should await where he was the arrival of General Lewenhaupt, who followed him with fifteen thousand Swedes, and abundant supplies of ammunition and provisions. This counsel was volunteered—not asked. It was a peculiarity of Charles never to ask counsel: and, if it came unsought, to reject it coldly as in some sort reflecting upon his ability to think for himself. The young conqueror was, in fact, self-willed, perverse, and of indomitable obstinacy; above all he likewise possessed a prodigious vanity, a vanity too profound and too wide to be ruffled into trifling displays by trifling causes, and which therefore escaped the scrutiny of many of his cotemporaries. Against the counsel of his generals and minister he formed a plan of his own; it was to march to the Ukraine, the country of the Cossacks.

This country lying southward, on the Boristhenes, its nearest border a hundred leagues from Smolensko, was a subject province of the Czar. The General of the Ukraine, an officer appointed by the court of Moscow, was at that time the celebrated Mazeppa. Mazeppa sat one day at the Czar's table, at Moscow. The emperor proposed to him the task of introducing amongst the Cossacks the common forms of European discipline, as a means of rendering them more docile and controllable. Mazeppa replied that the situation of the Ukraine, and the genius of the nation were insuperable obstacles to such a scheme. The Czar, not always master of his passions when sober, was at the time over-heated with wine: he called the Prince of the Ukraine a traitor, and threatened to impale him. Mazeppa rode back to Bathurin, his capitol, medi-

tating upon the insult and his danger. His Polish fire, and love of liberty, matured his meditations into a scheme of revolt. Charles XII. came upon the frontier of Muscovy opportunely for his purposes. Brave, enterprising and indefatigable, he entered secretly into a league with the victorious monarch. Charles appointed a rendezvous near the river Desna. Mazeppa engaged to meet him there with thirty thousand men, with ammunition and other supplies, also with his treasures which were immense. The winter would be passed by the united princes in the Ukraine; with the opening of spring their joint forces would penetrate to Moscow, and strike the heart of the Czar's power. It was to the banks of the Desna then, that the king of Sweden, refusing to await Lewenhaupt, determined to take his way from Smolensko.

He began his southward march. All former obstructions were trifling in comparison with those encountered in this new route. The army crossed a marshy forest fifty leagues in breadth, was misled in its course, and lost nearly the whole of its artillery and wagons in the mud of the morasses.

At length the Swedes, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, arrived on the banks of the Desna, at the spot marked out by Mazeppa for the meeting. The Hetman with his thirty thousand Cossacks was not there. An army of the Czar was. And, what was worse, these gathering enemies were the stormy petrels of one of those terrific winters which have seemed to spring up, at the direst need, to guard the land of the Russian against invasion.

Over the Desna, driving the enemy before him, passed the King of Sweden, and wandered with his hungry army into the plains, scanning the horizon constantly to discover the coming force of Mazeppa the Hetman.

With so much of prelude let us rejoin the Chevalier Merlin.

The sun was rising over a waste region of the Ukraine. A little stream, the banks of which were lined with marsh-oaks, broke the sameness of a scene otherwise treeless, and now barren with winter. On the yellow grass which covered the narrow low-ground of this stream, a large and noble looking horse fed. He was without saddle or bridle, and secured with thongs at the pasterns. Not far from the horse in a spot somewhat sheltered by the swelling bank, lay a mass of armour and furred garments near a spent fire. The mass was quite motionless. The rays of the morning sun had not reached it. Even in the wilderness, and in winter when not a bird sings his matins from tree or cloud, nature seems to mark the beginning of day with fresh sounds. Winds lose the melancholy moan of night and voice themselves more cheerfully, as if in echo to some jubilant ringing out of clarions from the heralds of the morning. Waters, as if night, like a mantle, had muffled them, and impeded their speed, seem to run with a blither freedom, and throw from their currents a sharper music, when the growing light of day begins to mottle their silver with vagrant gleams, red and tremulous. But with such more cheerful sounds, which day awakened in that winter waste of the Ukraine, very soon came others of a less mysterious kind. A troop of wild horses, scudding across the plain, drew onward to the stream, their hoofs ringing against the frosty ground. They were shaggy, thin-limbed and full of the grace of freedom. The charger feeding on the flats, challenged them with a shrill neigh. The pile of armour and furred garments, which had remained motionless to that moment, suddenly stirred, and, getting upon a pair of iron legs, took the form of a gigantic soldier, erect, and watchful of danger. The giant was the Chevalier Merlin, advanced so far to the Swedish camp, and now nearly frozen from his long sleep on the grass. He saw the troop of wild horses. As he watched their motions their rear-guard wheeled and came to a stand, staring, with high heads and pointed ears, toward the part of the plain from which they had come. The front ranks of the troop continued their course, plunging, yerking their heels, and dashing their long manes in stormy disorder, until they were separated by a considerable space from the arrested rear. Then, however, as if at a signal from those behind, they also wheeled and, one by one, with the same elevation of the head and forward pointing of the ears, returned to join the group which stared back into the plain. Merlin was soon in the saddle, and prepared to avoid or encounter any danger which the wild horses might have detected in the distance. He rode to a point from which he could better survey the waste. From this point he saw five horsemen riding at great speed. They were coming in a line which would bring them quite near to him. He determined to await their coming. He had been alone long enough to crave fellowship with man; moreover he desired to gain information of the Swedish army; finally he did not shrink from a hostile encounter with five enemies, if these should prove to be enemies. Whilst he stood his ground resolutely the strangers drew near enough to be observed with tolerable clearness. They were Cossacks, and rode small coursers of rare fleetness. Their attention seemed to be fixed by the wild horses—these were scampering away, neighing, bounding high, and shaking the plain with their flight. Merlin, when the strangers were within reach of his voice called to them. They drew rein and looked towards

him. He made signals of peace; these were presently returned, and one of the five came forward, the others following at a short distance. He who thus came forward was an old man with a long and thick beard, as white as snow, but with none of the feebleness of age visible in either person or countenance. His face was stony-hard, and swarthy, and lighted with small black eyes as penetrative and unquailing as a falcon's. He sat erect on his shaggy Tartar; he was low of stature, but with Herculean shoulders, and his frame seemed to present angles of iron to the jacket of dyed wool and the short heavy cloak which he wore loosely belted. A tall conical cap, made entirely of white furs, rose like a sugar loaf from his head. Wide pantaloons of a thick elastic cloth looking like close net-work, laid down at the seams with gold lace, and boots of yellow leather completed his costume. His arms were a sabre glittering with precious stones, and a light lance with a silken penon near its steel point. As this gallant looking old man came on, Merlin advanced to meet him. It was in tolerably pure Latin—which venerable language is to a great extent in use among the inhabitants of portions of the country adjacent to the Ukraine—that the Cossack addressed the Norwegian.

"Peace and good-will abide with us and between us," he said.

Merlin drew upon the stores of the metropolitan Bishop of Aggerhuus, and answered:

"It is peace that I also, not dreading war, desire. Truly let amity prevail between us."

"It shall be so," said the wearer of the white beard, who then stroked that natural ornament, and was silent, like a man whose words are valuable.

Merlin broke the silence which followed, by saying:

"Where there is amity there should be confidence."

"It is true," replied the Cossack.

"Therefore tell me," Merlin continued, "with which of the hostile powers you hold—the Swede or the Muscovite."

"We are five men," the Cossack answered. "You are one man. Confidence should begin with the strong, and not with the weaker. Therefore I speak first, and with a straight tongue. We are friends of the King of Sweden, and now ride to his camp."

"Then we are well met," said Merlin. "That camp is also my destination. If you do not reject my companionship we will ride together. Truly these pathless plains bewilder the mind of the traveller. Your better knowledge will conduct me on a straight course."

The Cossack chief, for such his equipment, and the submissive demeanour of his party bespoke him, looked to the sun which by this was midway of its morning quarter in the heavens, and presently said:

"Thirty leagues are to be overcome. Yonder circle about the sun gives promise of stormy weather. If you travel with us, your spurs must be keen. Come, brother: we are even now dropping precious moments, like pearls from a string."

The Cossacks were presently in swift motion, bending forward in the saddle as if devouring the air. The journey seemed to become a race. Merlin held his position with the foremost, and sitting erect with the immense Hungarian charger bounding under him with haughty neck curved and mane and tail streaming, made a strong contrast to the white-bearded Cossack and his slight courser, whose gait seemed as equal and as swift as the flight of a bird.

The route of the party led in a direction a little north of east. The sun shone in their faces. The stormy circle grew less defined about it. At last it quite faded in a growing haze which dimmed the lustre of the orb itself—dimmed it more and more as the day advanced. The wind which had blown freshly from the north-east, lulled as the sun became veiled. The air grew warmer. The haze of the horizon before them had gradually thickened until it became a bank of white cloud. White—white—nothing but the whiteness of death garments! The very plain, the skeletons of the few trees, seemed to have been touched with a ghastly white.

"What does this betoken?" said Merlin, waving his hand from the sky to the plain.

"A storm of snow," answered the Cossack chief.

Without change of pace, the party pressed on, passing the homes of peasants who watched them as they swept by and until they were out of view, passing at times through desolate woods of chestnuts, pines and low-growing oaks, passing once a village where women and children ran to the doors to mark for a moment their scudding dash, and to hear the music of the smiting hoofs.

At last the wind became once more audible. It sobbed and moaned. Soon after a few flakes of snow fell.

"The storm will be upon us," said the Cossack pointing to the north-east.

Merlin looked to observe its approach. A white wall seemed to be advancing upon them, a wall of immeasurable height, and hiding in its length one half of the whole circle of the horizon. This advancing wall at length struck their front; they were in the midst of a snow storm so dense in its descent that the very breathing was obstructed. The Cossack chief arrested the party, his long white conical cap, and flowing

beard, looming vaguely with their clinging flakes.

"We must find a shelter," he said, "or we will be overwhelmed. The dreadful blasts of the Ural ranges are at work to-day."

One of his followers addressed him, in a language which Merlin did not understand.

"If it be so, lead the way," the old man replied, and the Cossack who had spoken, took the lead of the party, which resumed its progress, but by no means at the former rate of speed.

Wandering over the snow-covered levels, in the midst of the descending storm, the travellers lost their direction. The chief questioned his guide, and, receiving an answer, said:

"Mehillim is at fault. He is making circles like a blind bison on a midnight heath."

"It is twice," said Merlin, "that we have passed under this pine tree. I recognise its cone, toppling with the weight of the snow."

"We must ride apart, shouting at times one to another, that we may stray not too far asunder," said the chief. "The place of safety to which Mehillim would guide us is the dwelling of a husbandman. It stands near a noisy stream. He who hears the sound of running water, or the baying of dogs, will call to the others."

These directions were followed by Mehillim the guide and his three companions. The chief and Merlin did not separate. Groping their way, shouting through the snow-fall, which did not abate, but which an icy wind began to drive furiously before it, the party continued for hours to wander without success. The voice of the Cossack chief sounded more feebly in the ears of the Northman.

"Be of good cheer," said the latter. "The tempest cannot master my northern veins, or my strong horse, if it poured upon us that furious breath which makes the icy spars of the rocks of Nordland. If your Tartar fails, my charger will bear us both; if your own strength becomes spent I will keep you alive under my cloak."

"Thanks," said the chief with a strong and hearty utterance. "But a whiff of snow on the plains does not daunt me. My Tartar is fleet and strong under his old master, who verily learned his horsemanship in a school where life depended upon the power of endurance. Do not fear for me, comrade, but hearken as we go for the sounds for running water."

Presently Merlin said:

"Either the tones of the mad wind are mocking, or I hear such sounds now."

The chief listened with head inclined.

"It is in truth the flow of the stream," he said. "Call with your stronger voice to Mehillim and the rest."

Merlin shouted. His call struggled over the waste, dull and drowned, like a cry from a newly filled grave. It however reached the ears of the nearest of the Cossacks, who repeated it to his fellows, and the party had soon reunited. Advancing together they won the bank of the brook. Mehillim scanned the trees which grew there, and which the blast had shaken free of their white burthen, and then turned up the stream. All followed. At length some dimly seen objects began to take definite shape before them, and then houses were discernible. The baying of house-dogs, directly after, gave cheering assurance to the weather-beaten travellers. They were in fact close upon a circle of huts, such as in the somewhat patriarchal society of the Ukraine a family, continuing united for several generations, builds—spreading as its swarm increases.

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CHAPTER TWELFTH.

"Drawing the reid blude frae their steeds
They reached a rysing height
Whair braid encampit on the dale
A braw host lay in sight."

Hardyknute.

The Cossack chief, coming to the door of one of the principal buildings—a large low hut—struck upon it with his lance. Two tawny dogs, gaunt and broad-chested, plunged around him, barking furiously. From a crevice in the hut a voice questioned the travellers. Mehillim answered. The door was immediately opened, and several men came out, making gestures of friendship and welcome, and a prodigious clatter with their tongues. At a call from these, other men collected from the neighboring huts.

Merlin and the Cossack chief were presently in a large apartment, the rough walls and smoked ceiling of which were ruddy with the light of a blazing hearth. Near the fire had been seated an old man of venerable appearance; he stood up to receive his guests. As the Cossack chief approached, the patriarch addressed him in a long speech, and having ended it, wept, embraced him, and led him to a seat by the hearth, with marks of extraordinary respect. A slim, straight girl, with fine nostrils, piercing eyes, and the step of an untamed doe, went swiftly about her duties of preparation for the comfort of the guests. The voices of children came in a subdued din from adjoining apartments.

When Merlin had melted the winter from his benumbed limbs, he said to his friend the chief:

"A traveller should not neglect his horse; and my Hungarian is deserving of tender usage."

"You speak wisely," answered the chief; "but be satisfied now. These sons of the Ukraine love a good steed, and the noble charger will

fare as well as if your own hands stocked his manger. Besides, these peasants are my children, and you are my comrade."

The paternal chieftainship which the Cossack made claim to in this speech, was fully recognised in the deportment of those who soon after gathered into the hut. All made obeisance to him. The travellers at length broke their fast upon the roasted breast of an ox, eating like famished men. When the meal was ended, and a circle had been made about the roaring fire, and the darkening day, with its whirling snow-fall and howling winds, but rendered the hearth-side scene the more cheerful, the chief conversed with the patriarch. He seemed to speak without constraint, and occasionally with a lapse into moodiness. The earnest looks of his hosts changed with the shifting shades which came and went over his own weather-beaten visage. They were evidently engrossed by some important topic. Merlin who knew nothing of the language used in this conversation, began to expand his great frame and stretch his limbs, like a drowsy man. The chief, observing this, addressed him in Latin.

"We have spoken," he said, "of the King of Sweden. His camp is now upon the slopes of Brulah. We have accomplished to-day but twenty leagues. Ten leagues more we must to-morrow achieve—when our journey will be ended. The bravest monarch of the earth is in straits, and great peril; and alas—alas! the valour of the Ukraine, which was to aid him, where is it? The voice of the Hetman which beguiled the brave king to this land—should it not be choked with sorrow?"

Merlin who had heard only of the intended coalition against the Czar, and not of its defeat in the complete overthrow of Mazeppa singly, before he could unite with the King of Sweden, said:

"Why should the voice of Mazeppa be choked with sorrow?"

The chief answered:

"The Hetman mustered at Bathurin, thirty thousand brave men. They gathered in, day after day, proclaiming their approach with the clashing of spear-heads, the bray of horns and the din of numerous hoofs. It was a gallant array. Mazeppa dreamed that his people would become free; that the collar of subjection would be torn from their necks. Comrade, the sun of this day rose like a fire kindled on the eastern hills; look now to earth and air and mark the dread change. Even so swiftly the morning promise which gleamed from the arms of his children, at Bathurin, failed in the eyes of the Hetman. His force met with sudden overthrow. Many died—the fortunate in arms on a bloody field—others under the lash of the cruel enemy—some were impaled—some broken on the wheel. Those who survived the day of disaster wander, without concert, or a leader, seeking safety in desert places."

"The storm has only seemed to drown the fires of the sun," Merlin replied. "They still burn beyond the driving clouds."

"Yea. It is so," said the chief, "and the spirit of this people is also burning and constant: of that be sure. But a fair promise and great hope have, nevertheless, been defeated, and the impenetrable cloud hangs for a time over the children of the Ukraine."

"The King of Sweden is invincible," said Merlin. "He will drive the Czar from Mazeppa's borders, to the gates of Moscow, or if necessary, to the frozen coasts of the arctic. Then this people, friends and allies of the invincible king, will be free."

The chief, thoughtful and even gloomy, replied:

"The ruin of the strong array of Bathurin smites the pride and breaks the power of the Hetman. The slaughter of thousands of his gallant children makes a cavern of his heart, which is filled with the incessant tongues of melancholy echoes. But to Mazeppa there is a final grief. His ally, the victorious king, calls to him for men; he has none to give.—Calls to him for food; he has empty garners.—Calls to him for treasures; the Muscovite has robbed his treasure chamber. Men, food, and treasure, the Hetman did covenant to furnish. With what countenance can Mazeppa meet the king his ally, who, beguiled by that covenant, has been misled to the verge of ruin?"

"The Hetman," Merlin answered, "if his conscience acquits him in the case, should meet the King of Sweden with the firm countenance of an upright prince, whom a greater power, after manly resistance, has overthrown."

"You speak well, comrade," said the chief. "Doubtless with such firmness will Mazeppa meet his disappointed ally. The storm without seems to abate. To-morrow we resume our journey with the rising of the sun. The way has been long to us—wearying and full of trials. Let us sleep."

With sunrise of the next morning the party left the huts of the hospitable peasants, who poured upon the chief volleys of what, from their visages and gestures, Merlin guessed to be benedictions, and resumed the route to the Swedish camp. The skies had been cleared in the night. The snow, drifted by the high wind, lay in mounds and winding banks. Aveiding these mounds, plunging through the banks where it became necessary, at times pricking forward upon the sod from which the snow had been quite swept, the

travellers pressed boldly on. Merlin looked to the sun, and recalling the figurative language of the chief his companion, pointed to it, and said:

"The storm of yesterday has left no shadow upon the flaming disk. So the time will speedily come when the star of your country will escape as fully from adverse clouds."

"Age is not hopeful, but yet loves hopeful youth," replied the chief serenely. "Your words, which my reason more than questions, are, nevertheless, cheering and pleasant to hear."

By the hour of noon, the travellers became aware that they were near the Swedish camp. The chief led the way to some heights, in which the country about them abounded—hills of inconsiderable elevation, but relieving with a marked effect the landscape, as clustering islets relieve the dulness of a flat and calm sea. The party reached the top of one of these low hills; the wind and sun-rays had removed the snow from it. From this spot a striking scene was presented to their view. A camp, extending for a great distance along the eastern slope of a range of the low hills, the summits of which were dusky with a pine forest, whilst a stream edged their base with a line of silver, reflected the sunshine from its tents and floating banners. Of these latter, one, rising high above the flags of the regiments, denoted that division of the encampment occupied by Charles himself, with his staff, chancery and household. Men were moving about the tents in various occupations;—some removing the snow—some bearing logs to the fires, which the axe, sounding from the heights, constantly replenished,—some leading horses to the water's side: at one point a troop were driving in cattle, whilst at another a similar troop were setting off from the camp. The country, far and wide around the town of tents, was houseless and wintry, but, flashing in the sunshine, wore yet a bold and desolate sort of beauty.

On a hillock in the direction of the camp, and about midway of the distance to it, a number of horsemen, equipped in some respects like the Cossacks themselves, caught the attention of our travellers, as they looked down from the greater height. The Cossack chief, after scanning them closely, said:

"These are Tartars of Budziack. I know the lappers of blood well. They have been hungry wolves on our Ukraine borders, as they now are on the skirts of your king's camp."

As the chief made these comments, the objects of them suddenly wheeled upon their position. It was clear that they had just caught a view of the party on the height. A desultory movement and some wild cries followed the discovery. Merlin could not guess whether their uncertain motions were the tremors of the quarry or the ruffling of the falcon.

"They are fifty, and we are six," said the chief, "therefore they will attempt to charge upon us. But a resolute front will drive them back."

As he spoke, the wild riders, spreading themselves over the lower hillocks so as to block the way to the camp, came skirring up the slopes with spears in rest.

"Let us meet them in full career," said Merlin.

"As well charge a flock of swallows," replied the chief. "Be steady, comrades."

The Tartars came on with fury, but finding an unquailing front opposed to their onset, avoided the contact, as the chief had foretold, and, parting into two loose divisions, gallopped with shrill cries to the right and to the left. One of their number, Merlin and his companions now discovered, carried behind him a boy. The lad wore a common camp jacket; it was easy to conjecture that he was a prize picked up, on the skirts of the neighboring encampment, by the prowling enemy. As the Tartars dashed by, the Cossack chief pointed to one of their number with a contemptuous gesture. The man so pointed out rode a small fleet horse, covered with fantastic trappings, and ornamented along his slim and pliant crest with little streamers.

"The fellow in the finery," said the chief, "is Osbeck, a leader of renown among the tribes of the Budziack. He has harried our borders for twenty years. I once followed him with five hundred spears. He escaped in the wilderness. To slay him would be to extinguish the fires of a thousand burning houses, and to bring security to a thousand pastures."

This leader, as the Cossack spoke, uttered a sharp signal, and his scattered force began to concentrate. They were presently collected at a point within gunshot. Merlin unslung his petronel, masking the action as well as he could.

"I will endeavour," he said, "to extinguish the fires of a thousand burning houses, and to bring security to a thousand pastures."

Then he levelled the short carbine at the Tartar leader, and, with a quick aim, fired. The Tartar became aware of his danger too late. As he threw himself half out of the saddle, to make the body of his horse a shield, the shot took effect, and he fell to the ground. His followers raised a howling outcry, and were instantly in great confusion.

"Now let us charge upon them," said Merlin.

He drew his sword as he spoke. The Cossack chief only uttered, "It is good," and, giving the signal to his followers, the whole made a sharp dash at the enemy; who in a moment, as the chief had promised, darted asunder like swallows. The Tartar leader lay upon the ground.

His horse refused to desert him. The chief of the Cossacks pricked the prostrate man with his lance, and said:

"Osbeck—art thou then overtaken in the end?"

The Tartar gave signs of life.

"Deal with the wolf, Mehillim," said the chief, turning aside coldly. Before Merlin could become aware of his purpose, Mehillim had driven his spear through the body of his fallen enemy.

"The coursers of Osbeck are as swift as the wind; as we, who have so often pursued him, have learned," said the chief. "Secure the steed, Mehillim, for the Northman, whose good shot has won him. Now let us advance. The wolves will howl about us, but not molest us after this rough usage."

"These Tartars are an enemy to be despised," said Merlin.

"They are terrible to the weak, the wounded, or the flying, and make the rear of a vanquished army bloody enough," said the chief. "But the front of a resolute foe, these devils of the Budziack will not approach."

"The boy," said Merlin, "whom we saw bound to the back of one of them—is it impossible to rescue him?"

"The chase would last through this winter day," replied the chief. "At night a swarm of enemies would be around us. Moreover, comrade, my affairs with the King of Sweden are urgent.

"But look, comrade," continued the chief—"the brave child is dealing manfully with his enemy."

The boy, again visible, in a renewed gallop of the fugitives, for Merlin and the Cossacks had advanced during the recent dialogue, and driven them once more into flight, seemed in fact to be taking care of himself. He was striking with a long knife into the side of the Tartar at whose back he was bound, and from whose belt he had stolen the weapon.

Merlin drove the spurs into his charger and dashed after the fugitives. The Cossacks followed. The result of the boy's work began to display itself; the Tartar whom he had stabbed failed in his saddle and dropped the reins from his hands. But the desert steed still strained after his comrades.

Presently the boy began to plunge the knife into the body of the horse. He renewed the stroke several times. The animal, with a savage scream, increased the length of his leap at each stroke. Then he showed signs of failing. Finally in one of his bounds, he fell headlong, hurling his double burthen from his back. The pursuers came up. The horse and his master were dead. The boy, who had cut his bonds, had gained his feet free and unhurt.

"Gallantly done," said the Cossack chief; who presently added to Mehillim:

"Let the youth mount the steed of Osbeck."

In a short time the Norwegian and his companions—the boy riding amongst them on the Tartar horse—entered the limits of the Swedish camp, and were under those banners which had swept over so many lands without a reverse.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

At the close of the first edition of his celebrated letters, the unknown author of Junius expresses the following beautiful sentiment: "Grateful, as I am, to the Good Being, whose bounty has imparted to me this reasoning intellect, whatever it is, I hold myself proportionably indebted to him, from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine." This is, indeed, a strong and eloquent acknowledgment of the obligations conferred upon mankind by those nobles of nature, who have contributed to the moral and intellectual culture of our race. Next to the Supreme Being, these benefactors of our species have the largest claims on our gratitude, and, as a feeble tribute to their worth, it behooves us to honour them while living, and to perpetuate through all time the memory of their services. For we should never forget, that but for the light shed from their luminous minds on a benighted world, man would still have remained a naked and roving savage, grovelling in ignorance, superstition and sensuality—the sport of vindictive and ferocious passions—a stranger to all the comforts and social enjoyments of civilized life. That he has been raised from this miserable and degraded condition, must be ascribed to the influence of those commanding intellects, whose native energy first rent asunder the fetters of barbarism and extracted from the great book of nature the fundamental principles of philosophy. In the primitive history of the world, every age has been adorned by some such self-taught genius, who has become the instructor and lawgiver of his race, and taught those great moral and scientific truths, which imparted the earliest impulse to the progress of civilization. In the lapse of time, each revolving period has been fruitful of worthy successors in this noble mission of enlightening and reforming mankind, and the torch of knowledge, whose faint and flickering light, when first kindled at that remote era, scarcely sufficed "to make the darkness visible," has been transmitted from age to age, burning in its progress with increasing brightness and splendour

until its vivifying rays have penetrated into almost every quarter of the globe. Had the discoveries and improvements of these pioneers of civilization been confined to their own age and country, their effects might have been partial and temporary; but happily the points of contact and sympathy between the various tribes of the human family are so numerous, that every accession to the mass of knowledge, though operating with intenser force where it originated, has, gradually, yet surely, diffused its salutary influences over neighboring nations, and through succeeding times. Thus modern science traces back its lineage to the learning of the Chaldees and Egyptians, and the philosopher of the nineteenth century claims kindred with Zoroaster and Pythagoras. The achievements of mind are, therefore, the common property of the human race, and the writer, whose works impart valuable truths, is emphatically a cosmopolite, no matter what country has given him birth, or at what period he may have flourished. If intellectual contributions, from whatever quarter they emanate, may be justly claimed as the joint inheritance of our race, the principle applies with peculiar propriety to nations of kindred blood, and whose language and literature are identical. The American may, therefore, without presumption take pride in the productions of the great minds of Britain, and lament the extinction of one of those luminaries as a common calamity. As he has participated in the amusement and instruction afforded by their writings, he may justly deem it his right, no less than his duty, to mingle in the plaudits of their admiring countrymen and to deposit on their tombs the spontaneous tribute of his grief and gratitude.

These reflections have been suggested by the recent death of Maria Edgeworth, a lady who, for more than half a century, has filled a deservedly large space in the literature of England. Among the distinguished females who have shed so great a lustre on the present age, none has held a more conspicuous station than this gifted woman, or has ministered more abundantly to the delight and edification of her cotemporaries. Death, it is said, canonizes great characters and puts the final seal on their reputation. Envy, which, like the old man of the sea forever haunts the steps of genius, is buried with its mortal remains; but the memory of its greatness still lives, and the public mind, touched by this affecting proof of the uncertain tenure of human things, becomes doubly solicitous to render ample justice to its merits. Hence the practice of delivering obituary eulogies over the illustrious dead, and the splendid mausoleums in which the gratitude of their fellow-men inurns their perishable relics. According to this immemorial usage on such occasions, some tribute is due from the American press to the memory of a writer so celebrated as Miss Edgeworth, and we shall, therefore, present a brief notice of this remarkable woman in the pages of the Messenger.

The elevated position assumed by the softer sex in the various departments of elegant literature, and even in the more rugged field of science, during the last hundred years, has been justly deemed an unerring token of the rapid advance of knowledge and refinement. In this enlightened age woman has, at length, asserted her true dignity, and occupied that station in society from which, in ruder periods, she was excluded by the selfishness and tyranny of uncultivated man. She is no longer regarded by the sterner sex as the mere toy and plaything of an idle hour, nor degraded into the obsequious slave of her male task-masters. Released from the debasing and stultifying drudgery of savage life, her dormant faculties have awakened, and she has vindicated her title to be received as the equal and companion of man by an aptitude in the acquisition of knowledge, and an intellectual developement, rivalling the highest efforts of masculine genius. Among the many indications of our future progress, none are more cheering and unequivocal than this recognition of the rights, and cultivation of the capacities of woman, whether we consider the immense amount of mental force, heretofore torpid and useless, thus brought to coöperate in the extension of knowledge, or the important agency, exercised by females, in our early training and improvement. Indeed from their nice observation and the almost intuitive keenness of their perceptions—from the warmth and tenderness of their affections, women seem to be peculiarly fitted for the task of education, particularly in that seed-time of the human mind when the infant idea first begins to shoot, and to give promise of the coming harvest—when the heart is moulded to generous sentiments by the plastic hand of instruction—when principles and propensities are implanted, which must determine the colour of our future character. Miss Edgeworth is herself a striking example of this feminine aptitude for youthful instruction; for her writings furnish abundant evidence that she took a lively interest in the subject of education, and had meditated deeply on the best methods of imparting knowledge, and cultivating the moral affections. Her works are replete with profound observations and judicious hints on this interesting subject, nor are they the less valuable because these grave and weighty precepts are embellished with the hues of a glowing imagination, and the artifices of a polished diction. We will not maintain that her theory of education is, in all respects, defensible,

though from the history of her life we know that her speculations were founded on a long course of practice and experience. Perhaps she relies with rather too great confidence on the ability of the mere human teacher to eradicate evil dispositions by careful training; yet though her ideas in this respect may be somewhat Utopian, it cannot be denied that instruction and discipline may do much towards reforming the native depravity of the human heart. Though complete success may be unattainable, we should not be deterred from trying the experiment; for if human skill cannot wholly extirpate the roots of vice, it may, by constant attention, limit its growth, and prune its most noxious branches. But whatever difference of opinion may exist on this question, it must still be conceded that Miss Edgeworth's views are plausible and ingenious, and that she has contributed some useful suggestions on a subject, in which, in spite of all the researches of philosophy, our conclusions fall far short of demonstration.

We would gladly indulge ourselves in an extended review of Miss Edgeworth's writings. The labour of such an examination would bring its own reward in the exhaustless fund of instruction and entertainment to be found in her charming pages; but our space forbids the attempt, and when we remember that this task has been repeatedly performed by some of the ablest critics in Britain, we have not the presumption to suppose, that our humble observations would be worthy of acceptance. The award of a tribunal, whose decisions the professed critic dare not impeach, has planted her reputation as an author on an imperishable basis, and it would seem, therefore, an act of supererogation to offer any thing in confirmation of that irreversible decree. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with pointing out some of her most prominent characteristics as a writer, and with noticing briefly some objections, alleged by critics against her works, which, in our view, are frivolous and groundless.

The ruling qualities in Miss Edgeworth's mind were acute observation, discriminating judgment, and sterling common sense. She was not destitute of imagination, and her wit is often brilliant and sparkling, but she kept these showy faculties in strict subordination to her reason, and never suffered them to usurp the place of more solid endowments. Though, certainly, not indifferent to fame, she never wrote, solely, for the purpose of literary display. Her efforts were actuated and sustained by higher and nobler objects—by the wish to benefit her species by promoting the great cause of moral and intellectual improvement. She was essentially an utilitarian, practical in all her plans and purposes—aiming at the happiness and advancement of mankind by means, which she had already subjected to the test of experiment. No cynical contempt for her species betrayed her into satire—no literary vanity into an empty, unprofitable exhibition of wit and eloquence. The scintillations of fancy—the beauties of style—the vivid sketches of life and character—the brilliant panorama of figures and incidents, which sparkle in every page of her writings, are the mere adventitious ornaments of a more solid structure—are the vehicles of a profound and practical philosophy replete with maxims and principles of the greatest utility in the conduct of life. In the highest flights of her imagination—in the most wanton play of her wit, she never loses sight of her main design. Accordingly few writers have illustrated so forcibly the true principles of education, or have shown, by more striking examples, or a more refined analysis of human nature, the most practicable scheme for the early cultivation of the mind and affections. The child, the youth, the critic and the philosopher are alike captivated by her enchanting fictions; yet while the taste is gratified by the ease and elegance of the style, and the attention absorbed by the interest of the tale, she never fails to insinuate, under this dazzling display of genius, some valuable truth, or important principle.

Next to Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth has been most instrumental, among modern writers, in imparting a loftier character to English romance. Under the influence of their example it has ceased to be a disgusting medley of sickly sentimentalism, overcharged characters, improbable incidents, and false views of life, equally debasing to the literary taste, and contaminating to the morals of society. It no longer startles us with supernatural horrors, or offends by grossness and buffoonery. Purified and exalted under the auspices of these gifted writers, it now breathes a higher strain, and assumes a moral dignity heretofore unknown to that species of composition. The success of these masters of English fiction has attracted to this department a vast amount of talent, and it is here especially that female genius seems to have found its most congenial element. The press now teems with romances, distinguished by vigorous sketches of life and manners, varied learning, refined taste, and profound philosophy, and it cannot be doubted that the improvement wrought in this popular description of writing, will produce a corresponding change in the moral sentiments and literary habits of that numerous class, who have neither leisure, nor inclination for graver and more solid studies.

In the midst of this busy competition and intellectual ferment, Miss Edgeworth still maintains her preëminence, and her productions are

now read and admired with as much eagerness as in the first heat of public curiosity. Novels, perhaps, may be pointed out, which display greater dramatic power,—more artistic skill in the developement of the plot—a deeper insight into the mysteries of human nature; yet, except Fielding and Scott, we cannot remember any writers in the field of English romance, who have surpassed her in these qualities. Indeed her portraitures of Irish manners and character, may challenge a comparison with the *chef-d-œuvres* of the greatest masters in this department. In those spirited sketches, she has presented a most vivid and life-like conception of the lower classes of her countrymen. She has delineated with unequalled graphic power their whole moral and intellectual anatomy—their constitutional ardour and impetuosity—their warm affections—their gratitude and fidelity—their generous sympathies—their sly humour—their keen sagacity—their carelessness and improvidence—their amusing blunders, arising, rather from the quickness, than the confusion of their ideas. No finer specimen of pathos and simplicity can be produced than the Irishman's letter describing the return of the *ould* lord to his estate in the Absentee, and, in the admirable tale of Ormond, frank, generous, hearty King Corny exhibits one of the happiest creations of genius. It must be confessed, however, that she has drawn the portrait of her countrymen with a partial, and flattering pencil. Without departing from nature, she has omitted the darker shades, and fiercer traits imprinted on the living Celt by a long struggle with the oppressions and contumelies of a foreign domination. Her patriotism shrinks from exposing the lawless ferocity, the treacherous cruelty of her half-savage countrymen; and dwells, with an amiable preference, on the milder, and more engaging aspects of their character. She makes no allusion to the vindictive passions, the frequent perjuries, the defiance of all lawful authority, the midnight butcheries, the anarchy and turbulence, which deface that miserable land, and palliates, with excusable partiality, the brutal intemperance, and perpetual riots, to which the Irish peasant is notoriously addicted. Ireland has been fruitful in great names, but to none does she owe a greater debt of gratitude than to this talented woman. Her charming descriptions of Irish life and character have enlisted a general sympathy on behalf of that much-injured and unfortunate people, and, in her private capacity, she has laboured for years, if we mistake not, in the arduous and disheartening effort to mitigate the sufferings—to ameliorate the physical condition, and to elevate the moral standing of her countrymen. Such persevering benevolence—such gratuitous patriotism merit far higher praise from Ireland, than the factious intrigues of those political agitators, whose delusive promises of reform have lured their inconsiderate followers into the abyss of anarchy, and who have found their own profit in the commotions they have excited. If they are not wholly besotted by the base arts of demagogues—if their native impulses are not debased and corrupted by the sting of oppression, the canker of pauperism, and the rage of party dissension, the Irish people will, surely, erect some enduring monument to the memory of their illustrious countrywoman—a tribute much more worthily bestowed, than the plaudits lavished by them with such blind enthusiasm on the idols of their political worship.

The style of Miss Edgeworth is uniformly easy and unaffected, but at the same time spirited, vigorous, and racy. It seldom rises into eloquence, or pathos, and never sinks into tameness and insipidity. It is rapid, sketchy, graphic, perspicuous, sparkling with wit, replete with sound sense and acute observation. It evinces a most exquisite taste, and a familiar acquaintance with the finest models of English composition. The follies and frivolities of fashionable life, the brilliant play of gay and polite conversation, she delineates with inimitable grace and delicacy. She possesses the art, which is the peculiar prerogative of genius, of developing the moral features of her interlocutors by the lights and shadows of animated dialogue, and she sustains their distinctive characters with admirable skill and discrimination through all the vicissitudes of her story. Her moral sentiments, as becomes her sex, are formed upon the purest and most elevated standard. No word or allusion stains her pages, which could offend the most fastidious, or the sternest moralist, or suffuse the cheek of female innocence with the blush of outraged modesty. When she speaks of generous, or heroic deeds, her language glows with the warmth of sympathetic enthusiasm, and she inculcates, on all occasions, the exercise of an active and practical benevolence. In no respect does she evince more good sense and knowledge of the human heart, than in her view of the attachment between the sexes, which, according to modern usage, constitutes the main instrument in determining the catastrophe of a romance. While she treats with due reverence this highest and holiest of our earthly affections, she does not, like most female writers, invest it with the illusive hues of the imagination, or represent it as a blind, uncalculating passion, rushing madly to fruition heedless of all the warnings of prudence and reflection. She does not dignify with the name of love that casual predilection, the offspring of caprice, or the senses, which rejoices

the hearts of amorous youths and silly maidens, and fills their minds with ridiculous fantasies. The impressions derived from mere personal beauty are fleeting and uncertain, and though external comeliness may infuse additional ardour into the sentiment of admiration, she feels, with the just pride of a high-minded woman, that a preference, resting on so precarious a foundation, is a paltry and inadequate tribute to the real worth of her amiable sex. To be firm and constant it must take its source in higher motives and impulses—must be grounded on the solid basis of mutual esteem—must grow up gradually in the genial sunshine of social intercourse. This is the doctrine, which Miss Edgeworth enforces with all the powers of her understanding, and, at the same time, exposes the absurdity of expecting domestic happiness from the union of persons of uncongenial notions and habits, and who hurry into an indissoluble connexion in utter ignorance of their mutual dispositions. But it is in tracing the gradual evolution of some original fault or vice of character by the action of circumstances, that she displays the most consummate ability. In this process she shows a precision and metaphysical subtlety that have never been surpassed. With the most minute observation she follows the progress of some pernicious propensity from its first germ in childhood to its overshadowing growth in more mature age—depicts its natural developement in the ordinary course of events—and, what is of more importance, demonstrates how easily the hand of judicious culture might have eradicated the infant vice in its first feeble beginnings. The romance of Vivyan, and that delightful little tale, called Tomorrow, are admirable specimens of her talents in this kind of writing.

Some eminent critics have charged it as a defect in Miss Edgeworth's novels, that their design is made too apparent—their moral too studiously thrust upon the notice of the reader; but this objection is futile, unless it can be shown, that she has sacrificed truth and probability to the illustration of some favorite theory or arbitrary principle. That for the purpose of enforcing an important truth she may have, occasionally, overcharged her pictures, might, to some extent, be admitted; but it may be urged in her defence, that all fiction has a tendency to caricature, and that her writings are not more obnoxious to this criticism, than the productions of many distinguished authors in the same department. The interest and admiration excited by her fictions, afford, however, the best evidence, that she has not greatly overstepped the modesty of nature—that, if she has erred in exaggerating the features of her *dramatis personæ*, the resemblance to actual human beings is, still, sufficiently accurate to produce that illusion, which identifies the shadowy creations of the novelist with the world of realities.

But let us enquire whether, in truth, there is any substance in this objection. What is the argument, which condemns the use of caricature in fiction? It is alleged, that the novelist should copy nature, and that when he departs from this model, he loses his hold on our sympathies, and his work becomes utterly worthless as a vehicle of moral instruction. Now this would undoubtedly be true, where fiction runs riot in the wantonness of imagination, presenting only uncouth and distorted figures—monsters having no prototype in reality—the mere figments of a preposterous idealism; but does it hold when the resemblance remains in spite of the exaggeration—when the lines are deepened, and the features magnified, that the defects of the original may be made more conspicuous? Do not such caricatures as these teach a valuable moral lesson? We recognize our image in a concave mirror, though swelled to gigantic dimensions, and this very enlargement enables us to detect blemishes in our natural physiognomy, which would otherwise elude the closest and most vigilant inspection. Why may not fiction perform the office of a concave mirror to our moral visage, and bring out in striking relief defects imperceptible to ordinary observation? And this is all that Miss Edgeworth has done. If she ever deviates from the models of nature, it is for the purpose of exposing some hidden deformity, nor even in pursuit of this object does she ever violate the true principles of imitation.

This rule, that fiction should always copy nature, must, obviously, be adopted with some little restriction. To represent man as he is with perfect fidelity would not, in many cases, be desirable. Where the imitation is so exact, the canvass would often reflect forms, loathsome, hideous, and repulsive. Would the interest or utility of fiction be increased by such grotesque portraitures? When the statuary undertakes to reproduce in marble the naked human figure, he does not choose for his models the deformed, the halt, the lame, and the blind. He imitates the most beautiful forms—those whose limbs and muscles have been developed into the most perfect symmetry. He places before his mind an image of ideal loveliness, "compounded of every creature's best," and endeavours to improve on his originals by realizing this abstract conception. He knows, that, were he to adopt inferior models, the more consummate his skill, the more certainly would the productions of his art become the objects of disgust and aversion. Is not the same principle applicable, in some degree, to the creations of the novelist? It is, gen-

erally, conceded, that romances, whose leading characters exhibit a conjunction of great qualities with the vilest dispositions, have a pernicious tendency, because they imbue the youthful mind with the false and mischievous idea, that there exists a necessary connexion in our nature between good and evil, and that the possession of some great virtues atones for any amount of moral guilt. But if fiction were to reflect the exact image of real life, all its characters would be of this hybrid description, blending, oftentimes, the grossest vices with the noblest qualities; for we frequently witness among mankind these strange and incongruous combinations. Indeed such is the infirmity of human nature, that were we to pourtray in all its lineaments the character of the best of men, many faults and imperfections would be exposed, which, with my uncle Toby's oath, the recording angel would strive to blot out forever with the tear of commiseration. In such instances as these, the canons of criticism would not forbid some departure from the natural model, and the exception is sufficiently broad to cover the greatest delinquencies alleged against Miss Edgeworth. Her transgressions in this respect are always designed to promote the interests of morality; and, if this be a sin against good taste, or good sense, it can only be, as we have already remarked, because she distorts her fictitious characters to suit some preconceived hypothesis—some foregone conclusion. But the most unfriendly critic must admit, that, if she is occasionally betrayed into an error so trivial, it is never to an extent injurious to the moral influence of her stories, and that this slight blemish, if it be one, is infinitely counterbalanced by her other merits as a writer.

Were we to consult, only, our own impression of Miss Edgeworth's works, we should never have dreamed, that the most captious objector would discover any thing exceptionable in their moral tendencies; yet strange as it appears, the Zoiluses of the day have taken occasion to assail her on this point. where, to our simple apprehension, she appeared to be invulnerable. We had, indeed, supposed, that her writings contained emphatically "no line, which, dying, she would wish to blot"—that they breathe throughout sentiments becoming the purity and delicacy of her sex—that they are uniformly characterized by an enlarged philanthropy—and that their evident scope and design is to inculcate the principles of a rigid morality. When, therefore, some very pious and worthy people have preferred against them the very serious accusation, that they are anti-religious in their spirit and tendency, we are filled with unfeigned astonishment. We will not be so illiberal as to brand the authors of this imputation with the charge of over-righteousness; for we are aware that it is the offspring of a sincere, though misguided zeal, which deems nothing good, or laudable, or profitable, that is not directly and avowedly subservient to the advancement of religion. Such, indeed, is the nature of man. He condemns as useless, or mischievous whatever conflicts with his cherished opinions, or which has no immediate reference to his darling pursuit—his ruling passion. Thus the man of business regards the cultivation of elegant letters as an idle and frivolous occupation. The soldier despises the toils of the merchant as sordid and grovelling. The politician contemns the simple life and honest labors of the husbandman as trivial and degrading. The religious zealot, engrossed by the contemplation of eternal things, views with indifference the evanescent interests of time, and prescribes, as sinful, and worthless, all human thought and action, in which religion is not the avowed, as well as the predominating principle. To some such narrow and overstrained views must we attribute the singular idea, that the writings of Miss Edgeworth are unfriendly to religion. The only proof of her offence, that we have ever heard adduced, is, that she has not, in so many words, made the inculcation of religious truth and duty the theme of her writings. Because she offers other motives and incentives to virtue, she is presumed, by a singular perversion of her meaning, to discredit and deny the efficacy of those arguments, which Christianity addresses to the conscience of mankind. This, we believe, comprises the whole force and essence of the reasoning in support of this refined, and farfetched accusation. And what at last does it establish? It proves too much, indeed; for if it possess any truth, or cogency, it demonstrates that, unless we have religion forever on our lips, we must be held up to the detestation of a Christian community as scoffers, and infidels—that, unless we make broad our phylacteries, and parade our devotion before the eyes of men, we shall be numbered with the enemies of the faith. What, indeed, would these objectors have? Would they desecrate the most awful subjects of human contemplation by dragging them before the public eye whether in season, or out of season? We had thought that the sacred name of religion should never be invoked except on suitable occasions. *Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.* We had imagined that the spirit of that divine faith might dwell in the secret chambers of the heart, when the tongue was silent—that it might pervade our life and conversation without a clamorous proclamation of our allegiance to its paramount authority. If Miss Edgeworth's writings are to be condemned upon such rigid principles as these, then the researches of philosophy, and the pursuits of ele-

gant literature should, for a like reason, be prohibited as sinful and anti-religious, and, indeed, it would be difficult to decide what class of our innocent enjoyments would not be liable to a similar interdict.

But what, in effect, is the "head and front" of Miss Edgeworth's offence? It is not pretended, that she has, on any occasion, expressed a sentiment hostile to religion—that its principles, or professors are treated with levity, or disrespect in any part of her writings. Her crime, then, is not positive, but negative—a matter of inference, and construction, not of direct proof. Is she to be written down a sceptic, because, not denying the efficacy of religious instruction, she has endeavored to excite the weak and wavering resolution of man by other motives to the practice of virtue? Because she urges considerations of worldly advantage and utility as an inducement to upright conduct, must we presume that religion is excluded from her scheme of moral reform—that she deems its sublime promises and precepts a delusion unfit to regulate the actions of a rational being? Is it anti-christian to demonstrate how essential moral purity is to our temporal happiness? Is it an attack on religion to insist on the advantages of virtue even in this imperfect state? Then it must follow, that to represent pain, and misery, and privation in this life as the necessary concomitants of well-doing, is the most effectual mode of advancing the interests of religion. But this is evidently absurd. On the contrary it is palpable to our humble apprehension, that to hold up to mankind an elevated standard of morality—to show that even here a strict compliance with its principles conduces to our well-being—that the joys of vicious indulgence are fleeting in their duration, and bitter in their consequences, is eminently calculated to prepare the mind for the reception of religious truth—to incline men to embrace it as the source of their comfort and consolation in this life, not less than the instrument of their eternal salvation. This is what Miss Edgeworth has laboured to accomplish in the series of delightful tales, with which she has favoured the world, and she may be truly said to have been, so far as she has succeeded, a potent and faithful auxiliary to the cause of Christianity. With what propriety, then, can she be denounced as its enemy? The business of a religious teacher should not be lightly undertaken. It should be left to those whose qualifications, character, vocation, and the sanction of the church have designated for the exercise of that sacred function. That Miss Edgeworth has modestly declined the responsible task, and has been content to labour in an inferior, though not adverse, sphere, ought, surely, not to be charged against her as an unpardonable offence.

To suffer from the shafts of detraction is the common fate of genius. nor has this talented woman been so fortunate as to escape the destiny of her tribe. When the merit of her writings had been acknowledged by the universal suffrage of the literary world, the malignant spirit of envy, finding no abettors in the odious task of depreciation, has sought to rob her of the glory of their authorship by ascribing all that they contained of original, or admirable, to the assistance of her father. To substantiate this assumption, (for it is nothing more,) it is alleged that the works, published under her name in her father's lifetime, are greatly superior to those written by her since his death. Now the existence of this disparity may well be questioned, and, certainly, it is not so marked and obvious as to warrant the uncharitable inference, that this distinguished lady had stooped to the meanness of foisting herself on public admiration in borrowed plumes. The novels of Helen, and Belinda, though perhaps slightly inferior to some of her former works, are yet marked by the same peculiar traits of style and execution, nor can any unbiassed reader fail to recognize in them the vestiges of that masterly genius, whose Tales of Fashionable Life placed her, at once, on the summit of literary fame. That her father may have, occasionally, supplied her with hints, and materials—that her writings may have been essentially polished and improved by his friendly corrections, is extremely probable; and, indeed, in her sequel to his auto-biography she acknowledged her literary obligations to him with a candour and filial gratitude, that do honour to her heart. But this is a very different thing from being the mere amanuensis of her father, the channel through which his thoughts and inventions were communicated to the world, which is the import of the charge in question. In availing herself of parental criticism, Miss Edgeworth did nothing but what was natural, and commendable, nor have the greatest men in English literature disdained to profit by the assistance of their friends without incurring thereby any impeachment of their originality. Indeed so prone are all authors to be blinded by paternal partiality to the defects of their literary progeny, that there is not one, who would not be benefitted by the strictures and suggestions of a friendly adviser of even inferior endowments. And this, we doubt not, is the extent of Mr. Edgeworth's agency in his daughter's productions. Except his auto-biography we know of no acknowledged offspring of his pen, and that work, though sprightly, spirited, and entertaining, certainly affords no indication of the extra-

ordinary powers displayed in the writings of his illustrious descendant. Let her not, then, be deprived of her just share of fame by gratuitous surmises. Let her enjoy an undisputed title to the ownership of those works, claimed by her, and her alone, as the legitimate fruit of her genius. Let her have the undivided glory of having enriched modern literature with a series of vigorous, instructive, and ingenious moral fictions, which have established a new era in the annals of romance.

The tranquil current of Miss Edgeworth's useful life was diversified by no remarkable events. It was spent under the paternal roof in the midst of a numerous circle of kindred and friends, where she devoted herself to the fulfilment of every social and domestic duty, and to the composition of her immortal works. The materials for interesting biography are, therefore, scanty; but we gather enough from her writings to be assured, that, in her personal character, she was eminently benevolent, amiable and affectionate. The reverence and devotion, which she manifests towards the memory of her father—the kind dispositions, and liberal sentiments that pervade her works, betoken a heart attuned to the finest and most generous feelings of our nature. She resided with her father's family until her death, living, if rumour is to be credited, in perfect harmony with three successive step-mothers, loved by her kindred, idolized by the poorer classes in her neighbourhood, and admired by her numerous acquaintance. A career so calm, prosperous and happy under circumstances usually so fruitful of domestic discord, argues a mind and temper most admirably constituted. It is painful to reflect, that the history of genius is, too often, a melancholy record of weaknesses, and infirmities, of irregular passions, and distressing embarrassments. It is, therefore, quite refreshing to dwell on the character of such a writer as Miss Edgeworth, and to perceive that, in one instance, at least, the dignity of the author is sustained, and elevated by the moral worth of the individual. Upon the whole, we may safely pronounce, that in the long list of celebrated women who have flourished in the last hundred years, few have equalled Miss Edgeworth in the estimable qualities of the heart, and none have surpassed her in genius and accomplishments.

J. B. D.

Campbell Co., Va., Aug., 1849.

Poggio, the Florentine, found the work of Quintillian under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer, in a tower belonging to the monastery of St. Gallo.

DR. GREEN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.*

Dr. Green is the recently appointed President of Hampden Sydney College, in the county of Prince Edward. And we congratulate the Institution and its friends, on the accession to that Presidential Chair of a gentleman of such talents as are exhibited in this Address—if there is any probability, that is, of his being permanently seated in his chair. It seems to have been the cue of that institution in modern times, to keep its presidency rather perambulatory, whether from an inward restlessness in the constituency, or from the former depressed circumstances of the institution, for which it would be ungenerous to reflect on them, we do not now inquire. If we do not mistake, the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D. D., was inaugurated to that Presidency in the year 1835. Since that time, the Presidency of the United States has been more than usually changeable. Van Buren came in the next year. Then Harrison. Then Tyler. Then Polk. Then Taylor. The Presidency of Hampden Sydney has been almost, if not quite, as changeable. Carroll—Maxwell—Sparrow—a Commission—and Green. Nor is this by any means said in hostility to the institution itself; but only to the evil that has been—if such there has been, in its management. Under its new auspices, introduced by the sale of a considerable number of scholarships, the friends of sound education may hope for greater stability in the councils of Hampden Sydney.

There is fervid, copious, glowing eloquence in this Inaugural Address. Using the expression in no invidious sense—it seems to be one of the finest specimens of declamation with which we have recently met. Declamation, indeed, which is not mere declamation—but which wreathes itself in constant exuberance around a half-latent thread of argument, keeping the mere framework of method out of sight, and yet leaving on the mind of the reader an impression—to use one of Dr. Green's own phrases—of "large, round-about Anglo-Saxon sense:" To the thrilling histories connected with the origin and the name of Hampden Sydney College, very graceful and spirited allusions are made in the exordium, which must have been of exceedingly happy effect in conciliating the attention of an audience, who did not as yet know whether or not they were to be fed with the drought of metaphysics and dry abstraction, which sometimes appear in such addresses. We remember to have read no happier exordium any where. The charter of

* INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered before the Board of Trustees of Hampden Sydney College, January 10, 1849, by L. W. Green, D. D., President.

the Institution was granted "amidst the closing struggles of the revolution." "The names of Patrick Henry and James Madison, stand conspicuous among the first Trustees," and in the charter are these words: "In order to preserve in the minds of the students, that sacred love and attachment which they should ever bear to the principles of the present glorious revolution, no professor shall be elected, unless the uniform tenor of his conduct manifests to the world his sincere affection for the Liberty and Independence of the United States of America."—p. 7. By the way, how does Dr. Green, in the first sentence of his Address, call that King Charles, against whom the great civil war was waged, "the *first* Stuart that mounted the English throne?" was not James I. a Stuart? and did not he mount the English throne? One word more of the interesting matters of history referred to. Dr. Green seems fully to credit the story of Hampden's intended embarkation for America in May, 1637;—and although there is the authority of Lord Nugent, Hallam and Macaulay for the story, who seem to have given it a rather loose unquestioning reception; yet there seems to us a positive certainty that it must be a mistake. That date—as will be seen in a very conclusive note to the Discourse of the Hon. W. C. Rives, on the character and services of John Hampden, delivered at Hampden Sydney College, November 1845—was in the very midst of the king's legal proceedings against Hampden, in the case of the ship-money, and the final judgment was not rendered in that case until June, 1638. Hampden could hardly have been intending—but for a prohibitory order in council—to prove recreant to his country and her cause, at such an hour. We find no fault with those who, following the authorities, do believe it. With the date of the order in council, prohibiting the departure of the vessels, (1st May, 1638,) and the character of John Hampden before us, we do not. A man who could do the masterly thinking which is to be found in this Address, will not, we are sure, be displeased at these criticisms on small points, or think any apology for them requisite. Nor do we mean to say that we exactly concur with every thing else with which we meet on these splendid pages. The ideas which they contain, indeed, are so fervidly expressed, and, in themselves, often so grand and imposing as to produce a feeling of extreme smallness about the idea of criticising them; and in the main points of the system of education which the speaker developes, every well-wisher to the coming generation must so cordially concur, that further criticism cannot be very imperiously demanded.

The following passage seems to have been intended as the program of the scheme of education, which Dr. Green advocates, and this scheme he very pleasingly unfolds in the succeeding pages:

"The *great design* of education, is to exercise, to discipline, to invigorate, and thus to develope *the man*, the *whole man*, intellectual, moral, social; the faculties of the understanding, the affections of the heart, the purposes of the will, the impulses that lead to action, and that mysterious and sovereign power, the balance-wheel of this strange and complicated machinery within us, which is neither reason, nor imagination, nor passion, nor will, nor sense, nor all combined; but different from them all, and superior to them all, better than them all, and above them all; the appointed arbiter and guide of human life; God's high vicegerent within us, to control, direct, to subordinate, and *thus* to *harmonize* them *all*. We wish to rear no intellectual monsters with *prodigious protuberances* and *bulky bumps*, the forced and forward growth of hot-bed culture, concentrating and absorbing all the vital energies into some favorite faculty, and dwarfing all the rest; no sickly sentimentalists; no visionary dreamers; no logical machines to grind out syllogisms wherewithal; no misty transcendentalists, with subtle metaphysic, skilful in splitting hairs twixt north and north-west side; no pedantic Rabbis, 'learned, pious and dull,' circling in everlasting gyrations around the circumference of a sheva; no men of one idea, (whatever that may be,) impenetrable to all beside, hermetically sealed against the air that is breathed by the men of their generation, the vitrefaction of a man, through whom the great stream of the world's living electricity can never flow. This is not to educate the faculties, but to pervert, to distort, to mutilate. It is felony; felony at the common law and by the statutes at large of the great commonwealth of letters. We want men, with large round-about Anglo-Saxon *sense*, healthy, well-proportioned men, adapted to all the emergencies, all the relations, duties and offices of common life, with all the faculties expanded, in harmonious exercise and symmetrical proportion, and conscience enthroned high above *them all*, in undisputed and imperishable supremacy."—p. 12.

That strain is surely of a high mood. If the new President of Hampden Sydney, can succeed in storing the minds of his pupils with "Anglo-Saxon sense," as richly as he has piled up meaning in this deep, many-sided sentence of his program, his retrospect of his official career, when it is ended, will be as satisfactory as his prospect is bright and hopeful.

The parts of this scheme are unfolded more definitely in the sequel of the Address—each study being spoken of as it is an instrumentality for this developement of nature: Language, Natural Science—Mathematics--Philosophy, Intellectual and Moral—the evidences of Revealed Religion; for particular remarks upon each of which, we must refer our readers to the Address itself. The appropriateness to our times and wants, of a

single other extract will, it is hoped, justify its admission here:

"Superficial education is an education to daily and deliberate falsehood. It is all pretence, and no reality, on the part of teacher and taught; each professing loudly to do, what each is conscious he is not accomplishing; so that the whole of the student's life, from year to year, is an habitual falsehood, a living lie; till truth and honor, religion, friendship, all that is most sacred in the relations and sensibilities of human life, degenerate into a *sham*. Hence an age of superficial knowledge, is necessarily an age of pretenders, quacks, hollow insincerity, frivolous scepticism, heartless formality; without depth, intensity, earnestness, heroism, faith. * * * Perhaps the briefest and surest recipe to make a sorry villain, at once a showy impostor and a shallow dupe, is to give him a superficial college education. Better learn to make shoes, well and truly, better for the intellect and the heart, better for himself and for others, than to mis-learn the whole circle of knowledge, classical, mathematical, philosophical."—p. 25.

This Address seems richer than is usual with such performances, in fresh native thought. There are several other parts of it which it would be pleasant to exhibit and remark upon—especially that idea which seems to be the *key-note*, so to speak, of the author's system; the tendency of one thing well and truly learned, to spread its power, like leven, through the mind, when in turn it comes to learn other things. But we must forbear. The pamphlet itself, of twenty-nine pages, will richly repay the labor, or rather add profit to the pleasure of perusal.

MANZONI.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

As I stood by the taffrail of the little steamer that plies up and down Lake Como, a good-natured fellow-passenger, whose costume and bearing denoted the experienced gentleman, indicated the various points of interest along the beautiful shores. It was a clear warm day of that enchanting season, in those climates, when spring is just verging into summer. The atmosphere was transparent and every indentation of the beach had a well-defined relief; the sails of the fishing-boats were reflected, in the water, as distinctly as if it were a mirror; and the cloudless sky wore the densely azure hue peculiar to that region. My companion urbanely pointed out every object worthy of note, which the shifting landscape afforded; here was the site of Pliny's country-seat, there the former residence of Queen Caroline of England, and now we are directly opposite the villa of Pasta; but there was a more genial animation in his look and voice, as a low promontory loomed in sight neither remarkable for the cultivation at its base, nor the picturesque beauty of its treeless slope; "just behind that ridge," said he, "is the road which Don Abbondio followed until he encountered the *bravi* who forbade him to marry the *Promessi Sposi*." The perfectly natural manner in which the locality of an imaginary scene was thus designated, as if quite as real and more interesting than the abodes of actual persons, struck me as the very best evidence of Manzoni's genius and fame. All genuine creations assert and maintain a distinct personality; and this is, perhaps, the readiest and most faithful test whereby the legitimate characters of fiction may be distinguished from the counterfeit. The most universal triumph of this kind is that of Shakespeare, of whose personages we habitually speak not only as actual, but world-familiar celebrities. It is probable that if the origin of those characters in fiction, which are recognised by the general feeling of mankind as living originals, could be analyzed, it would appear that their essential features were drawn carefully from life. The chief attraction of the novels of the reign of George the Third, is said to have been that the individuals depicted were well-known at that period, and this fact gave a relish to the infirmities of character thus revealed. But a more recent instance occurs in regard to several of the best delineations of Dickens, whose Pecksniff, Squeers, brothers Cheerbyle and others are confidently identified; so that, even if there is an error in the designation, it only shows how nearly the author followed nature. Another convincing proof of the substantial relation to our experience, such daguerreotypes from life, bear, is the habit so prevalent of naming our acquaintances from the well-drawn characters of able novelists. To realize the variety of fanciful beings who have been added by modern genius to the world's vast gallery of memorable portraits, it is only requisite to summon before our minds, the long array of Scott's familiar creations. Charles Swain has done this in a poem entitled Dryburgh Abbey; and the obsequies of no human being were ever graced by so glorious an array of the representatives of human nature, acknowledged as such by the verdict of mankind, as this procession of his own "beings of the mind and not of clay," which are described as following Sir Walter to the tomb.

An avidity for fabulous narrative seems to have characterized the oriental races. The indolent life of that dreamy clime naturally induced a necessity of being amused. Professed story-tellers were patronized by those in authority; and doubt-

less listened to with as earnest an attention, as the lazzaroni on the Mole at Naples now bestows upon a reader of Tasso. Pastorals were probably the first improvised tales of rural districts. The more exacting imaginations of eastern potentates called forth "Arabian Nights;" and subsequently, when the western world was alive with the lays of troubadors and the thirst for gallant emprise, came the tales of chivalry destined chiefly to be remembered through the genial satire of Cervantes. The supremacy of the church brought saintly legends in vogue; the spirit of maritime adventure led to the production of countless "*voyages imaginaires*;" civic revolutions, of a later period, gave birth to political romance, of which Utopia is the English type; and the more complicated interests and varied drama of modern society, finds its most welcome and perhaps faithful portraiture in one or another of the diversified species of the Novel. Thus it is evident that from the Song of Solomon and the fables of mythology, to the last hot-pressed emanation from Albermarlett, fiction has served as a mirror to successive ages, reflecting, with more or less truth, events and manners, in hues not so emphatic as the drama, but with greater detail and more elaborate exactitude.

There are few more interesting literary processes than the composition of a novel, artistically wrought and genially inspired. If we analyze the method, it seems to be very like that by which a fine picture is executed. First there are historical materials to collect,—the costume, manners and spirit of the time chosen, to be studied, and reproduced; then the dramatic incidents or plot to be arranged—corresponding to the action of the subject in pictorial art; the impressive back-ground of history, the just perspective of time, so as to render the illusion complete; with the light and shade of cheerful and solemn feeling. These may all be derived from study and observation and effectively arranged by skill and taste; but another, and the most vital element—the sentiment, or if the work be too prosaic to admit of such a definition, the sensation of the whole—that vague yet magnetic quality which in nature, in painting, and even in social life, we call atmosphere, must be derived from individual consciousness. This it is which brings us into relation with the story; which essentially attracts or repels; its presence gives life and its absence makes entirely objective the most patiently finished conception. The other traits of a romance are more or less mechanical, or, at least originate in the active intelligence of the writer; but this last and crowning principle emanates from the individual soul; it is that which makes the statue appear to breathe and the picture to be a conscious reality; which carries the words of the poet into the universal heart of mankind, and causes the characters and scenery of a romance to assimilate themselves, in the imagination, with the actual and the endeared.

The gravest artistic faults, or deficiencies, may be counterbalanced, in a novel, by the truth, elevation, or delicacy of the sentiment; exactly as warmth and sincerity of character atone for a thousand foibles and even distasteful qualities in a friend. Thus Mackenzie's Man of Feeling and Forcolo's Jacopo Ortis, considered as tales, are barren of striking events, wonderful coincidences, or elaborately drawn characters; yet the one from its gentle and resigned, and the other from its thoughtful and impassioned sentiment, apparently warm from a living heart, win and impress us with an indefinite but entrancing interest. Mrs. Radcliffe's novels abound in local mistakes; Southey demonstrates that her description of Skiddard is entirely untrue; and in "The Sicilian," she makes her heroine look from the towers of Palermo upon Mount Etna—a geographical impossibility; yet the scenes she depicts, are so invested with the sentiment of wonder, so largely developed in her nature, that the wizard charm of superstition haunts the reader, with its gloomy fascination, notwithstanding the improbabilities of her narrative, the tame solution of her mysteries, and the inexcusable incorrectness of her topography. No one can read Corinne without impatience at the inconsistent character of Oswald; and the unsatisfactory reasons assigned for the unhappy course of events; but Madame de Staël has so deeply impregnated the imperfect drama, with earnest, acute, and philosophical sentiment, with the sentiment at once of love, of genius and of Italy, that we pause not to examine and object to the story, in our profound sympathy with the intense feeling and reflection, which it sustains, like an unsymmetrical and ill-jointed trellis holding up to the air and sunshine, clusters of purple fruit and masses of autumn-tinted leaves. Some of Anderson's Stories, professedly written for children, and quite fantastic in conception, are so sweetly invented and so imbued with genuine humanity, that they charm all who have not outlived heart and imagination. It is, therefore, the idiosyncracy of the novelist that imparts the zest to his writings; it is the point where his nature overflows, that yields the peculiar charm to his inventions; and it is thus that our real sympathies are awakened. The biographers of Richardson and Mrs. Inchbald, let us into the secret of that winsome tenderness that once caused us to hang fondly over Pamela and the Simple Story; it was their own prevailing characteristic. Godwin, on the same principle, excites metaphysical curiosity, Goldsmith the sense of domestic enjoyment, Scott chivalrous

and patriotic emotion, Cooper the zest of adventure, Dickens convivial, pitiful and humorous feeling; Irving agreeable reverie; Beckford an epicurean delight of the senses; Miss Porter and Maturin, the luxury of heroic self-devotion and the rich but consuming excitement of ardent passion; Paul de Kock the vagrant but spirited moods of Parisian adventure; and Balzac the philosophical and sympathetic interest which anatomizes the inmost life of the heart.

Truth to nature rather than dramatic effect, was the aim of Manzoni, and, as is ever the case, when realized, it secured for his romance a permanent interest and celebrity. There is no attempt at brilliancy in the dialogue, no accumulation of incredible events in the plot, and scarcely a trait of improbability in the characters. Fidelity is the charm upon which the author relies both to enlist the sympathies of the reader and disarm the opposition of the critic. It is as if a well-skilled artist were to roam, during an exciting epoch, over the fertile plains of Lombardy, and transfer scrupulously to his sketch-book, the most characteristic figures of peasant and prelate, here a picturesque bit of landscape and there an animated group, now a monastery and again some by-way cottage, vineyard or shrine—thus giving us authentic hints whereby we can reproduce in imagination, especially if seconded by memory, a satisfactory conception of all the prevailing features of the scene. The author's manner, to borrow a term so often applied to the old masters in painting, is more that of Murillo and the Flemish school than of Raphael or Correggio; except that the literary execution of Manzoni has a somewhat classical and even pedantic character. Essentially, however, the same artistic principle is relied upon. There is something of Garrisborough and Moreland in the tone of his graphic pictures; he seldom idealizes, but conscientiously represents the actual. His Promessi Sposi is attractive to Italians on the same ground that the Vicar of Wakefield is a favorite with English readers. We are interested in his characters, not because they are perfect, but because they are natural. Renzo, indeed, can scarcely be called a hero or Lucia a heroine, in the sense that term is employed by fanatical novel readers. Neither exhibit any poetic sentimentalism. Their love is as unromantic as it is hone[redacted]. He is but a skilful and industrious silk we[redacted]nd she,—as the disappointed Bergame[redacted] expected to see a wonderful beauty, disc[redacted]red—is only "*una contadina come tant altre*;—a peasant girl like so many others. But, then, the winsome simplicity of nature, the affectionate dispositions, the child-like faith and rustic truth of these lovers, and especially their excellence as types of a local peasantry, render them, in contrast with the remarkable vicissitudes through which they pass, objects of real and sometimes intense sympathy. There is a kind of elemental human nature about Lucia that is irresistibly charming; the very weakness and ignorance, as well as the faithful attachment and irascible temper of Renzo are eminently illustrative of the rural population of Lombardy. It is, too, exceedingly characteristic of somewhat advanced women of the middle class of Italians, to affect the wisdom of experience, and nourish their self-esteem by a kind of pretension to knowledge of the world—which is the more diverting from the actual narrowness of their ideas and their obvious superficial knowledge and lack of real confidence. The sage counsels, and desire to have her say, ascribed to poor Agnese, peculiarly belong to her sphere and age. The ecclesiastic portraits are the most carefully laboured of all; and even allowing for the author's strong Catholic partialities, they must be admitted to be most consistent, each with itself, and all with probability and truth. The church that can boast a Fenelon and a Cheverns, doubtless has, from time to time, included priests as exalted in their views, as Federigo Borromeo, as true to an expiatory vow as padre Cristofero, and as timid, and time-serving as poor Don Abbondio. Nay, at this very time, whoever has been on familiar terms, with the Italian clergy, must have encountered exceptions to the general corruption, in the form of a martyr-like asceticism or a life-devoted benevolence. In some, perhaps isolated regions, there are members of the monastic fraternities that are idolized by the common people for their charity; preachers who fill a cathedral by their eloquence, and men of saintly lives whose benediction is received with awe and gratitude. In short, traces of the three prominent ecclesiastics of Manzoni's romance, may be easily detected at the present day; and to many pious minds, yet excite the sentiments of love and reverence, which at the period described united the peasant to the church. It was doubtless the author's main object to vindicate the religious sentiment; to show how the essential principles of Christianity were knit into the well-being of society; and to bring into strong relief, for the advantage of a sceptical and revolutionary era, the consoling, purifying and happy influences of the church, whose superstitions had become a by-word and whose sovereignty already yielded to military power. We can, indeed, imagine no greater contrast than that which exists between the whole spirit and atmosphere of Manzoni's story and the times in which it appeared. The star of Europe's modern conqueror was rapidly culminating; all that was prescriptive and venerable in usage, form, law, manners and faith,

had either yielded to inexorable reform or was in a transition state; and the primal sentiments of our common nature, without whose prevailing sanction and tender intervention, we can scarcely hope for the stability of any human institution,—were so violently assailed, that a kind of social chaos seemed inevitable. The triumphs of Napoleon had opened the way for an apparently limitless series of experiments in government; and a fearless challenge of all authority, especially that of religion. The mental activity and civic revolutions incident to this state of things, kept Europe in a continual ferment. Old associations had no power to hedge in thought; and new combinations of events gave scope to every kind of speculative hardihood. It was the age of sudden political vicissitudes, splendid military achievements, constant social alternations and fearless inquiry. It was an experimental, irreverent, and unbelieving age; and even at such a time, Manzoni sent forth his calm pictures of rustic life; he revived the primitive in human nature; exhibited the graces of simplicity, the moral value of faith, the charm of spotless integrity;—the need of a vista through which, amid the dankness and tumult of life, glimpses could be afforded of heaven;—the blessedness of forgiveness, the tranquil joy of expiation, the glory of repentance and the beauty of holiness. It was like the low warbling of a lute amid the braying of trumpets; or one of the soft sunsets of Claude reflected on a thunder-cloud. It was an enterprise in its very hopelessness and beauty, worthy of the heart of genius; and the peaceful and sweet manner in which it was achieved, is honorable to the dignity of scholarship and the self-possession of faith. It has, indeed, been objected to the Promessi Sposi, that it is circumstantial even to tediousness; that it lacks vivacity of tone and variety of interest. Perhaps these and similar faults are inseparable from the author's plan; his first object being truth to nature and history, in order to render his work locally authentic, and give it a national interest; and his second to inculcate certain great principles of life and action which he saw were lost sight of, in an age of preternatural and spasmodic excitement. The polished correctness of the style, too, while on the one hand it has given the novel a classical rank and caused it to be one of the most approved text-books in the acquisition of the Italian tongue; on the other, by a certain stiffness, and the use of uncommon words, occasioned by the classic fastidiousness of the author,—has induced pedantry of style, the very reverse of that colloquial ease, which is so great a requisite in the popular novel. These and other incidental defects, do not, however, at all invalidate the well-founded claims of Promessi Sposi, as a true picture of Italian life, felicitously conceived, and artistically developed.

As the artistic representative of truth and the pleasing stimulant of benign emotions, Fiction thus redeems itself from the serious objections to which it was once far more liable than at present. "It is necessary to our rank as spiritual beings," says a judicious writer, "that we should be able to invent and to behold what is not; and to our rank as moral creatures that we should know and confess that it is not." Hence the unsatisfactory blending of fact and fiction, by the excessive developement of any of the elements we have designated, the exaggerations of professedly veritable travellers, the fanciful narratives of historians, as well as grossly illusive pictures of life and nature even in a romance. Such errors offend the integrity of the novelist's art exactly as mean expedients and grotesque combinations in architecture, or untrue drawing and extravagant color in painting, or want of proportion in statuary; because such blemishers destroy the sentiment and mar the completeness of invention in writing, as well as in form or design. Legitimately produced, however, and truly inspired, fiction interprets humanity, informs the understanding and quickens the affections. It reflects ourselves, warns us against prevailing social follies, adds rich specimens to our cabinets of character, dramatises life for the unimaginative, daguerreotypes it for the unobservant, multiplies experience for the isolated or inactive, and cheers age, retirement and invalidism, with an available and harmless solace. A distinguished modern statesman decided a question that arose in a social circle, by very gravely quoting a passage from Robinson Crusoe. His friends expressed their surprise that one whose pursuits were so complicated and absorbing should remember the very words of that nursery tale; he assured them he had read it once every year since he was a boy, as a mental refreshment. Humboldt pauses in his description of tropical vegetation, to mention with gratitude the fact that it is associated in his mind with the correctly delineated scenery of Paul and Virginia. The philosophic Mackintosh advocates fiction because "it creates and nourishes sympathy;" and the poet Gray declared that it was heaven to pass a rainy day in reading new novels. Thus resorted to as a pastime in the intervals of more exacting studies and at periods of convalescence or relaxation, it is one of the most ready and useful of resources; but no more to be relied upon altogether as intellectual food, than champagne, spices, or beautiful fruit for animal nourishment. It is therefore only the abuse of fiction which deadens the zest of truth, for its right office is to heighten its effect. "Matter of fact," says Hunt, "is our per-

ception of the grosser and more external shapes of truth; fiction represents the residium of the mystery. To love matter of fact is to have a lively sense of the visible and the immediate; to love fiction is to have as lively a sense of the possible and the remote."

The word novel has now a much higher signification than formerly. It once conveyed the idea of vapid sentimentalism or irrational romance only adapted to very weak and morbidly fanciful tastes. It furnished pabulum to imaginary woes and yielded unhealthy excitement to undisciplined minds. Hence the very justifiable prejudice so long cherished against this kind of reading by vigorous intellects. A half century has effected a complete revolution in this department of literature. Perhaps the first example which led to this auspicious change is the Caleb Williams of Godwin. That remarkable work proved that a story may be deeply interesting without being mainly occupied with the tender passion; and it suggested that human nature and human life afforded a boundless and most instructive field for true genius to represent. The English have excelled in fiction, perhaps, in part, from the judgment which they, of all people, know best how to bring to the arrangement of passionate and poetic materials, and thus render them harmonious and effective. If we glance at the number and variety of standard English novels that still maintain their place in select libraries, we cannot but acknowledge that our vernacular is the most prolific source of excellent fiction, in modern times. Consider, also, the important subjects these works illustrate; and how ably they have been made the exponents of grave opinion, social questions, history, philanthropy, art and morals. The most vivid pictures of London society in the days of Johnson are yet to be found in the novels of Miss Burney; and its present absurdities have been most effectually satirized by the novels of Hook. If we desire to realize the life of the East, the Anastasius of Hope is the most available *camera obscura* into which to enter and view its reflection. We are confidently referred to the novels of Smollett for an authentic character of the English navy fifty years ago. The low life of Great Britain is sketched in enduring colors by Dickens. The philosophy of common sense—that trait of national character which chiefly distinguished the Anglo-Saxon from the southern European, is permanently elaborated in the novels of Maria Edgeworth and Miss Austin. All salient eras of human history and social life have been reproduced by modern novelists. Scottish annals and scenery may be said to have been revealed to the world by the author of Waverly; and Macaulay sustains his description of the condition of the clergy in the reign of Charles the Second, by the parsons Fielding has bequeathed. Miss Ferrier's novels have immortalized the most humorous and characteristic traits of Scotch society. The life of the north of Europe is now familiar to us through the charming tales of Miss Bremer and Hans Anderson. Lockhart and our own Wave have given adequate pictures whereby the unlearned may be initiated into that memorable epoch when the advent of Christianity introduced a new element into the life of the Roman Empire. Systems of political economy, the questions that divide the Episcopal Church, the social problems involved in the manufacturing enterprise of England, the racy and pathetic aspects of Irish life, the biography of illustrious men, the arts of diplomacy, principles of taste, government, religion, and science, now, almost daily, find accredited and fascinating interpreters in the guise of popular novelists.

These conditions, we have indicated, are happily fulfilled in the Romance of Manzoni. Every one at all familiar with the public events of the time, which are made in the novel to lend the dignity of great social phenomena to the humble experiences of the hero and heroine,—will trace a scrupulous authenticity in the narrative; and not less faithful are the incidental glimpses afforded of the laws. customs and social economy of the period. We seem, as we read, to breathe the atmosphere of that epoch when the feudal spirit yet lingered in Italy, although its practical influence was essentially modified; when haughty lords still kept their armed retainers; and could with certain precautions, violently outrage individual rights with impunity; when the sanctions of the church yet exercised an unquestioned authority;—the age of local warfare, of Latin edicts, of gross popular delusions, of scholastic pedantry, and fanciful philosophy. These phases of life in that day and country, are brought out with remarkable tact in the course of the story. The war to settle the succession of the ducal states of Gonzaga, and the occurrence of a famine and the plague at Milan, by arousing all the latent elements of society, give ample occasion to indicate the degree of knowledge, the tone of public opinion, and the standard of civilization then and there attained. We are admitted freely to the banquet of the lordly castle, the discussions of the piazza. the domestic life of the palace, the secrets of conventual discipline, the gossip of the osteria, the interviews of the archbishop and the humble colloquies of the village hearth. Attentively regarded, they yield the most clear and reliable impressions; and the amount of positive information thus gleaned from the story, is not less remarkable than the facility with which it is suggested.

The more elaborate pictures thus vividly reproduced from the dusty archives of municipal history, will bear a very thoughtful perusal. The description of the bread riots and the various scenes enacted at Milan during the ravages of the plague, have scarcely been equalled for graphic delineation and true pathos, by any of the many brilliant sketches, in the same vein, subsequently attempted by the most eloquent writers. Their beautiful diction in some cases enhances the effect; the minute circumstances and affecting points of view chosen, are such as an actual spectator would naturally have selected; while the light and shade, the impressive fact and the affecting sentiment, are blended with that inimitable skill which is only an intuition of genius. Indeed, the chastened tone of these parts of the romance,—often affording not only room, but temptation to exaggerate, is one of its prominent merits. We do not, for a moment, lose sight of the dreadful reality on account of the melodramatic representation. On the contrary, the dangling hair of virgin-bodies piled on the dead-carts. The horrid buffoonery of the *monatti*, the maternal tenderness and care lavished so calmly on an infant's corse, in the midst of the licentious misery around, the remorseful terrors of the selfish noble, and the heartless cupidity of the base servant, the devotion of the benevolent, and the callous indifference of the hardened;—each individual demonstration of character and every special incident that stand out from the general record of pestilence and famine, are usually so true to the great and authenticated occurrences, that we not only confess that they might have been, but feel that they were. So much for the unity of these ghastly, yet memorable pictures. The author is equally felicitous in minor limning;—the forms of salutation, the classic oaths, the religious adjurations, the proverbs, gestures, and casual provincialisms that occur have not only authority, but significance. Passed over, by the ordinary reader, without interest, to those familiar with the region and the classes depicted, they have a peculiar meaning and an intrinsic charm.

Manzoni has, also, a concise way of sketching a whole genus in one of the species, of exhibiting what is characteristic of a domain, or a class, by a single effective specimen. Thus in the portrait of Federigo Borromeo, we have not only an historical personage, but the ideal of the scholar, saint and gentleman combined,—of that age. Perpetua's counterparts may be seen by every traveller who sojourns awhile with an Italian family of the middle class. The plants enumerated as having overgrown Renzo's garden, during his banishment, might be classified in a botanical nomenclature of Lombardy. Don Ferrante's philosophical creed illustrates the scientific quixotism there indulged by speculative minds; and a very adequate idea of the scenery of northern Italy may be derived from the account given of the different journeys of the fugitives between Milan, Morosa and Bergamo.

In the unpretending, but significant tales of Dana and Hawthorne, we often discover the essence of romance—the most pure and subtle elements of original fiction. Remorse has found no more refined and touching interpreter than the former; and it is rarely that what is adjacent and immediate has been so delicately and suggestively delineated as by the latter. Professional life has revealed some of its most thrilling secrets by the pen of Warren; and popular art is most vividly illustrated in Wilhelm Meister. Many of the profound laws of love and music may be learned in Consuelo; the luxuries and the psychological workings of sentiment glow and melt along the pages of Rousseau; fantasy in its wildest, most sublime and most exquisite play, emanates from the German novelists—now shadowy with the weird genius of Hoffman, and now aerial with the crystal grace of Undine. The iris-hues of the Midsummer Night's Dream reappear in the fairy tale; and all the virtues and the comfort of modern civilization are embodied in English stories of domestic life. But the field embraced by this endeared form of literature is too vast for specific comment. The fertility of its resources may be imagined by considering what rich elements are included in the exuberant life of the primitive fiction, the truthful consistency of the standard narrative, and the insight into men and things, of the modern fashionable novel: take, for instance, the tone of Boccaccio—the verisimilitude of De Foe, and the knowledge of the world of Thackeray;—how much of human life, both inward and outward, how many of the elemental and the manifest principles of our common nature and of universal experience, are therein combined!

Personal familiarity with the country and people described in Manzoni's novel, is almost essential to its complete enjoyment and appreciation. To have seen one of the religious processions, in Tuscany, for instance, bearing the relics of a saint for the purpose of checking a freshet or a drought, and to have watched the hopeful countenances of the rustic throng, renders far more vivid the ceremonial of escorting the gorgeously-decked remains of St. Carlo, through the streets of Milan, to stay that awful pestilence. The sight of one of the popular tumults which agitated Sicily when the cholera prevailed there, a few years since, and the occular proof of the fanaticism of the ignorant wretches in sacrificing so many innocent victims to the suspicion of hav-

ing poisoned the wells, and thus induced the disease,—brings home to the most imaginative the frantic delusion of the Milanese, in ascribing the pestilence, whose course is so graphically described by the novelist, to the same cause. The scribes who yet sit in the squares of Palermo and Naples to indite letters for the common people, make the difficulties of Renzo in corresponding with his betrothed, appear very natural. An *habitué* of a *trattoria* in Italy will recognise the viands, the language and bearing of the innkeepers as identical with those of our own day; and a certain extraordinary blending of acuteness and candor, of almost childish simplicity in matters of faith and feeling, and dexterity or evasion in cases involving personal safety or interest, which might appear inconsistent elsewhere, are perfectly true Italian characters. In fact, in many particulars, Hogarth and Crabbe are not more thoroughly literal interpreters of nature than Manzoni.

The monotony of provincial life in Italy, the family dictatorship, which virtually force superfluous children to enter the cloister, and the more benign aspects of Catholicism, to those who have been in contact with the domestic life of the country, are reproduced in this story with singular truth. It was doubtless no small part of the author's plan to touch the patriotic sensibilities of his countrymen by the nationality of his work; and this, perhaps, accounts for the fear he seems to have entertained of the slightest extravagance; and the somewhat tiresome historical interludes scattered through the romance. The sentiments unfolded are those of the author himself. He was thoroughly sincere both in his patriotism and his piety; and this is the more honorable to him inasmuch as his origin is noble, his associations of the highest kind, and his education superior; but the scholar and the man of rank were not suffered to overlay the Christian and the philanthropist. While other authors of the period scarcely professed any faith whatever, and followed their own vagrant impulses, Manzoni looked to God in meekness and around upon his country with love. His nature was essentially contemplative; he believed rather in the victories of thought than those of the sword; and relied on the primitive and indestructible sentiments of humanity far more than external violence for the advancement of truth. His first work, Conte di Carmagnola, which appeared in 1820, a tragedy embodying the noblest self-devotion and patriotism, excited a deep interest throughout the continent. Other dramas, his famous Ode, entitled *Il Cinque di Maggio*, on the death of Napoleon, a volume of hymns,—then a rare species of writing in Italy, increased his literary renown.

But his popularity is derived from his novel—I Promessi Sposi. He adopted this form of literature as that which gave him the surest and most extensive access to the minds of his countrymen. Scott's unparalleled success in the same department was already the literary phenomenon of the day; and to Manzoni belongs the credit of first effectively introducing the modern novel into Italy. By patient elaboration of authentic facts, by careful limning from original elements of character within his observation, by infusing the genuine sentiments of his own heart into the beings he portrayed, and by a scholar-like finish of style, he laboured to produce an unexceptionable, graphic, interesting, and standard national romance; and, however humble the sphere he chose to illustrate, he accomplished his purpose. It is a curious fact that almost the only trace of his ideal tendencies, in this work, is discoverable in some of his comparisons, which by their fancifulness, betray the poet. Otherwise the design is mainly Flemish, both in subjects and exactitude. The atmosphere, however, of the whole picture, to the view of one whose associations are enlisted, is as soft, attractive and mellow as that of spring in Italy. The gentle and tranquil excitements of rural life and primitive manners, touch the heart of the sympathetic reader. The resignation of Lucia, the conversion of the wicked *incriminato*, the sublime patience of padre Cristofero, the diverting cowardice of Don Abbondio, the shrewishness of Perpetua, the enlarged benevolence of Federigo, with the episodes of extreme human misery and the final happy fortunes of the humble lovers, gradually win upon our calm attention, and become at last endeared to our remembrance.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, August, 1849.

A scientific Belgian, M. Melsens, pupil of the celebrated chemist, Dumas, of Paris, has lately made a discovery which, during the last month, has excited the lively attention not merely of *savans* and statesmen in France, but of all interested directly or indirectly in the production of that very important article of commerce and consumption, sugar. The anticipated importance of the discovery, may be judged of from the fact that it has been made the subject of a special report from M. Lanjuinais, minister of commerce and agriculture, to the President, in which he advises the nomination of a committee, composed jointly of scientific and practical men,

charged to fully test the value of the discovery, and report to government the result of their experiments. If the result prove favorable, the minister recommends that the French government, by contract with M. Melsens, purchase his newly discovered process, to be delivered gratuitously to the public. The minister's report says, "The mode just discovered of treating the beet root, and the sugar-cane, effects the extraction from these vegetables of the whole amount of sugar which they contain, and gives an article of superior quality, dispensing with the complicated and costly apparatus used in the manufacture of beet root sugar, and in the refining processes. If this discovery, loudly announced by men of science, whose testimony seems of a nature to carry conviction, should realize the marvellous hopes to which it has given rise, the product of the beet root will be increased one-third, and that of the cane one half. In presence of this imminent revolution, all industrial operations connected with the sugar trade, and with its production are arrested; and the natural movement cannot be restored until public opinion shall be enlightened as to the merit of the new processes." The minister's recommendation was promptly acted upon, and the committee appointed. Experiments are being made, first of a purely scientific character, in the laboratory of M. Dumas; to be followed by more practical essays upon an extensive scale in the establishments of several large sugar-manufacturers. Perfectly satisfactory experiments, however, as to the practical value of this discovery, cannot take place for some months yet. The beet root of France will not be ready for the manufacture till late next month; nor the sugar-cane of the colonies till December next. The process of Melsens is of wonderful simplicity and of perfectly easy application. The rasps, presses, and clarifying boilers heretofore used are retained in the new process. It is to the juice obtained in the ordinary methods that the discovery is applied. By the aid of a very small quantity of the marvellous substance which he has discovered or invented, M. Melsens effects in a few instants the clearing and crystallization of the saccharine particles. One hour and three quarters suffice to obtain a loaf of the purest white sugar. It is expected to produce a very prompt fall in the price of sugars all the world over. An article of luxury here, and in all parts of Europe, it is with us, in the United States, one of necessity for all classes. Several of our Southern States also are largely concerned in its production. I shall therefore watch with much interest the progress of the experiments now making here and communicate the result to the Messenger.

Allons! from the sugar plantations of Louisiana, let us take a short flight with Leverrier into the boundless regions of space.

The smallest quantities, the slightest variations, from the moment that they are perceived to be constant and to obey an invariable rule, become to the astronomer objects of the highest interest, leaving him no rest day or night, till he discovers the secret. In most astronomical calculations the results are only *almost* exact. It was by endeavoring to push approximation to its last degree—by seeking the cause of the appearance and disappearance of the satellites of Jupiter at slightly different intervals, that the natural philosopher has ascertained and measured the speed of light. It was by the analytical discussion of the slight irregularities observed in the movements of Uranus, that Leverrier himself accomplished the sublimest achievement of science, the discovery of the planet Neptune. From Mercury, which, close to the sun, rushes whirling through the ardent sea of solar light to distant Neptune, slowly pursuing its course in its cold and dismal solitudes, all the planets deviate more or less from the path assigned to them in their respective tables. Concurrent observations, unconnected, originating in different quarters of the globe, establish these deviations, which it is impossible, therefore, to put down to the account of errors of calculation. If the earth moved alone round the sun, its course, exactly elliptical, would long since have been exactly traced, defined in all its elements, and the tables describing it would not need revision. But within and without the orbit of the earth, are found revolving numerous other planets, which of various sizes and at immense and varying distances, mutually attract each other and disturb their movements: so that the appreciation of the disturbing forces involves the most difficult, tedious and complicated calculations on the part of the philosophers who devote themselves to the study of the mechanism of the Heavens. Leverrier, though to his scientific labors he has recently added those of the legislator, being now a member of the French National Assembly, has, with the ardor of youth and the enthusiasm of the *savant*, undertaken a twelve years' labor which will confirm his title, now hardly to be disputed, as the first astronomer of the age. He is engaged in a series of dry, wearisome, intricate calculations, for the composition of tables destined to aid astronomers in the appreciation of these disturbing forces. I cannot doubt but the following extract from a late address upon this subject, of Leverrier himself, before the five Academies united, will be of interest to most of the readers of the Messenger. Making allusion to the progress of astronomical science, he says:

"It is now generally admitted that light is prop-

agated through space by the vibrations of a fluid called ether. The reality of the material existence of this fluid is, nevertheless, far from being demonstrated. Perhaps it may be demonstrated one of these days by observation of the stars. If ether actually opposes a resistence to the movements of the planets and comets, its presence will be detected by the acceleration of their average velocity, by a continual diminution of their average distance from the sun—a diminution of which, let me say in passing, the result should be the overthrow of our planetary system. Comets will be the first to perish, because of the extreme tenuity of the matter composing them. Already it is thought signs are perceived of the action of ether upon the periodical revolutions of the comet Encke. Unfortunately the certitude of this conclusion is impaired by another phenomenon in relation to which we have hardly commenced to collect certain data. Comets do not seem to have reached a permanent state. Not only is the matter composing them, subject to complete derangement and revolution; but there is reason to believe that it is gradually lost in space. We have seen lately the body of a comet dividing itself into two distinct parts, which pursued subsequently different paths. Among the planets, Mercury pursues, in the variations of its average movement, an inverse march, and is moving farther and farther from the sun. This is precisely the contrary of what we should expect from the resistance of ether. Perhaps there will be found in one of the most curious of the heavenly phenomena an explanation of this fact. About the middle of March, after sun-set, and near the point from which the sun has just disappeared, there may be perceived in the heavens a sort of luminous pyramid. Of considerable breadth at its base upon the horizon, it diminishes both in size and brilliancy as it ascends till its point is finally lost in the sky. This is the *Zodiacal light*, a subtile atmosphere which seems to surround the sun, which Cassini studied a century and a half ago, and of which the extent embraces the orbits of Mercury, Venus and Earth. Now an atmosphere like this, whether it touches the sun with its base, or whether it is completely detached from the sun, may, under certain circumstances, move with greater velocity than Mercury, and pushing it forward, produce an effect the opposite of that which should follow from the resistance of ether, that is to say, an increase of distance from the sun to the planet."*

* Sir John Herschell remarks touching the *Zodiacal light*:

"It may be conjectured to be no other than the denser part of that medium which, as we have reason to believe, resists the motion of comets: loaded, perhaps, with the actual materials of the tails of millions of those bodies of which they have been stripped in their successive perehelion passages, and which may be slowly subsiding into the sun."

"We are discovering every day new asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. To the group composed of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, have been recently added Astree, Hebe, Iris, Flora, Metis; and it is hardly to be doubted that the number of these small planets will be yet increased: and if instead of confining the search to those of the tenth and eleventh magnitudes, it was extended to bodies of still less brilliancy, without doubt a multitude of others would be discovered forming a girdle about the sun. The greater portion of these small bodies will, however, be missed by the telescope: and direct observation compelled to seize separately each one of them, will, with difficulty, effect their general classification. But while the collection of their light in one single focus will be impossible, their united attraction exercised upon a single star, may produce a sensible effect and aid us in our inquiries into the quantity and arrangement of the matter contained in this planetary zone.

"The flood of shooting stars which exists in the heavens, may also have some influence upon the motion of the earth which traverses them at certain periods of the year.

"Comets generally come to us from the most remote depths of space, and return to those depths. If some have established themselves in our regions, it is because they have been thrown out of their paths, by too near approach to the planets. It is thus that the comets of Faye and of Vico have been thrown, by the powerful action of Jupiter, into the limited orbits which they now pursue. But the cause which has given them to us may one day take them away. This is perhaps what has already occurred in relation to the comet of Lexell which, according to the orbit in which it was moving in 1770, should have returned every five and a half years. In 1779, it passed quite close to Jupiter and since then it has not been seen. Now comets cannot be thus troubled in their own movements without reacting upon the planets. Hitherto the neglect of taking account of their influence has been excused only by supposing them to be bodies of exceedingly small dimension. Grant, for it cannot be doubted, that the comets are composed of extremely small masses—still it is nevertheless true, that in the course of ages the aggregate of their influence upon the revolution of the planets becomes perceptible: and, seeing as we do, that all the theories present deflections yet unaccounted for, it is imprudent to maintain that no account need be taken of the influence of comets. Let us stop in this enumeration. Not to speak of the action of the stellar masses upon our system—not to speak of the planets beyond Neptune, and for which assuredly there is room in space—we see how numerous and important

are the points of physical astronomy upon which light may be thrown by a careful comparison of theory with observation. But let one not deceive himself, this comparison is an undertaking of immense labour."

This labour, which it is presumed will require for its completion from twelve to fifteen years, has been commenced by Leverrier. He is to report from time to time to the Academy of Sciences, presenting in a form fit for preservation and use, the results to which he shall arrive, so that if he should be arrested in his career of glory and usefulness before its completion, a more fortunate successor may carry it on. He hopes so to perfect the theory, that it shall be in complete harmony with observation, or to widen the breach between them, and prove reconciliation to be impossible. In either case it will be a triumph of science.

Since the date of my last, "The French Academy" has held its annual public session. *Villemain*, perpetual Secretary, opened the setting by an admirable address, which would perhaps be well placed, and would certainly be not without interest in the columns of the Messenger. But it is rather long for translation. He twice alludes by name to our Franklin, paying him high and well deserved compliments. The *First Prize*, established by Baron Gobert, to be annually awarded by the Academy for the most eloquent work on French History, is *again* given to Augustin Thierry's "*Considerations on French History.*" M. Villemain made particular allusion to Lamartine's historical labours, but with the express declaration that "no comparison has been possible." Nor has any competitor this year been able to take the *Second Prize* awarded to the "work of the greatest moral utility" from the *Reign of Louis XIII.*, by Bazin.

A young writer, Amédée Pommier, has been distinguished by carrying off, under the award of the Academy, two prizes—one for his "Eulogy of Amyot"—the other for his "*poem* on the death of the archbishop of Paris." Among the prizes offered for the coming year, is one for the best *Eulogy on Madame de Stael*, and one (a medal of the value of one thousand dollars) for the *best translation of Pindar.*

The literary and social circles of Paris, have been watching with much interest during the last month the progress of a law-suit pending between the journal *La Presse* and the heirs of *Madame Récamier.* Madame Récamier, the most beautiful, fascinating and amiable woman of her day, the intimate friend of Madame de Stael, of Mdme. de Genlis, of Chateaubriand, of Benjamin Constant—whose saloon was frequented by all the distinguished statesmen, literary men and *savans* from the early days of the first republic—who won the esteem, the admiration, the adoration of more illustrious men than any woman who ever lived—who was beloved even by the ladies around her whom she constantly eclipsed—whose amiability silenced malevolence—whose modesty disarmed envy, whose virtue confounded slander; who never lost a friend save by death. This remarkable lady died in Paris last May, among the earlier victims of Cholera, in the 73rd year of her age. Her name will not be found on the page of history. Nearly all the hearts on which she impressed her image, are now dust: yet will Madame Récamier be immortal with the immortality which is conferred by the pencil of Gerard, the chisel of Canova, the pens of Chateaubriand and de Stael, who knew, admired, and loved her. Among the warmest friends and most devoted admirers of Mdme. Récamier, was *Benjamin Constant.* At first he was her lover, and strove for a long time, always however in vain, to obtain from her a reciprocity of affection. Finally despairing of success, he schooled his love to friendship. In this he was more fortunate. Mdme. R. accorded to him a friendship as sincere, warm and devoted as his own. It lasted to the end of life. They were constant correspondents: and at his death, which took place in 1831, Mdme. R. found herself in possession of a numerous collection of intimate private letters, written by one of the most distinguished men, one of the most able and popular political writers of his day. Biographers were of course quickly busy with his name. They appreciated with more or less justice, according to the political bias under which they severally wrote his public character and ability: but they all concurred in ascribing to him want of heart and sentiment, a cold intellectual impassibility of mind and feature, which caused him to live in a different sphere apart from, perhaps above that in which lived and moved the rest of his fellow men. Madame Récamier knew better than that. She had in her possession hundreds of proofs that Constant had a heart, and a warm one. It is pretended that indignant at the injustice done by biographers to the memory of her friend, she very soon after his death determined that after her own, his letters to her *should be published.* "What!" methinks I hear you exclaim, "this lovely, admirable, amiable, perfect woman consents thus to violate the delicacy of her sex! to betray the secret that womanhood holds sacred all the world over! to lift the veil of privacy with which honor covers them, and deliver letters of this peculiarly private character to the peering curiosity and ribald jest of the world, to the derision of critics, to the malevolence of enemies!" *Mais, Mon Dieu!* if this outrage is not perpetrated, wont the world continue to suspect that

Benjamin Constant could not love? And what sacrifice ought not surviving friendship to make in order to rescue him from the calumny! Madame Récamier, therefore, heroically consents to prove, not only that Constant did have a heart, but that that heart was most devotedly all her own. Now pass we on quickly, friend Thompson! Be as gentle as you can in judging the motives of Mdme. Récamier. For myself, I feel that if I tarry longer here, I shall be tempted to say something severe upon Mdme. R. in particular and perhaps upon the sex in general; whereas Mdme. R., as has been proved above, and as all the world knows, was a most amiable and excellent person. The fact is, that in this religious intention of honoring the memory of her dead friend and vindicating his heart, she caused two copies to be made of Constant's letters. Determined to put the proof that Constant loved her—I mean that he was a man of feeling—beyond the possibility of loss, she placed the originals in a safe to be delivered to her niece and heir upon her death: one of the copies she kept in constant circulation among her intimate friends, (her very intimate friends only,) but with special injunctions not to breathe their contents to a living soul: the other she committed to a female literary friend, with instructions relative to its publication after her death in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse* or the *Debats*. Mdme. Récamier died, as I have said, in May last. The public vindication of her friend Constant's heart soon followed. On the 30th June appeared first on the first column of the first page of the *Presse*, the following advertisement: "Unpublished Letters of Benjamin Constant to Madame Récamier. These Letters, which the *Presse* has just acquired the right of publishing in its *feuilleton*, are seventy-three in number. They have been written at four different epochs—from 1814 to 1815—during the Hundred Days—after the Hundred Days—and from 1816 to 1830. These Letters have been communicated to us by Madame Louise Colet, to whom they were given by Madame Récamier, and who accompanies them with a preface and conclusion written by herself." Madame Lenormand, the niece and adopted daughter of Madame Récamier, immediately protested against the publication. A counter advertisement appeared notifying the public that Madame R. could not have authorised the selling of these Letters, and that the *Presse* had inconsiderately promised a publication which would not take place.

Nous verrons cela! said the *Presse* and incontinently the publication, which from the first it had been intended to adjourn for a month or two, commences in the *feuilleton* of the 3rd July. On the 4th, a second number appears. At this point (the introduction and some half dozen letters having now appeared) the publication is arrested by legal proceedings, commenced on the part of the heirs. The commencement of the suit is marked by some very pretty specimens of epistolary spite passing between the lady combattants; but these would not amuse your readers so much as they do the Parisian public. The brother of Benjamin Constant joins his protest, with that of Madame Lenormand, against the publication. The trial commenced before the tribunal *de premiére instance* on the 25th ult. The argument of M. Chaix-d'Est-Ange counsel for the heirs, was a masterly effort, able, ingenious, and terribly severe. According to him the publication of these letters was, on the part of Madame Colet, a flagrant violation of delicacy, honor, and common honesty. Madame Récamier could never have authorised it—her well known delicacy of feeling and nicety of honor, her modesty that ever shrunk from the public gaze, even upon the most legitimate occasions, her whole life, in fine, compelled us indignantly to reject the idea that she could be privy to their unheard of outrage. Madame Colet had occupied in relation to Madame Récamier a very equivocal position. She had, by dint of perseverance, obtruded herself upon Madame R., who admitted her, it is true, into her *salon* in the character of reader, but never honored her with an intimate and confidential friendship. Madame R. had upon one occasion, and after much hesitation, permitted Madame Colet to have possession, during a few days, for the purpose of perusal of the Letters of Benjamin Constant—Madame C. had taken advantage of this permission to procure a surreptitious copy—it was this copy, thus fraudulently obtained and concealed during the life of Madame R., that had been sold to the *Presse* and was now in process of publication—in fine, these Letters had been "*stolen*," and the pretended written donation, bearing the signature of Madame R., and exhibited by defendants in proof of their right to publish and of the wishes of Madame R. herself, had been "*forged*" for the occasion. The advocate concluded and the case was adjourned over to that day week, when the reply of the counsel of the *Presse* was to be heard. In the mean time the argument of M. Chaix-d'Est-Ange was published in full in all the principal journals, except the *Presse*. It produced a powerful effect. Decidedly this was a bad case for Madame Colet—as for Girardin of the *Presse*, whatever might be the real truth of the case, every body believed him capable of complicity in an affair of this sort. Presumptions are always against him. *Allons!* said I to myself—"Patience for a week! *Audi alteram partem.*"

On the 1st instant, M. Langlais counsel for the *Presse* and Madame C., pronounced his defence:

and truth to say, at the close of his argument, the tables were completely turned. It was clearly shown that Madame Récamier intended and desired the publication of these Letters, that she had delivered a copy of them to Madame C. expressly for this purpose, Madame C. being an authoress and poet of considerable distinction in France. The amanuensis who, under the supervision of Madame R. herself, drew off the copy of the Constant Letters, intended for and actually possessed by Madame C. testified to these facts. The other amanuensis who, under the dictation of Madame R. wrote the donation, testified to that fact. It was shown that Madame Lenormand was aware of her aunt's intentions touching these Letters, and strove in vain to dissuade her from the publication of them. It was shown that throughout the whole affair Madame Colet had acted with remarkable delicacy and good faith in respect to Madame R.: and, furthermore, that her relations with the illustrious deceased were of a much more intimate and honorable character, both in their incipiency and in their progress, than the opposite party had given to understand. M. Craix-d'Est-Ange replied. M. Sallé, counsel for the Republic, concluded. He admitted that the will of Madame Récamier was not uncertain—that she had given the manuscript to Madame Colet, and desired its publication. The Court remitted to a future day the rendition of its judgment. In the mean time it would examine the Letters to see if the manuscript of the *Presse* included any actually unfit for publication. The publication will, doubtless, soon be resumed.

French literature during the last year has presented a curious, and, to my mind, a far from honorable spectacle. First are published the "Memoires" of *Chateaubriand*, the intimate history of himself, written by himself, to be sold, and actually sold at so much per line, paid in advance, to be published in the *feuilleton* of a daily paper immediately after his death. There is something unworthy, melancholy, shocking in this spectacle of a distinguished public man thus carefully dissecting himself and pocketing the price of a public exposition to take place the moment breath has left the body. The world had to do with the public man—it had a right to know the public man—and the public man had a right to protect his reputation by the exposition of all facts of a nature to elucidate his public acts and their motives. But every public man has a double being. There is his private life, which is as sacred and inviolable, as is that of his humblest undistinguished neighbor. This private life is of interest to the public, is a matter of curiosity, and its history possesses a *marketable money value*, simply because it belongs to a distinguished public man. What an outcry would be raise against the false friend who would attempt to realize for his own benefit this marketable money value! And how certainly would the barbarous revealer of secrets, to which the world had no right—and of which nature itself, by a strong and universal instinct, forbids the disclosure—be crushed by indignant public opinion! What, then, are we to think of the public man who deliberately puts into market this article of fictitious value, his private life, and sells it to the highest bidder for so many francs? It might be less profitable, but would it be less disreputable, if, being in want of money, and knowing that having belonged to himself they would bring many times their intrinsic value, Chateaubriand had put up at auction articles of old-fashioned furniture that he had used, old books that he had thumbed, or if sorely pressed for a little of the needful, half-worn articles of clothing? In my opinion it would not. But this is not all. Chateaubriand in his "*Memoires d'outre Tombe*," has revealed secrets, of which, to be sure, he was the lawful possessor, but of which he was not even half *owner*. For instance—if vanity exacted that he should amuse the unfeeling world with the very interesting and sad story of *Charlotte Ives*, recounted in the third volume, did not delicacy and honor peremptorily require that he should conceal names? The telling of that little love story, which has doubtless wounded the feelings and shocked the delicacy of many now living in England, probably put into the pockets of M. de Chateaubriand some seventy-five or a hundred francs.

"Parbleu!" exclaims a Frenchman at my elbow. "He wanted money! He had to have money! What else could he do but write for it?"

Walter Scott wanted money too! and he had to have money!—and he wrote for it—he killed himself writing for it! But you can't lay faults like this to his charge. Honor to Walter Scott! and honor to the British public, which would have despised him had he acted like Chateaubriand and Lamartine!

Yes, there is Lamartine—the great Lamartine—whetting the public appetite for his new poems, *Raphael* and *Les Confidences*, by the shameful announcement, thrust into every one's face, from every advertising sheet in France, proclaiming *urbi acorbi* that these works contain the veracious private story—the heart history—of the illustrious poet, historian, and orator—of the great unappreciated, uncomprehended statesman who had given the Republic to France. In these last new works he was now giving himself—his most intimate self! What could he more? I notice with much pleasure the flagellation which

the author of *Raphael* and *Les Confidences* receives at your hands in the June number of the *Messenger*. It is well deserved and well served. In the number for May, 1848, at the close of a short biographical sketch of Lamartine, I remarked upon, and gave an anecdote in illustration of his morbid self-estimation. His daily history since that date, shows that the disease is growing upon him. His speeches, his writings, his electioneering letters, his famous *Conseiller du Peuple*, all prove the enormous developement which the idea, *ego*, has taken with him: It amusingly exhibits itself in his every act.

There is but one God—Lamartine: and Lamartine is his prophet!

There is at least one Frenchman—perhaps there is only one—who adopts the above for his creed. Lamartine succeeded, after great effort, in being returned to the National Assembly at the partial elections of last month. He has not yet taken his seat, pleading indisposition. But vanity was a little solaced by a double election: and ego-worship is now taking another direction. Miffed that his old constituents refused to re-elect him in May, Lamartine has now gone to Macon, to sell his patrimonial estate, and quit his native department, shaking the dust from off his feet. The poet means to be most cruel in his punishment. Fortunately, his own estimation is not the true measure of its severity. When Lamartine's *Confidences* are exhausted—if he should still want money—you may expect to hear that he is offering his autographs for sale; and advertising locks of his hair to be sold at public outcry. There is, I understand, an American brother poet who already rejoices in a lock of hair, the generous gift of the illustrious author of *Raphael*.

But Madame Récamier, say you, did not sell Constant's Letters. True, it was not for money that she has violated the delicacy of her sex—that she has revealed secrets which were only half hers and which honor required her sacredly to keep and to allow to perish with herself. It was not for money; but for the gratification of vanity that she committed this fault. What if the world did suspect that the intellectual and able Benjamin Constant was of a cold nature and never loved? That suspicion did not affect his reputation—he was not esteemed the less. But Madame R. wished to connect her name indissolubly with that of a man who she knew would live in history. She wished the world to know that he whom every body thought could not lové, was as mere a man in presence of her charms as hundreds of others—that he did love Madame Récamier! If this excuse is deemed a justification, she is welcome to it: but I believe there are hundreds of ladies in the United States, who on reading this little notice will promptly agree with me that her defence is yet to be commenced.

Several interesting letters from distinguished characters were read during the trial. The following short one from the Duke of Wellington to Madame Récamier will amuse you, as it did the court, and has all Paris.

"Paris, the 13th January.—I declare, Madame, I am not very sorry that business prevents my calling on you after dinner: for I never see you without leaving more impressed with your charms, and less disposed than before to attend to politics. But if you will be at home to-morrow I will, in spite of the effect produced upon me by these dangerous visits, call at your house on my return from the abbe Sicard's.

WELLINGTON."

The old veteran himself will smile when he sees this gallant *billet-doux* so unexpectedly brought to light.

W. W. M.

P. S.—9th August. Upon the point of mailing my letter, I remark in to-day's papers that the court has pronounced its decision with respect to the Constant Letters. The publication is forbidden. The court recognizes the good faith of all the parties. Madame Colet came lawfully, by virtue of the donation presented in court, in possession of the Letters. She and M. de Girardin in good faith contracted for their publication—but they mistake the intentions of Madame Récamier. She never contemplated.—in the opinion of the court, she was formally opposed to a publication like that intended by defendants. Madame C. was authorized to make such use of the Letters as would be honorable to the memory of Benjamin Constant; and no other use: but publication in the manner proposed was a violation of the sacred rights of private life, injurious to the memory of the deceased and wounding to the feelings of surviving friends. There is as yet no ground to award damages to the complainants; but the continued publication is forbidden and the defendants are to pay the costs of suit.

In justification of the critical remarks in which I have indulged above, I must, in face of this unexpected decision, translate the short act of donation by which Madame R. confided these Letters to Madame Colet.

"I have given to Madame Louise Colet the copy of the Letters of Benjamin Constant: trusting to her to make such use of them as she shall deem most honorable to his memory: upon the condition, however, that these Letters shall not be communicated or published till after my death. This proof of confidence being entirely personal,

if, contrary to all probability, I should survive Madame Colet, the copy of the Letters of Benjamin Constant is to be restored to me, and will again become my property." "The writing approved 17th July, 1840.

(Signed,) J. RECAMIER."

I have attentively read the long published reports of this trial, and have not now, after reading the decision of the court, any thing to retract. Such letters should not be made public: but I believe that Madame R. intended their publication, and that Girardin has the right to publish them, if he chooses to exercise it. He is not a man to let the affair drop where it is.

W. W. M.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Among our men of genius whom, because they *are* men of genius, we neglect, let me not fail to mention *William Wallace*, of Kentucky. Had Mr. W. been born under the wings of that ineffable buzzard, "The North American Review," his unusual merits would long ago have been blazoned to the world—as the far inferior merits of Sprague, Dana, and others of like calibre, have already been blazoned. Neither of these gentlemen has written a poem worthy to be compared with "The Chaunt of a Soul," published in "The Union Magazine" for November, 1848. It is a noble composition throughout—imaginative, eloquent, full of dignity, and well sustained. It abounds in detached images of high merit—for example:

> Your early splendor's gone
> Like stars into a cloud withdrawn—
> Like music laid asleep
> In dried up fountains.

—

> Enough, I *am*, and shall not choose to die.
> No matter *what* our future Fate may be,
> To live, is in itself a majesty.

—

> And Truth, arising from yon deep,
> Is plain *as a white statue on a tall, dark steep.*

—

> ———— Then
> The Earth and Heaven were fair,
> While only less than Gods seemed all my fellow men.
> Oh, the delight—the gladness—
> *The sense, yet love, of madness*—
> The glorious choral exultations—
> The far-off sounding of the banded nations—
> The wings of angels in melodious sweeps
> Upon the mountain's hazy steeps—
> *The very dead astir within their coffined deeps*—
> The dreamy veil that wrapt the star and sod—
> A swathe of purple, gold, and amethyst—
> And, *luminous behind the billowy mist,*
> *Something that looked to my young eyes like God.*

I admit that the defect charged, by an envious critic, upon Bayard Taylor—the sin of excessive rhetoricianism—*is*, in some measure, chargeable to Wallace. He, now and then, permits enthusiasm to hurry him into bombast; but at this point he is rapidly improving; and, if not disheartened by the cowardly neglect of those who *dare* not praise a poetical aspirant *with* genius and *without* influence, will soon rank as one of the very noblest of American poets. In fact, he *is* so *now*.

—

"Frequently since his recent death," says the American Editor of Hood, "he has been called a great author—a phrase used not inconsiderately or in vain." Yet, if we adopt the conventional idea of "a great author," there has lived, perhaps, no writer of the last half century who, with equal notoriety, was less entitled than Hood to be so called. In fact, he was a literary merchant, whose main stock in trade was *littleness*; for, during the larger portion of his life, he seemed to breathe only for the purpose of perpetrating puns—things of so despicable a platitude that the man who is capable of habitually committing them, is seldom found capable of anything else. Whatever merit *may* be discovered in a pun, arises altogether from *unexpectedness*. This is the pun's element and is two-fold. First, we demand that the *combination* of the pun be unexpected; and, secondly, we require the most entire unexpectedness in the pun *per se*. A rare pun, rarely appearing, is, to a certain extent, a pleasurable effect; but to no mind, however debased in taste, is a continuous effort at punning otherwise than unendurable. The man who maintains that he derives gratification from any such chapters of punnage as Hood was in the daily practice of committing to paper, should not be credited upon oath.

The puns of the author of "Fair Inez," however, are to be regarded as the weak points of the man. Independently of their ill effect, in a literary view, as mere puns, they leave upon us a painful impression; for too evidently they are the hypochondriac's struggles at mirth—the grinnings of the death's head. No one can read his "Literary Reminiscences" without being convinced of his habitual despondency:—and the species of false wit in question is precisely of that character which would be adopted by an author of Hood's temperament and cast of intel-

lect, when compelled to write at an emergency That his heart had no interest in these *niäiseries*, is clear. I allude, of course, to his *mere* puns for the pun's sake—a class of letters by which he attained his widest renown. That he did *more* in this way than in any other, is but a corollary from what I have already said, for, generally, he was unhappy, and almost continually he wrote *invitâ Minervâ*. But his true province was a very rare and ethereal *humor*, in which the mere pun was left out of sight, or took the character of the richest *grotesquerie;* impressing the imaginative reader with remarkable force, as if by a new phase of the ideal. It is in this species of brilliant, or, rather, *glowing* grotesquerie, uttered with a rushing *abandon* vastly heightening its effect, that Hood's marked originality mainly consisted:—and it is this which entitles him, at times, to the epithet "great:"—for *that* undeniably may be considered great (of whatever seeming littleness in itself) which is capable of inducing intense emotion in the minds, or hearts, of those who are themselves undeniably great.

The field in which Hood is *distinctive* is a border-land between Fancy and Fantasy. In this region he reigns supreme. Nevertheless, he has made successful and frequent incursions, although vacillatingly, into the domain of the true Imagination. I mean to say that he is never truly or purely imaginative for more than a paragraph at a time. In a word, his peculiar genius was the result of vivid *Fancy* impelled by Hypochondriasis.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

IN THREE PARTS.

I. Smoke—Signifying Doubt. II. Blaze—Signifying Cheer. III. Ashes—Signifying Desolation.

BY IK. MARVEL.

I have got a quiet farmhouse in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New-England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm-accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cozy looking fire place—a heavy oak floor—a couple of arm chairs—a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning, with my eye upon a saucy colored, lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world, of which I am *bona-fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture, almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the wall in a very old arm-chair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering, as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big arm-chair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one, nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot, as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jams, roars for hours together, with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes, and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory, placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel, (using the family snuffers, with one leg broke,)—then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs, (until they grow too warm,) I dispose myself for an evening of such sober, and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then, though there is a thick stone chimney, and broad entry between, multiplying contrivances with his wife, to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time, (for I never carry a watch into the country,) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out—even like our joys!—and then, slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound, and healthful slumber, as only such rattling window frames, and country air, can supply.

But to return: the other evening—it happened to be on my last visit to my farm-house—when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought, had formed all sorts of conjectures as

to the income of the year, had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little ricketty house would not be after all, a snug enough box, to live and to die in—I fell on a sudden, into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies—sometimes even starting tears—that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recal, on paper.

Something—it may have been the home-looking blaze, (I am a bachelor, of—say, six and twenty,) or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room, had suggested to me the thought of—marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs, the last armfull of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair,—"I'll not flinch;—I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it lead me to the —— (I am apt to be hasty,) at least," continued I, softening, "until my fire is out."

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my Reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape:—

—

I.

SMOKE—SIGNIFYING DOUBT.

—Hum,—a wife! A wife?—hum!

Why? And pray, my dear sir, why not—why? Why not doubt? Why not hesitate? Why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery—a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket,—without trembling, hesitating, doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, independence, comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide-world, without lett or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, his tears, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as Smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares, and business—moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful—shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings—that matrimony, where if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries, and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour—turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward, will be those sunny dreams, in which I have warmed my fancies, and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal! This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness, and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas, will be gone—reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination—no more gorgeous realm-making—all is over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming? Can any wife be prettier than an after dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise, than the little rosy-cheeked ones who have no existence, except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable, than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked, than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one, you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen, or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be—duty, or what-not, making provocation—what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say;—And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the Presse, manages these matters to one's hand, for some 5 per cent on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted, when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and wood-cock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but, for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate

computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture—irremediable, unchangeable—and yet a capture which by strange metonomy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter—all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug in doubt!

Then—again,—there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins, will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at end? How many twisted headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea-time, "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law, will beg, (taking dear Peggy's hand in his,) to give a little wholesome counsel, and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law, must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holydays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats, and who are forever tramping over your head, or raising the Old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worst, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

—That could be borne, however: for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich:—(and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs.) Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you on occasion of a favorite purchase,—how lucky *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy, and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients, that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you, for his small bill;—in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

—But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals, but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow, will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with poor wife's relations. Ten to one she will stickle about taste—"Sir Vitos"—and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means, and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit!

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan't go a begging for clothes,—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly;—not noticeable at first; but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you did't see that vulgar nose long ago: and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And, then, to come to breakfast, with her hair looking as it does, and you, not so much as daring to say—"Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot too—not very bad when decently *chaussée*—but now since she's married, she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be prigging up for an hour, when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris—"not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough—only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee;—you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls!

—She thinks they are very good and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

—She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself—ruminated I—sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious"—slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines,—slipping off my chair side-ways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man, till the oak door is between me, and Peggy!

—"Ha, ha,—not yet!" said I; and in so earnest a tone, that my dog started to his feet—cocked his eye to have a good look into my face—met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She

has married you because father, or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she did'nt wish to disoblige them. Besides, she did'nt positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough person—she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So and So a splendid looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little were it only for appearance' sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night:—she, bless her dear heart!—does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So and So has left town? She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does *so* love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you;—at least she swears it, with her hand on the Sorrows of Werter. She has pin-money which she spends for the Literary World and the Friends in Council. She is not bad-looking, saving a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligé* till 3 o'clock, and an ink stain on the fore finger be sluttish;—but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied when you saw her buried in a three volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently, that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about Divine Danté and funny Goldoni, is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca—an Elzevir—is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist-scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology—in lieu of camphor bottle—or chant the *ai!* *ai!* of tragic chorus.

—The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyère.

—Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke—caught at a twig below—rolled round the mossy oak-stick—twined among the crackling tree-limbs—mounted—lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

II.

BLAZE—SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping, and dancing flame.

—Love is a flame—ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation.

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo:" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face, then strode away,—turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I, "it is not enough after all to like a dog."

—If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth—a bit of lace running round the swelling throat—the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams,—and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach,—and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for;—if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image—(dream, call it, rather,) would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night-sitting—counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze, and the height of the falling snow?

And if, some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent because eager to praise;—and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better, than to be waxing black, and sour, over pestilential humours—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, life-

less, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming, you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest, and most dear one, than in patting your glossy coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl-brow, and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such presence!

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made, were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger, and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever, God speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as rainbow, atop of all such noisome things, as we lonely souls, call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent, in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread, and float away,—chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend—poor fellow!—dies:—never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth all friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

—It is more: *she*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel, surely!

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone, and homeless, like this?

But you are not homeless; you are not alone: *she* is there;—her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then—those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with prattle now—they are yours. Toss away there on the greensward—never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love, and cherish:—flower, tree, sunlight, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of cold lecture to teach thankfulness: your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought kindly, and thankfully; for ever, beside you, there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down—no lonely moanings, and wicked curses at careless stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn by the magic of that other presence; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts, but, ever, the sad, shaded brow of her, whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief,—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat. —So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself;—striving with every thing gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened; Love master self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward, and upward toward Infinitude.

And, if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart, and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centereth in all—Love Infinite, and Divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp, and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but hers—will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens, and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears,—you could feel no others, if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life;—once more your eye lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then——

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap—a flicker—then another—caught

a little remaining twig—blazed up—wavered—went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

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III.

ASHES—SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery treads on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after Pleasure.

"Come to me again, Carlo," said I, to my dog; and I patted him fondly now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is but little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites, but it is a pleasure that when it passes, leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundance in your solitary heart-life, which if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart, not solitary—not quieting its humors with mere love of chase, or dog—not repressing year after year, its earnest yearnings after something better, more spiritual,—has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life to another heart—is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the blaze, so now it began under faint light of smouldering embers to picture heart-desolation.

—What kind congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old!

"Beautiful."

—Aye, to be sure beautiful!

"Rich."

—Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart-treasure, who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife, as a wife should only be loved!

"Young."

—Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting: they bring to mind, with new, and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that, which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step—if it lose not its buoyancy; How you study the colour on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; How you tremble at the lustre in those eyes, if it be not the lustre of Death; How you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve—a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home-heights, to look off on sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep, quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath—soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow—bid you bear it bravely?

But then,—the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes—she triumphs over disease.

But Poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand. Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you, on hope—kindling each morning, dying slowly each night,—this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stores to the lone-man. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers; and on remembrance he can live for days, and weeks. The garret, if garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain-peltings. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs: if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of prisoned, and homeless Gallileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humour takes him; and laughs at the world: for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes,—the world is mine!

> I care not Fortune what you me deny,—
> You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
> Let health, my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I, their toys, to the great children, leave,
> Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

But—if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life—she reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then, the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any sky light. Then the days grow long, even in solstice of winter.

She may not complain; what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands, and Heaven's help, will put down. Wealth again; Flowers again; Patrimonial acres again; Brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fulness again into that blanched cheek, or round those little thin lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

"Dear Bessy"—and your tones tremble; you feel she is on the edge of the grave. Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy, away from the loved child; home, you go, to fondle while yet time is left—but *this* time you are too late.

She is gone.

She cannot hear you; she cannot thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then—the grassy mound—the cold shadow of head-stone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window panes, and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear, and in the interval of my Reverie, thank God, that I am no such mourner.

But gaiety, snail-footed, creeps back to the house-hold. All is bright again.

The violet's bed 's not sweeter, than the delicious breath Marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail;—the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names—your name and hers—has doubled in strength now that he asks innocently to be taught of this, or that, and promises you by that lively curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hair-breadth escape by sea, or flood, that he perhaps may have had—which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God, may be spared you again—has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousand fold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centers on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half parted, and listen—your ear close to them—if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes—the night rather—when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away,—compose yourself—listen again.

No, there is nothing.

Put your hand now to his brow,—damp indeed—but not with healthful night-sleep; it is not your hand, no. do not deceive yourself—it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again—never play again—he is dead!

Oh, the tears—the tears;—what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him! Clasp him—clasp him harder—you cannot hurt, you cannot waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone-man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A grave-yard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog,—it is over. Losses? You retrench—you light your pipe—it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh—you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow—what then?

Can you take down Seneca now and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies, upon a church-yard wall—a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself with turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say, "it is enough?" Can you sneer at calumny and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure limit of patience and limit of courage!

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading;—that now that your heart is wrapped in her being would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They can-

not shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of home-roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon, and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy—there is no danger; how she struggles to pursuade you—there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din, you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise, you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail—is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; colour comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile: hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients—who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame—whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches—whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her;—what memories are in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her tears—they are tears of Thanksgiving! Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you too, thank God, while yet you may!

* * * *

You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible. They have sent for you.

She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles, hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you!"

She presses harder your hand:—"Adieu!" A long breath—another; you are alone again! No tears now; poor man! You cannot find them!

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tip-toe. Does he fear to waken her!

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well, for all. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of miguionette are lying carelessly in a little gilt edged saucer. She loved mignionette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on;—it is your table; you are a house-keeper—a man of family!

Aye, of family!—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her! And where is your heart now! No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

—Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, is gone out!

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet cushioned one, over against yours, empty. You press your fingers on your eye-balls, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim house-keeper hear you and come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick nurse now. They have half opened the window, that the room, so long closed, may have air. It will not be too cold. She is not there.

Oh, God! thou who dost temper the wind to the Shorn Lamb—be kind!

The embers were dark; I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes—how they came I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks that such desolation had not yet come nigh me; and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In a half hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My revery was ended.

SONG.

I make no boast of feeling—
  I do not say the love
That o'er my soul is stealing
  Like music from above—
May never lose its power to bless,
Or charm the weary spirit less.

I do not say the gladness
  Of youth's enchanting dream—
May never change to sadness,
  When paled its golden beam;
For is there aught of heavenly birth
That fadeth not, when brought to earth?

The visions that we cherish,
  The day-dreams of the heart—
Like flowers of autumn perish,
  Like rainbow tints depart—
All that is beautiful must fade,
O'er brightest hopes there falls—a shade.

Yet this my spirit dareth,
  To whisper unto thine—
The true heart never feareth
  Its earnest love's decline—
The fond vow breathed—the promise spoken—
Ah! were they uttered—to be broken?

An—angel's sunny pinion—
  Will be lifted from my soul,
If thy love's bright dominion
  Should lose its blest control—
And desolate will be my lot—
If thy sweet influence cheer it not.

I make no boast of feeling,
  But Lady! do not deem
This passionate revealing
  Of youth's enchanting dream—
The idle fantasy of song—
That glows—but cannot linger long.

P. H. H.

Edgefield, S. Carolina.

[*From the Virginia Historical Register.*]

THE OLD SWAN.

I have a thousand associations and recollections connected with the old building formerly known by this name, as it used to stand, (and still stands under a new title,) on H, now called Broad Street, near the Rail-Road Depot. When I say *old* building, I do not mean to insinuate that it was so *very* old, and, in truth, with its present painted face and altered aspect, it is difficult to regard it as a relic of antiquity. It *is*, however, an old building; for I have passed my tenth lustrum, (some time,) and I can remember it as the *old* Swan even in my boyish days, and even then it looked to my young eyes like a time-worn mansion, not quite old enough indeed to have existed *ab urbe condita*, but clearly to have been erected at a period not long after the commencement of our revolutionary war; and I am confident that it must have been nearly coeval with that memorable event. I shall leave the point, however, to the investigation of the chroniclers about me.

Now I have certainly no ill will to the present proprietors of this venerable establishment, but I confess I did feel something like a shock, and perhaps a very little rising of choler, when, passing by the building one morning, a few months ago, I discovered, for the first time, that the good old bird with its well-remembered graceful neck of tarnished gilt, that used to stand out on the sign, in all weathers, had entirely disappeared, and that, in lieu of it, there was only a plain blue ground, with the words, "Broad Street Hotel," thereon; (how flat, and prosaic in the comparison!) to amaze and offend my eyes. Indeed how could I be otherwise than shocked when this discovery not only gave me a sudden start of surprise, but seemed, at the moment, to scatter and dispel a thousand pleasant and long-cherished associations connected with the old sign, and the old house? I had looked at the brave bird perhaps a thousand times, and always with great satisfaction; but it was now gone, and forever. And the old tavern which it so appropri-

ately announced and symbolized—how metamorphosed! It looked, for all the world, like an old lady trying to pass herself off for a young one, by putting on a fine dress;—and I could hardly tell whether it was itself or another. My thoughts were all confused, and my recollections scattered about; but I have rallied them again, as well as I could to Head Quarters, and will now put them down here on paper, to preserve them, as far as possible, against any further chance or change that may happen hereafter.

It is, I suppose, some forty-five years since this famous ordinary had attained its highest and fairest fame. There was at that period, a great deal of competition among the members of the Boniface fraternity, in our rising city. The House near the old market, which had been formerly kept by Col. Bowler, famous for his sandy-colored wig and revolutionary cocked hat, was perhaps *un peu passè*, but still not without reputation; and the Eagle, then one of the most conspicuous buildings on Main Street, was the resort of many visiters of all classes; country merchants and planters, lovers of sport, and rich young gentlemen in pursuit of pleasure and gaiety. But the old Swan was even a tip above that. It was the resort of a more select, and yet considerable, circle of customers whom business or recreation attracted to the metropolis. Here were to be seen, at the regular seasons, the venerable judges of the Court of Appeals;—lawyers of eminence from various parts of the State;—and leading members of both Houses of the General Assembly. The company indeed was the pride of the establishment. The house itself was but a plain building, of ordinary and almost rustic appearance. The furniture too, was as plain as possible. There were no gas-lighted chandeliers to blind your eyes, nor costly mirrors to reproach your extravagance by their reflections; but every thing was old-fashioned and unpretending. But if the standard of ostentation was low, that of comfort was at the highest point. Then, the keeper of the house was the very pink of landlords. Colonel John Moss, who was also the proprietor, was in fact, in many respects, the head of his class. He was, to be sure, a little starched and stately, and looked as if he was always on duty; but then he was not above his business, nor above himself. The whole house reflected his character. Every thing was clean and neat—exactly so. The floors, in summer, were always bright and polished by hard rubbing, and, in winter, covered with comely rag-carpets. If the chambers were rather small and inconvenient, the beds and bedding were always clean and well-aired; and if the table never glittered with plate, nor groaned under French dishes, nor sparkled with costly champagne, the ham was always prime, the meats the very best the market could afford—the cooking unrivalled—and the wine the best London particular imported direct from Madeira in exchange for old Virginia corn. It is true it was often whispered about the table that "mine host" was a very nice calculator, and filled the mouths of his guests so exactly, that it was shrewdly suspected he must have counted their noses; but still they always had enough, and of the best to eat, and could not reasonably complain that they had not more to waste. Then the Colonel was so kind and obliging in his way, that it was impossible not to feel the greatest respect for his personal presence; and a deep sense of his superior merit.

Next in rank and importance to the Colonel, was the Major-domo, or bar-keeper, by the name of Lovell, who besides possessing some of his employer's peculiarities, was something of a wag, and frequently displayed his ready wit at the expense of others. Lovell was remarkable for a long acquiline nose, and wore an exceedingly short and shabby coat,—probably more from poverty than choice. A member of the Legislature from N——, by the name of R——, one of the regular lodgers, and a constant customer at the bar, was much in the habit of teasing Lovell, and I remember, that on one occasion, I witnessed a small passage of wit between them, which caused some little laugh at the time, and, boy as I was, amused me greatly. "Lovell," said R—— with a droll look, and tugging at the scanty garment of the bar-keeper from behind, "your coat, old boy, is entirely too short." "It may be too short now," replied the other huffishly, "but I think it will be *long* enough before I get another." "Perhaps it will," rejoined R——, "but in the mean time, to make amends for the shortness of your coat, you are supplied, I see, with a very *long bill*;"—accompanying his words with a gesture that seemed to threaten the tapster's nose with a tweak. But said he, "my bill may be a long one, but not so long as yours will be at the end of the session, unless you slacken your visits to the bar-room." Here R—— whose rubicund face seemed to give point to the bar-keeper's wit, was evidently confused, and shuffling off some idle remark or other, was glad to make good his retreat through the door.

But what were these small "wit-crackers" of the porch, to the lights of law, and luminaries of learning, within that attic dome? Here, no doubt, was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Here was "the sprightly dialogue, the tart reply, the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit." Oh how I longed to hear them all; and to share in those *noctes cœnaque deum*, as I verily thought them at the time! But alas I was yet too young

to be admitted into those "penetralia Vestæ" and could only, as yet, imagine the treat which I hoped to be one day admitted to enjoy. In the mean time, I had now and then some furtive glimpses of the great classics of the establishment, which pleased me not a little. Once, in particular, I recollect, I was the bearer of a paper or document of some kind or other, to the venerable judge Pendleton, a short time before his death. I found him sitting alone in his chamber, reading some record, I suppose, of the Court of Appeals, and his emaciated form, with his pale face and white cap, made a deep and indelible impression upon my mind. He was probably engaged, at the very time I saw him, in preparing his opinion on the great question of the constitutionality of the act of assembly confiscating the Glebe lands. That opinion, I have always understood, was adverse to what was afterwards the decision of the court in the case; and was to have been delivered on the very day on which he died. How mysterious this intervention of Divine Providence appeared to many at the time; and yet who does not now see that it was "all for the best."

But again, I remember that sometime in the summer of the year 1807, shortly after the memorable attack of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake—when our whole city rang with patriotic indignation against the British—and a meeting of our citizens had been summoned to convene in the Capitol that evening, I went over, in the afternoon, to see a young friend, a student of medicine, who boarded at the Swan; when I found his room partly occupied by a stranger whom I had never seen before. He was apparently about the age of six or seven and twenty, elegant in his manners, and uncommonly handsome. He conversed familiarly with us who, compared with him, were but boys, and I observed that his dark eyes flashed with meteor brilliancy as he spoke of the recent outrage of the British, and the contemplated meeting at the Capitol. I remember that he fascinated me at once by his eye and his tongue, and that, like Desdemona, I did, "with greedy ear, devour up his discourse." I determined accordingly, and my young medical friend with me, that we would be at the Capitol that evening, for we felt assured that *he* also would be there. We went accordingly, at an early hour, and I recollect climbing up into one of the niches in the Hall, to take a full view of the scene before me. After a while, the object of the meeting was announced, and the Committee appointed for the purpose had reported resolutions of a very warlike tone, when two gentlemen, J. G. G——, of Richmond, and C. F. M——, of Loudon, both men of note and talent, proposed an amendment somewhat softening and qualifying the language of the resolutions, whereupon a stranger, whom I immediately recognised as the handsome and dark-eyed lodger of the Swan, rose from his seat, mounted the platform erected for the speakers, and poured out a strain of bold and fervid eloquence that electrified the whole assembly at once. He protested vehemently against all efforts to dilute and qualify the resolutions, and dwelt upon the manifold wrongs which had been inflicted upon us by England, with overwhelming effect. His speech produced, of course, a powerful and palpable impression upon the meeting; and I saw, for the first time, how "the stormy wave of the multitude" (as Curran has it,) could be both raised and quelled by the orator's exciting and yet subduing blasts. The resolutions were adopted at once, by acclamation; and the hall rang aloud with the praises of the speaker, whose name was now on every tongue. And who was he? Who was he indeed but Benjamin Watkins Leigh;—then a young lawyer residing in the town of Petersburg—but soon to be the pride of our own city, and of our whole state. But alas! he too is gone, and I often feel, when I think of him, (in the spirit of Shenstone's celebrated inscription) how much less it is to hear the speeches of others, than to remember his.

H.

SONNET.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

In the hush'd stillness of the starry night,
When the sad voice is felt and tears *will* flow—
Then floating in a mist of softest light,
A meek-ey'd seraph spiritually bright,
Bends o'er my couch, and on my weary brow
Presses her angel lips, and whispers low
Sweet words of comfort to my spirit-ear;—
Ah! well I deem her from the upper sphere!
Glimpses of glory *then* are round me cast,
Immortal eyes shine on me from afar—
Through their clear light, clear as Eve's brightest stars
Her spirit shines! Oh, loveliest, if thou hast
One memory of Human Love, in thy far home of bliss,
Be still, my hope and comforter, through all the woes of this!

August, 1849.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER VI.

Juliana was right in thinking that every member of the family at Travers Lodge, would be somewhat at a loss, as to how their guest was to be entertained, and that a dread was felt, if not avowed, of a long day in perspective, without any resource but conversation. There recurred also the puzzling question as to what manner of conversation would be appropriate for a minister. It was determined in the family council not to mention to George, that Charles Selden was expected to dinner, as he would then return home as usual, after his morning ride, and, finding the minister there, be thus compelled into civility and good humor.

Charles, at his first entrance into the parlor at Travers Lodge, perceived at a glance that an air of the most uncomfortable and respectful constraint was diffused over the group. Each of the ladies advanced a few paces from their seats to meet him, then resumed them mechanically, and taking up their work again, fixed their eyes on it with the most intense gravity.

Mr. Travers courageously prepared to support the whole weight of the conversation, and began with a preliminary hem—"We were very fortunate in having so fine a day for church yesterday."

Charles assented.

"It would have been a disappointment to many," observed Mrs. Travers, somewhat nervously, "if the day had been rainy; it has been so long since the people have had an opportunity of going to church."

"I observed some persons there yesterday," said Mr. Travers, "who are professed infidels: Dr. Howard, for instance, who has embraced all the new-fangled notions of the French school. I wonder what benefit he proposes to derive from going to church."

"We have a natural love for assembling ourselves together, and many are attracted to a public meeting for any purpose whatever," replied Charles; "besides, there is a pleasure in feeling one's self superior to the prejudices by which common minds are fettered, and the fallacies which they utter makes the consciousness of the strength of one's own reasoning powers more gratifying."

"I have observed," said Mr. Travers, "that all these infidels have a considerable share of vanity; but Howard is really a man of talent and information, and not so conceited as people of that class usually are. I should like to hear you in serious argument with him on the truth of religion. You must make his acquaintance."

"I shall be much obliged to you to assist me in becoming acquainted with all who are willing to know me; but I think arguments on the truth of religion are seldom beneficial to the cause."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Travers, with a look of surprise and disappointment, though he was too polite to enter upon the discussion of such a subject with a clergyman.

"This seems a strange assertion, perhaps," said Charles, replying rather to the looks than the words of Mr. Travers, "as it might seem to imply that the subject would not bear investigation; this, however, is so far from being my opinion, that I believe the more thoroughly Revelation is examined, the more firmly will its truth be established; but then the inquiry must be conducted with sincerity and candor on both sides, to produce a good effect on the minds of those engaged in it. We do not often argue for the sake of discovering truth, but for victory; and we do not like those who have defeated us in argument at all the better for it, nor are we apt to yield to convictions that are forced upon us."

"This is certainly true in most cases," said Mr. Travers. "I have often observed the truth of your remark in political contention, and I doubt not it will hold good in polemics. But is a man to be left in his errors?"

"By no means, other methods of convincing him are likely to prove more efficacious."

A step was heard just then in the passage, and Mr. Travers arose hastily, saying, he thought it probable his friend, Mr. Nelson, who had promised to dine with them, had arrived: he, however, thought it much more probable that it was his son George, and wished himself to apprise him that Charles was in the parlor, that his entrance might be made with due decorum and gravity, and to give him a few preliminary hints as to his deportment.

Charles looked towards Mrs. Travers and her daughters, who sat in immovable silence. Mrs. Travers and Anna Maria, both meditating on something which would be sufficiently sensible and suitable to say—Juliana secretly enjoying their embarrassment. Turning towards an open window, shaded by the luxuriant branches of a sweet-briar bush in full bloom, he remarked—

"How delightfully fragrant the bloom of the sweet-briar is, and then its little buds are so beautiful, like miniature moss roses. I prefer it greatly to our garden roses."

"Are you fond of flowers?" asked Anna Maria, delighted to find any thing to say, though the subject in discussion was so much less momentous than any she had expected to enter upon.

"Extremely so. My mother and sisters have

such a passion for flowers, it would have been impossible for me not to learn something about their cultivation; and then, one cannot cultivate them without learning to love them. I am glad to find a few rose bushes and bunches of pinks in the garden at the Rectory—they look like old friends."

Juliana looked up from her netting with a glance that said as plainly as if she had spoken, "Why you talk exactly like other people." Charles could scarcely forbear a smile at the expression of her countenance.

Mrs. Travers, glad to find an opportunity of obliging him, offered all the various kinds of shrubbery which her garden afforded, when the proper season arrived for setting it out, and Charles thankfully accepted the offer, saying that he hoped, however, to impose the trouble of planting out his flower garden on one who could arrange it with more taste and skill than he possessed.

What did this mean? thought both Anna Maria and Juliana. Anna Maria colored a little, Juliana with difficulty repressed a fit of giggling, when their speculations were suddenly ended by Charles adding with an air of simplicity—

"My Aunt Mason has kindly consented to take the cares of my establishment on herself, and of course the flower-garden will be her province."

Anna Maria felt relieved, and Juliana was obliged to have recourse to the window, under the pretext of plucking a bouquet of sweet-briar buds, but in reality to conceal the laughter which was convulsing her, at this simple explanation of a speech, which she had understood so differently, and the effect which she knew it had produced on her sister.

Anna Maria had prepared a speech some minutes previously, and fearing the subject would slip away before the speech could overtake it, hastened to say in a sentimental tone, "What a sweet book is Hervey's Meditations, Mr. Selden. Do you not remember the passage about the lily?"

"Anna Maria can repeat it word for word," observed her mother. "I believe you never miss reading it on Sundays, my dear."

Anna Maria blushed a little, and it was quite impossible for Charles not to smile a little too, but the expression of his countenance was so kind and open, that no one could have imagined the smile to proceed from ill-nature, or from a desire to ridicule either Anna Maria or her mother.

"I recollect the passage," he replied. "Hervey's writings have enjoyed a considerable share of popularity, and certainly evince religious sentiment. Many have derived pleasure and improvement from his pages."

This was quite as much as Charles could say with sincerity in favor of Hervey's Meditations; but as he did not like to disparage any book of moral or religious tendency, which might be useful or pleasing to some minds, he hastened to change the subject.

How many are the conversational aids, enjoyed by the present favored generation, of which our ancestors were ignorant! No books of prints were scattered on the tables of our grandmothers' sitting-rooms, no new periodicals furnished them with ever-varying themes for social converse, rarely did a new work make its appearance, nor had the velocity of the flying horse of Ariosto been then exceeded by the marvellous rapidity of steam, bearing with fiery wings tidings from one end of the civilized world to the other. Female education, using the word education in its common, limited sense, that is, an acquaintance with knowledge derived from books, was but little attended to, and if there were some exceptions to this amongst families, whose views were rather in advance of the age in which they lived, the few ladies who were competent to discuss questions of science or literature, never ventured to do so but in their own domestic circles. This destitution of external aids, while it imparted the interest of raciness and originality to the conversation of those who were distinguished by strength of mind, or sprightliness of imagination, had however the general effect of depressing the tone of colloquial intercourse, and confining its range within the narrowest limits. In such a state of things, gossipping became almost a necessary evil.

There was a modest simplicity, a natural ease in Charles Selden's manner, which could not fail to have some effect in dispelling the constraint under which the ladies had hitherto suffered, and Mrs. Travers was led almost unconsciously into something like easy chat with him. After observing his remarkable resemblance to his mother, Mrs. Travers, in answer to Charles' inquiries, as to whether she had ever seen Mrs. Selden before her marriage, went on to describe, with more animation than he had supposed her capable of evincing, a ball at which they had been together, the admiration Mrs. Selden's beauty had excited, the many beaux and belles who had figured on this occasion, and various incidents of the evening. Suddenly recalled to a recollection of Charles Selden's position, by a reproving glance from Anna Maria, Mrs. Travers was somewhat disturbed at the thought, that the subjects on which she had been descanting were by no means edifying or appropriate: she colored slightly, and remarked gravely, that Mr. Selden must excuse her for talking of such vanities and trifling things unworthy of his attention.

Charles' kind smile assured her that she had

not lowered herself at all in his estimation, and he replied—"I can well imagine the interest and pleasure connected with remembrances of youthful days, so indelibly associated with our first and strongest affections, the brightness and freshness of novelty, with which every object is invested, when the world lays smiling before us."

"Smiling, alas, deceitfully," observed Anna Maria, in a soft, sentimental tone.

"Yes, deceitfully. if we trust to its smiles for our happiness, but a very good world if we remember always to view it in connection with a higher and better state of things."

Anna Maria smiled dubiously, as she was somewhat at a loss how to reply to this speech; she was, however, spared the trouble of doing so, by Mr. Travers' entrance with his son George and Mr. Nelson. There was nothing remarkable in George Travers' appearance. He would generally have been called a fine looking young man, as his stature was above the ordinary height, and his features rather regular than otherwise, but there was an expression in his countenance of indolence and self-indulgence, which showed that his moral and intellectual nature had never been developed or disciplined. As soon as he had been introduced to Charles, he threw himself carelessly on a seat near Juliana, and began listlessly to play with her netting, his whole air seeming to denote that he did not consider it his affair at all to assist in entertaining the company. Mrs. Travers regarded him with a look of maternal gratification, and really thought it was a mark of goodness of heart, and of a desire to please his parents, that he should constrain himself to make one of the company, when he might have absented himself on various pleas.

George eyed the young minister superciliously for some minutes, and then commenced a whispering conversation with Juliana, whose giggling was only suppressed by a marked glance of disapprobation from Mr. Travers.

Some hours lay in dreary perspective, ere the day should close, but Charles endeavored with so much good sense and sprightliness, to impart something like cheerfulness and ease to the tone of the conversation, that he certainly succeeded, in a great measure, in making them pass off agreeably to the rest of the company. For himself, time moved on leaden wings, as he felt that he was constantly expected to sustain the prominent share in conversation, and yet every remark that dropped from his lips was weighed and canvassed. He thought of the happy family circle at Sherwood, where all regarded it not only as a duty, but a pleasure, to endeavor to contribute to the happiness of those around them, without thinking of how they should appear themselves, and his heart sank when he remembered that he must no more look to this dear home as a refuge. Other thoughts and feelings, however, soon came to his aid; he had only to regard those around him as immortal beings; if he hoped to be the means of awakening within them a consciousness of their spiritual nature, a desire for eternal happiness, he must endeavor to gain their affections. This hope imparted fresh courage and cheerfulness. When the day was fairly over, and his farewell greetings were made, it was with a sensation of light-heartedness, amounting to positive exhiliration, that he turned his horse's head towards his own domicil.

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CHAPTER VII.

Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Tho' clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark, resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

Mrs. Hemans.

When the family assembled at breakfast, on the following morning, at Travers Lodge, there was another individual added to their number, so different in manner and appearance from any one present, that it was evident she was a being of entirely a different order. There was something in the very turn of this young lady's head and neck which denoted elevation, independence, perhaps pride of character, and the lofty brow and classic outline, the lips somewhat firmly closing, the pale, pure cheek—the dark grey eye, shaded with long dark lashes, indicated still more clearly the distinctive traits of Edith Fitzgerald's character. A flash now and then of her eye, and the smile that played on her lip—as she was listening to the history of yesterday from her cousins—showed that sportiveness was mingled with the seriousness of her disposition.

"Oh, Edith, I wished for you heartily to help us out yesterday," said Juliana; "we were so much at a loss to entertain the minister."

Anna Maria cast a grave and indignant glance at her sister, as she said, "I experienced no sort of difficulty in conversing with Mr. Selden."

"Oh, Anna Maria," said Juliana, "I appeal to George, if"—

"But," said Edith, hastening to interrupt Juliana, "you have not told me any thing about Mr. Selden yet, what sort of a person he is,—my curiosity is somewhat excited, I confess."

"I never could imagine," said George, in a tone of pique, "what there could be interesting about a parson. I know of nothing he is good for but to give us a sermon once a week, christen children, marry couples, and bury the dead."

"Mr. Selden would certainly be considered a handsome man, if he were not a minister," said Juliana; "he is tall, has a good figure, fine eyes and a very pleasant smile. He rides well too—but then all this is of no consequence to himself or any body else."

Edith smiled. "Does he converse agreeably?" she asked,—"this, you know, is of some consequence to those who may have to spend many a long summer day in his company."

"I cannot answer that question," said George, for I did not take the trouble to listen to him. I thought it doing quite enough to spend two or three hours in his company."

"That was indeed quite as much as could have been expected from you," said Edith, in a tone which George did not quite like. "You are of course then no judge of Mr. Selden's merits, and I must ask of the rest of the company how he converses."

"Very sensibly," said Mr. Travers.

"Very agreeably," said his wife.

"Divinely," said Anna Maria.

"Much better than I expected," said Juliana.

"On the whole, the verdict of the company is favorable," said Edith; "why then did the day pass off so heavily?"

"Because no one knows what to talk to a minister about," said Juliana.

"He saved us the trouble, my dear," said Mrs. Travers, "of finding subjects of conversation, and your father, at least, I suppose you will admit to be capable of conversing with him."

"Of course, I was not speaking of papa," said Juliana, glancing at her father, "but even papa could not talk to Mr. Selden with as much ease as he could have done with any other gentleman, especially so young a man."

"You seem to have formed strange ideas of a minister," said Edith, "I cannot imagine why any rational subject of conversation might not be as well addressed to him as to any one else."

"Oh, but who wants to be confined to rational subjects of conversation?" said Juliana, "what is so odious as to weigh every word you say,—and besides it seems to me there should be some allusion to the church, the congregation, the services, sermons and subjects of this kind, in conversing with a minister."

"Mr. Selden converses on a variety of subjects," said Mr. Travers, "and remarkably well upon them all. His choice of a profession is somewhat remarkable, for he really appears to have talents which might have distinguished him in any line of life. This is more apparent in his conversation than in his preaching, for the language of his discourse was rather plain for a young man who had received such a good education."

"But then, my dear," interposed Mrs. Travers, "the sermon was very interesting, for I never recollected one so well before, and many people were very attentive last Sunday, that I never saw appear interested in any discourse until then."

"Very true," replied Mr. Selden, "it was certainly a sensible, interesting discourse, but there was not as much of the orator about Mr. Selden as I expected."

"Now I thought there was quite too much of the orator," said George; "he was waving his white hand, and looking towards the young ladies frequently, every now and then using pretty similies and figures of speech stolen, no doubt, from Milton or some of those old poets."

Edith laughed,—"Unless you can trace the theft, you have no right to accuse him, George."

"Certainly not," said Anna Maria, "I doubt if George ever read six pages of Milton in his life, or indeed of any other poetry than a song book."

George reddened and replied, "you are a warm advocate for the parson, Anna Maria, I didn't know before that you were so much interested in him, or I should not have ventured to attack him."

"At all events," said Edith, in a grave but gentle tone, "he is a stranger and has, no doubt, come amongst us with a desire and intention of doing good; this should certainly insure him gratitude and respect, until he does something to forfeit them. If I am correctly informed, he does not receive any salary from his parishioners, and in a country such as this, where there are so many avenues open to ambition, a young man, with his talents and prospects, could scarcely have been actuated by any but high and pure motives in the choice of a profession."

"Spoken wisely and well, Edith," said Mr. Travers, "he is a fine young man, and I am sure a good one. I am resolved to stand his friend, for I really feel interested in him and sorry for him."

"He does not look at all unhappy, my dear," said Mrs. Travers, "I don't believe he repents the step he has taken."

"Well, perhaps not. I am sure I hope he does not, but he little knows yet all that he has given up, or all that is before him." So saying, Mr. Travers pushed his chair from the breakfast table which was the signal for a general dispersion, and the different members of the family betook themselves to their various occupations.

Edith Fitzgerald was the only child of an Irish gentleman who had emigrated to America about twenty-two years before the commencement of this story, and had married Harriet Travers, sister of Mr. Travers, about a year after his arrival in the country. Edith was an only child, and

her mother died when she was not more than fourteen years of age. Mrs. Fitzgerald's health was always extremely delicate, so that she looked to Edith for assistance in every thing; this developed, at an early period, the energies of Edith's naturally strong mind, and awakened the tender feelings of her heart. The character of an only child is generally enervated by too much indulgence, but this had not been the case with Edith Fitzgerald; the habit of constantly thinking for her mother, and the numerous daily ministrations of love which the delicacy of Mrs. Fitzgerald's health and the weakness of her nerves required, prevented Edith from dwelling much upon herself. Mr. Fitzgerald also contributed to strengthen and develope his daughter's mind and character, by treating her rather as a companion and friend than as a child; he was proud of her talents, and imagined her abilities to be greater even than they really were. It would have provoked a smile from any impartial person to listen to the subjects he would discuss gravely with Edith, and though her opinions and views were often rash and crude enough, still there was always something of originality and sprightliness about them.

It has generally been thought and said, by judicious people, that it is injurious to place in the hands of children, books designed for those of riper years, or to attempt to converse with them on subjects beyond their comprehension. Like most general remarks, however, there are many cases to which it does not apply. A mind naturally strong, bold and investigating, is stimulated by the very effort to enter into subjects rather beyond its understanding. If those who possess minds of this class do not learn to comprehend the subjects presented to them in their whole extent, still the very effort of attention is often serviceable,—some new ideas will be called forth—and a profitable lesson of humility learned, by those who are naturally rather too prone to boldness and self-reliance.

These effects were certainly produced on Edith's mind, and Mr. Fitzgerald took great pains to provide her with a governess, a woman of sense, information, and accomplishments, who devoted herself sedulously to the care of Edith's education; still she always found her father's conversation, the books he read with her, and those which he recommended, to excite and stimulate her mind, more than days and weeks spent in the usual routine of study. Madame De la Porte, for such was the name of her governess, was not a woman of that sort of character calculated to exert much influence over such a girl as Edith; her influence indeed was entirely of a negative sort, and if the same amount of information could have been extracted from an automaton, it would have had nearly the same effect on Edith's mind. Long custom. and habits of daily intercourse, had produced in Edith very much the same sort of feeling towards Madame De La Porte, that one entertains for an old piece of furniture, or a tree, and she was shocked at her own insensibility when Madame De La Porte quitted her father's house, to reside with some relations who had invited her to do so.

Edith had too much good sense and sincerity to affect what she did not feel, and was really mortified when the parting hour between Madame De La Porte and herself arrived, that no tears flowed spontaneously; a kind farewell, good wishes and some valuable parting tokens of remembrance were all she had to offer, and Edith reluctantly admitted to herself, that she was devoid of sensibility. Yet nothing could be more mistaken than such an idea; it is true that Edith had little of what is usually called sensibility, for she had strong nerves, was not easily affected by trifling causes, was not apt to take youthful fancies either in friendship or love; this, perhaps, arose partly from a high ideal standard of character, and somewhat too, it must be admitted even by her friends, from too much pride of character. But in strong, deep feeling, in elevated sentiments, in powers of self-devotion to those whom she really loved, few excelled Edith Fitzgerald.

The sufferings of Edith from the death of her mother had been long and intense, and from that time her whole soul had been bound up in her father. Next to Mr. Fitzgerald, the person upon earth to whom she was most devotedly attached was Gerald Devereux, an orphan nephew, brought over by her father from Ireland, in a state of infancy, and who had been to him as a son. Edith had been taught to regard him as a brother, and she scarcely ever remembered that he was not really such.

Mr. Fitzgerald had devoted himself to the practice of law, and settled in Virginia. but his residence was distant from that of Mr. Travers, their manners and habits were quite different, and their intercourse became so infrequent that the younger members of the Travers family, and Edith, could scarcely be said hitherto to have had any acquaintance with each other. Mr. Fitzgerald, having recently inherited a considerable property in Ireland, had gone over to make some arrangements respecting it, but as taking Edith with him would be attended not only with inconveniences, but serious difficulty, he had refused her request to accompany him.

Edith greatly wished to go with her father, but as she was by no means apprehensive in her disposition, she did not fear for his safety, and would not, for her own gratification, urge him to a step

to which he was so averse. Her uncle, Mr. Travers, had kindly insisted that Edith should remain at Travers Lodge until Mr. Fitzgerald's return from Ireland, and Edith to please her father consented with apparent willingness. Nothing, however, could have been more distasteful to her than this plan, and she would greatly have preferred remaining entirely alone at home, had it been left to her choice. When she determined on a sacrifice, no one could make it more gracefully, and Mr. Fitzgerald left her at Travers Lodge quite satisfied that he had made an arrangement as agreeable as it was suitable to his daughter.

Though there was no congeniality of mind, nor similarity of pursuits between Edith and any member of her uncle's family, their kindness excited her gratitude and good will, for her feelings towards them scarcely deserved a warmer appellation, and she could not help considering it as another proof of her coldness of heart, that she could not reply with corresponding warmth to the professions of affection which Anna Maria and Juliana lavished upon her. Yet she could at least requite their kindness by doing every thing in her power to contribute to the happiness of the domestic circle, by maintaining a constant appearance of cheerful good-humor, and suppressing all the many sorrowful feelings her separation from her father often cost her, and these efforts she made successfully. Those only who have made like exertions can appreciate the cost of such daily and hourly acts of self-control.

The day Charles Selden spent at Travers Lodge, Edith was absent on a visit to a lady, Mrs. Grattan, a former acquaintance and friend, who lived at a distance of some miles, and she did not return until after he had left the house. Mrs. Grattan was somewhat indisposed on Sunday, which prevented Edith's attendance at church, and her curiosity was keenly excited respecting the young minister, as all she heard of him convinced her that he was at least a remarkable person.

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CHAPTER VIII.

My life has been like summer skies,
When they are fair to view;
But there never yet were hearts or skies,
Clouds might not wander through.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

The absence of Charles Selden from Sherwood had caused a great vacuity in the family circle. The sensations experienced by Mr. Selden were compounded of many painful and unpleasant feelings; it was not the loss of his son's society that so much disturbed him, though no one liked better than himself to be surrounded by his family, but he regarded him almost as one cut off from the land of the living. Vexation and grief at what appeared to him the strangeness and perversity of Charles' course, were mingled with tenderness and regret when he thought of what hopes and prospects he had sacrificed, and an involuntary sentiment of respect for the firmness and consistency of his conduct. To divert his mind from these unpleasant themes of meditation, it was necessary for him to use as much out-door occupation as possible; he found Arthur a most invaluable assistant in driving away thought, and though he sometimes gave him general advice as to the necessity of devoting a large part of his time to study and reading, the particular period seldom came that appeared to either father or son suitable for the purpose.

Mrs. Selden and Margaret felt the deprivation of Charles' society quite as much as his father, but with their feelings there was nothing of bitterness or regret mingled. The clear light of Christian truth illuminated their minds, and softened their hearts, and though their partiality estimated most highly the degree of worldly reputation and honor which Charles might have attained had he sought for such rewards, they were convinced that his aims were higher, nobler than those of mere earthly ambition, and the blessings which he would be the instrument of diffusing among his fellow men, incalculably greater and more imperishable than any which have reference merely to the mortal destinies of man. Their affections, their sympathies, their admiration were called forth for him, with redoubled strength, since he had left them to enter upon the arduous duties of his profession.

Margaret and Virginia were sitting together one evening in their mother's chamber, busily engaged at work; at least, Margaret's fingers were moving rapidly while Virginia frequently let her work fall in her lap, descanting to her sister upon various imaginary schemes of happiness, and complaining of the monotonous course of ordinary life. The door was suddenly opened, just as Margaret was about to reply, and Arthur entered.

"Oh what a noise and bustle you do make," said Virginia, somewhat unpleasantly roused from the visions in which she had been indulging, "one would imagine you were about to announce some important piece of intelligence. Now don't tantalise me, my dear brother, you know I should like, of all things, to hear any thing that is really interesting; our lives are rolling on at present in the dullest and most uneventful manner."

"And if we are so dull," said Arthur, "what must Charles be! I declare, I think of the poor fellow with the most sincere compassion. Can

nothing be done, Margaret, to extricate him honorably from his present horrible situation? How would it do for us to go out together to settle some of my father's western land, and stay there a year or two, until his profession was in some measure forgotten?"

"It would not do at all, Arthur," said Margaret with a smile, "if you are really serious in making so absurd a proposal, I think Charles would not suffer himself to be extricated from his present horrible situation, as you call it, and strange as it may appear, I believe he is much happier than any of us."

"Well, I wish it may be so," said Arthur, with an involuntary sigh, "since he has determined on this way of life, I should be sorry for him to regard it as I do."

"The time will come I hope," said Margaret gently yet gravely, "when you will regard it differently. At present we will not talk any more about it."

"That is much the best way," said Virginia, "as I can not see what good talking about it can do. and now, Arthur, for your important intelligence!

"I did not say I had any important intelligence."

"Come, don't tease Virginia any longer," said Margaret, "I am sure you have heard no very important intelligence, but I am equally certain that something has pleased you; whatever it is, it may please us also, and I know you are too good-natured to withhold it."

"Well, I was about to tell you that the Davenports are going to have a little dancing party Thursday evening, in honor of Charlotte's birth day, and that two of Louis Davenport's friends arrived yesterday, to spend several weeks with him. I suppose they will form quite an agreeable addition to our society, as one of them is said to to be very clever, intelligent and all that sort of thing, knows how to fish, shoot and ride as well as any of us, Louis says, and the other he declares is admired by the ladies wherever he goes, and is considered quite a model of beauty. The last one I am sure I shall not like, but I suppose the girls will, so he may assist in preventing stagnation."

"Thursday evening," said Virginia, her beautiful face coloring with pleasure, "oh! Margaret, our wreaths from New York have arrived in good time, and the lace to trim our dresses. You have not even looked at them."

"No, but I am sure they are pretty if you tell me so," said Margaret, "and except as it concerns you, wreaths are not more interesting to me than they would be to Reginald or Arthur."

"Why," said Virginia in a tone of disappointment, "should not you like what is pretty, Margaret? You, who have such good taste in every thing, and admire beauty in all its forms. I can not see why we may not use good taste in dress as well as in other things. You think me vain and trifling I am afraid," she added in a questioning tone.

"You must not draw so many inferences from a simple speech," said Margaret smiling. "I certainly do not disapprove of using good taste in any thing, especially in dress, for I really consider it as a matter of some importance; it is, as has often been said, an index of the mind and character, and I regard it as so weighty an affair that I have laid down fixed principles on the subject to which I always try to conform."

"You surprise me, Margaret," said Arthur, "I have always thought you attached less value to personal decoration than any girl I ever saw."

"And yet," said Virginia, "Margaret must have thought much more about the subject than I ever did, for I never had a theory or principle about dress in my life. But let me hear what your principles are, though I shall not admit the truth of them if they condemn our beautiful wreaths."

"The rules of dress," said Margaret, "must of course vary according to circumstances; the same would not apply to you and myself; they should always be adapted to the appearance. The dress should so harmonise with the person that it should seem to make a part and parcel of it; now, a beautiful wreath of flowers would seem the most natural and suitable of all ornaments for one who so much resembles them in the purity and brilliancy of their tints, in the flexibility and delicacy of their forms as yourself. But on my head they would be discordant with my appearance, and would awaken continually an idea of contrast between the flowers and the wearer, most uncomplimentary to the latter."

"What strange, mistaken ideas you have taken up, Margaret, with regard to your appearance," said Virginia in a tone of real concern, "just let me bring the wreaths and try them on your head, and appeal to Arthur if they do not suit you; he shall be judge."

"Poor Arthur! no indeed; his sincerity shall be put to no such useless test, it would stand but a poor chance opposed to his good nature. I am a better judge in this matter than either of you can be, and have ceased to regard it in the pathetic light in which you consider it, Virginia."

"Indeed I do not regard it in any such light," said Virginia, "because, in all sincerity, I think you a very pleasant, interesting looking person, and if you had not always seemed to take it for granted that you were so plain in appearance, such an idea would not have entered into any one's head."

"There is a great deal of truth in what Virginia says," said Arthur. "I know twenty girls, at least, who are not to compare with you in good looks, who really pass for very pretty, because their friends and themselves seem to take it for granted that they are so, and that every one must agree with them in opinion."

"I shall impose no such task either on myself or my friends," said Margaret laughing, "you know I am a foe to pretension of all sorts, if it were for no other reason, for the very trouble it requires to support it. But to relieve your minds from the belief that I am suffering under the horrible consciousness of ugliness, I must tell you, that because I am not Beauty I am not obliged to consider myself the Beast. I do not imagine there is any thing striking or disagreeable in my appearance, I think it simply plain and one not likely to attract much observation."

"That is because you cannot observe the play of your countenance," replied Virginia.

"The Spanish fleet you cannot see
Because it is not yet in sight,"

said Margaret with a good humored smile. "We have discussed this subject enough for the present and we will dismiss it with one of Charles' favorite observations, which though not very original, is so true that we cannot too often recur to it in our own minds. As all our gifts are from God, they should not be subjects of pride, nor should the want of them be causes for regret or humiliation. It is always best to see the truth; if we are beautiful, there is no harm in being conscious of the advantage, and pleased at it, provided we do not attach an undue value to it, on the contrary, if nature has denied us this gift, it is much better that we should be aware of the fact without grieving or repining at it, and this is true, not only of beauty but of all the gifts of God."

"That is sensible and comfortable doctrine," said Arthur, "but there is some difficulty in applying it in one's own case. Suppose a person born an incurable dunce, what can console him for this marked inferiority to the rest of his species, allowing him to have just sense enough to perceive his own deficiency?"

"Very, very few, are born incurable dunces, though many, I admit, become so. But even in this case, if we have understanding sufficient to make us responsible beings, we are capable of receiving the simple idea that we are placed by our Creator in this world as on a stage, where each has his part assigned him, and to secure his own happiness and the favor of his Maker nothing is necessary but that he should play his part well, however humble it may be."

"Oh yes, if one could be satisfied with only the prospect of happiness after this life, but very few could be satisfied without some share of it in our present state of existence."

"Nothing could so well secure our happiness in *this* world as such a view of things would do. It would prevent envy, repining and pretension."

"And hope."

"Not at all, it would only give a rational direction to our hopes and efforts; we are all capable of indefinite improvement, but then we must take such methods as are calculated to produce success. A thorn will not bring forth apples, nor a vine figs."

"I must confess," said Virginia, "that I have not a spark of philosophy in my composition. I could not be satisfied to be ugly, or silly, or—"

"Or poor," said Arthur, "that ought to make one of your list of evils."

"No, I do not admit poverty to be an evil."

"Because you have not the most distant idea what poverty is; your notions of life are drawn altogether from imagination and romances."

"Why do you think so, Arthur, do I not read history every day?"

"Yes, but as though you read it not,—don't be vexed, Virginia, you know it is my own way"—

"But we have wandered very far from the wreaths," said Margaret, "let us see them, Virginia, I am not too philosophic to look at them, and it is more than probable I shall be tempted to take possession of mine."

"To whom will you give it?" said Arthur.

Margaret shook her head in token that she would not tell, and Virginia went with a light step to bring the beautiful wreaths, hoping that a sight of them would induce Margaret to change her determination as to wearing one.

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CHAPTER IX.

Joy's light hearted dances
And Melody's glances
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born;
And Pleasure's best dower
Is naught but a flower,—
A vanishing dew drop, a gleam of the morn.
Bilderdijk.

Thursday evening came, and Virginia's heart beat high with anticipations of pleasure; her satisfaction was somewhat heightened too, by the reflection in the mirror of a form of surpassing beauty, arrayed in muslin and lace, light as the gossamer's web, in whose golden locks was gracefully entwined an exquisite wreath of moss roses and lily of the valley.

"Oh how beautifully you have dressed my head, I could not have done it so well myself, if I had worked at it all day," said Virginia, turning to her sister with a radiant smile; "but dear

Margaret do you not intend to put some sort of ornament on your own head, or something showy about your dress?"

"No, I think I am dressed for the evening. Mamma, does not my dress look sufficiently neat and respectable?"

"Respectable!" said Virginia, laughing; "one would suppose you were some housekeeper, or old woman."

"Your dress fits you admirably, my dear," said Mrs. Selden, "and is neatly and tastefully arranged, but it is somewhat too severe in its simplicity; let me fasten this pink sash around your waist," she added, selecting a peach-colored ribbon which lay on the bed amongst various ribbons and laces, "it will give a pretty finish to your dress."

Mrs. Selden fastened on the sash, Virginia pronounced the effect to be charming, and said, "Now, Mamma, please make Margaret wear her wreath."

"I rather think that is out of my power, for if I mistake not the wreath is no longer in her possession."

"How provoking you are, Margaret: to whom did you give it?"

"Look around you this evening, and perhaps you may discover," said Margaret with a smile.

"It is time you were off," said Mrs. Selden, looking out of the window, "the carriage is waiting for you, and Cesar seems to find some difficulty in keeping the bays quiet. I never feel altogether easy when those horses are in the carriage."

Mrs. Selden kissed both the daughters affectionately, and accompanied them to the door, that she might charge Arthur to take especial care of their safety.

"Oh, I am glad you have come, mother; you have saved me the trouble of going to look for you. I want you to see how well my new coat fits, and to compliment me, in fact, on being such a fine looking young fellow when my dress does justice to my appearance," said Arthur.

"A perfect Adonis," said Mrs. Selden laughing, "and the coat really does fit admirably, but Arthur, now I have done my part, you must do yours. I entreat that you will be very careful of your sisters this evening—those horses are so spirited that I feel somewhat uneasy lest some accident should happen. Above all, caution Cesar against drinking too freely, and if this should happen after all, drive the girls home yourself."

"Yes, yes, I will do every thing you desire; though really there is not even a shadow of danger, it is a pity to torment yourself about nothing."

"I shall rest satisfied with your promise to use all necessary caution, Arthur, and now a pleasant evening to you, my children; Margaret shall entertain me to-morrow with an account of the party."

Mr. Selden just then entered the portico, where they were all still standing. He looked at Virginia's lovely face and sylph-like figure with the most evident pride and pleasure, though he only complimented her on the manner in which her hair was dressed, and the beauty of the wreath she wore.

"Margaret must have the credit of whatever taste has been displayed in dressing Virginia's head, as she worked most assiduously at it," said Mrs. Selden. She was hurt to observe that her husband had not looked towards Margaret, he had been so much engrossed in his admiration of Virginia.

"Margaret has shown her good taste, as well as her good nature," replied Mr. Selden, somewhat conscious that he had entirely overlooked her. He then added, "but why did you not do the same kind office for yourself, Margaret, had you not a wreath too?"

"Oh yes, papa, I had one, but wreaths do not become me particularly; but come, Virginia," she said, drawing her hand affectionately within her own, "it is time we were off."

So saying, they both tripped lightly away, accompanied by Arthur, scolding at their tardiness.

Margaret had understood perfectly her mother's look and tone. She knew that she was hurt at Mr. Selden's apparent neglect of herself, and in her heart she felt thankful for the uniform kindness and wisdom, that had always been manifested in her mother's conduct towards her. "And yet," she thought, "it would be unreasonable to blame my father for the pride and pleasure he feels in Virginia's beauty, it is so natural."

The evening passed off very pleasantly, and the party did not disperse until a late hour. It was one of those delightful summer nights, which are so refreshing in our climate after a very sultry day, and the splendor of a full moon lighted our party on their return home. Arthur gave his horse to the servant, who had accompanied them, that he might have the pleasure of riding home with his sisters and talking over the events of the evening.

"Well, we have had a very pleasant evening, have we not?" said Arthur.

"Yes, very pleasant," said Margaret, "and we shall have a delightful drive home; the pleasure of it would be quite perfect, if I did not think mamma was lying awake now, anxiously listening at every noise to be sure that we had returned home in safety."

"Pshaw! my mother has too much good sense

to be guilty of such an absurdity; besides, she knows that I am with you; so think no more about it. Your wreath was well bestowed. was it not, Virginia?"

"Yes, Anne Howard looked very sweet and pretty, and the wreath became her very much, though I had much rather have seen it on Margaret's head."

"I never knew until this evening what a very pleasing girl Anne Howard could be; she is generally so modest and shrinking, and I never saw her completely drawn out before. I suppose the consciousness of looking uncommonly pretty inspired her with confidence; such things will have this effect;—even I forgot my usual modesty, when I remembered the unrivalled cut of my coat, and caught a glimpse in the mirrors of the fine looking fellow clad in that incomparable garment."

"What insufferable vanity," said Margaret, laughing; "how could you think of your own appearance when the star of fashion, the observed of all observers was present?"

"What, Augustus Vernon? Oh, he is just such a looking man as ladies admire, bright black eyes. pink cheeks, rosy lips, dark brown ringlets. Why, I should be ashamed to look in the glass and see such a girlish looking face, I should never feel the least respect for myself afterwards."

"Surely, Arthur," said Virginia, with some warmth, "you are not in earnest; it is impossible to look at Mr. Vernon without thinking him superlatively handsome. for his is not only the beauty of form and coloring, but of expression."

"What does his countenance express?" said Arthur.

"It expresses refinement, sensibility, generosity, nobleness of character."

"Does it? Well, I confess I did not perceive it. He is not in the least to be compared in appearance with Gerald Devereux, and I did not hear a lady in the room remark on *his* beauty. It is scarcely worth while to be handsome, as one never finds a girl who has the good taste to appreciate manly beauty. Margaret, I appeal to you whether Gerald Devereux is not a much finer looking young man than Augustus Vernon?"

"After just observing that no girl has good taste enough to appreciate manly beauty, you surely ought not to appeal to Margaret on such a question."

"Oh, but Margaret is so little like other girls, that I never include her in my observations on that class of society. She has no young ladyism about her, and I am willing to abide by her decision."

"I must acknowledge," said Margaret, "that I greatly prefer Gerald Devereux's looks, though I do not believe he would generally be considered even a handsome man. There is something about his appearance which indicates elevation of character, and a very superior degree of intelligence, though I do not trust implicitly to physiognomy, for we are always liable to mistakes in inferences drawn from such grounds."

"You surprise me, Margaret," said Virginia, "I think physiognomy an infallible test of character, and it appears wonderfully strange that you should admire the expression of Mr. Devereux's face, more than that of Augustus Vernon's. Mr. Devereux's appearance is so little striking indeed, that I scarcely observed it all. I noticed that his stature was considerably above the middle size, and that seemed to me the only circumstance about him likely to attract attention."

"This very circumstance ought to convince you, Virginia, how very little certainty there is in physiognomy. We all see the same persons, and draw different inferences as to their characters from their faces. Yet I do believe, that the dispositions of the heart, the workings of the mind always leave their traces on the countenance, though we want skill to understand them; it is like decyphering hieroglyphics, when we have scarcely any means of verifying our interpretations, and for even a plausible explanation, must resort to a variety of ingenious conjectures, when perhaps an entirely different set of suppositions may offer an interpretation, apparently equally probable."

"But some persons have an intuitive gift of reading these obscure signs, when written on the human face, and you must not think it vanity, if I say, I think I possess this intuitive gift," said Virginia.

"Take care your intuitive gift does not lead you into some horrible mistakes," said Arthur.

"Mr. Vernon is an only child, is he not, Arthur?" asked Margaret.

"No, an only son, which is perhaps worse, as he has sisters to assist in spoiling him. His parents reside at present in Philadelphia. Mr. Vernon, his father, is quite an opulent man; he went originally from Virginia, at the invitation of a wealthy uncle, who adopted him as his heir, and he sometimes talks of returning to his native state. The Davenports think he will purchase an estate near them. so it is possible we may have the pleasure of gaining the exquisite Mr. Vernon as a neighbor, if he can consent to rusticate in Virginia."

Virginia's cheeks glowed, her heart beat quicker, and she thought, though she did not say, that such an event would form quite a new era in their state of society.

"Gerald Devereux," said Arthur, "was born in Ireland, and though he was brought from his

country, while an infant, by his uncle, Mr. Fitzgerald, you may perceive many national traits about him; I believe they are innate."

"Or perhaps acquired," said Margaret, "you say his uncle, Mr. Fitzgerald, is an Irishman."

"Yes, he is an eminent lawyer, he is now gone to Ireland on business, but is expected to return in the course of a few months. Devereux is not born to opulence, but will have to rely on his own exertions to build up his fortunes. Davenport tells me he greatly distinguished himself at college, and that he has talent enough to enable him to succeed in any pursuit. He studied law two or three years, and commenced the practice about a year ago. And now, I think I have given you all the information I possess about the two gentlemen, can you tell me, Margaret, whether Anne Howard is actually engaged to that odious fellow, Campbell?"

"Why is he particularly odious?" said Margaret, smiling.

"Oh, because there is something so stiff, and solemn, and precise about him; he is perfectly insufferable. And such a dancer! It is impossible Anne Howard can be in love with him, after seeing him dance a Scotch reel to-night with his thumbs in perpetual motion."

"I will answer your question, Arthur, if you will first answer mine; are you particularly interested in the state of Anne Howard's heart?"

"No, yes,—indeed, I scarcely know whether I have any particular interest in it, but then one naturally dislikes to see any sweet, pretty girl, sacrifice herself to a solemn prig for the sake of money."

"It is only a week ago, I think, since you said, that Anne Howard was a dull companion, had exactly what you called a tiresome face, and that Mr. Campbell and herself would be well matched."

"But cannot you imagine how one may change an opinion? You are as literal as Virginia to-night." Virginia started at the sound of her name, but relapsed into reverie, as soon as she found she was not addressed. "To tell you the truth, Margaret, my attention was first attracted towards her to-night, by hearing her pronounce a very warm eulogy upon you; she did not know that I was near, for she started and blushed when she saw me. She spoke in such a warm-hearted, affectionate manner, I began to think I had perhaps done her injustice, and for the first time her face struck me as being sweet, and not insipid. I found, too, she could converse quite interestingly, and Charlotte Davenport's excessive spirits made the gentleness of Anne Howard more attractive. But you have not answered my question yet, Margaret, you are very unfair, you have a way of making me tell you anything, and tell me nothing in return."

"Not at all, I will answer your question explicitly. I am very sure that Anne Howard is not engaged to Mr. Campbell, and that she has no present intention of marrying him, but she esteems him very highly, and is very grateful to him for the benefits he conferred on her brother. He took unwearied pains, for her sake, to reclaim poor John from his course of dissipation, and in the last months of his life, when he had become an outcast from respectable society, he nursed him during declining health, and treated him with the kindness of a brother. Anne, so far from being cold-hearted, as you once supposed, suffers from excessive sensibility, and her very quiet manner, is a sort of shield, which she uses instinctively, as a defence against her own weakness."

"Yes I can readily believe it, I observed indications of great sensibility in her countenance to-night."

Margaret laughed—"But, Arthur, you must remember that constancy is not your forte, and flirtation with Anne Howard is out of the question; so you must not think of falling in love with her, unless you mean to continue so."

"You do me great injustice, how can you suppose, I would think of flirting with such a girl as Anne Howard. But if you talk with such solemnity of falling in love, and remaining so forever, the very idea will extinguish the spark, before it ever becomes a flame. Here we are at the gate, and Virginia is still composing sonnets to the moon, I suppose, or thinking of that personification of refinement, nobleness and sensibility, which has just alighted on our orb, as I have not heard her speak for an hour."

Virginia was much disconcerted, and said in a somewhat garrulous tone, "How unkind it is in you, Arthur, to be always endeavoring to ridicule me."

"You take things too seriously, my dear little sister," replied Arthur, "I only try to extract some amusement from everything within my reach; of course, you must contribute your share."

"It is very reasonable," said Margaret, "to talk of Virginia's silence when you have given her no chance to speak. But see, how sweet old Sherwood looks beneath a full moon," she added, as they drove through an avenue of lofty tulip trees, whose magnificent masses of foliage displayed, with striking effect, the quivering rays of silvery brightness contrasted with the magic shadows of moonlight.

F*****

THE ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

From M. Mallet's translation of the Edda of the Icelanders in his "INTRODUCTION DE L'HISTOIRE DE DANNEMARC."

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Regner Lodbrog, a famous warrior, poet and pirate, reigned in Denmark near the beginning of the ninth century. After divers maritime expeditions, he was taken in combat by his enemy Ella, king of a part of Britain, and perished by the bite of serpents with which they had filled his prison. This ode, dictated by the fanaticism of glory and religion, was composed amid the torments which preceded his death. The sons of Regner avenged his horrible death as he has predicted in this poem.

M. MALLET, *Trans.*

—

We fought with swords that day,
  When in youth I sought the East;
And the lean wolves, gathered o'er their prey,
  Fed full upon the feast.
Like one vast wound, all gore,
  In the twilight lay the main;
And the hungry vultures swam at eve
  In the life-blood of the slain.

We fought with swords that day
  When in all their iron gear,
I sent the chiefs of Helsinger
  To Odin's halls of cheer.
Then away to Ifa's coast
  Our broad-winged vessels bore,
And we mowed like ripened grass the host
  That met us on the shore.
Upon their battered shields
  Our blows fell fast like hail,
And the iron of our smoking spears
  Pierced through their ringing mail.

We fought with swords that day,
  Where an English headland rose;
When at eve amid the carnage lay
  Ten thousand of my foes.
Swift at their iron helms
  Our death-sped arrows flew,
And downward from our darkened blades
  The warm blood dripped like dew.
My soul is fierce with joy
  When I see a foeman's face,
And swifter than to clasp a maid
  I rush to his embrace.

We fought with swords. The youth
  Loved by the maidens fair;
Beneath the stroke of my red brand,
  Fell in his golden hair.
What is a warrior's fate,
  If it be not thus to die,
Where the axe cleaves down the ringing shield,
  And the well-aimed javelins fly?

For the coward never knows
  The pride that scars impart;
Nor the quenchless thirst for daring deeds
  That fills a hero's heart.

We fought with swords. The youth
  Should know no craven fear—
He should early learn to dye in blood
  The iron of his spear.
For the hero never quails,
  His hand is swift to smite;
And he who seeks a maiden's heart
  Should be foremost in the fight.

We fought with swords that day
  When I fell upon the plain,
And the dead that lay around, beneath,
  Were the foes my hand had slain.
But the stern, relentless Fates
  My destiny have wrought,
And Ella's hand will give the death
  I long in battle sought.
Their ships went shuddering down,
  Where the Scottish waves closed red;
And the gaunt wolves scented from afar,
  The banquet I had spread.

We fought with swords—but now
  My life-tide runneth fast,
For a poisonous viper on my heart
  To night makes his repast.
To the banquet of the Gods
  The pale Valkyries call—
For me, for me the feast is spread
  To night in Odin's hall!
In Odin's halls of cheer,
  Where the souls of heroes wait;
I soon shall quaff the foaming beer
  From the skulls of foes I hate!
If my valiant sons could know
  The torments of my cell,
Revenge would fire their dauntless hearts,
  That blood alone would quell!
But the rage of their young breasts
  Will awaken unrestrained,
And the iron of their spears will soon
  With Ella's blood be stained.

We fought with swords, and far
  In fight our banners bore—
I in my boyhood learned to dye
  My lance in crimson gore.
I have never known a king
  Than I more brave and bold,
And I smile amid my pain to know
  My hours of life are told.
For Odin's daughters wait—
  A hero's death I die—
And I shall feast with the Gods to night,
  Where the beer is foaming high!

A PLEA FOR ART.

A delight in beauty is a primitive, natural feeling in the hearts of the rational dwellers on the earth. This is a truism. There is beauty spread by nature over the land, the sea, the sky; therefore there is also the spirit of Beauty kindled within the rational race of man, because he is the chief character in the drama of this life. He is chief spectator and enjoyer, especially of the outward, objective world. It cannot be that such a feeling, or rather such a law of feeling, so universal, so homogeneous, so like an inward echo to the outward call, can be a mere acquired, educated, man-taught mood of the soul. It exists either as a necessity of the soul, and so ever co-existent with it: or else, by a touch of the all-cunning Hand, one moment after the creating, life-giving touch. This might be shown by adducing from human life anywhere and everywhere, those little rose-buds of sentiment, offsprings thick as Vallambrosa leaves, of the wedlock of the inner and the outer beauty, which at once demonstrate the wedlock itself, and its legality and fitness.

And this primitive delight in beauty is a principle of considerable conservative force in society. Love—heroic, romantic, tender, tearful, faithful, idolatrous love—grows out of this principle; and binds the highest and the roughest minds of both sexes, oftentimes, with a clasp which no stale insipid prudence, such as—"Pretty is as pretty does"—can unlock; nor any jeremiads, such as—"Beauty is a fading flower"—can elude. Religion, loyal, adoring, loving, zealous, purifying and satisfying faith in God—grows out of the love of the beautiful, or at least, has some of its strongest roots in that soil; and is the grand conservative clasp of the life of man.

A taste for the fine arts is another manifestation of the same principle of our nature, and must be admitted to be, like the other offspring, eminently conservative, salubrious, positively beneficent in society. Free, thrifty, enterprising nations are apt to attach small importance to art, as the unsubstantial and useless tinsel of life. This is the cant of utilitarianism. It may be applied, it has been applied, to all the higher things of mental life which make man more than an animal, a sensualist, or a money-changer. It is as hollow and false as it is ignoble. It is to be hoped that its power is waning in many quarters. It is high time, by the clock which strikes the hours of social weal and progress, that it were waning in all quarters.

The arts are conservative, because they create local attachments; they call out from all but the dullest and dryest of souls, a love to the places where they shed their charms. The places at which the ancient patriarchs and prophets met angels from heaven, were hallowed places to them forever afterwards. The places at which the grand scenes and persons of Hamlet, of Lear or of Paradise Lost first passed before us, even in perusal, are not unconsecrated places to us afterwards. Were there, at this time, in the older States of this Confederacy, places where all comers might gaze at Rembrandts, Correggios, and Salvator Rosas, on American and Virginian temple-walls,—places at which might be seen Apollos fresher and nobler (as becomes a new world) than even the Belvidere; Venuses fairer and brighter, if it may ever be by creation of man, than even she of the Medici; Madonnas, sybils, saints, and prophets of truer and purer ideal than Roman, Florentine or Lombard; domes, columns, gates, grander than those of Italy, because produced by a higher, brighter age of the world,—then would such places surely be hallowed places; the temples, the halls, the capitols in which they were to be found would be sacred edifices; the imaginations of men would be refreshed and elevated; memory of by gone years would be a more magically checkered plain; the restless, roving, emigrating Californian spirit among us would collapse and speedily die; our life would be bettered. With us the very grave-yards are too unhallowed. The places where the bones of our fathers lie—and such fathers too as ours, the high, pure old men of other and better days—the places where even they sleep, are but too often seen, especially in the country, as bare and as rude as if the sleepers there had lain down "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

In these days of some progress and much brag in education, we hear a good deal about the developement of *the man*; not the developement of any one, three, five or seven particular protuberances either of cranium or of character; but now we are to have the developement of *the whole man*—all bumps, protuberances, faculties and fates. This language, we are aware, is employed as the promise of a culture adapted to the conscience as well as the intellect, to the religious faculties as well as the social and intellectual. And it is all excellently well as far as it goes, and as far as the promise shall be wisely and faithfully kept. Conscience, the religious principle, is a part of the whole man: and should be thoroughly and soundly educated. But we ask the Professor of Moral Science in the University, the Presidents of William and Mary, of Hampden Sydney, of Washington, and of Randolph Macon Colleges, is not the Love of the Beautiful, the Spirit of the Arts, a

part also of the whole man? Have they, any of them, any apparatus for the education of that part of the whole man? Can they hold out the promise of readiness to educate the whole man while they have no such apparatus? Who but God made the souls of the Artists, who poured Beauty and Grandeur in such munificence and magnificence upon the Acropolis at Athens? Who else gave to Florence and to all succeeding ages, the soul of Michael Angelo, yearning after, and creating all artistic beauty that man's soul can know? Who made the souls of all those who made "the fairy halls" of the Etrurian Athens? Who gave the souls of those who have made even modern Rome "the City of the Soul"? And who indeed but that God whom she has sometimes declared to be a non-entity, kindled the taste and spirit which decorate (partly with her own genius and partly by plunder) even that tigress courtezan of cities, modern Paris? Why then is this God-given impulse to be totally omitted in our boasted systems of education for the *whole* man? How can American education make pretensions to completeness while there is such a hiatus in it? There is hardly an educational instrumentality for that end, and for the male sex, in our state. There is probably none of much account in the United States. Unless indeed perspiration over Homer and Virgil; the stealthy and snatched perusal of Shakspeare, Byron, and Bulwer; the shilly-shally looking at pictures in rotundas, society-halls, or costly ornithological toy-books, can be regarded as such an instrumentality. It may be replied that there is hardly such an instrumentality in connection with a College or University in the world anywhere. Be it so. In old countries there are associations of individuals and families with their native places, for time to which neither the memory nor the records of man run back. There is history, deep enchanting antiquity; and there are galleries, cathedrals, courts, piazzas, rich with the mature collected fruits of art for many ages, which serve as both nurseries and refectories for the Love of the Beautiful. Even if these things were not so, Europe is no model for us. The bonds of local attachment are bursting upon her shores. The "disjecta membra" are thick on our shores. In new States, where social life is yet too recent and too raw for the deeper charms of the historic and poetic muses, where roving locomotion and small attachment to household gods is too much a peculiarity of the citizens, where the "restlessness and wild endeavour" of man's heart needs the oil of this sort of consecration, such instrumentalities are more needed than in other States, and must probably depend more upon a connection with institutions of learning for their existence. These things are a part of the inevitable history of man. They are a part of his very nature. No state of society can be perfect without them. A state of society entirely without them is very far from perfect, all that the love of Do-nothingism, or the adoration of the clink of the Omnipotent Dollar may say to the contrary notwithstanding. Pericles, Maecenas, and Cosmo de Medici were not fools. They were not base, narrow spirits. The world is not, this day, the worse that they have lived in and adorned it. There are feelings over which art can exert a most potent influence for good. Nothing else can exert that influence. The want of it, in the absence of art, must and does leave a drooping and deficient character, individually and socially. On what just grounds could it be thought, by the coldest, hardest mind among us, that an Academy of Music, Painting, Sculpture and Architecture would be nonsense to-day, in Virginia or any other of our States?

But it may be said that Art wedded itself to the superstitions of a corrupt religion in medieval Europe, so that art had to be destroyed before superstition itself could be destroyed; that art has always been the nursing mother of superstition; that the spiritual heroes of the sixteenth century found that the only way to oust the rooks was to pull down the rookeries. This may all be true. Perhaps it is. We will not defend Art at the expense of truth, freedom, or social purity. But the mischief complained of, sprung not from art itself; but from the wedlock of art and superstition. That this is not a necessary union, that pure religion and art can coexist with mutual honor and advantage, that the very purest spirit of religion is consistent with the very noblest love of Beauty, the name of MILTON alone will sufficiently attest. The union of the church and the state produced very great evils at the very same time when these evils of art blended with superstition were felt. It is just as logical and as wise, to say that there ought to be no church at all, or no state at all, because these two, in unlawful wedlock, produced monstrous evils, as to say that there ought to be no art, because art blended with religion, produced monstrous superstitions. The simple answer is: let us have the church and the state, but not united;—let us have the religion and the art, but not united; let us have the pure high art of an enlightened age, and not the sickly and corrupt art of the dark ages. We can surely at length learn that the abuse of things, if not necessarily incident to their use, is no just ground of their impeachment.

There is an incessant, and probably increasing influx of European literature upon us. It comes preaching daily to open ears, things that

befit us about as well as the armour and battle-axe of Richard Coeur-de-Leon would have suited Captain Walker or Pierce Butler in the Mexican War—toryism, feudalism, medievalism, all manners of retrogradism and rottenness in opinion, all manners and moods of contempt for ourselves and for each other, all variations of desire for false and ruinous conservatism. We calmly acquiesce in such a state of literary dependence as would become only an infant or subject position. We must pass beyond the Atlantic wave to find gratification for some of the noblest and strongest of our natural aspirations. Even our own authors must often seek foreign scenes, and personages, to bring naturally into their works that brightness and glory of art which is, at the same time, the very vital warmth of polite letters. To us the rule of the sage does not apply, as it does to nations in which the arts are cultivated, that that most interests us which comes home to "our business and our bosoms." We have a singular amaurosis hiding from us only things at hand. Yet we have a noble continent where nature has wrought no "journey-work with prenticed hand;" we have glorious skies —forests—rivers—cataracts—lakes—savannahs. We have unfettered limbs, unfettered minds, an unfettered faith. These all have their own departments in our nature; and most nobly, or it is our own fault, may those departments be filled. Yet we ourselves prove to ourselves by the books and journals we most read, that there is yet another department which none nor all of these can fill. We still pine for Parthenon, and Coliseum, and dome, and statue, and glorious visions on Italian walls. Our longings for heroes. orators and sages are more than satisfied with the memories of Washington, of Franklin, of Henry, of Marshall and their like. We have had the heroes. We pine for the Beautifiers of life. We have been freed from the wounding chains of civil oppression; but we stretch out our hands after the silken cords of captivity to the ennobling, the exalting, the gladdening influences of social life. Where are our Phidias, our Zeuxis, our Raffaelle, our Michael Angelo? We wait for them.

Many persons consider all this to be mere romance, because it will not tell in the ledger or the purse. It is a sailing through the sky in chase of some impalpable charm; a vain pining after an impracticable El Dorado of sentiment. With them, man is merely a being who eats bread, wears clothes, and casts up accounts. We desire no argument with any of that family. But a respectful word or two about practicability. "No prophet is so infallible as he who fulfills his own predictions." No dungeon is deeper, no doors made faster, than the dungeon and the doors of that Doubting Castle of which we have a master-key and free egress, as soon as we awake to the consciousness that we have them. We can dig canals, build rail-roads, stretch out speaking wires, erect lunatic, orphan, deaf, dumb and blind asylums:

"The mountain's giant crags that prop the sky
Are hurled asunder; and the brazen steed
The fiery rail-car sweeps exulting by.
The word goes forth, and dreary fens are dry
Wide blooms the arid desert as the rose;
The frowning forest lifts its boughs on high
The advancing giant's footsteps to oppose
And strives, but strives in vain, and sinks before its foes."

Whenever we shall see then, the clear absolute necessity of providing for the nobler and yet unsupplied wants of coming generations, there will not be a want of ability. *Possent quia se posse putant.* Having done so much to connect city with city in commerce. to sweep over and laugh at distance in the flight of news, we can, when we shall become aware that we can, do much to ennoble man's imagination and bind him to the homes and graves of his fathers. Without this, civilization must ever be imperfect. Such is the law under which man is created. He who made him and kindled within him the love of the beautiful, the pure and the sublime, made also the natural objects in the world around, which evoke and gratify those feelings. As man hungers and thirsts, the munificence of the planet-home to which he is now bound, gives food and drink; and thereby shows that it is now his appropriate and adapted home. As his spirit also hungers and thirsts, both for higher things, and for the grand, the sublime and the beautiful, so also the munificence of his home provides the thousand-fold grandeurs of sky and cloud, and the earthly beauties of spring and summer, and the thunder and the cataract and the roar of the ocean, and thereby proves itself adapted to, and not contemptuous of, the wants even of his imagination. That only is a complete civilization which patterns in this respect after nature and the Author of Nature; which in its schemes for the education of the *whole* man, embraces intellect, conscience, passions, emotions, reverence, love of beauty, love of pure, high, ennobling nature, and pure, high, ennobling art.

B.

COLERIDGE'S ESTIMATE OF THE FRENCH.

Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder,—each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed.

FREDERICK JEROME.*

BY WILLIAM (ROSS) WALLACE.

We must not omit to mention an act of heroism exhibited towards the close of this melancholy scene (the burning of the "Ocean Monarch.") *When only a few persons, among them some women and children, remained on the burning wreck, paralyzed with fear and totally incapable of helping themselves by descending from the tottering bowsprit to the boats, which, in the midst of a heavy sea and wreck, in vain offered their assistance below, an Englishman, Frederick Jerome,* (a sailor on the American ship, "New World," which, with other vessels, came up to the scene of action,) *stripping himself naked, made his way through the sea and wreck,* and with a line in his hand succeeded in lowering the last helpless victims safely into the boats, being himself the LAST man to leave the wreck.—*London Illustrated News.*

Noon took the waters. Quiet noon
  Was on the quiet sky,
When like a grand and joyous tune
  A proud ship floated by.
O sweetly from her broad white wings
The wind was whispering happy things
  To full five hundred souls:
It spoke of forests waving green
  Far from the weary foam;
Of mountains in the distance seen;
Of cots in vallies stretched between;
Of friends that from the windows lean
  To welcome wanderers home.

On Rider of the bounding deep!
  On Pilgrims of the solemn sea!
From world to world 'tis thine to sweep,
  And who can dream of death with thee?
They dream a day-dream wreathed in flowers;
They dream—it is of festal hours;
They dream—it is of foreign bowers,
  While fresh the land wind swells;
The flocks go up the mountain side;
The wood dove calls her summer bride;
Serenely o'er the village glide
  Old tones from Sabbath bells.—
They dream—that dream has changed—and lo!
A vision comes of flame and wo
  And seas in sullen ire—
The smoke rolls up—the red flames break—
The timbers burn—the topmasts shake—
It is no *dream!* Awake! Awake!
  The Ship's—the Ship's on fire!

O! wild and high the wailing rose
Of hundreds rushing from repose
  Upon the burning deck;
And fierce and fiercer, fiercer through
That ship the fiend of fire flew,
And louder yet the wailings grew
  Along the crackling wreck.
Then manhood looked and darkly smiled;
The mother, frantic, pressed her child;
And lovers pressed together lips,
  Then leaped into the sea,
And grey-haired Age and blooming youth
  Knelt down, O God, to Thee!
New horror strikes the pallid crowd;
Some feebly moan, some shriek aloud,
  Some, silent, only weep—
But hark that cry! that long, wild cry
Of bitter, hopeless agony!—
Again—it sinks into a sigh—
  And hundreds seek the deep!

Then fell a hush upon the few
That round the burning bulwarks threw
Their arms, and, clinging still to life
  With one last wild emotion,
Looked forth for help in that red strife
  Upon the lurid Ocean.
The moments fly—the hot smoke, rolled
Denser and denser from the hold,
Clings round them—see! they gasp for breath,
And one by one sink down to death.
The moments fly—what cry again
Sweeps wildly on the heaving main?
There is a mingled joy and wo
That tells of succor in its flow.
O Heaven! shall these survivors hope?
  Dost thou no longer frown?—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Some noble ships
  Like clouds are floating down
  Upon the burning grave!
They come—they come with smile and shout—
They near—the eager boats are out
To save the wretches tossed about
  On spar and gurgling wave.

And well the gallant sailors there
  Fought with the flame and tide,
And hundreds sinking in despair
  Were seated by their side.
Alas! a piteous group remain
  On the last remnants of the deck;
To these the seamen call in vain
  To leave the sinking wreck.
Fear freezing every heart, they stand,
  Unconscious of the frequent cries,
Like statues in a ruined Land
  With folded arms and moveless eyes.
From boat to boat the question ran
  Is there no one to save?—
"THERE IS!" cried out their noblest man,
  And plunged into the wave.
He breasts the billow in his might—
Undaunted keeps the ship in sight;
To him a carnival of light
  Amid the wreck-strewn foam:
Nor winds, nor waves the Hero check—
One effort more—he mounts the wreck,
And towering on the flaming deck
  The crews behold JEROME!
There mid the rolling smoke and flame,
With joyous brow and fearless frame
  The glorious sailor strides:
He wakes the old man from despair,
The gasping child and woman fair:
See, at his quick command they dare
  To take the peopled tides!

Room, England! in thine Abbey room
  For him when Death must fold
His body in Earth's burial gloom

* I would take this occasion to express my thanks to Mr. Dyott, the fine Tragedian, for the very brilliant and effective manner in which he declaimed this lyric at the New York Broadway Theatre.

Among her Great of old!
He is thy son: from thee he drew
The blood that like sheet-lightning flew
Through all the cloudy past—
The mighty blood that Vikings gave
Like water to the Northern wave,
While shouting through their beards a stave
Of triumph on the blast.
Yes, Mother of the Nations! save
For him, thine own, a bloodless grave:
And, more than NELSONS, such as he
May keep thy throne upon the Sea.
Thy mighty Daughter of the West,
In Freedom's beaming mantle drest,
Shall waft the Sailor's relics home—*
Her flag of stars around his breast,
Her standard on the foam!
There she will clasp thy mother's hand,
And, reverent, cry to thee,
"Place by the Howard of the Land
The Howard of the *Sea!*"

New York, 1848.

* JEROME has become a citizen of the United States.

Camp Life of Hon. William Wirt.

We anticipate much pleasure from Kennedy's Life of William Wirt, which we understand will be before the public by the time that our present number is issued. From the documents and papers of Mr. Wirt, which have been put in Mr. Kennedy's hands, we look for much that is novel and interesting relative to this distinguished man and his times, personally as well as politically. We append an extract from an epistolary diary by Mr. Wirt, while serving as a Captain of Artillery, during the alarm at Richmond, in 1814.

[*Ed. Mess.*

—

We shall now find some pictures of a militia campaign, in the following extracts from a correspondence with Mrs. Wirt. The enemy had captured Washington on the 24th of August. The British fleet had descended the Potomac River, and was now in the Chesapeake Bay. Its destination remained unknown in Richmond, until the movement on Baltimore became apparent. The failure on Baltimore, on the 12th and 13th of September, animated the hopes of the people living in the vicinity of the Chesapeake, and increased their confidence in their power to repel an attack on any other point. A camp was formed below Richmond, on the York River, at a place known as Warrenigh Church. Wirt was there, a captain of artillery, in command of a battalion.

These extracts supply some incidents of camp life.

WARRENIGH, September 9, 1814.

"Your most seasonable supply, under convoy of our man Randal, came in last evening. The starving Israelites were not more gladdened by the arrival of quails and manna, than we were by the salutation of Randal. The fish would have been a superb treat, had there been such an article as a potato in this poverty-stricken land. And yet the parish, according to the old inscriptions, is called 'Bliss-Land.'—The church was built in 1709.

"The British fleet are said to have descended the bay, or to be now doing so. There was a seventy-four at the mouth of York River, day before yesterday. She weighed anchor, yesterday, and went up the bay."

September 12.

"Your kindness and thoughtfulness has filled my camp with luxury. I fear we shall have no opportunity to become memorable for any thing but our good living—for I begin to believe that the enemy will not attempt Richmond. They are said to have gone up the bay on some enterprise. If they are hardy enough to make an attempt on Baltimore, there is no knowing what they may not attempt. We are training twice a day, which does'nt well agree with our poor horses. We have a bad camping ground—on a flat which extends two miles to the river—the water is not good and the men are sickly. I shall want a tent,—about which Cabell must interest himself. Let the materials be good, and have it made under Pryor's direction."

September 13.

"An express this morning tells us that five square-rigged vessels are at the mouth of York River. It is conjectured that the British fleet is coming down the bay. Their object of course, is only guess. Their position indicates equally an ascent of York or James River, or an attack on Norfolk, or a movement to sea to intercept Decatur's squadron.

September 16.

"A letter last night from Cabell, with a good tent and some clothes—for which I beg you to thank him."

* * * * *

September 19.

"The struggle, I now believe, will be a short one. The invincibles of Wellington, are found to be vincible, and are melting away by repeated defeats. The strongest blows they have been striking have been aimed only at the power to dictate a peace. A few more such repulses as they met at Baltimore, will extinguish that lofty hope, and we shall have a peace on terms honorable to us.

"We have heard nothing from them since they

left Baltimore: so that they cannot be yet coming this way,—and we are at a loss to conjecture what they are at.

"Our volunteers are becoming disorderly for want of an enemy to cope with. Quarrels, arrests, courts-martial, are beginning to abound. I have had several reprimands to pronounce at the head of my company, in compliance with the sentence of the courts. To one of these, James, our man, held the candle—it being dark at the time;—and when I finished and turned round, the black rascal was in a broad grin of delight. I was near laughing myself at so unexpected a spectacle. My men are all anxious to return home:—constant applications for furloughs, in which Col. Randolph indulges them liberally. At present, I have not more than men enough to man two guns. One of my sergeants deserted this morning;—another will be put under arrest presently. So much grumbling about rations,—about the want of clothes,—about their wives,—their business, debts, sick children, &c., &c.,—that if I get through this campaign in good temper, I shall be proof against all the cares of a plantation, even as Cabell depicts them.

"—— I am perpetually interrupted by the complaints of my men. Yet I do well, and if they leave me men enough I shall be prepared for a fight in a few days. We expect the enemy somewhere in Virginia, to avenge their discomfiture at Baltimore."

September 26.

"Still at Warrenigh, and less probability of an enemy than ever. We are doing nothing but drilling, firing national salutes for recent victories, listening to the everlasting and growing discontents of the men, and trying their quarrels before courts-martial. I have endeavored to give satisfaction to my company, so far as I could compatibly with discipline. My success, I fear, has been limited. In addition to their rations, which have been very good and abundant, I have distributed to the sick, with a liberal hand, the comforts which your kindness had supplied. The company is well provided with cooking utensils, yet they murmur incessantly. Such are volunteer militia when taken from their homes, and put on camp duty. One source of their inquietude is, that they thought they were coming down merely for a fight, and then to return. Being kept on the ground, after the expectation of a battle has vanished, and not knowing how long they are to remain—looking every day for their discharge—they are enduring the pain of hope deferred, and manifest their disquiet in every form. Of such men, in such a state of mind, in such a service, I am getting heartily sick.

* * * * *

"I was never in better health, and were my men contented, I should be in high spirits. As it is, I shall bear up and discharge my duty with a steady hand. * * * Frank Gilmer, Jefferson Randolph, the Carrs, Upshur, and others, have got tired of waiting for the British, and gone home. David Watson is the only good fellow that remains with us. He is a major, quartered at Abner Tyne's,—messes with us,—takes six pinches of snuff to my one, which he thrusts two inches up his bellows nostrils, and smiles at the luxury of the effort. He is an excellent fellow, and has spouted almost all Shakspeare to us. You remember him as a contributor to the Old Bachelor. He, my second captain, Lambert, and my second lieutenant, Dick, make admirable company for me."

September 28.

"The Blues at Montpelier are suffering much from sickness. Murphy, your brother John and his friend Blair are all down. The other companies are almost unofficered—the men very sickly. I strongly suspect that if we are kept much longer hovering over these marshes, our soldiers will fall like the grass that now covers them. We hope to be ordered in a few days to Richmond. It is believed on every hand that the British, with their mutinous and deserting troops, will not attempt a march on Richmond through the many defiles, swamps, thickets and forests that line the road, where, besides the abundant opportunities for desertion, nature has formed so many covers for our riflemen and infantry. * * * * * * If we should be ordered to Richmond, I have no idea that my company will be discharged. It will be kept there ready to march at a moment's warning."

Here ends the campaign of Captain Wirt, and with it the last of his military aspirations. This little piece of history is a faithful transcript of some of the most characteristic incidents of militia warfare in nearly all the service of the war of 1812.

"I would not," says the author of this brief diary, in a subsequent letter to Mrs. W., "with my present feelings and opinions, accept of any military commission the United States could confer. * * I will be a private citizen as long as I can see that, by being so, I shall be of use towards maintaining those who are dependent upon me; holding myself ever ready for my country's call in time of need. * * *

"We shall soon see whether Lord Hill, who is

expected on the coast with fourteen thousand men, will single out Virginia for his operations. My own impression is that he goes to the relief of Canada, which feels itself in danger from our recent successes there."

Some business for a friend now took him to Washington. It was in October of this year—1814. Congress was in session. The Capitol was in ruins, having been burnt by the enemy in August. The President's house was in the same condition. There were other vestiges of the ravage of the late visitation of General Ross and Admiral Cockburn.

[*From the Home Journal.*]

TO MISS AMELIE LOUISE RIVES,

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE.

* LADY! that bark will be more richly freighted,
That bears thee proudly on to foreign shores,
Than argosies of which old poets prated,
With Colchian fleece or with Peruvian ores;
And should the prayers of friendship prove availing,
That trusting hearts now offer up for thee,
'Twill ride the crested wave with braver sailing
Than ever pinnace on the Pontic sea.

The sunny land thou seekest o'er the billow
May boast indeed the honors of thy birth,
And they may keep a vigil round thy pillow
Whom thou dost love most dearly upon earth,
Yet shall there not remain with thee a vision,
Some lingering thought of happy faces here,
Fonder and fairer than the dreams elysian
Wherein thy future's radiant hues appear?

The high and great shall render thee obeisance,
In halls bedecked with tapestries of gold,
And mansions shall be brighter for thy presence
Where swept the stately Medicis of old—
Still 'mid the pomp of all this courtly lustre,
I cannot think that thou wilt all forget
The pleasing fantasies that thickly cluster
Around the walls of the old homestead yet!

Σ

* These lines are transferred to the columns of the Messenger, at the request of several friends, from that very excellent paper, "The Home Journal." As a change is made in the signature attached to them, (the letter "E" having been erroneously substituted by the Journal's compositor for the Greek Σ)—a liberty which could not be taken except upon the "best authority,"—the Editor of the Messenger thinks it not improper to state that he wrote them himself.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The gentle Juliet would probably have never asked this question of her lover, had she lived within the jurisdiction of the English Court of Common Pleas, or, had she asked it, would have been furnished with a satisfactory answer in the dictum of the Lord Chief Justice and his *confreres* of the long robe, in the case of Kimersley v. Knott. £65 10s. it seems may be in a name even when expressed only by the initial letter. We recollect, in the days of our catechism, to have seen the answer of "M or N" to the simple question of "What is your name?"—which would doubtless be held bad upon demurrer, since the judgment of the court in the case cited. However this may be, we feel satisfied that our readers will not quarrel with us, for laying before them the arguments of counsel and other proceedings, *in extenso*, in Kimersley v. Knott, the more especially as the ingenious and accomplished Talfourd is the chief speaker. The legal fraternity everywhere will appreciate the wit that has been thrown around this KNOTT-Y question, nor will the best hits be "caviare to the general." It is not often that the stern countenance of Themis is relaxed with such comicalities, or that Mr. Justice Maule assumes the cap and bells for the amusement of the public.

[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

Court of Common Pleas.----Sittings in Banco.

KIMERSLEY *v.* KNOTT.

A declaration against the indorser of a bill of exchange, in which the defendant is styled simply "James M. Knott," is bad, because the Christian name of the defendant is not properly set forth under stat. 4, William IV., ch. 42.

In this case the plaintiff, as endorser of a bill of exchange of £65 10s., brought an action against the defendant as the acceptor, and declared against him by the name of "John M. Knott," being that by which he had signed the note, but without stating in the declaration that the defendant had so signed it. To this declaration the defendant demurred specially, and assigned as the ground of his demurrer, that the declaration had not properly set forth his Christian name, nor assigned any reason under the statute, 3rd and 4th, Wm. IV., c. 42, for not doing so.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, on behalf of the defendant, said their lordships were often told that a case rested on a word, but here, it rested on a letter only. It was his duty to contend, both upon principle and precedent, that this was a good ground of demurrer. The court had decided that the letter "I," being a vowel, and capable of pronunciation, might be taken to be a Christian name, but they had at the same time intimated, that such would not be the case with a consonant, which, as it could not be sounded alone, would be deemed to be not a name, but an initial letter only. Now, in this case, "M" was plainly an initial letter, for it could not be pronounced by itself. Standing by itself, there-

fore, it meant nothing. He was sure a very eminent authoress, (Miss Edgeworth,) whose loss they had recently had to lament, was of opinion, that all the letters of the alphabet, by the mode in which they were explained, were rendered little more, (to use judicial language,) than a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare,"—that A B C D, &c., meant A B C D, &c., and nothing more; but even if it would avail him, he feared his friend could not rely upon such authority.

The Lord Chief Justice: You say the "M" means nothing—then let it mean nothing. Would a scratch be demurrable?

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd: I say that "M," by itself, cannot be pronounced, and means nothing; but here it does mean something. which something ought to have been stated or explained under the statute. Suppose a person of the name of John Robbins, the court would surely hold a declaration bad, which described him by the word John and figures of the red-breast! In like manner the court would hold this declaration bad, because it either put a sign for one of the defendant's names, or described it by the initial letter. A consonant by itself, was a mere sound without meaning. The letter H, indeed, by the custom of London and some other places, was no sound at all, [laughter] though elsewhere it often protruded itself on all occasions, [renewed laughter.]

Mr. Justice Maule: I had a policeman before me as a witness the other day, who told me he belonged to the "hen" division, and it was not until some farther stage in the cause, that I discovered it was not a division designated by the name of a bird, but by "N," the alphabetical letter, [Great laughter.]

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd: It will probably be contended that this person might have been christened in the manner the bill is signed, but I submit that the court will not intend that. It is true we often hear of absurd Christian names, and I myself remember when many persons insisted upon having their children christened "Sir Francis Burdett."

Mr. Justice Maule: I remember a very learned and ingenious argument by Mr. Jardine when I sat in the court of exchequer, by which he proved to the satisfaction of the court, that the Christian name is the real name, and the surname is only an addition; that in the case of John Stiles for instance, John is the real name, but Stiles was perhaps originally added only because the ancestor lived near one.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd: Then having, I hope, convinced the court that "M" by itself cannot be a name, and means nothing, I submit it must be understood as an initial, and therefore that it have ought to have been so stated.

Mr. Justice Maule: Pleadings are in writing, therefore the law presumes that the court can read and know its letters. Vowels may be names, and in "Sully's Memoirs" a Monsieur D'O. is spoken of; but consonants cannot be names alone, as they require in pronunciation the aid of vowels.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd: Yes, but in the case of consonants, they are taken to be but initials, when used alone both in law and in literature. Throughout the ponderous volumes of Richardson's novels, for instance, we find persons spoken of in this manner. In "Clarissa Harlowe," for instance, "Lord M." is mentioned throughout four volumes, but it could never be understood that this was the real name or any thing more than an initial. Again, an author well known to the lord chief justice (Charles Lamb) wrote a farce, entitled simply "Mr. H.," but the whole turns upon this being the initial only of a name he wished to conceal. In his prologue to it, he humorously says:

"When the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
When vice reduced in size shrinks to a failing,
And loses half her progress by curtailing,
Faux pas are told in such a modest way,
The affair of Colonel B—with Mrs. A—,
You must forgive them; for what is there, say,
Which such a pliant Vowel must not grant,
To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
When mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife 's a Liquid, her good man a Mute."

And he concludes by an appeal to the consequences of this "mincing fashion," which (said the learned sergeant) I trust will have great weight with your lordships, for he adds—

Oh, should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead:
How would ambition sigh and hang the head,
As each loved syllable should melt away,
Her Alexander turned into great A,
A single C, her Cæsar to express,
Her Scipio sunk into a Roman S—
And nick'd and dock'd to those new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself to Mr. H—."

The learned sergeant then cited and argued upon a variety of cases on his side of the question, and submitted that their lordships ought to decide in favor of his client.

Mr. F. Robinson, on behalf of the plaintiff, said he did not deny the right of every Englishman, to be called by every name given him at his baptism; but he submitted that before he claimed to be privileged on that account, he must show that his privilege has been invaded. Here it was assumed throughout, that the "M" in the name "John M. Knott" was an initial letter, but

he believed there were instances in which persons had been christened in this remarkable way in this country. He was told there was lately a bank director who was christened "Edmund R. Robinson;" but were it otherwise in this country, did it follow, that in no other country. Jew, Turk, or heathen might not use such names? If, however, it were not an initial letter, why did not his friend apply to have the right name substituted? If it were a misdescription, it was pleadable in abatement. Such a name might originate from an error of the clergyman at the christening.

The Lord Chief Justice: In the upper circles of society it is customary to hand in the name in writing, which prevents mistake.

Mr. Justice Maule: The practice of the circles with which I am conversant was, and I believe is, to give the name verbally. There was, however, a gentleman, the sheriff of one of the counties I went through on circuit, Mr. John Wanley Sawbridge Erle Drax, whose name was very probably handed in, [laughter.]

Mr. Robinson: There are many Scotch and French names, such as M'Donald, M'Taggart, D'Harcourt, D'Horsey—how are such names to be set out in the pleadings? Suppose, again, a man's name were the name of a river, as X?

Mr. Justice Maule: But that is not spelt so; it *idem per idem*, X for ex. Beer, I believe, is sometimes called X, but not water, [laughter.]

Mr. Robinson: There are some of our names which are precisely those of letters; as Gee, Jay, Kay, &c.

Mr. Justice Maule: But here it is not *sonans*, only *consonans*, and cannot be sounded without other letters.

Mr. Robinson: Their lordships should remember the existence of a publication called the *Fonetic Nuz*, and unless they meant to give a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to that rising science, he hoped they would not decide against his client, [laughter.] But he had seriously to submit, that by demurring to this declaration the defendant admitted, according to legal principles, that his name was that which was stated in the declaration.

Mr. Justice Cresswell referred to and distinguished this case from the case of "Roberts v. Moon," in 5 Term Reports, where a plea in abatement of misnomer, beginning "and the said Richard, sued by the name of Robert," was held bad.

Mr. Justice Maule suggested that as £65 10s depended upon the question, it would be better for the plaintiff to amend. Mr. Robinson declined to do so, and contended no case could be cited directly in support of the demurrer, and therefore that the court should decide in favor of the plaintiff.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd having briefly replied,

The Lord Chief Justice: The various stages in the argument in this case have been already discussed and decided. The courts have decided that they will not assume that a consonant letter expresses a name, but they will assume it expresses an initial only; and they further decided, that the insertion of an initial letter instead of a name is a ground of demurrer, and is not merely an irregularity. In the case of Nash v. Collier, this court decided that a demurrer to the declaration which described the defendants' name as William Henry W. Collier was not frivolous, and gave a strong intimation, which the plaintiff had the good sense to attend to, that he ought to amend his declaration. That decision was acted upon by the court of exchequer in the subsequent case of Miller v. Hayes, and as it appears to me the case is precisely similar to the present; I think we must decide in favor of the demurrer.

The other judges concurring.

Judgment for the defendant.

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.*

Michel rang the bell, ordered a sumptuous breakfast to be served up, of which, however, he alone partook, and among other things expressed a wish to Asmodeus to know something of the condition of the world in future, say a hundred years hence, as he thought that the discovery of steam power and its application to the new inventions of the age, especially rail-roads, must necessarily create great changes.

"If you wish," said Asmodeus, "directly after breakfast I will entertain you with some pictures of futurity."

"Let the breakfast go to the d—," exclaimed Michel springing up from his chair, "let me see them now, and then for Vienna."

Asmodeus struck with his stick upon a small table and it was instantaneously transformed into a large show-box in which nothing was as yet visible but the glass in which the spectator gazes.

"Now look in there," said he, "and I will explain wherever it may be necessary."

Michel did not wait for him to repeat this invitation but stuck not only his nose but his whole

* Extract from a late German work entitled Dämonische Reisen in alle Welt, or A Journey with Asmodeus round the World.

visage into the aperture and stared with mouth and eyes wide open.

"*Mon Dieu!* I ought to know this country," exclaimed he, "is not that Maintz. Surely I see the Dome, the Eichelstein and our glorious Rhine! But how is this? I must be mistaken, for I see no fortifications and what does this mean? Yonder lie the ruins of a rail-road?"

"Quite correct, but pay attention and it will explain itself to you." Michel looked and suddenly there appeared about two hundred yards above the earth two little air-ships which met directly over the city of Maintz. Each of them contained one solitary but most splendidly dressed passenger. When they arrived within a few paces of each other a mutual recognition seemed to take place, and by pressing on a spring they caused the wing-like wheels of their little vessels to pause while they remained stationary in the air. Michel who was not only all eye but also all ear, now plainly heard the following conversation which was held in the air.

"Ah, my best compliments to you, Madame Tiltrina, whence come you so early in the morning?" was the address of a Berlin court-tailor to a court-milliner from St. Petersburg, seated in the other little ship.

"The Princes Y. has chased me thus early from my elastic hair-couch in order to procure in great haste a sylphide dress for her from Paris, as she wishes to attend a fête given at the court of Constantinople this evening. All the *beau-monde* from London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna will be there in high gala dress, and I must also, in my wanderings, obtain a pair of rattle-snake bracelets of the newest style, together with the celebrated "variations to God save the King," composed by Adkinson Goddamounth, for the Princess H. Only a short half hour ago I left St. Petersburg. But allow me to ask in turn whence you come so early, honored Mr. Dünnspecht?"

"I come from the place to which you are going, most worthy lady; the same cause which takes you there has started me thus early. I had to procure from the steam factory of M. Toulpret new dresses for two princes who will wear them to night at the festival of the Turkish emperor. Only see how splendid they are, (Dünnspecht unfolded the dresses and showed them to the lady.) The Diné dansant will be in full costume."

"I know it, and you will make your own profit by it not so dear, Mr. Dünnspecht?"

The artist-tailor laughed pleasantly.

"But tell me, dear sir, what ruins are those lying directly under us?"

"They are the remains of a rail-road of the last century which led from Frankfort to Maintz, and on which they used to travel before the discovery of our air-ships with their steam engines."

"Travelling must have been very tedious in those days."

"Certainly, my dear, only imagine, they scarcely made four or five German miles in an hour, and our good ancestors thought it marvellous with what speed they travelled."

"How very tiresome, a true snail-post. But when did the wise idea of air-navigation first originate?"

"Some fifty years ago; it was in the year 1893 (about fifty-three years ago, as we are now in 1946) that an English mechanic discovered these useful air-machines which enable us to travel with so much more comfort and speed as well as so little expense. They have been improved upon until they have attained their present state of perfection, going at the rate of fifty or more German miles an hour, and the wheels having the power of from 10 to 500 eagles' wings. Indeed, by the most accurate accounts, the great American war-ships, which carry twenty pieces of steam cannon and four steam mortars have a power equalling nearly 800 eagles' wings."

"You astonish me, Mr. Dunnspecht! But, apropos! they speak of a war which has broken out between North America and the empire of Japan?"

"It is true, my best lady, Japan is the only state in which duties are still imposed, for they have been abolished for more than fifty years in all the other countries of the world as useless and disadvantageous to the States, inasmuch as the mercantile interests were soon balanced by the immense interchange of all the products of the world, and as the revenues of the different governments diminished by the loss of the duties were richly covered by the increase of direct taxes."

"Oh, that must have been a great plague! To see duties laid on one's honestly acquired estate, or to have one's little baggage rumpled and thrown about by good-for-nothing custom-house officers. But to return to the war with Japan. How did it turn out?"

"After the Japanese had surprised, imprisoned the crew and confiscated the goods of an American air-merchant ship which had come down in the night in the neighborhood of Jeddo and was endeavoring to smuggle her merchandise into the city, the news induced an imperial American air-fleet to weigh anchor, and some three days ago they flew to Japan, and this morning it was reported on the Exchange in Paris, that their Capital, Jeddo, had been utterly destroyed in a few minutes for refusing to deliver up either the

spoil or prisoners, by a storm of fire bombs and rockets which the fleets discharged upon them from a height of 1000 feet."

"*Mon Dieu!* that is very frightful! If it only does not injure our business, though I have had little to do with Japan as yet, still— But only look, Mr. Dunnspecht! yonder in the mist-like distance I perceive several specks, what may they be?"

"Gracious Heavens! they are air-pirates; quick to the earth, my best lady, or we are lost."

They both hastily let themselves down till within a few yards of the earth.

"But where are we now, Mr. Dunnspecht! I do not recognise the country rightly."

"Just over the boulevards of Maintz; see they are still employed in levelling some places where the walls once stood. Since air-travelling has become general, all fortifications are as useless and impossible as duties are—everywhere they have been destroyed, and in Paris the last vestiges of those built in the time of Louis Philippe are fast disappearing."

"I only wonder that they have not discovered and erected air-fortifications ere this!"

"Oh they may come yet. But, my charming Madame Tiltrina, the pirates must have taken another direction, we have lost sight of them. How would it be as we are so near the earth if we were to take a slight breakfast? Allow me the pleasure of inviting you to partake of one. After travelling in the air one has always an appetite."

"You are too kind, Mr. Dunnspecht, but I accept your invitation. Where shall we put up?"

"I think in Frankfort, the second city in the kingdom of Hessia, in the China Hotel formerly known as the White Swan, we shall be excellently served. Mr. Kühner has always the freshest sea-lobsters and the most costly skiras."

"Just as you please, Mr. Dunnspecht."

And the two little ships peaceably descended together to Frankfort, which, since the last peace, had united itself for the kingdom of Hessia, formerly a Grand Duchy, for its own welfare and benefit. They descended in the Comedien Platz and proceeded to the China Hotel.

"You have had enough for one time," said the devil drawing a bolt over the glass, "another time you shall see more." And with a stroke of his stick the box once more resumed its original shape of a table.

"That is all well enough," said Michel, "if you have not been deceiving me."

"By no means, you have seen nothing but the bare truth in the mirror."

"Well then our successors will have it a hundred times better than we ourselves. But now for Vienna."

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

A TRANSLATION.

BY J. E. LEIGH.

In the following translation of the Marseilles Hymn the sense of the original has been adhered to with reasonable fidelity. Whenever the author has not given its very ideas, he has endeavored to preserve its spirit; and it will probably be perceived that every departure from the conceptions of the original has been made by the substitution of sentiments obviously suggested by the original ideas. This attempt at a translation of "*The Marseillaise*" is certainly an act of temerity. The author does not flatter himself that it has been executed in the spirit of poetry, and would not offer it but for the fact that the lines generally received as a version of the Hymn, beginning

> "Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
> Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!"

are in no sense a translation. They constitute indeed an exceedingly spirit-stirring poem, and are not inferior in vigor to the Marseilles Hymn; but they are in truth an original poem. They do not convey the ideas and sentiments of the French of Rouget de Lisle.

—

I.

Ye sons of France, ho! now 's the hour!
The day of glory dawns for you:
See frowns of tyrants o'er you lower!
Their blood-stained banner streams in view:
Hark! hark! where'er that flag is floating,
Exulting Slaughter's shouts are heard!
On comes the foe, at tyrants' word
Your children, wives, to death devoting.

To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrants' blood
May fertilize our France!

II.

This horde of slaves by traitors headed!
These banded kings, what is't they seek?
For whom prepared these fetters dreaded?
For whom these chains so long they keep?
Ye men of France! for us intended!
What indignation should we feel,
When tyrants thus their plans reveal,
Renewing bondage which we ended!

To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrants' blood
May fertilize our France.

III.

Shall foreign troops for conquest banded,
At our own hearth their law prescribe?
Shall hirelings base, by gold commanded,
Appal our warriors' hearts of pride?
Shall wretches in their chains exulting
Impose on us their cherished yoke,
Or tyrants with their vengeful stroke
Cleave down our rights from God resulting?
To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrants' blood
May fertilize our France.

IV.

Ye despots tremble! traitors tremble!
Ye scorned and spurned on ev'ry side!
No longer now can ye dissemble,
Nor from our wrath your treason hide:
We'll seek you where the battle rages,
And if we fall, our place supplied,
A quenchless vengeance we'll confide
To those who follow, through all ages.
To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrants' blood
May fertilize our France.

V.

Bold champions of a gen'rous people!
Know when to spare and where to strike;
O spare th' unwilling foes and feeble,
Who by constraint against you fight!
Strike despots down, for blood contending;
Slay, slay the traitors to your cause,
The fiends who, false to nature's laws,
Are seen their mother's bosoms rending.
To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrant's blood
May fertilize our France!

VI.

O Love of Country, flame most holy!
Our hand to vengeance now incite.
O, Freedom, goddess, chiefest glory!
Now for thy vot'ries rule the fight,
That vict'ry then thy form beholding,
May seize and bear our flag on high,
And ev'ry foe shall fall and die
Beneath thy might, our cause upholding.
To arms! to arms! ye men!
In serried ranks advance!
March on! march on! that tyrant's blood
May fertilize our France.

Memphis, Tenn. August, 1849.

A few Reflections on the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez.

In the search of the mind after greatness, no period of the world's history will so much command its attention as the sixteenth century. The era of Charles the Fifth, of Henry the Eighth, of Francis the First, of Leo the Tenth, is replete with knowledge and instruction to the student who desires to trace the development of all that is wonderful and fearful in man's physical, moral and intellectual nature.

Amid the various causes which aided in rendering this an age conspicuous for its energies of mind, are to be found that love of adventure and thirst for discovery, the offspring of that grand impulse given to the world by the genius and perseverance of Columbus.

Spain stood preëminently renowned among the nations of Europe, and her chivalrous sons sought new arenas for the display of that valor which had rendered her fields classic, as the home of the knight and the birth-place of the troubadour.

As the characteristic feature of the age, the power of the monarch rose superior to, and above the will of the people—the concentration of all authority. Fostered and protected beneath the wings of this mighty influence, there sprung into existence as the fit instrument of its exercise, those vast and powerful monopolies, the scourge of humanity, and the demonstration of that despotism which, seated in power, acts upon man as the subject of its fearful oppression. Through the medium of these monopolies the reckless and daring, the fallen grandee, and the man of dissipated habits, were induced to seek a trial of their military prowess and reparation of their fortunes in those newly discovered regions which imagination had clothed as abounding in all the riches of the East—the splendid realization of the wildest fancy. The security, the rights, the possessions of nations which had hitherto enjoyed in innocence the blessings of Heaven, were trampled upon, while vast empires were utterly destroyed by the cruelty and oppression of these colonists.

It was under circumstances such as these, and under patronage of such a character, that one of the most remarkable men appeared to act in the grand drama of this century, a point conspicuous for the ability, the daring and the want of principle with which it was performed. This was the conqueror of Mexico—this was the man who, rearing for himself a monument upon the destruction of an ancient people and empire, has

handed down as a theme for universal detestation the name of Hernando Cortez.

Although there is within us a strange and mysterious feeling which prompts us to look with something like mystic reverence upon those exhibitions of courage and devoted heroism where thousands "end their feverish dream of life," and incites the imagination to roam with delight over those fields which have been rendered classic by the loss of the brave and the great, yet it would be needless to pause and harrow up the nicer sensibilities of our nature by dwelling upon the career of the actors of this conquest, traced as it is by blood, and marked by every thing revolting to humanity. There would be no pleasure in the retrospection—there would be no high and lofty exhibitions of the virtues of human nature—nothing would be presented but a violation of every principle of right resulting in the destruction of an ancient empire, the execution of a noble monarch, the wilful murder of inoffensive inhabitants, the pillage and desecration of their temples of worship, and the slavery of a people who had enjoyed in undisturbed possession the blessings of an independent government throughout many ages. And yet such is the enthusiasm which always attaches to deeds of conquest, such the captivating influence which history exerts as it unfolds in its pages of immortality feats of oppression and splendid daring, that the mind is bewitchingly enticed to lose sight, in the contemplation of grand and brilliant achievements, of the dark and destructive means by which those achievements have been accomplished. This disposition, to be deluded by the fictitious coloring which deeds of military renown throw over the principles of justice, is not confined to the illiterate and narrow-minded, but pervades all classes, and the man of enlightened judgment and lofty understanding, as he pores over the pages of the ancient chronicler of these startling events that so fearfully destroyed the hitherto unbroken silence and mystery of a newly discovered world, catches that feeling which operated so powerfully upon the mind of our illustrious historian, and is induced with him to turn to the defence of those who converted "a happy and smiling country into a bloody sepulchre."

But experience will prove that while we should study and investigate the works of those great minds who have thrown rich floods of intellectual light over the darkness of history, or any other department of literature, they would by no means be safe guides to follow when we come to weigh the justice of men's actions by the high standard of the present age. This conclusion is irresistibly forced upon the mind in a perusal of Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico—and we feel compelled to agree with the writer who remarks, "that the imagination of the author, caught and dazzled by the hero's fame and wonderful qualities, had mastered the calm judicial impartiality so material for the purposes of history."

Whilst therefore we would add our humble tribute to the tide of gratitude to him for having placed the literature of our country upon so noble and enduring a basis, we feel constrained respectfully to differ from the conclusions that he has drawn from the facts which he has recorded. But as the design and character of these brief reflections alike forbid that I should enter at large upon the objections to these conclusions which appear at the end of his work, I shall only notice his justification of Cortez and his measures, on the ground of his having introduced the christian religion—and also what the historian has set forth as the result of these measures.

We are told that Cortez, as he stood amid the vast and magnificent scenery of the new world and beheld the idolatry of those nations who had reared grand and massive temples to their Divinities, felt his soul moved by the desire to bring them to the knowledge of the Cross and make them subjects to the crown of Spain. We are even told that this desire for the extension of Christianity formed one of the leading objects of his life. But it must be confessed, after a careful investigation, in the most accredited histories of the day of the causes of his actions, from the time when buoyant with hope and filled with the love of adventure, he left his native country, to the day, when the riches and splendor of the Indian empire lay unveiled before his eyes, we have been utterly unable to find any demonstration of a particular religious sentiment, and the first expression that fell from his lips, upon landing in the New World, that "he came to get gold and not to till the soil like a peasant," as well as the general character and habitudes of the man, would seem sufficiently to disprove it.

Claiming as he and his associates did the Bible to be the standard of their actions, its holy precepts and commandments based upon mankind as the subjects of universal philanthropy at once condemned them.

The spotless integrity and singleness of purpose of those who first proclaimed the tidings of "Peace and good will" among men as they went forth poor and friendless wanderers upon the face of the earth, contrast strangely with the character of these conquerors who panoplied in power, acted upon the darkest and blackest of all maxims—"that the end justifies the means."

If then robbery, pillage and the exhibition of all the vilest passions of human nature are at variance with the Bible, it is evident that these

men cannot be justified by that standard—and to urge in their defence that they bore with them the word of Life is but to endeavor by the drapery of religion and virtue to cover those deeds of darkness and cruelty, at which the cheek of shame itself would blush.

The result of the conquest has been set forth in defence of the motives which prompted it—and in order calmly to consider the effect of this reasoning we would briefly direct attention to the situation of Mexico before and after its subjugation.

Losing their origin in the antiquity of past ages, the Mexican people had risen in power and their empire had become the pride and glory of the western world. With a system of jurisprudence remarkable for its equity, and firm and decided in its execution, order and harmony were the characteristics of its government. The more refined acquirements of Music, Poetry and Painting were cultivated to a great extent, but our minds are more deeply impressed with the solemn grandeur and lofty conceptions of the Mexican Mythology. They reared to their Divinities grand and magnificent temples, which still remain as monuments of their architectural greatness, and living criticisms of the pigmy efforts of those by whom they were succeeded. The barbaric splendor, the dark and mysterious rites, the superstitious reverence of their worship, fill us with awe and amazement. They had reached their golden age, they had arrived at the climax of their greatness. Fearful was the responsibility of those who removed from the nations of the earth a people so numerous, the monuments of whose genius, like those of the ancient Egyptians, still stand a problem and study for the investigation of the man of science and the devotee of literature. But the accomplishment of their destiny was at hand. Those men came, who seemed to have borrowed the thunder of heaven and the lightning of the clouds, in order to effect the accomplishment of the dark prophecy which had been handed down from earliest antiquity, that "a race of men from the East should come and possess their country."

We read of revolutions and civil wars upon the page of history, and trace the exaltation of man and a higher advance in civilization to the conflict of these elements—but here whole nations have been destroyed, and where is the *grand result?* where are the mighty blessings to be offered as a recompense for the effusion of so much blood?

Opening the record, we read the result, as though by divine infliction, in the loss of power, of greatness, and position of the Spanish nation—we read it in their subjugated country—that land of revolution and chaos—the hot bed of faction—the exemplification to mankind of moral and political degradation for the last three centuries.

Living as we do in the highest period of man's civilization, with all the lights of the past around us, to direct us in our search for truth, we can learn a grand and impressive lesson, from the *result* of the two great events that have occurred upon the Western Continent—the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—the one accomplished through the *auri sacra fames*—the other effected in the fear of the Almighty, for the erection of a "faith's pure shrine"—the one an illustration of the effects of an indulgence of the viler passions of man's nature—the other leading to the establishment of a powerful empire, the nursery of wise, and great, and gifted men.

In regard to Mexico, the heart of the philanthropist is grieved to discover that no bow of promise has as yet appeared to gild the dark cloud of her national degradation or point him to her moral and political advancement. As he wanders amidst her vast solitudes and majestic mountains, he discovers the monumental vestiges of a great people—they have been destroyed—but casting his eyes over the scene presented to his view, he reads the solemn result of national turpitude and injustice—in a feeble and impotent government exercising its petty tyranny over those lands which were once ruled by the puissant and accomplished Montezuma—and feels his heart filled with sorrow at the destruction of a mysterious and fearful race, as he stands amid the records of the past, where

> Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene
> And tells that Glory's footsteps there have been—
> There hath the spirit of the mighty passed
> Not without record, though the desert blast
> Borne on the wings of Time hath swept away,
> The proud creations reared to brave decay.

H.

A SONNET OF MOXON.

The cygnet crested on the purple water,
  The fawn at play beside its graceful dam;
  On cowslip bank, in spring, the artless lamb;
The Hawthorn robed in white, May's fragrant daughter;
  The willow weeping o'er the silent stream;
The rich laburnum with its golden show;
  The fairy vision of a poet's dream;
On summer eve earth's many-colour'd bow;
  Diana at her bath; Aurora bright;
The dove that sits and singeth o'er her woes;
  The star of eve; the lily, child of light;
Fair Venus' self, as from the sea she rose!
  Imagine these, and I in truth will prove
  They are not half so fair as she I love.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: A Biography. By *Washington Irving*. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. London: John Murray. 1849.

Poor Goldy has been fortunate in his biographers. First there came Prior, already known for his Life of Edmund Burke, an industrious student, who compiled two volumes of memoirs, most reliable and instructive, the facts gleaned by patient research from the best sources of information. It was the office of Prior to give to succeeding generations the first distinct idea of Goldsmith as a man, to resuscitate him, as it were, and cause him to pass before us bodily, and to disabuse the public mind of an impression which seems to have fastened upon it, that Goldsmith was at best but a bear with the reflective faculties, whom the patronage of Dr. Johnson, the *ursa major*, alone kept in social respectability. A habit had become general to narrate the most absurd and ridiculous stories of his awkwardness, and Garrick, in the mildest of those satirical epitaphs which provoked the mirth of St. James's Coffee House, had spoken of him, as one

Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Most of these popular legends were dissipated by the painstaking investigations of Prior, whose work, though out of print, and in some measure superseded by later publications, will long be regarded as a valuable collection of historical materials.

"The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith" from the pen of John Forster of the Inner Temple, was the next work on the same subject. From the habitually critical and inquiring mind of the Editor of the London Examiner, the public had a right to expect a work of graceful composition and of philosophical acuteness. His former effort, "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth," had heightened this expectation. Nor was the public disappointed. Taking the facts already gathered by Prior, and adding to them in a few instances, he produced a picturesque and discriminating biography, full of earnest sympathy with the subject, and subtle criticism upon his writings. The work of Forster may be regarded as a fitting companion to the Vicar of Wakefield, tracing the career of Goldsmith through all its pathetic vicissitudes of light and shade, and while reproving all too gently the errors into which he fell, pleasing us with its spirit of charity, and instructing us with the full exposition of the results of folly, even in the most gifted.

Lastly, we have a Biography of Goldsmith, written by him, who of all others, more nearly resembles Goldsmith in the purity and freedom of his style—Washington Irving. The history of this work is succinctly told by Mr. Irving in the Preface. It was originally but a meagre sketch, written to accompany Baudry's Paris edition of Goldsmith's Writings. In preparing for the press the complete series of his works now in course of publication by Mr. Putnam, he was induced to re-write and materially enlarge it, availing himself without stint, as he handsomely acknowledges, of the labors of both Prior and Forster. The result has been that we have now before us a biography of Goldsmith, which will be in every body's hand; a genial, happy representation, in which the group around the board of the "Three Jolly Pigeons" relieves the dogmatism of Johnson and the impertinence of Boswell; a book full of incident and anecdote narrated by the same delightful companion, who has hitherto led us over prairies and mountain solitudes to the far distant shores of the Pacific, who has directed our steps through the verdant windings of Sleepy Hollow, who "peopled the Alhambra and made eloquent its shadows," and of whom it may be said with equal propriety as of Oliver himself,

Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

This volume is the eleventh of the series of Mr. Putnam's new edition which we have had occasion so frequently to commend. We observe with pleasure, a notice from the publisher, that he designs very shortly to commence the publication of the "Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith," in uniform style, which shall be the most complete and elegant edition ever issued.

Irving's Life of Goldsmith may be found at the store of Messrs. Nash and Woodhouse.

LETTERS FROM THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS. *By Charles Lanman*. New York. Geo P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

Mr. Lanman is well known to the readers of the Messenger as a pleasing and accurate writer, and they will not need our recommendation to induce them to purchase the present volume. He excels in the very department of composition of which these Letters constitute a specimen, the description of nature in mountain and flood and forest. His "Summer in the Wilderness" met with large and well-deserved success, and his pictures of scenery in the Alleghany Mountains, can not fail to delight the appreciative reader. These letters having first appeared in the National Intelligencer, the volume is appropriately dedicated to Joseph Gales, Esq.

Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse have it for sale.

WHELER'S SOUTHERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. C. L. Wheler, Editor and Proprietor, Athens, Georgia.

Through inadvertence we failed to greet the first number of this pleasing little monthly, which made its appearance in July last. We have now to make our acknowledgments to the Editor for two subsequent numbers, and to welcome him cordially to the Literary Press of the South. He is supported in his undertaking by a corps of able contributors, and we shall look to him for substantial assistance in the good work of fostering a taste for letters in the Southern States.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and his greatest Enemy. By *W. M. Thackeray*. Author of "Vanity Fair," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

We have on our table the first two numbers of this new novel of Thackeray, in a beautiful reprint of the Harpers, which presents a close resemblance to the original London edition. Some of the wood-cuts are capital. They are designed, if we are not mistaken, by the author himself, and give therefore a much better idea of the persons and scenes that he depicts in the letter-press, than could be afforded by the work of another person.

Thackeray has an established position in English literature. Vanity Fair gave it to him. The knowledge of the world exhibited in that biting satire upon fashionable *life* set him aparts distinctively from the rest of his cotempo-

raries. No one else seizes hold of a foible so readily or presents it in such a ridiculous light. Becky Sharp, in whom were united almost all those bad qualities over which the varnish of wealth throws a deceitful gloss, was therefore recognized at once as a type of character, somewhat overdrawn, perhaps, but strongly marked for remembrance and illustration as Dugald Dalgetty or Miss Miggs. We do not see far enough into Pendennis as yet to enable us to determine whether it will come up to Vanity Fair. We conjecture simply that it does not aim so high. Yet we predict that it will be pleasanter reading. It seems so far to be a book of purely domestic life in town and country, with some finely drawn characters and a slight infusion of goodness which Vanity Fair wanted.

The book is for sale by A. Morris.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, Applied to Modern Residences, &c., &c. By *D. H. Arnot*, Architect. New York: 1849. Nos. 5. and 6. D. Appleton & Co.

The growing taste for ornamental country-houses throughout the United States, is gratifying to the lover of the graceful and beautiful. We are pleased to see it manifested very decidedly in Virginia in the erection of handsome cottages, and occasionally, more aspiring residences in a castellated style. The tasteful structures that adorn the banks of the Hudson and skirt the suburbs of Boston, strike the eye of the stranger with peculiar pleasure, and it will not be long we trust before the fine sites that one observes around our own city are occupied by similar edifices. One by one, the old family-seats in lower Virginia, erected in colonial days, with their queer dormer-windows and fantastic gables, are passing away. As long as they are capable of repair, we would cling to them, as ancestral relics of a by-gone age. But accidents of fire or flood, or the progress of decay will remove them now and then, and huge piles of red-brick or stucco take their places. We could wish the designs of Mr. Arnot were followed in all such instances, as we conceive the Gothic style to be admirably suited to our climate and our landscapes. Upon the savannahs of the far South, a more oriental style is preferable, such as is displayed in the vicinity of New Orleans and the chief ornament of which is the verandah. We have seen one or two fine specimens of the Gothic in Virginia of very striking effect. To all who feel an interest in the study of rural architecture, we commend this work, in connection with the excellent volumes of Mr. Downing. Mr. Arnot is an architect of distinction, and his work is very well printed by the Appletons. It may be obtained of Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

A SECOND VISIT to the United States of North America. By *Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S.*, &c., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff St. 1849.

One feels a gratifying assurance, in the perusal of this book, that he is reading the reflections of a *gentleman*, and not the recorded slanders of a vulgar cockney, who abuses America to ensure a sale of his volume. Sir Charles Lyell, it is clear, belongs rather to the class of the Murrays and Morpeths, than to that of the Halls and Dickenses. A man distinguished for scientific attainment and travelling chiefly for geological observation, his attention has not been confined by any means to what lies beneath the earth's surface, but he has carefully marked out and studied the strata of our social economy and acquainted himself with our formations, political and intellectual. His impressions are set forth in an easy and simple style of correct and flowing English. We are not surprised to learn that this work of Sir Charles Lyell has met with little favor at home, since he in no degree sympathises with the anti-slavery fanaticism which manifests itself annually at Exeter Hall in unmeasured denunciation of the Southern States of our Union. On the contrary, while it is evident that he considers slavery an evil in the abstract, he bears willing testimony to the happy condition of the slaves,—testimony, which will be most unacceptable to the Frederick-Douglass philanthropists of England. Sir Charles Lyell has also incorporated in his volumes a great deal of useful miscellaneous knowledge with regard to America, which it would be well for Americans themselves to learn.

The work has reached us through A. Morris.

THE LIBERTY OF ROME: A HISTORY. With an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By *Samuel Eliot*. In Two Volumes. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

These sumptuous octavos comprise a work of a high order of merit. The author seems to have been eminently fitted for the task he took upon himself, that of a philosophical inquiry into the genius of Roman Liberty, and he has executed it in the most satisfactory manner. Thoroughly in love with his subject and imbued with the spirit of the classics he has made an elegant contribution to literature, and rendered a real service to the cause of freedom. Mr. Putnam has done well to reprint the work and the handsome appearance of the volumes is creditable to his taste and enterprise.

For sale by Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. From the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of Government under the Federal Constitution. By RICHARD HILDRETH. In Three Volumes. Vols. 1 & 2 New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff St. 1849.

We are disposed to award high praise to Mr. Hildreth for the faithful execution of this history. His style is remarkable for perspicuity and vigor, and he possesses very considerable powers of generalization. The work has one rare merit, that of being unencumbered by wearisome reflections on the part of the author, who is content to tell a simple story and leave to his readers the task of deducing the moral. From the two volumes before us we do not hesitate to say that we consider the work reliable authority, on all matters of American history. It wants that picturesqueness of detail which lends an irresistible charm to the volumes of Macaulay, and is not likely, we think, to become a favorite with the million. It will always be regarded, however, as an excellent historical treatise and as such we cheerfully commend it to the public.

It is for sale by A. Morris.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE and the Foreign Reviews. New York. Leonard Scott & Co. 79 Fulton Street. Richmond. Nash & Woodhouse, 139 Main Street.

The DIES BOREALES of Christopher North impart a new interest to Old Ebony, and make graceful amends for the heretical and absurd political doctrines of which it has long been the apostle. A recent number contains a clever dialogue of a critical character, in which Gray's Elegy is torn into shreds,—no bad imitation of a style of review-writing much in vogue.

The Reviews for the summer quarter possess unusual interest. There is an eloquent article in the Edinburgh, from the pen of Lord Dover, on Macaulay's History, wherein Mr. Croker is made to appear in very diminutive proportions, and full justice is awarded to the excellences of the great historian. The North British, among other things, discusses Lieut. Lynch's Narrative of the Expedition to the Dead Sea, in rather a depreciating spirit. It contains an article of interest on the "Railway System of Great Britain."

THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS. Such is the attractive title of a very pleasing volume published by Harper and Brothers. It is written by the brothers Mayhew; and is a handsome and ingenious allegorical—yet essentially *true* exposition of the beauty, wisdom and truth of genuine philanthropy.

HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY. The same house have issued this very useful and interesting work consisting of reliable portraits of prominent members of the French Assembly since the last revolution and accounts of the proceedings.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME;—a very pleasing and judicious compend from the excellent pen of Miss Sewall, whose "Gertrude" and other domestic tales proves her fitness to instruct as well as entertain the young. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

A LIST OF ERRATA.

Elia, in one of his Essays, speaks of a poor relation as the greatest annoyance of life, and employs a formidable catalogue of similes in his description of the class, which we consider peculiarly applicable to another sort of *petites miseres*—typographical errors. "A Poor Relation," says he, among other things, is "a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai at your gate, a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet."

All this to the sensitive author or editor is the typographical error.

It invadeth his repose, it destroyeth his peace of mind, it causeth him not unfrequently to utter maledictions upon innocent persons, it oppresseth him with a sense of an irreversible fate, from which there is no escape and for which no remedy can be supplied. The author, perhaps, has written an ingenious treatise upon the Homeric poems and looks with interest for its appearance in print. He opens the magazine containing it, and finds it so full of blunders that it is indeed "all Greek" to him. Thereupon he swears at the printer and writes down the editor an ass. The Editor, beholding with dismay the sad work of his compositors, must submit to the worst imputations upon his scholarship, or seek to repair "the wreck of matter" by inserting that most awkward of all possible emendations, a list of *errata*.

It is well indeed if the blunders make simple nonsense of the original. A page thrown into pi, or types out of place, might be taken as something bizarre or whimsical, like the typographical vagaries of Tristam Shandy—but it often happens that the meaning of a passage is altogether changed, by the substituted letters going to make another and very ludicrous version. During the Mexican War the papers at one time gravely informed us that "Gen. Pillow and seven of his men had been lost in a *bottle*," and we all recollect the complaint of Miss Biddy Fudge of the blunders of the County Gazette—

But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear,—I may, without vanity hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's
rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"

The Messenger is usually as free from typographical errors as a Magazine can be, and when we consider the 'awful' MSS. from which it is sometimes printed, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on its accuracy. But in our present number, we find several blunders of such a provoking character, that we are constrained to point them out, and say something in explanation of their occurrence.

We shall mention only the prominent mistakes, leaving all minor blunders to the correction of the intelligent reader.

In the article on Moore's Anacreon, p. 564, four notes are marked in the text but not given. They were omitted in the MS. by an oversight of the author. The notes were most probably the Greek words employed in the Iliad.

In Mr. Tuckerman's article—Manzoni—p. 587, "Cheerbyle" should be Cheeryble, p. 588 "Albermarleu" should be Albemarle Street, p. 588, 2nd column "Anderson's" should be Andersen's, p. 590 "dankness" should be darkness, p. 591 the name of the Swedish novelist is again misprinted, and Ware is transformed into a *wave*.

In "A Bachelor's Reverie," p. 604, for "Ebzeoir" read Elzevir and a few lines lower down, same column, for *ave*, read *aie*, *aie*,—p. 607 for "martial" read Martial, and p. 609 for "the sick nurse" read "the sick *sense*." The errors in this article, with the exception of the last, occur, however, in but a small portion of our edition.

Our list of errata is finished. We deem it due to our readers, our contributors and ourselves to say how they came to be made. A short time during August and the early part of September the editor was absent from home, and the revisal of sheets devolved on the proof-reader of the printing-office. Now it happens to be a maxim with the craft "to follow copy even should it go out of the window," and we have found on recurring to the MSS. that in every case the printer has strictly adhered to the characters as set down.

Our friend Mr. Tuckerman makes a legible and graceful chirography, yet he sometimes abbreviates and writes two words together to the perplexity of the compositor. Thus occurred the most awkward error in his article: "Albemarle St." written together having very much the appearance of "Albermarlett."

We have been not a little annoyed at these apparently trivial matters, inasmuch as they subject us to unjust rubbing at the hands of the critical reader. Not to know the home of John Murray, or the chorus of the Greek tragedy, or the name of the most famous of printers, or that Martial meant a man, would argue in us a melancholy want of fitness for our position as editor of the Messenger. We cry in this instance *peccavimus* and beg our correspondents in future to be careful in the preparation of their MSS. for the press.

superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

I wish it every success; and my only fear is, that it may not meet as full success with the public as it deserves. I shall be glad to be a subscriber. I am, very truly and respectfully, yours,

Cambridge, April 24, 1844. JOSEPH STORY.

Dear Sir,—I approve very much of the plan of your work, to be published weekly, under the title of the "Living Age:" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

I wish it abundant success, and that my name be added to the list of subscribers. Yours, very respectfully, JAMES KENT.

New York, 7th May, 1844.

It seems to me that a selection from the highest foreign journals, if conducted with discrimination and taste, might have a very favorable influence on our reading community, deluged as it is, with periodical and other publications, which have little to recommend them but their cheapness. I have looked occasionally into the Magazine formerly conducted by Mr. Littell, and I have little doubt, from the capacity he showed in that selection, that he would compile a magazine, from the sources indicated in his prospectus, that would furnish a healthy and most agreeable banquet to the reader. Believe me, Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

Boston, May, 1844. WM. H. PRESCOTT.

From the specimens that the public has seen, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Littell is able to make, from the mass of contemporary literature, instructive and interesting selections. I wish you success, with all my heart. Yours, very truly,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Dear Sir,—I have never seen any similar publication of equal merit; and I heartily wish for it that wide success it deserves, as a most agreeable and useful selection from that vast mass of the current periodical literature of our time, which has grown to such importance that none are beyond the reach of its influence, and few can safely be ignorant of what it is constantly sending forth to the world. Be pleased, therefore, to consider me a regular subscriber to the Living Age from the beginning. Very truly yours,

Boston, 5th August, 1844. GEO. TICKNOR.

My Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in congratulating you upon the success of the *Living Age*, which has been well deserved by the great cleverness shown in its management. It has been a welcome visiter to my family, always giving us a variety of instructive and pleasant reading. Indeed, the only fault I have to find with it, is that it gives too much weekly—a fault which those of more leisure than myself, will not be likely to find. Yours, very truly,

Philadelphia, October 29th, 1844. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

Washington, 27th December, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

☞ To insure regularity in mailing the work, all orders should be addressed to

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THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

"The haughty monarch, in spite of a perilous combination of adverse circumstances, did not relinquish his schemes for changing the ancient boundaries of kingdoms."

Atterbury.

Some hours after he had reached the Swedish camp, Merlin, escorted by Count Piper, the favorite and minister of Charles, and the head of the Swedish house to which our friend Captain Gustavus Piper belonged, approached the tent of the king. Letters from the Senator Sture to Count Piper, brought by the Norwegian, had gained for him the immediate protection of this great man about the person of the monarch. The minister said, as he led the way to the presence of his master:

"The king has been engaged with your travelling companion—who indeed is still with his majesty. Your arrival is connected with circumstances of disappointment and ill-omen."

"How so, sir?" Merlin asked.

Count Piper, a dark-eyed and adroit looking civilian, lean, and slovenly in his apparel, answered with a show of surprise:

"You appear not to know that you came with Mazeppa, the General of the Ukraine. We have expected his arrival with an army, but he comes like a fugitive, with a handful of Cossacks at his back."

"I did not, indeed, know," Merlin replied, "that the chief was Mazeppa the Hetman. We met upon the plains, and joined company with the confidence of men not fearing each other, and without an uncourteous indulgence of curiosity."

With this the speakers reached the royal tent, the outskirts of which were without guards, or attendants of any sort; and were presently met by a gentleman whom Merlin heard Count Piper address familiarly as Grothusen. In the next moment, the Norwegian stood for the first time in the presence of the King of Sweden.

The appearance of Charles was not very imposing at the first view. His stature was moderate. He wore the coarse gray coat, the taffety band about his neck, and the rough jack boots, of which the Elector of Saxony had spoken in his account of the meeting at Altranstad. His head was thinly covered with sandy hair, which left the round and retreating forehead much exposed. His face was tufted with a straggling and starved beard, as dingy in its hue as the hair above. Of course there could be nothing very majestic in all this. But there was certainly in the countenance of the renowned monarch, much that proclaimed, or agreed with, his strong and unyielding character. His blue eyes were resolute and penetrating; his jaws were firmly set, and his nose, wide and free in its nostrils, curved into the Roman eagle-beak.

As Merlin entered the tent, the young monarch—he was now in his twenty-seventh year—stood leaning on the pummel of his sword, in a listening attitude. Mazeppa, who stood before him, had been speaking. The countenance of the white-bearded chief bore traces of sadness and embarrassment. Charles, who appeared wholly undisturbed by the disasters which the Hetman had doubtless recounted, fixed a keen glance upon the gigantic figure of the Norwegian.

"Who is this?" he said briefly, and without changing his position.

Count Piper replied:

"A Norwegian soldier, sire, who has travelled five hundred leagues to join us. He comes recommended to my favourable regard, and through me to your majesty's favour. The gentleman is named Merlin Brand."

Charles then received the Norwegian graciously, but with few words.

"You seem a capable soldier," he said, "and we will find you the opportunity of proving whether you are also a brave man."

"I am sure," said Mazeppa, advancing a step and speaking with kindly dignity, "that my comrade will prove such. Men learn to know each other quickly when they hunger and thirst together in the desert."

Merlin bowed his thanks to the Hetman; he presently gave to the King of Sweden the roll of the Countess of Konigsmark.

Charles opened it; an inner roll distinct from the envelope remained in his hand, whilst he read from the envelope itself.

"The Countess of Konigsmark," he at length said coldly, "informs me that you are a knight of the order of the White Eagle."

"Yes, sire," Merlin replied, "there was indeed

a somewhat absurd imposition of such an honour upon me. But I have no wish to remember it whilst serving your majesty."

"You speak like a sensible man," said Charles. "But you are nevertheless a knight. Grothusen, enrol Sir Merlin Brand as a member of the household and provide for his accommodation."

"In what capacity, sire?"

"As the king's friend," said Charles, who then carelessly opened the inner roll from which the envelope had been removed. As this roll was opened, a girdle of beautiful workmanship glittering with jewels, some of them of noble size and all of rare lustre, appeared within it. A scroll attached to the girdle contained the words "The zone of Venus to Hyperion."

"What is this?" said the king.

Mazeppa stroked his beard and smiled. Grothusen and Count Piper drew nearer to examine the precious ornament.

"It is a woman's belt, sire," said the latter. "Madame has sent her belt to your majesty, whom she chooses to style Hyperion."

"Who was Hyperion?" said Charles.

Count Piper observed that his majesty's service had been for many years so exacting that he had quite lost the polite learning which at one time he possessed. Grothusen had not forgotten for the reason that he had never known. Mazeppa, continuing to smoothe his long beard, looked on with a degree of simple curiosity not a little striking in one of so venerable an appearance.

Merlin possessed too much tact to enlighten the king, and his high officers, by producing his learning to contrast with their ignorance. He contented himself with saying that if the Venus of Konigsmark had found a resemblance between his majesty and Hyperion, Hyperion must doubtless have been an illustrious and invincible personage in ancient history or poetry. This was received as a satisfactory explanation.

"What are the stones worth?" said the King of Sweden, passing the girdle to Count Piper.

"At least fifty thousand crowns," replied Count Piper, when he had examined the jewels.

"A sum to equip a battalion!" said Charles. "Put it into the treasure-chest, Grothusen."

Grothusen picked from the ground, where it had fallen, the inner envelope which had been immediately about the girdle, and replaced the girdle in it. As he did so he saw an address upon it, which had been until then overlooked. He read aloud—

"Exclusively for the hands, and for the private eyes of Sir Merlin Brand."

"So"—said the King of Sweden. "That makes a difference."

He read the address for himself, then added: "Sir Merlin Brand, it seems that we have been mistaken, and that you are Hyperion."

Merlin, greatly annoyed and embarrassed, stood in the royal presence very much like a fool. The king condescended to smile. The girdle, instead of going into the treasure-chest, was placed in the hands of the true Hyperion, who said, as he received it:

"I will retain this valuable toy, sire, until I find the means of restoring it to the Countess of Konigsmark."

The king soon after dismissed his new recruit. Grothusen conducted him from the presence to a neighbouring tent. Merlin, reflecting upon his interview, found no great difference between Charles at Altranstad, as the Elector of Saxony had described him, and Charles as he had just seen him. In the one case a coat and a pair of boots had made the staple of his conversation, in the other a woman's girdle. How little of the martial hero, as brave, munificent, enterprising as Alexander his model,—the hero who in his early youth had passed at a stride to a glorious manhood, and become in those years of man's life when pleasure generally holds him captive, the admiration and terror of the world—how little of such a hero appeared in the plain and reserved young monarch! In the story of defeat which Mazeppa had come as a fugitive to tell, it might have been supposed that the baffled king would find a torch to ignite even his guarded nature into the fury of disappointment—into a majestic anger. Not a swolen vein, not a glance of the eye, had betrayed such excitement. But Merlin read the King of Sweden aright, notwithstanding that he bore away in his mind an unheroic image of the hero. He saw in the sober and somewhat repelling demeanour of the conqueror the reserve of a nature all sufficient to itself—a nature that demands no communion or counsel in its gravest measures—that underrates the value of foreign aid, and consequently does not view its loss as fatal, or even as greatly disastrous. "It must be with a very different demeanour," he meditated, "that the invincible King of Sweden dazzles the eyes of men, in moments of high action. He is something quite different when, exalted by the music of battle, he rides like a cadet over broken battalions, wet with the blood of his enemies. And his address is doubtless more royal when he decrees the submission, and dictates the laws of nations."

When, under the care of Grothusen, the quarters of the Norwegian had been selected, and he had taken possession of them, he became aware that the boy who had escaped from the Tartars, and who had ridden into the camp on the steed of the chief Osbeck, had determined to become his servant. This boy, without waiting to be

bidden, went about the duties of a valet, informing his new master that he had already discharged those of a groom. The lad was a slender, active, little fellow of fifteen, sharp and clever, with the bronze of Egypt in his face, and large, eager black eyes. Merlin interested by his conduct in the scene with the Tartars, and by his appearance, asked him many questions. The reader shall learn his brief story in the answers which he gave to these questions.

"Where I was born I do not know," said the boy, in a clear but humble tone. "My mother was a Bohemian, and travelled with her people from country to country. When I had grown large enough to do a great deal of mischief I was praised for doing it well. The Saxons gave me a name because I could imitate the neigh of a horse; they called me Weigen. Afterwards the people of another village, in the neighborhood of which we lived for a year, called me Caputsch, because my mother made me wear a cowl which she had in some way procured from a monk. That continues to be my name. I am your servant Caputsch, master."

"Where is your Bohemian mother?" Merlin asked.

"She is dead, sir. They whipped her to death in Silesia."

"Poor child!" said the Norwegian.

Caputsch, as if rebellious against the pity of his master, replied quickly:

"But, sir, if they whipped my mother to death I was not too young to kill them for it. I brought down Groffer Hans, the burgomaster who ordered her to be whipped, with a stone from a sling, which made him die. I shot the hangman from behind a hedge, and then I burnt their town. The fire was kindled as often as they put it out. On the seventh night there was a glorious wind, and the town burnt like a hell in the valley."

"Caputsch," said Merlin, not very favourably impressed by the latter portion of the young firebrand's narrative, "I have no need for your services."

The boy replied with a sudden change from the exalted tone, to which, in recounting his filial vengeance, he had risen:

"I can be thankful for kindness, master. When the Tartars would have returned and killed me, you came up and saved me. And you spoke kindly, and looked kindly, to me. Caputsch is not used to kindness. In the camp it is 'Caputsch, you son of a monk, furbish my firelock'—'Caputsch, you spawn of a gypsey, rub down my horse'—'Caputsch, you imp of the devil, put wood to the fire, and grill the bones.' So it runs, master, when they are in an excellent humor—these brave Swedes. When they are angered they beat me. It is better to serve one master than many. Take me into your service and I will do every thing to please you; and indeed you will find me useful, and ready to do as much for love, as the killing of my mother taught me to do for hate."

"How did you come among the Swedes?" said Merlin.

"After I had killed the men who whipped my mother to death, and burnt their town, I remained with our people for some time, and lived such a free life as the whistling plover lives. But I was getting old enough to think that there might be some better life in spite of its liberty. One day I heard the guns thundering in one of the battles, and went to a hill to see the famous sport. The drums, and the trumpets, and the roar of the guns, and the rushing of the horses, made me unable to remain on the hill. I gathered some round stones, and fitted one to my sling; and then I ran down, and began to fight as if I had as good a reason for fighting as the rest—which perhaps I had. I kept near the drummer of a regiment. At last he fell with his elbows on his drum, and nodded so naturally that I did not understand at once that he was dead. When I saw that he was truly dead, I took the sticks from his hands, and emptied the head of the drum of his blood that had filled it, and then I beat away as fast and as loud as I could. So I became a drummer. At first the men made a pet of me. But when I was no longer new to them, they found that as I was not much higher than my drum, and only reached to the elbow of one-eyed Gofried the fifer, I did not make a good figure as a drummer; and so they made a pot-boy of me. That is the whole story, master."

"How was it that you fell into the hands of the Tartars?" Merlin asked.

"I went to find the horse of the Ritter Dombinski—the horse had gone away to the plains. Do you know the terrible Ritter? He threatened to put me on the coals, and boil his kettle with me, if I did not bring his beast back. The Tartars came around me. I dodged them for some time, but the ground was too open, and they rode me down. Then you saved me from them."

"It was hardly so, Caputsch," said Merlin. "You owe your escape to your own courage, and presence of mind. We only prevented your re-capture."

He presently added:

"You took a wild and barbarous vengeance, not natural to one of tender years, upon the murderers of your mother. But you were doubtless trained a young savage, with the good of your nature hidden under the shadow of its bad, and the murder of a mother is such a provocation, to the wildest vengeance, as none of us might resist. I receive you into my service,

Caputsch, since you desire that I will do so. You can be as sure of my kindness as I can be of your fidelity."

So Merlin acquired, in this little elf Caputsch, a servant destined to share many perils with him, and to stand him in good stead on critical occasions of his adventurous life.

—

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

"The philosopher Calanus laid a dry and shrivelled hide before Alexander, and first trode upon the edges of it; this he did all round; and as he trode on one side, it started up on the other. At last he fixed his feet on the middle, and then it lay still. By this emblem Calanus showed him that he should fix his residence, and plant his principal force in the heart of his empire, and not go away so far, carrying a wandering dominion, liable to be lost, to the distant extremities."—*Plutarch.*

It is not my purpose to narrate in detail the events, which, in the several succeeding months, rendered the situation of the King of Sweden perilous in the extreme. Day after day brought disaster after disaster. Within a week of the arrival of Mazeppa, presaged by rumors of the saddest character, came Lewenhaupt, the broken hope of Sweden. His gallant army had contended its way obstinately forward, through terrible obstacles of man and nature. With a force originally consisting of but fifteen thousand men, he had fought five pitched battles against an army of forty thousand, an army which the Czar, who in person opposed him, recruited from day to day as the courage of Sweden thinned its ranks. The army of fifteen thousand men had been reduced to four thousand, by the time that, stemming the currents of the Sossa, Lewenhaupt gained its southern bank and shook off his enemy. Of eight thousand wagons, loaded with supplies for his King, all were burnt, or in the hands of the Czar. Of his artillery he retained not a gun. In this condition, with nothing but honour left to him, the brave general joined his royal master.

Thus the King of Sweden found himself destitute of supplies, cut off from all communication with Poland, and surrounded by enemies, in the heart of a wild country beyond the borders of civilization. But the arrival of Lewenhaupt, like that of Mazeppa, produced no change in his demeanor.

The winter became, as it advanced, one of unprecedented severity. Charles removed his camp southward. In the march of one day two thousand men fell dead, of cold and hunger.

The horses died; cannon were left behind for want of means to drag them. But for Mazeppa the force of the King of Sweden would indeed have been annihilated. He collected a portion of his dispersed followers, and was enabled, by the love of the Cossacks for their Hetman, to feed his ally. The splendid host which had left the borders of Saxony covered with gold and silver, and numbering forty thousand soldiers emboldened by the uninterrupted victories of eight campaigns, had by the end of that terrible winter been reduced to eighteen thousand men, half-starved, and clad in the furs of wild animals. Toward the end of winter, hostilities, which the severity of the season had suspended, were renewed. One or two unimportant battles were fought; skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. In these unimportant battles, and skirmishes, the Chevalier Merlin bore his part well, and even succeeded, by good fortune, in distinguishing himself on several occasions. He had obtained a post in the army, and, rising by his gallantry, had become the major of the famous mounted regiment of Smaland. Early in the winter he had written a detailed account of his adventures at the Chateau d'Amour, to send to his mistress in Sweden, concealing nothing except the fact that the Countess of Konigsmark was the Circe to whose arts he had been a victim. He did not extenuate his fault in this confession, but with mournful candour admitted his miserable weakness, and the presumption of his former confident and proud self-reliance. He besought only that the Swedish maiden would not cast him hopelessly off, but await the result of his efforts to prove his penitence, and a purer worth, in the trials of that career upon which he had at last entered. This frank, manly and earnest letter, he had found opportunity to despatch, by a Polish courier whom Charles had sent to King Stanislaus, during the enforced armistice of mid-winter.

Under all the disasters of his situation the King of Sweden had lost neither the hope nor the design of penetrating to Moscow. But he needed artillery and supplies. The Czar had formed a magazine in Pultowa, a town on the river Vorska in the eastern extremity of the Ukraine, thirteen leagues from the Boristhenes. Charles determined to possess himself of the Czar's magazine; the possession of it would enable him to await in safety and abundance the arrival of succours, which he expected from Sweden, Livonia, Pomerania, and Poland. Therefore with his mixed force of eighteen thousand Swedes and Poles, and about twelve thousand Cossacks and Wallachians mustered by Mazeppa, he took position, about the middle of May, before Pultowa.

On a pleasant morning King Charles rode to view the defences of the beleaguered town, destined to blend its obscure name with his fortunes, darkly, to all times. At his side rode Velt Mares-

chal Renschild. Merlin, and an officer of his own age and rank, followed at the distance of a few paces. As the Norwegian reined his horse, Galba, no longer the superb and dashing animal that he had been, but a bony, equine giant, scarred and toil-hardened, the young officer, his immediate companion, addressed him.

"This," he said "is his majesty's birth-day."

"So I understand," said Merlin.

"Heretofore the day has been differently celebrated," the Swede, with his bold gaze somewhat clouded, continued. "Two hundred heavy guns were fired on this day last year, not for parade, but loaded with balls, and into the enemy's ranks. His majesty is careful of ammunition, and prefers to win a battle with the lightning of his guns whilst their thunders are proclaiming his birth-day. Now the times are changed, chevalier; we have no enemy in a clear field, and our artillery is reduced to a few light pieces, whose shot fall with hardly more effect than hail-stones on the walls of this town."

"But we might storm better defences than these," Merlin replied, "and doubtless his majesty will so order it. Sir, you have been fortunate in witnessing those glorious actions which have filled the world with the fame of Sweden. I came so late as to lose many great opportunities, and will rejoice when the enterprise of his majesty places it in my power to take part in a general and conclusive action."

"You have lost the glory, chevalier," said the Swede, "but you have no cause to complain of the want of hardship and danger. Narva was a merry and safe sport, compared with any one day of our camp life in this country. Then, sir, our lives were glorious with battles, the news of which couriers, flying over Europe, carried to city and field, to draw forth the admiration of men, and the praise of ladies. Every day brought honour. The time is passed now, and I have but little hope ever to see those brave pleasures renewed."

"I trust for their renewal to the great king, to whom every thing is possible," Merlin rejoined.

"Every thing is not possible, my dear chevalier," said his companion. "And be sure of the fact that no man ever retained an extraordinary good fortune through his whole career, when his rashness invited it hourly to desert him. His majesty has never been wounded; now he is about to take us under the muskets of this town without a necessity. A bullet in the heart of the king would destroy the thousands of brave fellows who have followed him so far. We could make no head under the gloom of such a disaster as his majesty's death."

"And yet," said Merlin, "when the heroic Gustavus Adolphus fell at Lutzen, his soldiers did not permit themselves to be broken and dispersed. Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar led the regiments to victory even on that day over the body of their king. And for many years Oxenstiern the civilian, with the Swedish generals, maintained the honour of the north in the heart of Germany."

"Such results might have followed had his majesty fallen a year ago in Saxony," said the Swede. "His death then would doubtless not have been fatal to an army, unbroken, near available allies, and in fact within reach of the continental provinces of Sweden. But this becomes a dull discourse, chevalier. After all you and I are humble pieces with which his majesty plays his game, and are but to be moved, not to move of our own wills:—certainly it is not our business to think. A sweet lady, in her home on the banks of the Windala, in the Bothnia which we have left so far behind, looks for my return. If she loses her lover, why, my dear chevalier, his majesty is the responsible party—and that ends the matter."

As the Swede spoke, Charles arrested his party on a mound within point blank musket shot of the fortifications.

Renschild, a man of iron nerves, with ponderous brows, and a courageous sagacity in the expression of his half-visible eyes, drew rein at the king's side tranquilly, and as if unconscious of the least danger in their position. The king surveyed the defences.

"Bear to the right," said his majesty, getting again in motion. A bullet pierced the hat of the Velt Mareschal, and displaced it somewhat on his heavy brows. Renschild righted its position without a word. As the party turned on its course, the officer who had hitherto kept at Merlin's side, placed himself, without seeming to design doing so, between the king and the town. Charles detected in the movement the purpose to screen him, and, reaching to the Swede's bridle-hand, compelled him, smiling as he did so, to exchange positions. This was no sooner done, than the Swede, precisely in the spot which the king had left, received a shot through the head. He drooped to one side, tottered for an instant, then fell to the ground. All dismounted at once.

"Poor Lieven!" said Charles. "A strange Fortune rules in these things."

"His father fell at the siege of Thorn under similar circumstances," said Renschild. "This house of Lieven is doomed to furnish substitutes for your majesty, whenever Destiny is at a pinch under the aim of sharp-shooters."

Charles looked darkly toward the town. Merlin had raised the body, and, finding the head shattered and life extinct, replaced it upon the sod; but not until his arms and breast were

covered with blood. He looked sadly upon the warm stains, and ventured presently to say to the king:

"Sire, be warned by the fate of this brave gentleman. Achilles himself was not wholly invulnerable."

"Are you afraid, sir?" said Charles.

"No, sire—or if afraid not so for myself, but for the most sacred life of all."

"Brother," replied the king, "the life of one gallant man is of as much worth as that of another. Those who have been baptized in blood with us are our equals." He added after a pause: "Lieven died well. He passed quickly. A man could not meet a better fate, when the hour of death comes, than to fall, shot through the head, fronting his enemy."

Charles died such a death, himself, years after, in the trenches before Frederickshal.

"A brave wise man will wish, sire," said Merlin, "to live long enough to break the strength of his enemy. The bells of Moscow would soon be ringing for joy, if your majesty died to-day. The Czar, whom your majesty has driven from so many fields, would be victorious and secure."

The king had remounted during this conversation. His manner was again cold and abstracted. Without seeming to hear Merlin's last words, he turned to continue his circuit of the fortifications, in spite of the continued discharge of musketry, and the admonition furnished in the death of the young soldier. He had not moved five paces when suddenly a shudder passed over his frame.

"Are you struck, sire?" said Renschild quickly.

"Yes: and, like Achilles, in the heel," Charles replied, directing, as he spoke, one of his harsh smiles to the Norwegian. If vulnerable, it was yet only as the son of Thetis was: evidently such an idea touched the vain chord in his nature.

This wound of which the king spoke tranquilly was a most serious one. A musket ball had shattered the bones of his heel.

He kept his saddle six hours after receiving the hurt. One of his domestics, at length, observing that blood issued from his boot, ran to call the surgeons. The pain had become so exquisite, and the flow of blood had been so great, that it was necessary to lift him from his horse into his tent. The surgeons examined the wound and declared amputation to be necessary. The consternation of the army became excessive. One of the boldest of the surgeons affirmed, however, that he could save the leg by making deep incisions. "Fall to work then presently," said the king to this man, whose name was Neuman—"cut boldly and fear nothing." Charles beheld, and sustained, the deep gashes, made by the surgeon, with a countenance expressive of as little concern as if nature had rendered him as proof against pain as against fear.

Even whilst under the knife, he ordered preparation to be made for assaulting Pultowa early the next day. This order had scarcely been given when news came that the Czar was advancing against him with an immense host. It then became necessary to alter his measures. The wounded monarch did so promptly. He sent after nightfall for Renschild, not to ask counsel of him, but to give him orders.

As this most distinguished of the Swedish generals came out of the royal tent, after the lapse of a few minutes, he encountered Count Piper.

"What is to be done?" said Count Piper.

"The king's pleasure," Renschild answered.

"What is that?"

"Ask of his majesty," Renschild replied, shrugging his shoulders, and passed on, to distribute the royal orders.

Count Piper entered the tent.

"Has Renschild told you nothing?" said Charles.

"Nothing sire," answered Count Piper.

"Well then I will tell you," replied the king. "To morrow we shall give battle."

"My God," exclaimed the poor minister, "your majesty will not persist in such a measure. The force of the Czar is three times our own, and supplied fully with artillery, of which we have none."

Charles returned no answer.

Count Piper, after the first unguarded moment, did not remonstrate. He well knew the impossibility of making his master yield up a purpose. He expressed his alarm only by a nervous silence. As he lingered in the tent, his mind in a state of tension from its silent terrors, he heard a sound, at first low and like a whisper, then swelling to a harsh murmur. It was the breathing of the king. His majesty had fallen asleep, as easily as though to-morrow's wild work was to be some such blithe sport as the hunting of the bear in his Swedish forests of Falun.

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CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

"Ah! Pultowa—Charles the Twelfth—Pultowa." *Napoleon tracing routes on a military map, in the return from Moscow.*—[*Scott.*

Peter the Great, in the afternoon of the day on which the King of Sweden was wounded before Pultowa, crossed the Vorska, at a point down the stream about a league from the town. The Vorska runs from north-east to south-west. Pultowa stands on the southern bank of the Vorska. The Czar, coming from the north,

crossed the river in safety, and immediately formed his camp on its bank. The Swedish army was posted south of Pultowa, bending an arm around on the east. Its baggage was placed in an intrenched position a mile in the rear, southward. The reader will bear these facts of position in mind, or he can have no clear idea of the battle which ensued.

The Day of Pultowa dawned with red skies. With the earliest dawn, the Czar who had laboured late into the night in throwing up redoubts, and mounting his cannon, began to form in order of battle. By sunrise the Swedish army, of whose motions he had been apprised, appeared in his front.

King Charles, borne in a litter—for his recent wound prevented his mounting a horse—occupied his usual position in the van of his centre. The Swedish force consisted of about sixteen thousand Swedes and Poles, and five thousand of the lighter troops furnished by Mazeppa. The remainder of the combined forces, Swedes, Poles, Cossacks, and Wallachians, remained behind to protect the camp and baggage against a sortie of the garrison of Pultowa. With such an army, and but four pieces of ordnance, Charles assumed the offensive against ninety thousand Russians, in a chosen position, guarded by seventy-two heavy guns. It was the remembrance of Narva that thus emboldened the Swedes to an onset against odds so fearful.

The Czar did not command his army. He had begun his military career, in his own armies, as a lieutenant, and although his promotion had been rapid enough, he was now but a major general second to a commander in chief, and obeyed Zeremetoff. But he appeared on the day of Pultowa as an emperor as well as a subordinate general. Mounted on an Arabian horse, the gift of the Sultan Achmet, he rode in front of his forces, haranguing them as he passed. The generals of Sweden did the same before their host, reminding the veterans of battles which had always been victories, and calling upon the brave hearts to maintain the renown, and assure the safety of their wounded king, who, five hundred leagues from his native land, surrounded by enemies, needed the utmost efforts of a devoted courage in the crisis of that day.

Mazeppa only said to his Cossacks: "Children, I am too old to be broken on the wheel. You doubtless think so; but the Czar will not think so, if you run away and leave me in his hands. As for yourselves, life and freedom in your native land are more to be desired than the stake, the knout, the cross, the mines. Victory will assure to you the better lot, defeat the worse."

Martial music filled the air, as the harangues of the leaders ceased. A gallant fury possessed both hosts. Cavalry, impatient at the long-drawn blast of the trumpet, trembled through its masses. The courage of man, and the passion of the war horse, were strung, and fired.

Charles began the battle with a charge of cavalry against the right wing of the enemy. This right wing, commanded by the Russian general, Count Gallowin, was composed of infantry protected by a few hurriedly constructed redoubts lined with cannon, and of cavalry drawn up between the redoubts. The Swedish horse, four thousand strong, charged this right wing of the enemy. Artillery made gaps in their rushing ranks, but nothing could break or resist the fury of the onset. Over the wing of the enemy swept, like waves over the jutting rocks of a low headland, the irresistible cavalry, seeming to beat down, overwhelm and utterly crush all opposition. General Schlipenback, a grim old warrior, covered with seams from a hundred sabres in the battles of his past career, led this successful charge. Merlin Brand shared in the glory of it; but laurels are not to be reaped by the individual, when four thousand heroes are joined in the same heroic work. He was but one enthusiastic and fearless man, in a multitude whose hearts were as firm, whose swords and spurs were as sharp, as his own.

The charge of Schlipenback, in breaking and beating down the right wing of the enemy, produced almost the sudden result which had been witnessed on many former occasions: it came very near deciding instantly the fortunes of the day. The Russian centre swayed and shook, as its guarding wing was broken. A shout which rose above the din of the Muscovite guns proclaimed victory to Sweden, as Charles put his infantry in motion to perfect the work begun by his cavalry.

But the energy and courage of the Czar saved his army at the crisis. He dashed like a madman from rank to rank, in his imperial robes, mounted on his Arabian horse; his hat and clothes were pierced with bullets; he succeeded in restoring the courage and efficiency of his troops. He brought a portion of his artillery to sweep the position of the Swedish horse, still in the confusion of victory on the ground recently occupied by his right wing. Musketry aided the heavier guns, and Schlipenback, in the storm of shot, staggered. Nothing but retreat or the speedy arrival of the king could save him. But the principal part of the Russian artillery poured destruction into the advancing ranks, as Charles came on. Fortune at this point aided the Czar. A cannon ball struck the litter of the King of Sweden, and brought the litter and its occupant

to the ground. This for a few moments arrested the advance of the infantry. The Russian cannon filled up these moments fearfully. The ground about the wounded king was covered with dead. His litter destroyed, he was borne on the crossed pikes of his men. His order was still to advance; and it is recorded that these repeated orders were delivered with that sardonic laugh of the lips, in which the eyes never joined, which was habitual with him. But to advance in the central range of the hurricane of balls and grape-shot was impossible. Of four and twenty drabants, who relieved each other in carrying him, one and twenty were killed. This havoc of the Russian artillery soon produced a fatal result. The Swedish centre, although led by the invincible king in person, fell back, not in consternation, but in impotent fury.

Then the Czar, despatching Prince Menzikoff, who commanded his left wing, with a large force of foot and horse, to act between the rear of the Swedes and their camp, advanced with overwhelming force against the receding columns. Prince Menzikoff—who from apprentice to a pastry cook had become one of the ablest generals of Russia—met a reserve of three thousand Swedes and Cossacks on their way from the camp to the field of battle. He surrounded them and cut them to pieces. The movement of the Czar was equally successful. The retrograde movement of the Swedish main body became a disorderly retreat under the first pressure of his advance. This soon became, in turn, a wild flight. The heroes of so many renowned fields—Renschild, the Prince of Wirtemberg, Schlipenback, Roos, and others, were made prisoners. Charles, involved in the pursuing battalions of the Czar, unable to defend himself, yet refused to yield or fly. Merlin—he ever after regarded it as a noble favour of fortune—was brought in the tumultuous flow of the battle and rout to a place in the ring which a few hundred of his faithful veterans formed about the wounded monarch. How the few devoted men who defended the crown of Gustavus Adolphus on the head of Charles the Twelfth, and fenced the throne of Sweden, bore themselves in that dark hour, let history, and not the idle weaver of legends, recount.

Whilst the king maintained his post, like a rock between counter currents, many of his faithful followers were seeking him in different parts of the field. Count Piper, and the officers of the chancery, had remained in the camp. They now ran about in the confusion, deploring the fate of their master. Clouds of dust and smoke covered the country, and, blinded and bewildered, they came by mistake to the walls of Pultowa, and were made prisoners by the garrison. Many a brave man, seeking the king that he might shield his life, lost his own in the wild melèe. Amongst those of his friends who, forgetting their own safety, sought the King of Sweden, was a Polish gentleman, Count Poniatowski. He traversed a part of the field where the storm of flight and pursuit had spent itself. The scene about him was as deserted except its dead, as the black ground of a prairie which the flames have visited and left. A light wind had struck the smoke and dust clouds, and beaten them back for a small space. The Pole drew rein for a moment, and endeavoured with eye and ear to gain a knowledge of the position of the king. Away toward the camp and Pultowa sounded the dread noises of the multitudes. Northward, the rattle of arms, and the dull tramp of horse, betokened the lingering presence of battle. There indeed Lewenhaupt, yielding slowly with a remnant of the right wing, maintained the honour of Sweden. More to the west, and nearer, the Pole heard sounds which proclaimed another point of resistance. Sharp shouts might be heard in the midst of the various noises of the field. He was about to ride to this latter point, as that which most agreed with what he had known of the position of the king, when he saw, flitting along the skirt of the near cloud, which piling before the breeze rose from the ground, as its base, and towered high in dusky and shifting masses, a boy mounted upon a small and swift-going horse. The Pole recognised him. It was Caputsch. The lad undertook to conduct Poniatowski, and these two were presently in the midst of the enemy who surrounded the forlorn hope gathered about the king. The Pole forced his way inward, with a sweeping sword, and the vigour of his heavy charger. Caputsch followed keenly, like a fine scimitar gliding into the gashes made by a broad sword. They were presently within two bounds of the Swedish ring. Merlin recognized the costume of the Pole, and the dim figure of little Caputsch. He drove Galba straight through the hostile crowd to meet them, and with one or two sword strokes made a clear passage; and the Pole, with the boy Caputsch, joined the circular line.

Poniatowski at once assumed the controul and lead of the band. Charles, the implacable expression of his countenance blended with something like stupor, leaned on the shoulder of one of his attendants, and regarded, without directing, the close contest. The Pole came to his side:

"Sire," he said with gallant emotion, "your life is too renowned and too valuable to be sacrificed. Permit the retreat to be sounded. We are able to cut a way through the enemy."

Charles made no answer. The Pole observed

that his obduracy had become lethargy. He addressed no more words to him, but, calling to two strong men, bade them put him upon horseback. This was done, although the king had been unable to sit a horse at an earlier period of the day. Then the Pole singling the Norwegian, for his great strength, and approved gallantry, from the five hundred picked men who made the band, said:

"Chevalier, take your post, and keep it, on his majesty's left. I will ride on his right."

Instantly, at a signal, the advance began. The King of Sweden moved with five hundred men toward his camp, already filled with the enemy; then toward the baggage, a mile to the south. The five hundred cut a way through the enemy for the distance of a league, piercing the ranks of ten regiments. Many of their small number were slain. To be unhorsed in such an enterprise was to be at the mercy of the foe. The steed of Charles was killed under him. The world well knows that Colonel Gieta, covered with wounds and spent with loss of blood, gave his horse to his master, and became by the act of devotion a slave in the Siberian mines.

The flight did not terminate with their arrival at the baggage; but here a brief delay was made. Count Piper's coach was found. Charles had never used one since he left Stockholm. He was now put into this vehicle, and the remnant of the band dashed off with him for the Boristhenes.

The king, who, from the time he had been placed on horseback to his arrival at the baggage, had not spoken a word, inquired at length what had become of Count Piper.

"He is in the hands of the enemy, sire; and so are all the officers of the chancery," said Poniatowski.

"And General Renschild, and the Duke of Wirtemberg?" added the king.

"They are also prisoners," said Poniatowski.

"Prisoners to the Russians!" returned Charles: "Come then, let us rather go to the Turks."

His attendants could not perceive the least mark of dejection in his countenance. His lethargic condition seemed to have left him. He travelled with swift wheels for the Boristhenes, but with the manner of one who had not sustained defeat and wounds.

The Chevalier Merlin rode in the rear of the royal attendants. Caputsch followed the strong bounds of his charger with the light lopes of the little Tartar horse. The hum and rattle of the fast-moving wheels, which whirled under the royal freight, the continuous hoof-strokes of the galloping steeds, became more separately audible, as the field of Pultowa with its wild din was left farther behind. Mingling with these less deafening sounds, a voice, pitched to an ordinary key, reached the ear of the Norwegian. He turned in the saddle; Mazeppa came on near at hand with a dozen Cossack horsemen. He had been informed of the flight of the king, and had recently joined it. The Hetman and the Norwegian were, in a moment galloping side by side. The white beard of the old man was heavy with dust, and begrimed. His splendid accoutrement was torn and blood-stained. Spots of blood were also plashed upon his forehead and cheeks. The expression of his countenance was sad, but full of a gallant composure.

"What lies before us?" said Merlin to the Hetman.

"Rivers, and deserts, and finally the questionable amity of the Turk," Mazeppa replied.

"This day undoes the work of many glorious years," said the Norwegian.

"Nothing is conclusive except death," said Mazeppa. "Flight is now a duty. We fulfil it. There may come after this field others of a different issue."

"So may it be," Merlin replied, in bold sympathy with the unvanquished spirit of the old warrior.

As they continued to converse, the coach in which the king rode came down with a crash. A wheel had broken in the speed of the flight. The crowd of the king's attendants were in a few moments stationary about the broken vehicle. It was again necessary to put his majesty upon horseback. Merlin, who had formerly been anticipated in a similar act of devotion, proffered his charger to the king. Many others did the same, and some confusion ensued. Mazeppa interposed.

"The chargers," he said, "would deprive his majesty of comfort, if not of life, by their hard paces and headlong disposition. The horse of the lad—the fleet courser of Osbeck—will be better."

But it was observed that Caputsch had covered the animal with such a variety of haversacks, mails, and articles of use in camp life, that he sat amongst them like a monkey in a store house. Mazeppa, despairing of the speedy removal of the complicated burthen, called to one of his Cossack attendants. The Cossack, so called, leaped to the ground, and led forward a thin flanked courser, the mottled chesnut of whose sides scarcely moved with a quickened breathing from the exercise of the day, and made the animal kneel before the king. Charles, not speaking a word, was assisted into the saddle. The flight was renewed. The Cossack, who had surrendered his fleet Tartar, possessed himself of one of the coach horses, and was soon with his comrades, observing with a simple pride, as he rode, how his little courser curved his slender neck

and deported himself in every respect as if conscious that he carried the hope of nations on his back. So the flight to the Boristhenes continued.

Two things were at length discovered by the fugitives. First that the king grew faint and feeble. Then that their route had been discovered and that pursuit was made. But, pressing on, the Swedes sustained their disabled monarch with cheering words, which he scarcely heard, and sought by an indirect course to avoid the pursuing enemy.

"The light riders may overtake us," said Mazeppa, as he pricked on, "but we can deal with them."

He spoke to Merlin, who again rode at his side. After many hours some high wooded hills became visible before them. These however were far away beyond a grassy plain. They were the hills that throw their shadows upon the uniting waters of the Vorska and Boristhenes. They were too distant to be gained with the failing horses and tottering king. A forest covering a flat lay nearer, and a little south of their line of flight. The Hetman, scanning the horizon behind them, found that no enemies were in view, and proposed that this forest should be entered as a place of refuge. Night was drawing on. The proposition of Mazeppa was adopted, and the fugitives were soon in the shade of the majestic trees, whose drooping boughs, mingling with a thick undergrowth, rendered the work of concealment less difficult. Penetrating deeply into the wood, for the greater security, the foremost riders came soon to some pools of water, surrounded by thickets dense and entangled. Here Mazeppa called a halt, and Charles was lifted to the ground. His face was flushed with fever, but its heat did not overcome the languor which so many trials had produced, and his hardy attendants held him in their arms as if he had been a sick child. Cloaks were spread for him, and laid upon these he sank at once into a dull sleep. Under the melancholy boughs of the oak tree which made his canopy, a great poet has imagined that he questioned and drew from Mazeppa the story of his wild ride into the Ukraine. But it was not so. The poet has however proved as true as history upon one point. Whilst the Swedes were casting themselves in hunger and weariness upon the ground, and making pillows of the gnarled roots of the great oaks and chesnuts, Mazeppa gave a comrade's attention to his faithful steed.—

> "But first, outspent with this long course,
> The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse."

And the Norwegian bestowed, with the aid of Caputsch, the same friendly services upon his Hungarian charger.

THE MONK'S VISION.

There is an old legend of a monk, who, while one day praying in his cell, beheld a vision of the Saviour. The demands of the poor at the convent-gate drew him forth to minister to their necessities; on his return he found the vision awaiting him, and heard these words—"Hadst thou lingered here, I had departed."

The light of day was fading from the sky,
  And the bright sunset gleams
Shed forth a flood of glory from on high
  With their departing beams.

It poured its brightness over castled hill,
  O'er many a kingly hall,
Yet spurned it not the deep and shady dell,
  The lowliest cot, of all.

It shone within the walls where wearily
  The desolate one sighed,
And a voice whispered that for him should be
  Light, though at eventide.

It shed its radiance o'er the place of graves,
  Making strange beauty there,
And the dear symbol of the Faith that saves
  Shone more divinely fair.

Lingering, lest aught of brightness to withhold,
  On sacred dome and spire,
O'er where men prayed, as in the days of old
  Hung tongues of living fire.

It beamed where dim in many a pictured nook
  Was traced the Apostles' band;
The mighty limner's art new glory took
  From the Celestial Hand.

It paused where knelt an aged form in prayer,
  With upturned brow the while,
And lovingly it seemed to linger there
  As with benignant smile.

Long years of penitence that soul had known,
  Day by day wearily,
And night by night, in secret vigil lone
  Praying in agony.

Oh, not by man may sacrifice be made
  For sin's atonement now;
For One hath suffered, and its weight was laid
  Upon the thorn-crowned brow!

—"O Jesus! thou who takest guilt away,
  Now let my soul be shriven,
And let some sign," (thus did the old man pray)
  "In mercy now be given!"—

A glory, than the sunset far more bright
  Dwelt on the holy shrine,

For there, enveloped in celestial light,
Stood Mary's Child Divine.

And, as of old the wondrous works he wrought,
Bade sin and sorrow cease,
So on the heart that his forgiveness sought,
Again was shed sweet peace.

Fain would the monk, in trembling joy adore,
And yet he might not wait,
For, seeking alms for Christ's dear sake, the poor
Stood at the convent gate.

With benedictions did that old man holy
The suffering ones greet,
And kneeling down, in posture meek and lowly
Washed the disciples' feet.

Then eagerly he sought again the cell,
Late bleat with presence bright,
And still, within its narrow walls did dwell
A glory and a light.

And spake a voice, whose tones of power untold,
The slumbering dead have woke,
Mighty, yet gentle, as when it of old
The world's first stillness broke.

"Hadst thou but lingered here, my presence would
For aye, have gone from thee;
Before the convent-door, I waiting stood
Seeking sweet charity.

"When to the famished and the sick ye came,
Ye came to me, your Lord;
Nor cup of water, given in my name,
Shall fail of its reward.

"A stranger, shelterless, ye gave me rest;
When weary, comfort showed;
And henceforth, I, an unknown angel-guest,
Make with you mine abode."—

—The sunset beams had faded quite away
But light more holy, shed
O'er hall and cottage, spire and dome, its ray,
And o'er the Slumberer's bed,

Making earth's solitary places glad,
Its wilderness to bloom,
And like a rose its desert, late so sad,—
Wide-scattering joy for gloom.

The Perfect Presence, who our earth hath trod
A man, with erring men,
Hath sent forth light to mark the onward road
Our steps should tread again.

That blessed light of Love! it shineth still,
To show Christ's footsteps given;
Walk we therein! so may our Father's will
Be done in Earth, as Heaven.

MATILDA F. DANA.

Boston, Massachusetts.

STEELE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

One day, early in the last century, if an Asmodeus had peeped into a certain respectable-looking house in London, he would have seen a lady in whose beautiful countenance pride and tenderness were rarely mingled, seated alone in profound reverie, with an open letter in her hand, and writing materials on the table beside her. Her attitude and expression might have furnished captivating hints for a graceful artist. Now she nibbles the feathered end of her pen, and looks up to the ceiling, as if expecting a resolution to descend; now she disposes herself as if to write; and, anon, rises with an impatient air, and walks to and fro, while perusing, for the twentieth time, the unanswered epistle; one moment she breathes a gentle sigh, and the next her fair lip is wreathed with a complacent smile. At last she reseats herself and begins to scribble after the manner of a wayward girl in a sentimental quandary. Although not given to rhyming, she half-unconsciously traces a couplet;—

Ah! Dick Steele, that I were sure,
Your love, like mine, would still endure!

A good psychologist might thence infer her lover's whole character. The exclamatory note suggests desire, attraction—a mesmeric influence, in fact that he was what she, at once, declared him to be to her friends—"as agreeable a man as any in the kingdom;" and what she felt him to be in her own heart, "a master of the art of love." The familiarity of the appellation indicates that he was an accessible, open-hearted, sociable fellow; while the doubt of his constancy reveals an impulsive nature. Such were, in truth, the characteristics of Steele. His numerous dedications present a versatility and tact in compliment that show how aptly he could touch every note of elegant flattery; a vivid sense of the beautiful, especially in manners and character, displayed in his writings, evidence one of those thoroughly appreciative minds upon which no trait of female attractiveness is lost; and his own confession that, while a youth, he wrote and published the "Christian Hero," in order to commit himself before the world, to virtue and religion, and thus be shamed into consistency of demeanor, is an impressive proof of his consciousness of moral weakness.

The father of Steele was private secretary to James, first Duke of Ormond, lord lieutenant of Ireland; and his son was born in Dublin, came to England when a child, was educated at the

Charter-House School; and his first recognized literary effort was a poem called the Procession, for the funeral of Queen Mary in 1695. A naturally chivalric temper inclined him to military life; and having entered the army, he rode privately in the Guards; while ensign, he, however, made two important discoveries;—one was that his pen was likely to be a far more useful weapon than his sword, the other that the career of a soldier would confirm ruinous habits of dissipation already contracted. It was under these impressions that he put forth the treatise to which we have alluded,—an act that subjected him to frequent ridicule. In 1702—a play intended to satirize the affectation of mourning—then prevalent, which he had offered to the manager of Drury, attracted the King's notice, who gave its author the post of Gazetteer. Then followed the "Tender Husband," and other successful dramatic pieces; the appointments of Stamp Commissioner, Surveyor of the Royal Stables, Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, &c. Steele became an active pamphleteer; and in March, 1713, was expelled the House of Commons, where he represented Stockbridge, for objectionable partizan writings. Soon after the accession of George I., he was knighted, elected a member of Parliament from Yorkshire, and, after suppressing a rebellion at the North, was named one of the commissioners of forfeited estates in Scotland. He obtained a patent for his project for bringing fish to market alive; and the great popularity of the "Conscious Lovers" gained him a royal *douceur* of five hundred pounds. He retired to Wales, after becoming paralytic; and died there on the first of September, 1729. Statistics like these, however, only serve to point out the landmarks of Steele's career. His political life has been severely criticised, although his intimates urge that he lived when party spirit ran high and integrity was little valued; and they claim that no illiberal or ungentlemanly invectives and no weak abuse deform his controversial papers; and that there, as in his other relations, is visible "an enthusiasm of honor." The anecdotes of his improvidence are curious and familiar; the two related by Savage, of his hiding in a tavern to get up a pamphlet to pay for his dinner, and inducing the bailiffs, who were quartered at his house, to enact the part of servants before his guests, are characteristic alike of his ready wit and painful exigencies. His domestic affections were strong, as shown in his conjugal sentiment, and fidelity to his illegitimate daughter. He built a residence in which he could not afford to live; and received, with the utmost courtesy and good nature, his friend Addison's practical reproof, administered in the shape of an execution upon the house and furniture, for an old debt of a thousand pounds, which failed however of its intent—"to awaken him from a lethargy which must end in his inevitable ruin." His social advantages were of the highest order. Not only was he the favorite guest of the most desirable of the nobility, and the most gifted of the fair; but the political leaders, the wits and the artists of the day, were his boon companions; he was equally at home in the palace and behind the scenes; in Garth's study and Congreve's sick-chamber; he had almost daily meetings with Addison at their coffee-house; Swift called at his office for his letters; and, at his request for "an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit," to help off a musical festival he projected, Pope sent "warm from his brain"—the "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

Steele once reproved an acquaintance for looking gravely upon the unsuccessful jocularities of an ambitious wag—saying "do laugh, 'tis humanity to laugh;" and this kindly sympathy was never chilled by pleasure, misfortune or age; for, at Hereford, where he died, we are told that he would be carried out upon the green, on summer evenings, to see the peasants divert themselves; and delighted to give an order on his agent, for a new gown to the best dancer.

Now that the political squabbles of Sir Richard are forgotten, his convivial graces vanished like the wine bubbles of an ended feast, his plays superseded by a new dramatic taste, and the weary clamor of his duns hushed in eternal silence,—he rises to the imagination in the friendly guise of a "fine old English gentleman," whose finances were indeed often visionary, and whose practice was not always reliable, but whose excellent sense and genial sentiment gave birth to one of the most pleasing and useful of literary inventions.

The art of combining utility and pleasure has advanced in the ratio of civilization; it is the great aim of modern science, the fond dream of philanthropy, the new triumph of genius. To read the glowing experiences of imaginative homoepaths and hydropaths, it would seem that the "ills that flesh is heir to," can be made, through agreeable remedial processes, the occasion of vivid enjoyment. Ideal socialists point out a way in which domestic infelicity may be rendered productive of sentimental delight. Musically organized enthusiasts indicate how the most grateful emotions are suggested by apt and exquisite harmony; while professors of magnetic science and recipients of Swedenborg's intuitions, become intimate with truth and cognizant of spiritual life, without intellectual labor or the emancipation of death. Such, in its extreme manifestation, is the tendency to attain good through pleasure; and to realize the requisite

and the desirable by virtue of inheritance; and, however fanatical in some of its pretensions, or visionary in its declared results, there is essential truth in the idea that lies at the basis of the experiment and absolute wisdom in the spirit of its disciples. There must be relish or there is no perfect assimilation either in physical or moral life. No idea enters into the soul except through the sympathies; thoughts, things, events and persons are objective to the individual except when in relation to him, and, only through his affections, modify his nature; so that, although the ungenial may excite and invigorate, its opposite can only enrich and inspire.

In no form has the problem we have hinted, struggled more toward solution than in that of education, in the broadest acceptation of the term;—how inadequately thus far in regard to youth, may be inferred from the almost universal fact that men and women of character, when released from the prescribed routine of their first years, seek and pursue quite a different culture, according to their own wants and impulses;—and this is the only education that moulds or reproduces their latent and individual nature. It is therefore with more faith that we turn from the hackneyed and obsolete systems to which the young are usually doomed, to those varied resources and excitements designed to afford mental stimulus and direction to a later and more thoughtful era of life. The most prominent and active in our times is literature; and its most delicate and difficult office is censorship. To criticise without malignity, raise the tone of manners without assumption, gently correct, winsomely improve, unostentatiously reform, and scatter the germs of truth without intruding into the field or obstructing the pathway of another—is a task which demands a blending of judgment, nobleness, tact and urbanity,—the knowledge and quickness of a practised man of the world and the warm, sympathetic heart of unsophisticated youth. Tried by such a standard we are at no loss to account for the failure of most preachers and editors in their efforts to improve society. Few unite the ability to perceive what is wanted with the tenderness and generosity indispensable to its efficient supply.

If there was ever a man formed to discharge successfully this peculiar vocation it was Steele. His very defects were available in this regard. Had he been more of a scholar, pedantry would have formalized the colloquial style that gave him access to the multitude; with more sustained moral elevation, he could scarcely have felt that indulgence for the weaknesses of others which gave to his admonitions a sympathetic charm; more retired and fastidious in association, his address would have been less frank and brotherly. His generous impulses prevented cynicism; his spontaneous feeling warmed the actual reprover into the apparent friend; and even his convivial habits, injurious as they were to his own interests, kept the social instinct fresh, while his improvidence was a sure though melancholy check upon "the indolence of office." Akin to the most polished race by birth and social position, one of the fraternity of genius by virtue of his own gifts, intimate with official experience by life in the camp and the court, and brought through the vicissitudes incident to an irregular career, into familiarity with the trials of the least fortunate of mankind—he was prepared to understand and to feel in a comprehensive and intelligent way. A social cosmopolite, a wit and a good-fellow in the general tone of his nature, he was, at the same time, a devoted partizan, a chivalric friend, a man of letters and an ardent lover—touching the circle of humanity at each salient point.

We can readily appreciate the objection of a German critic to the species of literature rendered popular by Steele,—that it tends to substitute display for erudition. This, however is a very partial view of its merit. The world had enough profound scholars; intellectual activity, like all other social forces, at this new impulse, emerged from a monastic seclusion to enlarge and quicken the mass. It obeyed the democratic and the Christian tendency of a more liberal and enlightened era; and to this revolution, so limited and casual in its origin, we may justly ascribe the spread of intelligence and taste which distinguishes this from past centuries. Previously, except to the few, mental improvement was a vague and often a hopeless privilege. By the advent of periodical literature it became an element of ordinary life, a refreshment obtainable by the way-side of toil and during the intervals of business. Its aim was not to convey recondite knowledge, but to excite men and women to observe and learn them to think; to induce a love of reading, to elevate gossip into conversation, and to refine and amplify the resources of the individual and of society.

As a means of social progress it is difficult to overestimate its value. The brilliancy and power of later writers of the same school, now render the Spectator and its immediate offspring, comparatively tame; but if the world has outgrown some of its teachings and advanced to the relish of a more vigorous style, the method and spirit to which it gave birth retain all their interest and efficiency. Character is but an aggregate of qualities and these are of gradual attainment; hence the foibles, errors and social incongruities which Steele and his associates strove to reform, however apparently insignificant, were

allied to the essential principles of human welfare. Before his day, England was allowed to indulge all the crudities of self-esteem with complacency. Neither law or theology meddled with those details of conduct their professors deemed of minor importance. Hence the need of a set of lay-preachers, tasteful, witty and insinuating, to lop the excrescences, guide the blind impulses and meliorate the life of society. If we glance at the pages of the old essayists, we shall find that they made constant war upon all kinds of affectation, mercilessly exposed bullies, coxcombs, pedants, oglers, dandies, wags, croakers, coquettes, and all the gay, noisy and venomous insects that infest the social atmosphere. The strong-holds of cant and ostentation were invaded; the baseness of slander unveiled, and the beauties of literature, the claims of genius and the dignity of truth vindicated with tact and eloquence. From the abolition of such customs as the levelling of opera glasses before recognition, the indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintances outlived, and the dangling of canes from a button-hole, to the high acts of distinguishing between realities and appearances, and disengaging one's-self from the opinions of others, the Spectator was the bland champion of improvement. He mingles with the *habitués* of the coffee-house, the audience and the actors at the theatre, the clubs of politicians, the festive scenes of hospitality, the grave coteries of scholars and the affectionate gatherings around the domestic hearthstone, and thence retires to indite grateful praise or judicious censure adapted to each scene and occasion. Perhaps there is as much wisdom in such a humanitarian application of one's knowledge and sympathy, as can be discovered in the more ostentatious efforts of modern philanthropy. It was, at least, one of the primary developements of that benevolent enterprise that, in our day, exhibits itself in the writings of Crabbe and Dickens, and the teachings of Spurzheim and Combe; and in all the varied labors of men of letters and science to make the different classes of society known to one another and promote human well-being by disseminating a knowledge of natural laws.

Those who are disinclined to recognise so wide and benign an aim in the writings of Steele, do not justly estimate the genuine nobility of his character. Perhaps to many he is most frequently remembered as a good-hearted man about town, with considerable wit and reckless habits. This view, though in a measure correct, is altogether inadequate. We find ample evidence of the generous and elevated designs he cherished. He reverenced the nature to which he would fain minister. "I consider," he says, "the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of buildings; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks and a magnificence in confusion." Thus if he explored human life with a critical eye and sometimes busied himself with its veriest details, the survey was inspired by reverence and sympathy; and amid the quaint allegories, old-fashioned modes of speech and diffuse commonplaces that sometimes weary a reader of today, the essays of Steele not infrequently glide from the vivacious to the sublime, from conventionalities to philosophy, and from a question of manners to an evidence of immortality. His prefaces contain the most deliberate statement of the purposes he cherished and the motives by which he was actuated; and some of these have a cordial and noble tone that can scarcely fail to charm a generous and discriminating mind.

Thus, in one instance, he observes—"When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection. Knowledge of books is like that sort of lantern which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his own; but in the possession of a man of business, it is as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare." A prominent object he elsewhere declares to be "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse and our behavior." Accordingly he penetrated the nooks of experience, and constantly enforced minor philosophy, so needful yet so rare which induces the "honest and laudable fortitude that dares to be ugly;" the adoption in dress of "the medium between a fop and a sloven," the content which dwells on "such instances of our good fortune as we are apt to overlook."

His "practical scheme for the good of society," has, therefore, continued to influence both the form and spirit of subsequent literature; and popular reading now bears its traces in the careful exposition of events, as in the Annual Register, and the minute analysis of the spirit of the age by such writers as Hazlitt. Modern reviews and novels, as well as many contributions to the daily press, are also imbued with the observant, critical and suggestive habitudes of the original essayists. In fact men of wit became ashamed, after so noble an example, to employ their gift otherwise than in the service of truth; and the Spectator's creed was more generally adopted even in literature,—that "the greatest merit is in having social virtues, with benevolence to mankind." At the outset, indeed, while female cultivation was rare, to be speculative was fashionable; so that Goldoni ridicules, in one of his

comedies, the lady-readers of the Spectator; but there can be little doubt that the galaxy of admirable English female writers, that adorn this century was, in part, at least, drawn into the literary firmament by the recognition and the impulses afforded by Steele and his fraternity. Mental independence was one of the happiest and most needful lessons they taught;—demonstrating that "we purchase things with our blood and money quite foreign to our intrinsic and real happiness;" that true "Honor is the conscience of doing just and laudable actions, independent of the success of these actions;" and that we should aim to "banish out of conversation all entertainment which does not proceed from simplicity of mind, good-nature, friendship and truth." Another striking service rendered by this literary reform, was that of calling public attention to neglected authors. It is conceded that Addison's papers on Milton, first caused Paradise Lost to be universally read and appreciated; thus literature, manners, character and life found enlightened and affectionate interpretation, and were "touched to finer issues;" so that, by the consent of the judicious, it was recorded of Steele that he "took upon himself to be the censor of the age, and for years exercised that delicate office with suitable dignity and general approbation."

Society perpetually needs criticism; and, notwithstanding the offence which the strictures of travellers in the United States, have given our sensitive people, they have induced actual reforms. Domestic economy is auspiciously modified by the intelligent suggestions of writers on principles of taste and the laws of health. The advantage of ventilation and ablution, the wisdom of inexpensive entertainments, and refinement in public amusements, are daily more appreciated through the intelligent advocacy of literature, the architecture and furniture of dwellings cannot fail to become more fit and pleasing by means of the eloquent treatise of Ruskin; while the lionizing and blue-stocking mania is obviously on the decline since it has become the subject of masterly satire. Let us not forget that no small degree of that salutary impulse which gave this practical direction to literature, is referable to the candid and kindly example of Steele. Women, especially, owe him no small obligation, for advocating the mental capabilities, recognising the social mission, and exposing the baneful follies of their sex. He indicated how they may derive positive benefit from men of letters, by sharing with them the domain of taste and cultivating the amenities of life. Many questions of vital import to their usefulness and satisfaction, previously kept in abeyance through false delicacy or proud indifference, were thus brought fairly into discussion. and submitted to the ordeal of truth; so that we may ascribe, in a measure, the increased consideration the sex enjoy, to this wise application of literature to life. We regard Steele as a kind of bold and graceful steward at the feast of letters, who, uniting intellectual gifts with social instincts, won the thinker from retirement and the worldling to books, broke the ice of pedantry, melted the reserve of scholarship, and gently led the careless votary of pleasure into the temple of reflection. He was a pioneer in that great achievement of modern civilization—the diffusion of knowledge. He strove to make the acquisitions of the few available to the many; and first succesfully established, among the Anglo-Saxons, and indirectly elsewhere, the magnetic telegraph of social literature—now the familiar blessing of the world,—the cheapest of luxuries, the most unfailing of resources and one of the main-springs of human interest. Not so much by genius and erudition, but through a hearty frankness, a captivating address, and liberal sympathies he became the favorite companion at every London breakfast-table; and lived in the world "rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species;" and to such advantage, that the list of subscribers to each of his periodicals, comprised the most illustrious names in the kingdom. How natural for Lamb to exclaim, with the zest of a cotemporary, "O to read Steele *new!*" La Bruyère had analyzed character and Castiglione drawn up a code of manners, but with a more genial and comprehensive aim, the Spectator and Tatler surveyed the whole field of human life and reasoned of its inward elements and external phases, so that their projector deserved the encomium of one of his biographers, who says that "all the pulpit discourses of a year scarce produced half the good that flowed from the Spectator of a day." In a purely literary point of view, Steele merits the distinction of having illustrated the availability of our vernacular. He took the language from stilts and placed it on its feet. The most felicitous of his essays are colloquial without any loss of dignity, and expressive without the use of any sonorous or peculiar words. He knew how to write like a gentleman as well as a scholar; reproduced original simplicity of diction, and from a ponderous mace that only the erudite thought of handling, moulded and tempered it into a delicate but keen rapier, light to carry and graceful to wield. Writing became more conversational and talking more finished from the easy rhetoric of the old essayists, and, although Steele modestly yields the palm to Addison—declaring himself "undone by his auxiliary;" we are inclined to think, with Swift, that "the ingenious gentleman who did thrice a week, divert and instruct

the public with his papers, tried the force and compass of our language with eminent success." He had the nature and the independence to print talk, the sense to make it useful, and the fancy to give it a charm; and it has, therefore, been justly said of him and his co-laborers,—that for more than half a century they "supplied the English nation with principles of speculation."

Con amore is the secret of eloquent advocacy. Steele loved truth and beauty in form, manners and action, with an enthusiasm that few divines realized; hence their exposition was to him a peculiar delight. He lacked the firmness to embody these high principles in his life; but the consciousness of this, gave new fervor to the sentiments their contemplation inspired. He had the nobility to appreciate what he felt was beyond his reach; and seemed to atone for personal disloyalty to virtue, by sincere public homage at her shrine. The inconsistency might have been fatal, had he ministered openly at the altar whose secret priest he aspired to be; but addressing his readers under the humorous name of Isaac Bickerstaff—to which the wit of Swift had given the *prestige* of notoriety, there was no inevitable association of the censor with the man. An universality of aim took away the special intent of his hits at folly; and self-love was not wounded by the judicious advice of a kindly man of the world anonymously tendered. Besides and above all, there was the undertone of genuine affection, to render musical even the hoarse voice of reproof; the satire had too much of pleasantry to embitter its object; and the magnetic touch of that spirit of humanity which lives in the famous line of Terence and the cherished song of Burns, took the sting of enduring pain from the needful blow of correction.

SONG.

I.

When I met thee Belovéd!
  In hope, and in gladness—
I thought not so soon
  I should leave thee in sadness—
The dream that my fancy
  Caressingly cherished—
Its radiance has vanished—
  Its glory has perished.

II.

The wounds of the heart,
  Are forever unclosing—
The spirit that suffereth
  Knows not reposing.
If the soul from oblivion
  One bright beam should borrow,
Too soon waketh memory
  The wild harp of sorrow.

III.

I strive to recall not
  The hopes that are flying,
Like birds to the shadows
  When daylight is dying.
Yet when their sweet music
  Heart-echoes have started—
Those echoes remain,
  Though the song has departed.

IV.

Thy beauty extorted
  Love's warmest emotion,
I bowed at its altar
  With Eastern devotion.
But away from the shrine,
  The fond worshipper driven—
The soft ray of love's star
  Has grown dim in its heaven.

V.

From all dreams of bliss,
  There 's a fearful awaking—
The life-chords seemed crushed,
  And the heart almost breaking—
Yet a plague on the fool,
  Who, tho' slighted, loves blindly—
Perchance there's another
  Will treat him more kindly.

P. H. H.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

JOHN FORD.

It is a circumstance previously remarked, that within the short space of half a century, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, to the breaking out of the Great Rebellion, there flourished almost all that England can boast of as masters in the art of serious dramatic literature. Perhaps we should make a few exceptions in favor of the authors of the Samson Agonistes, the Fair Penitent, the Mourning Bride, and a few other spirits of like kidney, but reflection will yet show strong reasons for including imitators and contemporaries in the general rule we have noticed above. After these 'reverend seniors,' how little have we!—In the literary fragments of this "golden age of merrye England," we

> See how the floor of heaven
> Is thickly strewn with patines of bright gold!
> There 's not the smallest orb,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls!

But in the superior effulgence of the fame of Shakspeare, that sun which shall never set, are comparatively lost to view many bards, whose

beauties would otherwise have been familiar to our tongues. The Persian apologue of the clay that received its sweetness from a neighboring roseplant, must be reversed in this connection by the admirers of Ben Jonson—Beaumont and Fletcher—Massinger—Webster—Kit Marlowe, and numerous others. And among other contemporary kindred spirits, John Ford held in his day a very high position, which even now he must be allowed to have merited.

John Ford, or as he sometimes spelt his name, Forde, was born of reputable parentage, in Devonshire, England, during the spring of 1586. It is the lamentable dearth of all positive evidence, even on such a point as this, that has caused one of the most distinguished British poets to say, "it is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications." However, there is still extant, at Islington, the record of his baptism, dated April 17th, 1586.

It is, we believe, unknown and unnoticed by any of Ford's previous biographers, that he was born at the family seat of the manor of Bagter, near Ashburton, in the county of Devon; a town which nearly two centuries after, gave a title to another illustrious son, John Dunning, the first Baron Ashburton. It may boast also of giving birth to two other persons eminent in the literary world, Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, and Mr. Gifford, the former editor of the Quarterly Review. The manor is at present one of the seats of Lord Ashburton, but will revert in about ten years to the Creswell family of that ilk.

Like Congreve and many others of the brotherhood, Ford, after receiving a liberal education, was entered in the Middle Temple, 16th November, 1602, as a student of law. It would seem that in after life he was a practitioner of no mean eminence in this science. In 1606, not yet arrived at the age of manhood, he published an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, in the shape of some verses entitled "Fame's Memorial," &c. Twenty-three years after this, we again find him before the public. In 1629, he published his "Lover's Melancholy," which, he assures us in his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn, was his first printed dramatic effort. It is probable that he had in the interim composed several plays for representation, although none of them had as yet been submitted to the press. Happily for our curiosity, his dedications afford us some irrefragable testimony in regard to the history of the compositions to which they are attached. The first play that appears on the stage, the product of Ford's pen, seems to have been "The Brother and Sister": (although it is not known by that name, we will venture to substitute it for the original title,) which was not published, however, till 1633. In the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, our author styles it "the first fruit of his leisure in the action."

From the very nature of this play, its damnation ensues. Like Massinger in his Ancient Admiral, Ford seems to have thought that the portraiture of the passion of Love, (in which he so eminently excelled,) in any phase whatever, no matter how sinful or revolting, was redeemable by exquisite delicacy of touch and soft depth of coloring. The horrible traits in the character of the hero and heroine of the piece, render it unfit for perusal by the young, and sickening to the old. The student of early British poetry will call to mind, in this connection, the beautiful old ballad of the Bonny Hynd, in which a similar catastrophe is produced with a degree of poetical spirit worthy of a more noble theme. As our author was a lawyer, he should not have been unmindful of the axiom of the civilians:—"Facinora ostendi dum puniantur, flagitia autem abscondi debent."

Not to do him injustice, however, we transcribe what we may suppose to be his real sentiments, taken from the mouth of Friar Bonaventura, a second Friar Lawrence, in the very opening of the play—

> "Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
> These are no school-points; nice philosophy
> May tolerate unlikely arguments,
> But heaven admits no jests! Wits, that presumed
> On wit too much, by striving how to prove
> There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,—
> Discovered first the nearest way to hell;
> And filled the world with devilish Atheism.
> Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
> To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
> Yet He thou talk'st of is above the sun.
> No more; I may not hear it."

Hear the lover, describing the charms of his mistress in an impassioned strain, worthy of Ariosto himself:

> "View well her face, and in that little round
> You may observe a world of variety;
> For coral, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
> For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
> Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
> Wonder in every portion of that form.
> Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
> Make music to the citizens in heaven.

A single specimen more must suffice for this tragedy. In strong contrast with the foregoing, we select an extract in which the Friar describes the consequences of sin:

> ———There is a place
> (List daughter) in a black and hollow vault
> Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,

But flaming horror of condemning fires;
A lightless sulphur, choked with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Although a most hideous and enormous sin is held up to the popular odium in this tragedy, still even the goodness of the author's motives can scarce excuse his subject. Yet he has the slight defence, that he may have taken the hint from the ancient Greek drama, of which this vice was a not uncommon subject. And in this feeling we are borne out by many of the most able critics. The author of the Pleasures of Hope held still stronger language in this connection. and the late Charles Lamb, in a note to an extract from this play says, "Sir Thomas Brown, in the last chapter of his enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled "*Of some relations whose truth we fear.*" His reasoning is solemn and fine.—'Lastly, as there are many relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are divers others whose verities we fear, and heartily wish there were no truth therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in History, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto Humanity; whose not only verities, but relations honest minds do deprecate. Nor of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftimes a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity, as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villainy; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past, poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seducable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth History; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any register but that of Hell.' Pancirollus wrote *De Antiquis Deperditis*, or of the Lost Inventions of Antiquity."

We take leave of this play, for the "Lover's Melancholy," with feelings much akin to those inspired by stepping from a cold damp charnel house, into an airy, agreeable garden. This tragi-comedy we have alluded to before; it is undoubtedly a most superior production—containing several passages that would singly suffice to immortalize any play. The plot is also of a very graceful character—in it our author delineates with a masterly hand the progress and cure of two kinds of insanity, without suffering the interest of the piece to pall for a moment. The reader will agree with Mr. Lamb in regard to the following extract, that "it is as fine as any thing in Beaumont and Fletcher, and almost equals the strife it celebrates. It depicts a contest between a Musician and a Nightingale: the tale on which it is founded is familiar to all classical readers.

Menaphon. "Passing from Italy to Greece the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmate of my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music, touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, (as it seem'd,) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flocked about him all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge; and, for every several strain
The well shaped youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she
The nightingale did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird, (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr,) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness

To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried,
'Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray an harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in."

We may as well state here, that under the sanction of very competent authority, we have ventured to clip and to curtail the foregoing from a dialogue to a monologue, in order to render it a more perfect excerpt.

We now come to the "Broken Heart," which, taken all in all, is undoubtedly Ford's *chef d'œuvre*. This tragedy, which would have reflected credit upon Shakspeare himself, was first published in 1633, and is dedicated to the heroic Earl Craven. We may be excused for dwelling some time upon it, as it will serve to put forth the masterly genius of its author better than any other of his works. Let us resort again to Mr. Lamb, whose language is incapable of improvement: "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, 'to describe high passions and high actions.' The fortitude of the Spartan Boy who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died without expressing a groan, is a a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and excuteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a Wife and a Queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering; these torments

On the purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and in its weaknesses! Who would be less weak than Calantha? who can be so strong? the expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference." The plot is as follows: Penthea a noble Spartan maid, betrothed by her father and a mutual love to Orgilus, is, on her father's death, compelled by her brother Ithocles, to wed Bassanes, a jealous old lord. Ithocles in time, is enamored of Penthea's friend, the Princess Calantha, and after long intercession, prevails on his sister to exert her influence with Calantha, in his favour. Orgilus, however still retains his implacable anger towards Ithocles, and at length assassinates him, when he had inspired the Princess with so great an attachment for him, that she had decided to marry him. From the many noble passages throughout we select the following, in strong contrast with Sir John Falstaff's well-known ideas on the same subject.

"Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance cause we think it brave;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature;
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice or by valour, which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre of revenge,
Commits thefts, murthers, treasons, or adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice.

The scene where Penthea persuades the Princess to accede to her brother's suit, is so perfect, that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it, fearful lest in making extracts, we may mar one of its beauties. It must be premised that Penthea, through the machinations of this very brother, is now tottering on the verge of the grave.

Calantha. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Penthea. Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue; beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth,—

Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies, as I bequeath impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live:
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*] In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood, and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May these be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with.

Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonor.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last,
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
The gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long agone, since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What say'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks; but with low bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service.
Yet this lost creature loves thee.—Be a Princess
In sweetness as in blood, give him his doom
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power,
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind: Oh, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
Your cheek lies in my silence.

While celebrating the nuptial feast of two of her favorites, Calantha is suddenly notified by one messenger, that the king her father is dead: by another that Penthea has committed suicide by starvation, and finally Orgilus announces that Ithocles, with whom the Princess had interchanged pledges of mutual love, is cruelly murdered by his hand. The struggles with which the now queen restrains her emotions amply justify Mr. Lamb's eulogia. Having meted out to all the actors in her unhappy drama of life, their proper dooms. Calantha transfers the crown to her cousin Nearchus, Prince of Argos; and finally, the corpse of Ithocles being brought forward in solemn state and placed upon the stage, she expires upon the coffin of her lover, with this soliloquy:

——Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest:
(*Places a ring on the finger of* ITHOCLES.)
Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came hurrying on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart strings;
Let me die smiling.

An intelligent critic has suggested that the catastrophe in this play is far from being faultless; that some distinction should be drawn between the fates of the virtuous Calantha and of the malignant Orgilus—of the generous Ithocles and

the jealous old Bassanes. But with all due deference to this opinion we beg leave to dissent from it. To a noble mind, death under certain circumstances is the most precious boon. And setting aside the great moral truth, that

> 'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
> Nor all of death, to die,

which perhaps is not peculiarly *apropos* in this connection, we still think that it would seriously degrade the lofty characters of Penthea and Calantha, were they to be temporarily rewarded in the course of the drama, and that Ford has shown a deep insight into the nobler feelings of the heart in his conclusion. Sir Walter Scott elegantly expressed the ideas which we have sought to convey, in somewhat the following language:—"A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted, by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with *temporal* wealth, greatness, rank, * * * * the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifices of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their highminded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense in the form of that peace which the world cannot give nor take away."

"Love's Sacrifice"—first printed in 1633, is the next in point of time, of our author's works. Its general merit is the delineation of the gradual progress of the jealous passion; the virtuous fortitude, and the insatiate revenge in the breasts of his characters. The intriguing Machiavellian policy of the Italian courts of that age is also well depicted. It would seem to have been better received on representation in its day, than others by the same author, to which it is decidedly inferior. This temporary triumph was undoubtedly owing to the deference paid to the low tastes of the *canaille*, in the introduction of various vulgar passages. Mr. Weber considers the whole play an imitation of Shakspeare's Othello; and in truth there is ground for such an insinuation. Ford is well known to have been an ardent admirer of the "harmonious monarch of the mind;" and as we shall presently see, ventured on a still more palpable attempt to rival his great master. We have not marked any passages from this play for quotation, lest we fatigue our readers with unfair specimens of our author's merits. In 1634, Ford seems to have temporarily laid aside his plays in which the higher passions predominated, and committed the most egregious blunder of attempting openly to compete with Shakspeare in the Historical Drama. "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" was probably intended by its author to connect Shakspeare's chain of English historical plays, by coming in between the dramas of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. In affirming the poet's failure, we must in candor admit that he labored under disadvantages more than sufficient to appal any ordinary mind. He would undoubtedly have better consulted his fame, had he never deserted that line of dramatic composition in which consisted his *forte*. The auditories of those days did not receive "Perkin Warbeck" with any great degree of favor: nevertheless testimonies of the regard in which it was held by several of the literati of the age, (among others, by the celebrated Dr. Donne,) still exist in their works. It was reprinted in 1715 and in 1745, by the friends of the House of Hanover, to excite and foster ill feeling against the Jacobite cause; albeit the author had dedicated it to that famous Earl of Newcastle, whose staunch adherence to the Stuarts during the Great Rebellion has tended more to immortalize him than his literary productions. The final act possesses much real merit; several of the speeches are grand, and worthy of Shakspeare. What utter contempt is shewn by Warbeck to the suggestion of his predecessor in rebellion, Lambert Simnel, the titular Earl of Warwick, that he should sue for pardon to King Henry the Eighth.

> "For pardon? hold, my heartstrings, whilst contempt
> Of injuries in scorn, may bid defiance
> To this base man's foul language! Thou poor vermin,
> How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
> Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
> As all thy swing of slight ambition flew at.
> A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
> By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
> To infect the purer air, which drops again
> Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
> Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
> From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
> But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
> Of such a royal blood as flows in mine;
> Thou would'st not change condition to be second
> In England's state, without the crown itself!
> Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
> But let the world, as all, to whom I am
> This day a spectacle, to Time deliver,
> And by tradition fix posterity,
> Without another chronicle than Truth,
> How constantly my resolution suffered
> A martyrdom of majesty."

Nor is the scene where the quasi Richard IV. is led to the scaffold, less imposing. His speech is just what we should expect from Warbeck, were his character a real and not an assumed one. This is no place to discuss the question, whether the pretensions he instituted—backed by Margaret of Burgundy, the aunt of York, and by James IV. of Scotland—were genuine. Yet the passion that makes him in his death agonies reaffirm his title, could not have been other than real courage inspired either by a conviction of truth, or by a singularly gross self-deception. Let us proceed to the passage itself.

Oxford. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death.
Warbeck. Why, Peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears: and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets determines
In this last issue male. Heaven be obeyed.
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends;
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood: here, the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion: so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us Kings o'er Death.

We will venture to assert that a large majority of those readers who peruse Shakspeare methodically from beginning to end, have regretted and do regret the omission of any history of the reign of Henry VII.; and he who is lost in the bald, flat narrative of Lord Bacon, will sympathize with them. But Shakspeare must have seen the great inapplicability of that reign to theatrical purposes; this renders the attempt of Ford more chivalric, if we may so style it, to venture on a flight at which Shakspeare hesitated. Our author probably held with Montrose thirty years after—

He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small—
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

And much as Ford's effort is below "the Swan of Avon," it is nevertheless infinitely superior to any other open imitation that we have yet encountered. We now come to an era in Ford's life, when the whole current of his mind must have undergone a complete change. Heretofore, his compositions may generally be noted for their solemn and serious cast—but the only two remaining products of his pen are of a totally different nature: more in the style of Fletcher's best comedies, with any of which they will favourably compare. The first of these is styled, "The Fancies, chaste and noble;" printed in 1638. In the prologue, Ford assures us, that

—— In it is shown
Nothing but what our author knows his own,
Without a learned theft.

The extreme singularity of the plot has called forth some invidious censure, inasmuch as it withdraws the attention from the general style and execution of the composition itself. It strikes us that an equally sensible objection might be urged against the Tempest, or the Midsummer's Night's Dream. We think that a critical examination will decide that if any fault is to be found, it must be with the plot itself, *per se*, on account of its improbability. Some of the passages scattered throughout are admirably adapted for quotation: we cannot resist giving one.

—— She was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy, when mists and vapours
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

In 1639, the "Lady's Trial" was published: akin in its nature to the last, but both in plot and in composition, infinitely superior. As a whole, it is, to our mind, equal to anything of the kind that Fletcher ever penned. Mr. Weber says of it; "There are scenes which may be read by the most sagacious critic, and defy the severest scrutiny. The characters of the noble Auria, the precise and scrupulous Aurelio, the discontented Malfato, and the gay Adurni, are well contrasted with the strutting Guzman, the conceited Fulgoso, and the roaring Benatzi. In Castanna and Spinella, Ford evinces that his skill in the delineation of the female character had not deserted him to the last. The parting scene of Auria and his wife in the first act, his altercation with the friend of his heart in the third; the arraignment of Adurni in the fourth, and the reconciliation of Spinella and Auria in the last, would not disgrace the pages of any of his dramatic contemporaries." The gist of the plot is briefly, that whilst in enjoyment of all temporal dignities, the husband can find no happiness until his wife whom he falsely supposed unchaste, has returned to him with proofs of her innocence. The following is Auria's advice to Spinella, on his departure for the wars.

The steps
Young ladies tread left to their own discretion,

However wisely printed, are observed
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest;
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla to report;
Some widow'd neglect of hand, some value;
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enriched with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—
No more.

This passage has many strikingly elegant points: the anxious care with which the husband dictates the proper course of conduct to be pursued by his wife, is admirably penned. Perhaps, however, if husbands in that as well as the present day, treated their wives more like human beings and less like slaves or pets, who were withdrawn from the domestic influence by a day's absence, there would be considerably more family comfort in this world. The following outburst in which Malfato works up his personal spleen against the lord Adurui into a fancied slight upon his social position, has been much and deservedly admired.

A gentleman, free born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promised,
Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.
I read no difference betwixt this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for ought I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient.

We may as well mention here, that there is nothing more extant of which John Ford was the undoubted author. Of the "Sun's Darling," a masque, by Ford and Dekker, and of the Witch of Edmonton, a tragedy, by Ford, Rowley, and several others, we forbear saying anything, since it is impossible to discriminate correctly and precisely as to what particular parts came from our author's hand. And with the others, we have nothing here to do. Nevertheless, we may state that they are very meritorious productions: the plot of the former is ingenious and the language beautiful, the latter is founded on the superstition so prevalent through Christendom during the seventeenth century. Nor must we omit to notice the numerous beautiful little songs which are scattered through the preceding pages. Some of them are perfect gems, and will recall very forcibly to the reader's mind similar verses, which we meet in Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. We give as specimens, three or four:

SONG—*From the Lover's Melancholy.*

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Loves and griefs are so expressed,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep.

The following are from the "Broken Heart," before alluded to.

PENTHEA'S SONG.

Oh, no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burned out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lover's eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

A DIRGE ON CALANTHA'S DEATH.

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is not troubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

We have thus briefly noticed all that remains of Ford's compositions. Other plays he undoubtedly composed, but they were never published, and the manuscripts are no longer extant. Every thing connected with our author seems to have hazarded existence; his very death is unknown, when, where, or how. There is good reason to suppose, however, that he did not survive long after 1640—but nothing positive can be adduced on this point. The tales told of his contests with Ben Jonson, etc. are at present received with no credit: they are undoubtedly forgeries of the last century; Malone and Campbell regard them in this light. Ford's compositions are remarkable for the extreme delicacy with which the female character, particularly when depress-

ed by adverse circumstances, is portrayed. His melodious and polished versification may be also noticed with praise. Undoubtedly, he is as much inferior, as an author to Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, as they were to Shakspeare. But with Middleton, Rowley, and Massinger, comparisons may be instituted without fear of the consequence by Ford's admirers. His style has much less vigour and masculine energy than Massinger's, but yet possesses far more sweetness and polish. In fine, we may conclude this critique in the language of the inimitable Charles Lamb—"Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella, (see the Play first noticed in this article,) we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shews hints of an improveable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for the County of Rockbridge rendered on the 16th of September, 1848, in the case of Joel Lackland vs. Walter K. Cole and others, I shall certainly sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on MONDAY, the 3rd day of Dec. next, the undivided two-thirds of that famous property known to the world as the *Natural Bridge of Virginia.*

Oh! that Mr. George Robins, who so long rhapsodized in the advertising columns of the London Times over the beauties of real property committed to his hammer,—Robins, whose pen has depicted the glories of the English landscape more fittingly than Christopher North in ink, or Gainsborough in oils, and whose "Visits to Remarkable Places" have conferred on them more enduring celebrity than any pilgrimage of Howitt—oh, that this Prince of Puffs, this most accomplished of auctioneers, this Crichton of criers, were now alive and in Virginia, that he might have the describing and selling of the Natural Bridge! With what generous fervour would he not dwell upon this wondrous specimen of Nature's handiwork, with what a climax of superlatives would he not rise in unfolding the mental emotions inspired by so sublime a spectacle, in what refreshing contrast would not his glowing periods stand to the cold rhetoric of the Commissioner's advertisement in the Richmond Whig! Not that our Commissioner has failed in the duty assigned him by the court, for in the foregoing paragraph, (which we take from the Richmond Whig of October 2nd,) it will be seen that he sets forth the time and terms of sale, (stating in another sentence that it will be conducted on the premises, where else could it be?) and we soon find him, after summing up its advantages as a *Tavern Stand*, indulging in the following flourish, which we must say is indeed very true.

In the spring, the summer, and the fall seasons, it is the constant resort of large parties, who go thither in pursuit of pleasure, to gratify their curiosity, and to spend their money—and so long as the sublime and wonderful works of nature attract attention, just so long will the Bridge be the resort of the curious, and of the gay and fashionable world.

But is it of "the curious, and of the gay and fashionable world" that the visiters to the Natural Bridge alone consist? Does not some one occasionally descend to the bed of the stream below, and look up to that stupendous arch with feelings other than those of idle curiosity or the disposition of the "gay and fashionable" traveller, who "does" the Natural Bridge as he has "done" perhaps Vesuvius or Sorrento? Alas, why could not our commissioner have been more discursive in his description, why need to be so curt in his panegyric? Oh for the mantle of the defunct Robins, that we might supply what he has so unhappily omitted!

This is an age of marvels: so much so, indeed, that we have hitherto acted on the principle of *nil admirari* in sheer self-defence. But we confess we were greatly surprised to learn that the Natural Bridge was to be sold. Such a thing had never occurred to us. Somehow—we know not how—we had taken up the idea that it belonged to nobody, that it was a sort of *nullius status*, that it was indeed incapable of transfer from one person to another. It possesses, it is true, in a very marked degree, this characteristic of real property, that it cannot be moved, yet as a mere "piece or parcel of land, lying and being in the County of Rockbridge" we had never learned to regard it. If we had looked upon it as property at all, we should have rather considered it an "incorporeal hereditament" as *affecting the imagination*, and we should as soon have thought of buying a rainbow or a sunset, evanescent as they are, as becoming the owner of the Natural Bridge. The magnificent phenomena of nature everywhere—Alps, torrents, cataracts, illimitable prairies,—seem to us in their eternal grandeur to

mock the efforts of man to reduce them into possession.

And yet the Natural Bridge is for sale, and may be had on the 3rd of December next, by the highest bidder for ready money. We fancy we can see the red flag hanging over the cliff, as a signal to all passers-by of the approaching event. We should like very much to attend, if the weather should prove mild, for the very novelty of the thing. At what value should such a bridge be held? In ordinary structures of this description, the value bears some proportion to the cost of building. But he who should sit down, with card and pencil, to estimate the cost of putting up another Natural Bridge, would be apt, we think, to find the task a *pons asinorum*.

It may be objected by the reader who thinks of purchasing, that it does not appear, from the advertisement as we have so far given it, that more than two-thirds of the bridge can be purchased after all. And who, says he, would care to hold it by *tenancy in common?* To be seised *per my et per tout*, to have an undivided moiety of the whole, would be bad enough, but who would wish for the whole of an undivided moiety? The other tenant might be constantly giving you trouble about the respective interests, and at last ask for a partition. And would not the attempt to divide the Natural Bridge put a hemisphere in commotion? But, my dear sir, we have not given the whole advertisement. Observe: the Commissioner appends a Nota Bene:—

N. B.—I am requested by Col. Jesse Wootten, of Henry co., who is the proprietor of the other third, to say, that he is willing either to sell or lease his interest. He will be present at the sale, and persons who may wish to buy the whole, can have an opportunity of doing so.

And now, sir, come to Virginia and buy the property. It may not be offered for sale again, in the present century. It is perhaps your last chance for this wonder of the world. Consider the satisfaction of inviting a friend to visit *my* Bridge. You may be able afterwards to buy Niagara, and, in the convulsions of the old world, it may happen that the Giant's Causeway will be in the market. Or perhaps some day or other the Colossus of Rhodes might be had a bargain, or you might get "an eligible property" in the disinhumed streets of Pompeii. Begin with the Bridge, sir, while the opportunity offers, and consider yourself lucky in obtaining it.

We do not wish to throw an obstacle in the way of the Commissioner, but we should like to know in what manner he proposes to make investiture of the property. How shall *livery of seisin* be performed? Shall the two-thirds or the whole pass, with all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, by mere delivery of a deed? Or shall the old custom of giving "a turf or a twig" be resorted to? And would it be considered a safe tenure to hold it by the twig that Col. Piper caught at, when he made his perilous ascent of the precipice?

We are in a state of perplexity with regard to the whole matter, and with solicitude await the issue of the sale. In the mean time, we beg leave to record the emotions that rise within us in contemplating that event, and trust we shall be pardoned for giving them the shape of

Stanzas on the Proposed Sale of the Natural Bridge.

A Sale! A Sale! Earth's proudest things are daily bought and sold,
And art and nature coincide in bowing down to gold,
Alas! at such a sale as this, sad thoughts within us rise
Until the Bridge becomes to us a very Bridge of Sighs.

Ho! citizens of Lexington, ho! Keepers of the Springs,
To whom the Bridge a revenue in transient travel brings,
Rebuke the cruel auctioneer with your severest frown,
Before in his destructiveness he seeks to knock it down!

At least, ere he proceeds to such extremity as that,
Be good enough to bid him first remember what he's at,
Let even-handed Justice too, cry loudly in his ears
That he should give this ancient bridge a Trial by its Piers.

Now, by the bones of Captain Smith, how shall he dare to cry
(For crying's his "vocation, Hal," though with unmoistened eye),
That this great span which hath endured for centuries unknown,
At bidding of a purchaser is going, going, gone!

Oh, for a Wordsworth's flowing lines to sonnetize the Bridge
And paint in Tintern Abbey tints the Valley and the Ridge,
But what's words' worth in such a task as lies before us here,
As little as to give the face of placid Windermere.

The only ode, oh noble Bridge, that should be sung to thee
Is heard among the mountain pines and heard upon the lea,
A Miserere lofty as that anthem of the surge,
When on the sunset strand it chants the day's departing dirge.

The earth is full of stately works of monumental pride—
The famed Rialto thrown above the dark Venetian tide—
And pyramids and obelisks of ages passed away—
And friezes of Pentelicus majestic in decay:—

But arches, domes, colossal piles, that human skill has wrought,
All, all, when in comparison with thy proportions brought,
Are fleeting as the palaces fantastically vain,
That Russian monarchs rear in ice on Neva's frozen plain!

A Saxon Priest once stood beneath the Coliseum's wall,
And augured that the globe itself should topple with its fall!*
Oh when this mighty arch of stone shall from its base be hurled,
An elemental war shall work the ruin of the world!

Σ

* See Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the world!"—*Childe Harold.*

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

Therefore farewell! I go my soul may fail me,
As the heart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks—
But thou, my first born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—Farewell!

Mrs. Hemans.

To Rev. Charles Selden.

My Beloved Son:—Here I am, in the library, sitting before an open window, with the mocking bird singing in the rose bush, the door locked, and all cares and duties imposed upon Margaret, that I may have nothing to disturb the pleasure of unrestrained communion with you. I shall never be able to fill up the blank occasioned by your absence, nor do I even wish to do so, and yet I would not recall you. I did not give you up without counting the cost, nor do I repent the sacrifice, but rejoice in the firmness with which you have pursued your course, convinced that no earthly object of desire or ambition could confer such high and everlasting happiness upon you as the path of action you have chosen. The soul, naturally immortal in its desires, can only find repose and happiness by coming to that Fountain of living water which he who drinketh of shall never thirst; then all earthly things, assuming their due subordination and value, yield the measure and degree of pleasure which they were designed to convey, and in this sense do "the meek inherit the earth." They may pluck each flower from the path of life, and without sorrow or surprise, observe its beauty vanish and its lustre fade; they know that these flowers were not immortal, but only types of those which shall bloom for us in Paradise.

I have always thought the calling of a minister not only the most holy, but the highest and most extensively useful vocation that a human being could follow. Preaching is but one, and not the most important of his duties, for it is the business of his life to promote good and repress evil in all their forms. What an infinite field for action here presents itself, action too, attended with the delightful reflection, that when all earthly things have vanished away, not an effort that has been made in this field shall be lost!

I saw Mr. Carter from your parish yesterday, and felt as if he were a parishioner of my own. He spoke of you with so much kindness, that I found it impossible to remember he was only the acquaintance of a day, and should I dare say have forgotten the dignity of manner necessary for a matron of my age and Mrs. Selden of Sherwood (as you know your father calls me sometimes, when he wishes to recall me to a sense of my position in society,) if I had not observed Mr. Selden's eye fixed upon me. Mr. Carter seemed to enter into my feelings, described to me your style of preaching, and told me several anecdotes in which I recognized my own Charles so plainly that I could have vouched for their authenticity. During our conversation your father was apparently engaged in looking over a newspaper, but I believe not a word we said was lost upon him, for I observed his eyes wandered several times towards the place we were sitting, and I saw a suppressed smile lurking occasionally around the corners of his mouth.

I am delighted to hear your aunt Mason has at length arrived, her society and assistance will prove invaluable to you. Brought up as you have been, I am sure you could not be altogether comfortable without some female companionship; indeed, the best and gentlest of men require some such softening. A habit of practising the "small, sweet courtesies of life," the necessity of daily consideration for the wants and wishes of those around us are necessary to unfold the germs of love, of patience, of disinterestedness within our hearts, and gives them vigor for the great trials of life.——I have read and reread your letters so often that they are almost worn out; I found Margaret carefully repairing your first, yesterday morning, with a cambric needle and the finest thread she could procure. Your letters convey to me so vivid an idea of your feelings, your employments, your neighbors and your household, that as I read them you seem present with me, and I feel sometimes almost like answering you aloud.

But I must remember that you will want to hear every thing about home, and abridge all that I should like to say about yourself. Your father, I see, misses you sadly, though of course he would not express what he considers a weakness; he seems more than usually restless, and as motion is Arthur's element they have become almost constant companions. I marvel how they

can go on fishing, walking, riding and projecting for ever. This may do for a while, until Mr. Selden's spirits recover their usual tone, but then I really must persuade him to join with me in endeavoring to induce Arthur to devote some time to reading and study, and to form some definite and rational plan of life. Arthur's spirits are so buoyant, his love of novelty and adventure so great, that I have always feared to urge him respecting his future plans, lest he should wander off on some wild pursuit. With a thousand good feelings and fine traits of character, he is a source of great anxiety to me, poor fellow. God grant he may never come to harm!

Reginald continues as much devoted to study as ever, too much so indeed, for it makes him silent and abstracted, and prevents his contributing to the happiness of the family, or receiving pleasure from them in return. Your father applauds his diligence, and seems proud of his talents, but has entirely given up trying to make a companion of him as lost labor; he is succeeding remarkably well at the practice of law, and made a speech the other day which was greatly admired and complimented by his professional brethren as well as others. Mr. Selden was greatly delighted at his success, and I should also have been much gratified but for the thought that it is only adding fuel to the flame, which is already consuming him. I labor in vain to inspire him with other and higher views and to check his ambitious aspirations,—they are too strong for me to hope to control—and I feel daily that I have arrived at the most trying stage of a mother's existence, when she can only watch over without the least power of controlling the destinies of her children.

We have two young men added to our circle of acquaintance here, who seem to have caused a great sensation in the community, one of them I fear is destined to disturb our tranquillity, and I wish from my heart he had remained in Philadelphia. The elder of these two young gentlemen, Gerald Devereux, is a native of Ireland, though he left it during his infancy; he has no parents and has lived, since his recollection, with his uncle, Mr. Fitzgerald, who came over to America more than twenty years ago. Though I have seen him several times, my opinion is scarcely yet settled, even as it regards his manner and appearance, to say nothing of his character; of the superiority of his mental endowments and qualifications there can be no doubt; it would be impossible to converse with him an hour without perceiving the extraordinary power of his intellect. This superiority, however, is manifested without the slightest effort, apparently without the slightest consciousness of its existence. His appearance is striking, whether it is handsome or not I am unable to say, but when you observe the play of his countenance it has all the effect of beauty; as to the interest it excites, the expression of his face is perpetually changing, and these very changes rivet your attention, sometimes from the impossibility of decyphering their meaning, sometimes from the depth of feeling which they express. His manner is very distinguished, yet it is not the manner formed by much intercourse with the world, or fashionable society; indeed, there is so much of individuality about him that I believe he would never, under any circumstances, have received what are called highly polished manners.

His companion, Augustus Vernon, is totally different in mind, manner and appearance. He has a face such as would be termed beautiful, with all the delicacy and brilliancy of feminine beauty, and a slight, graceful figure, in short, is just such a looking man, that it would be almost miraculous if he escaped being a coxcomb. Just such an exterior as his I should consider one of the greatest natural disadvantages for one of my sons. His manners are all softness, extremely polished, and his mind appears to me to be thoroughly common-place, though as he has evidently read many works of fiction, and has a good memory, he knows how to shine in borrowed plumage. I cannot of course speak with any certainty of the moral qualities of either of these gentlemen, but confess that I am inclined to judge rather unfavorably of Mr. Vernon in this respect. Margaret's opinion of the merits of this gentleman coincide with mine; unfortunately, Virginia seems to have arrived at very different conclusions on this subject.

I fear, greatly fear, that Virginia's fancy is so much captivated by the external attractions of this Augustus Vernon, that her affections will soon be fixed, past the power of recalling them, and this would be sad indeed, for if my views of his character are correct, it would be impossible for such an attachment to be productive of happiness. He professes, I understand, the most unbounded admiration for Virginia, and his every glance towards her is a declaration of love, and yet I doubt whether his heart is really at all touched. Personal idolatry effectually excludes love, and I am sure he is not capable of feeling it. But even if he really loved Virginia, it would make me very unhappy to see her married to such a man, and were I to oppose her wishes on the subject it would be a source of much misery both to her and myself.

Virginia lives in a world of illusions, and her sensibility, you know, is excessive; she must suffer much before the fairy world in which she lives, can be divested of its enchantments, and all things can appear to her in their proper hues

and colors, and I know not how a heart so soft and sensitive as hers can undergo the rough experience of life without being crushed or broken. How much I wish I could endow her with the strength of mind of my noble Margaret. Every day I feel more deeply the value of such a character as hers; she is like another right hand to me, I hardly know how I could get through life without her. My confidence in her is so great that I am never uneasy as to how she will act in any situation, nor am I tormented with apprehensions as to her future fate. Her happiness is beyond the power of external circumstances, for it is derived from the love of God and from internal resources. Margaret may feel the trials of life, and doubtless will, for her feelings are unusually strong, but she can never be miserable, for she bears within her heart a perennial fountain of strength and hope. Poor Virginia is a frail flower, bending beneath every gale of feeling and always requiring a prop.

I must conclude this long epistle, as I hear your father's voice in the passage inquiring for me. Write soon, my dear son, and be as minute as you can upon every thing respecting yourself; you cannot dwell too long on this subject for me. Give my best love to Charlotte and the boys, tell her if I can persuade Mr. Selden that Sherwood can exist for a week without me, I shall endeavor to pay you a visit in the course of a few weeks. I must not forget to send the united love and remembrances of all the family, servants included, who never fail to inquire most affectionately about you, and request that whenever I write I will send their best respects to "Mas Charles." That God may bless and preserve my dear son is the constant prayer of his devoted mother,

M. SELDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.—*Shelley.*

"Sing me some sweet song, Margaret," said Arthur, who was lying on a sofa in the parlor, suffering under temporary confinement from a severe sprain in the ancle which he had received the day before from the kick of a refractory horse he had been attempting to subdue.

Margaret had a voice which, with a little scientific cultivation, might have made the fortune of a public singer; it was clear, flexible, strong and surpassingly sweet, alike capable of expressing grand, pathetic, or humorous emotion. She immediately began to sing one of Burns' inimitable songs, with exquisite taste and feeling, but just as she had commenced the concluding stanza, light footsteps were heard in the passage, and Virginia's cheek instantly became crimson, and the flowers trembled in her bosom as if they had been shaken by a breeze.

Arthur was listening with a sense of pleasure to Margaret's song, but he was never so much absorbed as to be unobservant of what was passing around him, and his quick eye immediately detected the change in Virginia's face. "What is the matter, Virginia, what has happened?"

"Nothing," said Virginia, striving to answer with an unconcerned air, "but I thought I heard footsteps in the passage."

"Is that all?" said Arthur smiling, and Margaret stopping short in her song as soon as she had glanced towards Virginia, rose to receive the guests.

Gerald Devereux and Augustus Vernon entered. The latter cast a delighted glance of admiration towards Virginia and exclaimed, with a theatrical air,

> "Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
> Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?"

Virginia blushed deeply, and for the first time in her life envied Margaret's beautiful voice. She did not observe that Gerald Devereux also looked towards *her*, and that his countenance expressed genuine emotion and feeling, excited by the song to which they had been listeners.

"Will you have the goodness," said Gerald Devereux, "to sing that beautiful song once again for us, otherwise I shall not forgive myself for having interrupted it;" he turned towards Virginia as he spoke, and she replied with some embarrassment—

"You must address the petition to Margaret, it was her voice you heard."

Augustus Vernon cast a look upon Margaret, which said as plainly as words could have expressed the thought—Is it possible?

The smile of good-humored amusement, with which Margaret met Mr. Vernon's glance, was not lost upon Gerald Devereux, who turning instantly to Margaret, said

"I appeal then to Miss Selden's good nature to grant my request, and I am sure such an appeal cannot be made in vain."

Margaret colored slightly, and without one disclaiming or modest speech, instantly recommenced the song, to which Gerald Devereux listened with rapt attention. Arthur declared afterwards he saw a tear glisten in his eye, but this remained questionable. Augustus listened with an air of languid and polite attention, plainly

evincing that he had no genuine taste for music, and employed himself in arranging and re-arranging a beautiful bouquet of flowers he held in his hand.

The last sweet tones of Margaret's voice had scarcely died away on the ear, when Augustus arose, and seating himself by Virginia, presented the bouquet to her with a smile meant to be ineffably sweet, and said in a tone soft as a sigh, "Is it not a beautiful idea, to represent the emotions of the heart, by fair and fragile flowers, and to consider these lovely"—he paused a little, as his sentence was not constructed exactly as he had designed, then continued—"and to view beautiful and fragrant blossoms, as emblematic of the attributes of the loveliest and most enchanting portions of creation?"

Virginia's face, which was always a faithful mirror of her feelings, showed that she thought this speech very beautiful, and she received the bouquet, with a blushing cheek and tremulous hand, saying, with a forced smile—

"I have always thought flowers had a language of their own."

"Surely they have," said Augustus, with a significant air, as if he thought they had both been guided by some mysterious sympathy, to a wonderful discovery.

"Pray, what do rue and tansy express?" said Arthur, who did not half like the sentimental tone the conversation was assuming, nor the extreme tenderness of Mr. Vernon's tone and manner.

Mr. Vernon raised his brilliant eyes, fixed them for a moment with a smile upon Arthur, as if to imply that such a question did not deserve an answer, then turned again towards Virginia, and meditated a speech.

"Rue and tansy," said Margaret with a smile, determined to give a light and general tone to the conversation, "express useful qualities with a plain exterior."

"I confess myself a worshipper of beauty," said Augustus, with a furtive glance towards Virginia, "I shall never pluck rue or tansy to place in my bosom, but leave them to wither with their useful qualities, in the kitchen garden; no, the blushing rose, the snowy lily must form my bouquet."

Virginia, vexed at the conscious blush which she felt on her cheek, bent over her work and assiduously employed herself in netting a silk purse.

"Alas poor rue and tansy!" said Arthur with a mock-heroic air.

"Do you not perceive that there is a beauty of expression, as well as of form and coloring?" said Mr. Devereux addressing himself to Augustus. "We would not reject the mignonnette because it does not possess external beauty."

"No, we prize the mignonnette for its fragrance."

"But this is not external beauty—the fragrance of the mignonnette is the beauty of the soul, shedding a hidden charm around it, not the less strong from its being invisible."

"Such a sentiment as that diluted into a sonnet," said Arthur, smiling, "would quite establish your reputation as a poet."

"I do not aspire to the laurel crown," replied Gerald. "I am sure I could not write a sonnet if my life depended upon it. When I was about fifteen, I was very fond of beginning epics and tragedies in five acts, but I seldom proceeded beyond a few pages, before my plots became entangled in such inextricable confusion, that I would destroy the old web in despair, and begin to weave a new one, which was fated to have no better success."

Arthur and Margaret laughed, but neither Augustus or Virginia appeared to hear or see any thing that was passing around them.

"For my part," said Arthur, "I can never proceed to the length of forming a poetical idea; ghosts of ideas flit before me sometimes, but as soon as I attempt to seize them, they are gone again like Will-o'-the-Wisps."

"Are you not fond of poetry?" said Augustus to Virginia, "but why should I ask such a stupid question, I know that you must be passionately devoted to it."

"I have always been extremely fond of poetry, indeed, too fond, for it has beguiled me of many hours that ought to have been differently spent."

"I can scarcely conceive how *your* life could be spent otherwise than amid poetry and flowers."

Vain as Augustus Vernon was, he could scarcely have conceived the depth and delight of the emotions which speeches such as these, made for the hundredth time, caused in Virginia's sensitive and unpractised heart. Margaret heard his soft accents, and observed his sweet glances directed towards Virginia, with a degree of disturbance and vexation it required her utmost efforts to conceal. After revolving various methods to detach him from her sister's side, a happy idea occurred to her—to request him to favor them with his performance on the flute.

Augustus, like many other ordinary performers on this instrument, was passionately fond of it, and feeling somewhat flattered at the request, did not hesitate to comply with it. He played with a thousand airs and graces, and introduced various flourishes, which Margaret wished devoutly could strike Virginia's eyes and ears exactly as they did her own. But it was wonder-

ful that a woman of Margaret's sense, possessing her knowledge of Virginia's character, could for a moment have entertained so vain an idea. Virginia listened with delight, and internally compared Augustus to all the heroes of romance with whom she was acquainted, and finally concluded that he bore a striking resemblance to Valancourt in the Mysteries of Udolpho.

When Augustus Vernon had finished his performance, and laid aside the flute, Arthur inquired of Gerald Devereux if he was not a performer on that instrument.

"Oh, no—I once made some execrable attempts at Gramachree, and a few more old Irish melodies, but fortunately for myself and others, I soon desisted. I am sure I have no musical talent, though I believe no one feels more exquisite enjoyment than I do in listening to a fine song well sung. Indeed, I can listen with pleasure to the tones of a voice, without much compass or variety, if they do but express any genuine feeling with sweetness and simplicity, but instrumental music, unless it is excellent, is to me almost intolerable. Even the best instrumental music is a soul without a body, and we are not always sufficiently spiritual to understand its expression; we want words to make the idea palpable; but when it is merely ordinary, it jars upon the senses like discord, it is only a noise, nothing more, and the lower, the more unobtrusive the noise, the better it suits my taste."

Margaret smiled, but felt a little uneasy, as to whether Augustus would not understand the latter part of Gerald Devereux's speech to refer to his performance, but she was soon re-assured by the bright smile of self-complacency that played on his lips.

The conversation now became more general, more animated. Margaret had formed a high estimate of Gerald Devereux's mind from their first acquaintance; but she had no idea of the extent and variety of his powers, for now without the least wish for display, he scattered carelessly around rich treasures of thought and brilliant gems of wit. His transitions from the noble and elevated to the humorous and pathetic, were so gracefully, yet often so rapidly made, as to produce the effect of delighted surprise on his auditors. The intellects even of the most brilliant and highly gifted of our species, are generally in a half-slumbering state; a moderate exercise of a moderate portion of our faculties, is found quite sufficient for the common purposes of life or society, but when a bright moment arrives when the mind is wide awake, what a world of thought, of fancy, does the child of genius spread out, as if by the stroke of a magic wand. The electric spark is communicated to all who are capable of receiving it, and all partake of a kind of delighted astonishment at the beauty, variety and elevation of the thoughts, which, rousing from their slumber, almost unconsciously to the speaker, clothe themselves in words.

Carried away by the interest, which Gerald Devereux's conversation excited, Margaret, Arthur, and Mrs. Selden, who had joined the company, found themselves uttering so many good things, as to occasion them not only pleasure but surprise. One striking thought, one bright sally followed another, and it was one of those evenings which all present would have marked with a white stone.

Virginia and Augustus did not partake of the general inspiration; they seemed absorbed in themselves, and in each other. Gerald Devereux addressed several remarks to Virginia, for he wished to draw out the spirit that dwelt in so fair a shrine, but Virginia answered briefly though politely, and evidently felt no interest in the conversation that was going on around her.

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CHAPTER XII.

> Oh. 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life
> Making a truth and beauty all its own.
>
> *Wordsworth.*

And what was Charles Selden doing all this while? His father would at least have had no reason to regret the inactivity of a minister's life, could he have seen Charles' daily employments. From the earliest dawn until a late hour at night, his occupations were incessant, and the field of duty seemed continually extending before him. No duty was too humble, or too laborious, or too painful for him to perform willingly, animated by that "love which makes all things possible." He had given up his mind to the study of truth, in the noblest form in which it can manifest itself to the mind of man—religious truth, and from this source of all truth, he was continually led to explore its tributary streams—the various branches of human knowledge, all of which pour their waters into this inexhaustible ocean, though it requires that the eye should be full of light to discover their connection with the fountain into which they empty themselves. In the branches of natural science he traced with continually increasing delight, wonderful displays of the love and power of God, and perceived the various uses to which they might be applied for the benefit of his brethren, for such he truly considered all mankind. History he studied not as a mere collection of facts, not to support any particular theory, but to him it was interesting in the highest degree from its revelations of the dark and sad mysteries of the human heart, from the light which it throws on the dealings of God with man;

when he considered the progress and connection of events in universal history, how often was his heart elevated in wonder and love to that Supreme Being who from "seeming evil still deduces good." Philological and metaphysical studies especially connected themselves with the profession which he had chosen—and in such pursuits the accuracy and subtlety of his mind, and his power of abstraction from the material world, were increased. Every species of knowledge and literature had charms for him, and every pursuit was connected with, and made subservient to, the great purposes of religion. "To the pure, all things are pure;" when the heart is softened, and the mind enlightened by the doctrines of genuine Christianity, then the eye becomes single and full of light—it is fitted to see truth wherever it may be found.

The moral world, illumined by love and faith, no longer appeared to Charles' vision as a dark chaos in which good and evil contended for mastery: the vices and follies of mankind no longer excited in his mind contempt or disgust;—the world presented to him a vast field of usefulness and labor, where glorious victories were to be won, where immortal souls were to be rescued from bondage and slavery, and made partakers of unspeakable and undying happiness;—vice and folly he regarded as a skilful physician would the diseases of his patients—the more loathsome, the more inveterate the malady, the more earnest became his desire to remove it, and the more intense his compassion for the sufferer.

A letter which Mrs. Mason addressed about this time to her sister, will give some idea of Charles Selden in the character of a country parson.

Mrs. Mason to Mrs. Selden.

I have been intending for many days, my dear sister, to allow myself the privilege of saying every thing good, bad, and indifferent to you, just as they arise in my mind, precisely as if I were sitting by your side, as in the happy days of old. I have been so busily engaged in making household arrangements, which you would have accomplished in the tenth part of the time it has taken me to effect them, and in paying and receiving visits, together with attempting to assist Charles in his multifarious duties, that I have not had a spare moment. I have always considered myself as a rather industrious person, but really this dear Charles of ours puts me completely to shame, and makes me think sometimes, that I have never until now understood what a true Christian can, and ought to be. From the earliest dawn until a late hour at night, his labors are incessant, and yet to observe the constant kindness and cheerfulness of his manner, you would never imagine them to be labors. I am often surprised at minute instances of his thoughtfulness for my comfort, and for the happiness and improvement of my boys; he has the happy faculty of being able to bring from his studies and grave occupations, a mind present to all around him, and ready to seize every passing occasion of entertainment and improvement.

The first time I went to church after my arrival here, it was with an odd mixture of sensations, that I could scarcely describe. As soon as Charles commenced his sermon, I hung my head involuntarily, and felt as much dread and embarrassment as if I had been about to address the congregation myself. The first tones of his voice, however, and the first glance I cast upon him, completely re-assured me; it was evident that he was wholly engrossed with his subject, and earnestly endeavoring to awaken in the minds of his hearers, a sense of its unspeakable importance, and to kindle in their hearts the flame of divine love which burned so brightly in his own. His voice and manner are surpassingly good, but so natural as completely to disarm criticism; and the best proof of his excellence consists in the interest and attention which you observe painted on the countenances of his auditors.

I breathed freely, then a little proudly, then almost forgot it was Charles to whom I was listening, in the interest inspired by the subject, and his manner of treating it, and in the searching examination, which he led his hearers to make of their own hearts.

As yet the whole work is before him, of establishing a spiritual church, with the Divine aid which I think is clearly promised in the Gospel to efforts such as his. The congregation is large, and composed chiefly of the most reputable inhabitants of the county. There are many nominal members of the church and some communicants; most of whom have been accustomed to consider it as a suitable and necessary thing for a member of the Episcopal Church to partake of the sacred ordinance without considering its spiritual uses or requisitions. Many, too, of his hearers are infected with the prevailing spirit of infidelity, and come to listen to his discourses to criticise and refute, but the evident interest which is excited by his sermons in all classes, makes me hope that a spirit of investigation may be awakened in the minds even of scoffers and unbelievers.

Charles seems to have greatly at heart the spiritual and physical improvement of the poorest and most ignorant of his parishioners, and the instruction of the children belonging to the congregation. To his own servants, and to any of the colored people, whom he can induce to seek religious knowledge, he gives plain, impressive

oral instruction, so well adapted to their capacities and peculiar modes of thinking, that I, who have been present on some of these occasions, have been more struck with these simple and forcible expositions of truth, as a proof of talent in the minister who delivered them, than I have been in listening to many fine and highly polished discourses. You have reason to rejoice in such a son, my dear sister: it would be impossible to appreciate him too highly.

Fortunately, Charles has not perceived the very strong interest he has excited in some of the young ladies of the congregation, as it might throw an unpleasant restraint over his manner; and now he is perfectly unconscious and at his ease. One of the most prominent of his admirers, in this class of society, is a Miss Anna Maria Travers, daughter of George Travers, with whom brother James was formerly well acquainted, and a Miss Susan Brooke, who, she says, frequently saw you during your days of belleship, and admired you very much, though she was never very well acquainted with you. Both Mr. Travers and his wife seem very kind-hearted. They took Charles warmly by the hand as soon as he settled here, and though the old gentleman appears to think he pushes his notions on religious subjects too far, he is evidently inclined to view his actions and opinions with the greatest indulgence. Charles' conduct and opinions being so different from those of most men, they have excited not only admiration and curiosity, but censure, malignant criticism and misinterpretation. On one occasion, when his character was severely handled, I heard that Mr. Travers defended him with much warmth. Mrs. Travers is extremely kind and inoffensive, but as simple as possible, and so fearful of giving offence that I believe she would not give her own children advice which she thought would be disagreeable. She is an excellent housekeeper, and indulges the natural kindness of her disposition, by attending to the bodily wants of all around her, with the agreeable consciousness, that such attentions can never give offence. Consequently she is one of the most popular ladies in the county, and I have never heard a gentleman mention her without praise, though commendations of her puddings, her pastry, and her coffee, are sure to form a considerable part of her eulogy.

The young people of the family have of course grown up without control, and have followed the natural bent of their characters, or formed themselves after some fantastic models. Anna Maria, the eldest of the young ladies, has unfortunately chosen the latter method; for nature in her rudest forms is preferable to affectation, and I prefer the hoyden and giddy Juliana, and even the indifference which George manifests for every one's pleasure but his own, to the artificial character which Anna Maria seems, with infinite pains, to have formed. She has aimed at a mixture of piety and romance, without understanding the nature of either, and her character is a ridiculous medley of contradictory pretensions; it is evident to every one but Charles, that she has made what would be called a dead set at him, and it would amuse you to see the quiet unconsciousness of his manner, and to hear the dry simplicity of his remarks, in answer to some of her elaborate speeches, intended to excite his sympathy and admiration.

But Mr. Travers has an inmate of his house, a niece, Edith Fitzgerald, whose society is really delightful, she has so much character, talent and originality, with noble and generous feeling. She lost her mother, unfortunately, early in life, and has had no female friend to supply her place, so that the want of feminine training and influence are evident in her character and manner. There is nothing bold or unfeminine about her, but there is a sort of lofty independence and disregard for public opinion, a self-reliance, and promptness in action, which seem rather to belong to young men than to young women. She has not yet learned that the weapons of a woman's warfare must be rather defensive than offensive, and that it is impossible to pass on unwounded, without the shield and buckler of prudence and reserve. Yet she has so much candor, generosity, and tenderness of feeling mingled with spirit, that she really fascinates me, and the lights almost make me forget the shadows of her character.

I think I see you smile and say, "Charlotte is as apt to let her fancies run away with her, as she was at sixteen—how can she know so much of this young lady in so short a time." To this, I would reply, You are mistaken, dear sister; my proneness to take violent fancies, and form sudden friendships, has entirely vanished, indeed I view things in too sober a light now, but there really are some extraordinary persons left in the world, and there are some indications of intellectual and moral superiority about them, which cannot be mistaken, and yet, in some cases, cannot be so satisfactorily described, as to convince those who have never seen these gifted individuals, of the reality of their existence. Edith Fitzgerald is certainly one of these, as you will acknowledge when you see her, as I hope you will ere long.

Charles and I are expecting the promised week with much impatience, and Frank and Gustavus ask me every day when Aunt Selden and their cousins are coming. Every thing is assuming quite a pleasant and comfortable aspect around us, and I begin to have a home feeling here, which gives one you know a sort of individual attach-

ment to all the objects around. Art has done but little for the place: some weeping-willows and Pride of China trees have been planted in times of yore, which have now attained a noble size, and we have a rustic porch covered with sweet honeysuckle and white jessamine, which have matted themselves together in neglected luxuriance. These with some beds of pinks and violets, roses, lilacs, guelder-roses and hollyhocks, disposed in straight and ample borders in an old-fashioned garden, are the only monuments remaining of the tastes of our predecessors. But we have a noble grove of oaks, some groups of tulip trees and elms planted by nature, and permitted to remain; a level covered with a thick velvet turf extending for about a hundred yards before the front door and terminating in a gentle slope; a beautiful view of the James River, of fields and forests so mingled as to produce the most striking and pleasing effects of light and shade; then from the east and west windows of the house, we look upon valleys covered with rich natural growth, and almost every tree festooned with the graceful branches of our wild grape vines.

Tell Margaret she must be very diligent in collecting flower-seed, and raising cuttings for "The Rectory," as Charles is very intent on having a flower-garden, and giving an air of order and beauty to the grounds. You know I have a natural fondness for flowers; but this, with many of my youthful tastes, has so long slumbered, that I do not think it would ever have awakened sufficiently to inspire me with a real taste for their cultivation, but for the desire of pleasing Charles.

If I did not love Charles so very much, I should think myself bound by gratitude to consult even his most trifling wishes, for it would be impossible to describe his affectionate and unwearied consideration for the welfare and happiness of myself and children. But I love him too much, and have too much confidence in his regard, to feel grateful, if you can understand this apparent paradox, and seek to please him only for the pleasure of doing so.

Charles has just entered to beg my assistance as physician and apothecary, for I fill both these offices with some reputation. A poor family near us are suffering with chills and fevers, and I have not only to prepare medicine, but rice, broth, &c., &c. Then I must have dinner served up in a few minutes, as he is anxious to set out as soon as possible to visit a sick parishioner, so I must bid you a hasty adieu.

Ever yours,

C. Mason.

F*****.

NATIONAL LYRICS.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

When science, with disdainful eye,
Mark'd the palmettoes from the wood,
She bade the hero turn and fly,
Nor vainly bathe their leaves in blood,*
Calm and majestic as the sea
Upon whose shores that structure rose,
Surrounded by his chivalry,
The warrior turn'd—to meet his foes!

Though each red minister of death,
From bulwarks frowning o'er the main,
Would stifle Freedom's struggling breath,
Nor mark her spirit soar again!
Yet those who from meridian light
Are snatch'd, their destiny fulfil,—
Since he who falls from that proud height,
Falls in the midst of Glory still!—

From out the city's distant spires
A thousand forms are seen to rise;
A thousand hearts, whose native fires
Rivalled the glow of those fierce skies!
A thousand tongues, denied to speak,
As, far along the brine,
With horrent sides, and haughty beak,
Now moved the British line!

Within that low, dark structure, lay
Souls with its ribs that vied;
As that stern host in long array,
Came down upon the tide!
In gallant trim, and steadily
To their stations as they sweep,
Flashed Moultrie's red artillery,
Like volcano of the deep!

Now, in answ'ring thunder driven,
Each bold Briton plied his deck;
But their foremost ship is riven,
And lies a baffled wreck!
Again, again the fierce eclipse,
As it rose from out that isle,
Bathed in blood the reeling ships,
And their ribs of rock groaned the while!

To that hurricane salute
Twice a hundred guns replied!
But each messenger fell mute
In the soft palmetto's side:†
"The Commodore!"‡ our Moultrie said—
Her decks withered at the word!
Amid ranks where lay the dead,
Scarce a living figure stirred!

* Accustomed to the scientific structures of Europe, General Charles Lee, when his eye fell upon Moultrie's palmetto fort, sneeringly pronounced it a "slaughter-pen," and advised its immediate abandonment.

† The wood of the palmetto is soft and spongy.

‡ The English Flag-Ship.

And "Fire!" followed ev'ry roar
Of the true palmetto's thunder,
That shook the sea and shore,
And rent the foe asunder!
And as now came down the night
O'er the island and the bay,
Told her guns' quick flashing light,
Where that noble fortress lay!

But ere the noon was passed,
There was silence on the deep,
For the foe, in wounded haste,
Slipped his cables from their keep!
Then rose a sound upon the sea,
As of battle waged again—
It was the cry of "Victory!"
From Moultrie and his men.

THE LATE CHAPMAN JOHNSON, ESQ.

The death of Chapman Johnson has left a gap in the foremost rank of our illustrious men, that will not soon be filled. And his loss is felt the more sensibly, because it followed so closely upon the demise of another of Virginia's noblest sons—his associate in youth—his competitor in the race of usefulness and honor, wherein both were victors,—his bosom friend from early manhood till the last moment of life. Benjamin Watkins Leigh and Chapman Johnson! Where shall we find two names so hallowed by the tenderness and truth of manly friendship—so radiant with the glory that springs from private virtue and public worth? Unambitious of official rank or political distinction, they were nevertheless prompt, whenever called by the voice of duty, to sacrifice for the public good every consideration of personal convenience or professional emolument. In times when such examples have been lamentably rare, their disinterested love of country has been recognised and rewarded by the homage of men of every party. More than once, at the summons of their native State, did they abandon, for a time, the professional labors to which they had devoted themselves; but always to return with eagerness to the duties and enjoyments of private life, so soon as the public service was fulfilled. And in that loved retirement, honored with the public esteem, beloved by their numerous friends and acquaintance, comforted by the overflowing gratitude and affection of those nearest and dearest to them, they have spent the tranquil evening of their lives, and calmly awaited the coming of that dark hour which precedes the dawn of eternal day.

When such men as these are removed from the scene of human action, a natural and laudable impulse prompts us to commemorate their excellence, both as a just tribute to the memory of the dead, and an incentive to the living to emulate their well-earned fame. In this spirit, we desire to contribute our mite, however insignificant, to the praise of the great and good man, whose name is prefixed to this article; and so inevitably does the mention of the one name call up the recollection of the other, that it was impossible to take the first step, without being reminded of that contemporary and friend, with whom, for nearly fifty years, he was so intimately connected.

Chapman Johnson was born in the year 1779, in Louisa county, Virginia, on a plantation in the immediate neighborhood of "Branham's" or "Boswell's old Ordinary." He had four brothers—two of whom were older than himself, and two younger—and three sisters. His mother died while he was still very young; but nevertheless old enough to recall distinctly a scene in which he owed his life to her exertions. His clothes had taken fire, and he was in imminent risk of being burnt to death, until his mother, not without injury to her own hands, succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

His father owned the plantation on which he lived, but thought himself too poor to afford his sons an education; and their boyhood, in consequence, was passed in a state of the most profound ignorance. Hoping at length to better his condition, by joining the profits of a tavern to those of the farm, he took charge of the inn already mentioned, and trusted in this way, to support his family with less difficulty. But the step was extremely ill-advised, so far as the interests of his sons were involved. Without education, wild and untrained, at an age the most susceptible of impressions from those about them, they were thrown into daily contact with the idle, dissipated, and vicious company, which, at that day even more than at present, infested our taverns and other places of public resort throughout the country. Already deprived of a mother's guardianship, they were destined to undergo, while yet of tender age, the loss of their surviving parent. Their father died at the Ordinary; and for some time the orphan boys continued there, exposed without defence to all the mischievous influences of the place. That they did not wholly escape the contagion is no matter of surprise: on the contrary, it is more wonderful, that under circumstances so adverse, the moral instinct and mental energy of nature should have sprung up and matured amid the noxious weeds by which they were surrounded. The eldest of the boys, as was natural, plunged more deeply into the current than the others; and the imminent danger of his ruin first awoke the fears and stimulated the efforts of his brothers, Richard

and Chapman. By selling their portions of the small patrimony derived from their father, they raised the means of sending their eldest brother to William and Mary College. Their exertions, their sacrifices, were not in vain: they succeeded in detaching him from the dissipated courses to which he was inclined, and in fitting him, by a competent education, to make his way in the struggle of life. Thus early did the subject of this sketch begin to exhibit towards his relations and connexions a generous regard, which throughout his life allowed no occasion for its exercise to pass by unimproved. Indeed, the benevolence of his disposition, not only to them, but to all who sought his aid, was almost a fault: for it accustomed him to forget the extent of his own resources, in his desire to supply their wants and promote their interests.

Not long after their father's death, the brothers had returned to live upon the farm; and when Chapman had sold his interest in it as already mentioned, he still continued to work upon it for regular wages. By the aid of these earnings he was enabled, at the age of nineteen, to enter the school of the Rev. Peter Nelson,* of Louisa county, with whom he continued for nearly two years. During this period, he studied with an ardor and diligence peculiarly his own, and laid the solid foundations, upon which his labor in after years built a massive superstructure. He always cherished a respectful and kindly attachment for his old teacher, together with some humorous recollections of his odd habits and quaint expressions.

Mr. Johnson, about this time also, derived considerable benefit from an intimate association with Mr. Patrick Michie, who had married one of his sisters, and who, after living some time in South Carolina, had returned to Louisa county, Virginia, and settled on a farm adjoining the old homestead. Mr. Michie's collegiate education, and acquaintance with the world, made his society at once both agreeable and instructive to his young relatives; while his influence encouraged them in the efforts they were making to improve themselves.

In 1801, Mr. Johnson went to William and Mary College, and commenced the study of the law, to which he applied himself with untiring zeal and perseverance. Thus engaged he passed a year, to which he often referred in after times as one of the happiest of his life. It was here that he became acquainted with the Tucker family, and formed a strong and enduring attachment for them. Here also he first met with Mr. Leigh: and their acquaintance, slight in its beginning, strengthened in the course of this brief year, into the warm and devoted friendship, which ever after bound them to one another.

In the course of the following year, being then twenty-three years old, Mr. Johnson left William and Mary and came to Richmond, where he shortly after obtained a license to practice law. At first he thought of commencing the practice in Richmond; but Mr. Wirt, who was then Chancellor in the Williamsburg district, having strongly recommended Staunton as a place where he would find a better opening than any where else, he went to settle in that place in the same year, 1802.

He did not escape the anxieties and disappointments which fall to the lot of almost all young practitioners, and by which so many of them are disheartened and defeated. Even his resolute spirit was half discouraged, and he thought seriously of going to set up a school in Lexington, until he was dissuaded by the kind advice of one of his warmest personal friends. This was the late Judge Coalter, of the Court of Appeals, who lived at that time near Staunton, at a pretty rural spot called "The Grove." In Mr. Johnson's own words,—"I should certainly have left Staunton, despairing as I was of success, had not Coalter—God bless him!—advised me to wait, and have patience. I did—I persevered—and in reward, succeeded." The following extract from a letter, written to a friend in 1806, portrays as well the despondency which clouded the first years of his practice, as the joy with which he hailed the brightening prospect that succeeded. "In truth, my friend, I have of late experienced pleasure in a higher degree, and seen perfect happiness in a nearer prospect, than at any other period of my life. And no doubt, but that the unusual depression which my spirits have suffered for the greater part of the last two years—indeed, for almost the last four years—has given them an additional elasticity, which has made the height of their ascent in some measure proportioned to the depth from which they arose. While I was at Williamsburg, I was remarked for my equanimity and uniform cheerfulness; since I have been in Staunton, I have been frequently observed to be gloomy, sometimes irritable. While in Williamsburg, I was permitted to pursue those occupations which my judgment approved, to enjoy such society as my

* This gentleman, under the more familiar title of "Old Parson Nelson" is well recollected by many now living in Richmond, where he afterwards taught. He was a singular compound of shrewdness and simplicity: an upright man, a good scholar—but, although by no means sparing of the rod, ill calculated to manage a company of unruly boys. His pupils will never forget the pranks they played, nor the punishments he inflicted. He often referred with pride to Mr. Johnson, in whose fame and success he felt himself in some sort a participant; and more than once the pretext that Mr. Johnson was to speak at the Capitol, or the Court House, procured a holyday for the boys, when that gentleman was actually attending court in a distant county.

own wishes would have chosen, to indulge the feelings which were most grateful to my heart, and to taste of most of those pleasures which are agreeable to my palate. There, none of the cares of life interrupted the tranquil 'noiseless tenor of my way.' In Staunton, my situation has been very different. However, the day is gone (I hope) when I have any cause of accusation against Staunton: for now I see in it the scene of all my future happiness." Nor was he deceived in his anticipations. The lapse of more than forty years served only to draw more tightly the bond of mutual attachment, which united him to his old friends and neighbors. The warmth of his regard for them was never abated: and no where was his loss more sincerely felt and lamented, than in the society of Staunton.

Long before the date of the letter just quoted, Mr. Johnson's amiable disposition and gentle manners had attracted the regard, while his talents and integrity had acquired for him the esteem, of a large circle of friends and acquaintance. In his association with the more intimate of these, and in his consciousness of innate energy and uprightness, he found resources, which often dispelled his gloomy thoughts, and revived his natural cheerfulness. And in the course of the year 1806 he realized his hopes of domestic happiness, in a marriage with Miss Mary Ann Nicolson, the estimable lady who has survived him. Her fair and delicate beauty was the least of her attractions: her open, artless disposition, gentle demeanor, warm and generous feelings, and guileless simplicity of character, won the hearts of those who knew her then, and continue still to rivet the affections of all who come within the sphere of her influence. From the time of his marriage, Mr. Johnson fixed his residence in Staunton, until the year 1824, when (for reasons to be hereafter adverted to) he determined to remove to Richmond.

On the first of May, 1805, he was admitted to practise at the bar of the Court of Appeals, and begun that career of forensic distinction, which in a few years elevated him to the highest rank in his profession. In this country, the progress of a rising lawyer not being marked (as in England) by his advance from one grade to another, his standing can be estimated only by the opinion which is entertained of him, either on the part of his professional brethren of the Bench and Bar, or on that of the community in general. These tribunals not unfrequently differ in their judgments; and the merit of an individual is highly estimated by one of them, while his reputation with the other is comparatively inferior. It was the peculiar good fortune of Mr. Johnson to combine in his favor the suffrages of both. Possessing, in a rare degree, the qualities necessary to form a profound and accomplished jurist, he superadded to them an energy and vigor of thought, a clearness and force of expression, and an earnest, warm sympathy with the feelings of his fellow men, which won him an easy entrance into their hearts, and secured him an extraordinary power over their convictions. To the traits we have ascribed to him—if not implied in what has been already said—must be added the perfect truth, rectitude, and simplicity of his character; which, in every scene of his exertions, whether in the Senate, the Courts, or in the humbler questions of municipal and social concern, disarmed his hearers of all personal prejudice, and prepared them to listen with candor and confidence.

But the busy avocations of civil life did not make him unmindful of other duties, which sometimes devolve upon the peaceful citizen. Upon two occasions, during the war of 1812, when it was apprehended that the British would make an attempt upon the city of Richmond, Mr. Johnson marched thither at the head of a company, to take part in its defence. The alarm was given in Staunton, at one of these times, by an express from the Governor, which arrived about the middle of the day on Sunday. Mr. Johnson was the first man to volunteer: and the next day, the whole company were mounted, and upon the road to Richmond. Happily, the state of preparation and activity, throughout the State, deterred the enemy from the meditated attack.

The limits of this sketch will not permit us to follow him, year by year, through the course of his long and useful life. In the Senate of Virginia, he represented for many years the Augusta district, to the entire satisfaction of his constituents, and with great and acknowledged advantage to the legislation and jurisprudence of the whole State. He retired from it, when his increasing practice in the Court of Appeals and the Chancery Court at Richmond, together with the long absences from his family thus occasioned, induced him, as has been already stated, to remove to the capital. From that period until his death he continued to reside here; but his social relations with his old neighbors were never wholly interrupted. He never failed to pass a portion of the summer and fall at his farm in the vicinity of Staunton; seasons of relaxation from his labors, which were happily spent in the renewal of old intimacies and hereditary friendships, and in the quiet enjoyments of domestic life.

Nor were his energies altogether withdrawn from the public service. Though no longer occupying a public station, his advice and assistance were often sought on occasions of great public interest; and there were few measures, involving the general welfare of the State, which

did not derive some aid from the resources of his mind, and the weight of his influence. With the modesty which was characteristic of him, however, he neither sought nor desired notoriety: and was content, without show or display on his own part, to contribute all that lay in his power, towards the success of every effort for the common good.

When the convention was called in 1829, to revise the Constitution of Virginia, Mr. Johnson was summoned by the general voice of his old constituents to represent them in that body. Embracing, as it did, some of the most illustrious and venerable men of the generation then passing away, and almost all the distinguished statesmen of Virginia, who were at that period in their prime, it presented an array of wisdom, learning and dignity, not often paralleled in history. The pithy saying of John Randolph of Roanoke, that it was "the grave of *local* reputations," was no less true than sarcastic. Few men came out of the intellectual conflicts of that arena, without losing something of the *prestige* derived from former victories: still fewer, with an increase of the celebrity they had previously enjoyed. But, among these select few, nevertheless, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Leigh were conspicuous. Ranked upon opposite sides of some important questions, which were long and warmly debated, the collision of mind served only to surround with greater lustre the names of both statesmen, while it was not permitted to disturb the harmony of their personal relations. To the mutual regard which subsisted between them, and between others similarly circumstanced, was to be ascribed in no small degree, the compromise that was effected of sectional interests and jealousies, and the agreement upon that scheme of government which was ultimately adopted.

But these employments were only occasional. The regular business of his life was the practice of his profession: and he so pursued it, as to leave an example to his successors in the courts worthy of all imitation. His zeal, his perseverance, his high sense of duty, his liberality of sentiment, and his urbanity of manner, commanded, as they merited, the admiration of his contemporaries. Those who heard it will not soon forget the heart-felt and affectionate tribute to his virtues, pronounced by one who had known him from the beginning of his career, and who has since followed him to the tomb, the venerable Judge Nicholas. His high character and consummate ability could not fail to secure a very extensive practice; and he devoted himself to it with an intense and unremitting labor, which in the end proved too much even for his vigorous and manly frame. He has been often known, for weeks together, to prolong his studies several hours after midnight, and then suspend them only to be resumed at early dawn: while the hours more commonly appropriated to business were filled up with tasks no less continued and severe. As early as the year 1837, he began to feel the effects of over exertion in occasional attacks of vertigo and uncomfortable affections of the head, which from time to time compelled him to abstain from labor. But he always yielded with reluctance; and returned to his usual avocations the first moment he felt capable of doing so, without allowing himself time to recruit his strength. The habits of industry, which had in truth become his second nature, denied their usual exercise in the quiet and confinement of the sick room, produced a depression of his generally cheerful spirits, and impelled him to escape as soon as possible from this condition of inactivity. Such vicissitudes as these naturally and inevitably resulted in the gradual decay of his physical powers. For several years prior to his death, he was seldom able to appear in court, or to engage in the active duties of his profession: and the burden devolved upon his eldest son, who had been for some years associated with him in practice. During the last twelve months of his life, his decline was more marked and rapid than before; and at length, on the 12th July, 1849, the light, which had for some time flickered in its socket, was finally extinguished.

We have hitherto spoken of Mr. Johnson chiefly as a public man: as an eminent lawyer, and a distinguished statesman. We feel that our attempt has failed to do him justice, even in these aspects of his character, the most obvious and intelligible to the common eye. How shall we hope to depict the singular and attractive beauty of his private life, which no one can well appreciate, who has not enjoyed the privilege of knowing such a man at his own fireside? The recollection of his genius, his fame, his learning, his influence, was speedily lost in the contemplation of qualities more endearing,—admiration of his greatness was forgotten in the affectionate reverence, inspired by his goodness. Through every relation of life, from those of husband and father, to the remote connexions of casual acquaintance or common humanity, his loving and generous spirit made its influence felt, in due proportion, but in abundant measure. It was his fortune to survive all his brothers and sisters. Several of these left children, young and slenderly provided for. One after another, they were taken by him to his own house, placed at schools of his providing, or otherwise assisted and cared for according to their respective wants. He reared and educated them as his own children, and to him they looked up with the filial regard, which he so well deserved. With his immediate

family, his intercourse was not only affectionate and tender, but sportive and familiar, tempered by a gentle dignity, which operated insensibly to restrain the exuberance of youthful spirits within just bounds. In the larger circle of his friends and acquaintance, though always unassuming in demeanor, he was easy and cheerful in conversation, and entered with alacrity and relish into the amusements and diversions of those around him. In short, had his abilities and public honors been less than they were, he must still have won the admiration and esteem of his fellow citizens by the purity of his life, and the social excellence of his character.

This sketch might be considered incomplete, without some notice of the religious sentiments of Mr. Johnson. It is true, that the uniform tenor of such a life affords evidence of the highest character to show that it was regulated by the dictates of piety and morality: men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. It is true also, that, beyond this outward proof, the fallible judgment of mortals can never penetrate: it is for God alone to read the secret heart. But it may be gratifying to many to know, that, several years before his death, he openly professed his faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, and united himself with the Protestant Episcopal Church; thus adding his express and solemn testimony of belief to the practical illustrations of it afforded by his conduct.

The intelligence of Mr. Johnson's death was everywhere received with emotions, that sought expression in private letters of condolence, and public tributes of respect for his memory. From among these, we select for quotation the preamble of the resolutions, adopted at a meeting of Judges, and members of the bar, and officers, of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, then in session at Lewisburg; as well on account of the high authority, by which the eulogy is pronounced, as of the feeling and eloquent language, in which it is expressed.

"The exalted position which Chapman Johnson occupied, at the bar, in the senate, and in the general estimation of his fellow citizens, demand some notice of his death.

"As a man, Mr. Johnson, through a long life, was distinguished for lofty integrity and purity, to which was added the most disinterested benevolence.

"His influence over the minds and characters, not only of those who associated with him, but of the community in general, was much greater than ordinarily falls to the lot of distinguished public men; and this influence was always promotive of virtue, patriotism, and benevolence.

"As a senator of his native State, Mr. Johnson, by his high talents, pure character, assiduous labor, and by the universal confidence reposed in his knowledge, wisdom, and integrity, attained an influence unequalled by any man of his day; and has left the impress of his mind and character on the legislation of this State.

"After his retirement from legislative life, a large portion of Mr. Johnson's time was directed to schemes for the advancement of the interest of his native State; and in all such schemes his sound judgment, extensive knowledge, and enlarged scope of thought, made him an invaluable counsellor.

"At the bar he was distinguished for an extent of knowledge, fertility of thought, ingenuity, ability, and force of argument, which placed him in a position, in which he had few compeers.

"In private and social life, Mr. Johnson combined all the qualities which make a man beloved and honored, and he has left, to his friends, the recollection of a life in which there is no act to regret, and a character without stain."

We are sensible, that no words of ours can add anything to what has been said. We adopt, in concluding, those of another, whose solemn and beautiful thoughts are worthy of application here:—

"Peace to the just man's memory;—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvass show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but heaven; and in the book of fame
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame."

GLEANINGS.

Sir Edward Coke, in Queen Elizabeth's time, estimated the population of England at 900,000 of all sorts. Harrison makes the men fit for service 1,172,674, while Guicciardini makes the population two millions.

—

The following explains the origin of the term "grog."

"Admiral Vernon usually wore a grogram cloak in bad weather, from which the sailors called him 'old Grog.' Hence the name in honor of him was transferred to the spirit and water, because he was the first officer who ordered it in this manner on board his Majesty's ships."

Scot's Mag. Vol. 52, p. 38 in note.

—

The smoky haze of the Indian summer has by some been attributed to the burning of the woods

and grass at that season, but that notion has been exploded. However, there is no doubt those conflagrations enhance the natural haziness of the atmosphere. Indian summer was in old colonial times associated with images of savage incursions and massacre. It is a period when the lover of nature and poetry wanders with delight through the forests of frost-dyed foliage, orange, gold and crimson, as if painted with the rainbow. Especially amid the primitive woods of the mountain, afar from dust and turmoil, how sweetly enchanting is it to roam, lulled by the scene and the balmy lazy air into a sort of voluptuous repose and reverie, a pleasing languor, bathed in an atmosphere of poetry—a half-oblivious, pensive enchantment, somnambulistic, in a land of dreamy beauty.

—

In the Athenian republic (so called) there were 84,000 free citizens, 40,000 aliens, 400,000 slaves, or more than four slaves to one freeman. The slaves were either freedmen or absolute bondsmen. The slave-trade was carried on then as now. The condition of the Athenian slaves appears to have been in some points better than that of ours, in others—worse.

—

Some writers have intimated that the title of Lord Sterling (Major General in the American army during the revolutionary war) assumed by him was never recognized as valid by the legal authorities of Great Britain. But the following advertisement is to be found in the Scots Magazine for 1759 p. 212. "William Alexander Esq. of New Jersey was proved March 1759, by an inquest before the sheriffs of Edinburgh, to be the lineal male representative of the Earl of Sterling."

—

The distances of some of the fixed stars have been estimated at from 986,000 to 224,500,000 times the length of the radius of the earth's orbit or its distance from the sun, which is 95,000,000 miles. The number of stars in the whole celestial sphere as seen by Sir W. Herschel's 20 ft. telescope was upwards of 20 millions.

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The increase of twenty principal cities of the United States between 1830 and 1840 was 55 per centum, while that of the whole country was less than 34 per centum.

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Niagara—O-ni-aw-ga-rah, "the thunder of water."

—

Pascoad, an old writer, mentions three lakes in North America—Superior, Illinois, (probably lake Michigan) and Huron. He says that great ships may go up the Mississippi to the Illinois river. Fort Pensacola (in New Mexico as then styled, lat. 29. long. 91,) the best harbor in St. Louis' Bay (the Gulf of Mexico) was taken from the Spaniards by the French in 1719. St. Austin (Augustine) and St. Matthew he mentions as situated on the Bahama *canal*. New Mexico he divides into Apalacho on the North, Corsa West, Tegeste or Florida proper East, and the Bay of St. Louis South. In shape New Mexico is likened to the sleeve of a coat. It was in lat. 25 to 39, long. 83 to 107, extended 1000 miles from East to West and 900 miles from North to South.

—

The site of Philadelphia in Indian was called Kùequenaku, i. e. "the grove of the long pine trees."

—

Schenectady—German "a pine barren."

—

"I am like one of those boxes I have seen enclosing several other boxes of similar form though lessening size. The person with whom I have least congeniality sees only the outermost; another person has something more interesting in his character, he sees the next box; another sees still an inner one: but the friend of my heart alone with whom I have a full sympathy sees disclosed the innermost of all."

John Foster.

—

"When I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, how the bright and blissful reformation by divine power shook through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-christian tyranny—methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears; and the sweet odor of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven."—*Milton.*

—

Truth is a naked open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle light.—*Bacon.*

—

Some French writer has illustrated Christian humility thus: "the emptiest heads of wheat are carried the highest, but when they become filled with grain they bend modestly down."

—

The Yeardly Oak in Buckinghamshire, England, was said to have been coëval with the time

of William the Conqueror and to have borne the name of Matilda his consort. Its girth was 28 feet, 5 inches, a foot above the surface of the ground. Cowper wrote some admirable verses on it, not known, however, till after his death.

—

There is a story of two hunters in the Dismal Swamp, "the Great Dismal," who being overtaken by night, looked out for a lodging place. and found not far off an enormous old cypress tree, through whose top the winds of many winters had whistled, but which struck by lightening had fallen, breaking a good many feet from the ground, the trunk still reposing on the stump. One of the hunters chose for his sleeping-place the top of this stump. So he gathered some boughs and pieces of bark from around and laying them across the hollow of the stump, made a bed which, although not quite as soft as a bed of roses, seemed at the least secure from the attacks of the wild beasts which infest that gloomy, unfrequented morass. The other hunter chose for his resting-place the inclined trunk of the tree. During the night the hunter who slept on the top of the stump, being restless, perhaps dreaming of Gorgons and chimeras dire, tossed and turned until the boughs and the bark began to give way under him, the lowest layer cracking first, then the next, and so on till at length all were broken, and at last upon another lurch they caved in, and with them the sleeping hunter fell down into the hollow of the stump. Waking he found that he had fallen into company,—and that a family of bears were in gyratory motion about him, astounded at his unexpected descent upon them. Under such circumstances, and it being very dark, an introduction was out of the question, and the bears disgusted and alarmed at a disturbance so much in violation of all conventional rules, and so uncomfortable, determined to make for the open air. The hunter sympathizing in this disgust and alarm, and desire to emerge from the stump, seized hold of one of the bruins *en passant* who conveyed him out with telegraphic celerity, where the hunter, unwilling to impose upon the locomotive liberality of his "fat friend," let go his hold and awoke his companion, and proposed an incontinent decampment from this place of lodging and private entertainment, which proposal was voted reasonable and acted on without delay.

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Maria Louisa Leopoldina Carolina, Imperial princess, Arch-duchess of Austria, Empress of France, and finally, by a singular anti-climax of fortune Dutchess of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, was born at Schönbrunn, December 13th, 1791, eldest daughter of Francis II., afterwards Emperor of Germany, and of the second of his four wives, Maria Theresa of Naples. When Vienna was cannonaded by Napoleon, the palace in which Maria Louisa lodged, was by his own order exempted from the fire of his artillery. Napoleon marrying her by proxy in 1810, she repaired to Paris, and passed four years in France. Upon Napoleon's abdication in 1814, she returned to Austria with her son, and was made Duchess of Parma and Piacenza. She declined sharing Napoleon's fortunes at Elba, but corresponded with him while there for a time. She remained some time at Vienna with her son the duke of Reichstadt. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba, Maria Louisa, after some vacillation, determined not to rejoin him, saying that as she had refused to partake of his adversity, she would not now participate in his prosperity. She still however retained her esteem for him. In 1816, a year after the battle of Waterloo, she went to Parma and took possession of her Duchy lying on the south bank of the Po, containing 2,200 square miles and nearly five hundred thousand inhabitants. Parma, the capital, contained a population of thirty-five or forty thousand. She was obliged, however, to leave her son at Vienna. In 1824 she married an Austrian officer, General Count Neipperg. He had lost his left eye in battle by a French lance—but when seen on the right side was very handsome. He died in 1828. She bore him three children. The eldest, a daughter, married Count San Vitale, grand chamberlain of Parma. A son, the Count de Montenuovo, (the Italian for Neipperg,) was an officer in the Austrian service in 1847, and may be so yet. A second daughter died in infancy. Upon the French revolution in 1830, the outbreak in Italy extended to her Duchy, and she was forced to escape to Austria. But the Duchy being reduced by an Austrian army she returned. In 1834 she married Count Bombelles, an old emigrè. At the time of the accession of Pius IX., her Duchy was again disturbed and Maria Louisa passed much of her time at Schönbrunn. Not long after she died and was succeeded by Carlo Ludovico, duke of Lucca.

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It is the prerogative of genius to stamp its interest on every thing connected with it. A worthy gentleman of my acquaintance, a native of Scotland, has in his possession some leaves of an Excise book kept by Robert Burns the poet. The first page is headed, "Excise 88th year 1794–5. Dumfries Collection and District. 4th Round Diary including 7th December, 1794, and 17th Jany., 1795. Robert Burns."

The page is ruled into columns, the headings being "Divisions and Officers, Dates, Places Surveyed, Miles, Com'n. Br'rs, Victuallers, Chand-

lers, Tanners, Spirit Dealers, Tea Dealers, Tobacco Dealers, Tobacco Manufacturers, Reports." The Reports are addressed "Hon'le Sirs." The first Report, dated December 7th, 1794, is as follows: "Preceding Round ended the 6th Inst. Sunday in obedience to the Collector's orders I took charge of this District and received from Mr. Findlater (indisposed) the cheque-book, &c." This report is marked "Ex'd J. M." i. e. Examined by John Mitchell. The next report regards the Dumfries Division and is in the following cabalistic terms: "In Vict'ry [Victuallery] had a preparatory remark and two charges. Two. Tobco. Manufrs at work; Stocked all the Tobco. Dealrs per weight. On examining the Books only observed in *the Tobacco Book page 5th, Nov. 22d, m.* 10. *and* 25 *m.* 10. *Returns of Tobco. altered from* 89 *lbs to* 41 *lbs on the* 26 *mg. and* 28 *m.* 10 *from* 138 *to* 90 *lbs.* More care promised. Opposite the notice of this delinquency is written, "Admonish. G. B. Done J. C." i. e. G. B. a superior functionary of the Excise orders the culpable Victualler to be admonished on the occasion, and J. C., the subordinate officer, says that he has admonished him. The last report on this page is:—"Had a charge and took worts off in Brewy and weighed to the Tanner 2 Backs and 3 Hides at 112 lbs." The next report is, "Surveyed as per margin In Paper, weighed of first class 5 Bundles, of second class 23 Bundles, of third class 39 Bundles—in all 1315 lbs—also exam'd remaining stock of malt, six guages; all with practical agreement. Nothing to blame in the Books." The places thus surveyed or where these last services were performed were, Park, Drumwhinnie, Kirkquinzion, Dalbeattie, Mount Pleasant, Home. On the 18th of the same month, December 1794, Burns reports—"A Guage a charge and Preparatory Remark in Brewery. Examined three stocks of Leather and weighed seven Hides, and two calves at 203 lbs. In malt four guages. Any inadvertencies in the books but trifling."

On another day the poet-exciseman "Returned and in Brewery took off second worts and had a confirming Guage of the first. Weighed a stage of candles at 240 lbs." Again he took "Two Guages in Cn. Brewery, counted large stock of depending Leather. Fourteen Guages of malt. Nothing considerable in the Books;" and "weighed 15 Backs, 13 Hides, 27 Kipps and 02 Calves at 908 lbs."

The Excise Divisions in that part of Scotland were Dumfries, Bridgeen, Annan, Woodhouse, Lochmaben, Lockerby, Sanquhar—and the Division officers, John Lewars, John McQuker, Geo. Gray. James Hosack, Leond Smith, John Crawford, Wm. Penn, Peter Warwick, Alexr. Hill, Jno. McCulloch, Alexr. Easton, James Graham and Robert Burns.

When Julian, the philosophic emperor, came to the throne, it was found necessary to indoctrinate him in the rudiments of the military art, and while undergoing the process of the drill, being seriously bored, he exclaimed—"Heavens, what an employment for a philosopher!" So Burns, when weighing candles and hides and malt, had reason to exclaim—"Heavens, what an employment for a poet!" C. C.

LILIENHORN.

A DRAMATIC POEM BY J. E. LEIGH.

The reader well find in Book XII. of Lamartine's History of the Girondists a very interesting account of the conspiracy against Gustavus III. King of Sweden, by many of the Swedish nobles, together with Lilienhorn, Commandant of the Guards at Stockholm, and of the assassination of the King on the night of the 16th March 1792.

CHARACTERS.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden. Lilienhorn, Cominandant, &c. Count de Ribbing. Count de Brahe. Count de Stegeborg. Baron d' Erensward.	*Conspirators*

Scene I.—*Stockholm. The King's Palace.*

Gustavus, Solus.

Whence come the warnings of impending ill
So strongly urged, so multiplied of late?
From watchful friendship's quick excited fears,
Or cunning foe's most subtle stratagem?
I fain would know, yet nought it doth import,
For fear of friend and scheme of foe I scorn.
And at my life then, treason aims its blow—
These warnings manifold do all declare,
But point not out the hand that's raised to strike,
Nor tell the hour appointed for the stroke.
In each man thus I must th' assassin fear,
And feel the pangs of death in ev'ry hour!
Behold the doom that is designed for me,
By thousand hands a thousand deaths to die!
Ha! ha! I hold the sovereign power here
Whose chiefest form and action mercy is,
And on our royal self I do bestow
That saving grace which others oft have known,
And from this sentence will absolve ourself
And grant a pardon from this dreadful doom.
So from the pangs of death before it comes,
By virtue of this sovereign grace I'm freed.
I have met Danger often in his shape
And shivered in his hand his threat'ning lance:
He stood between the throne and my high aim,
A lion in the path in which I trod.
This full-blown crown attests my viet'ry gained.
He menaced ruin with the Russian Bear
And came to crush me with its icy arms;

But 'neath my blows the Northern monster reeled
And found its safety in my wrath appeased.
Vanquished thus in ev'ry open strife,
Lo! Danger now a masked disguise assumes
And by my fears would subjugate my soul.
That may not be—my fears are but my subjects,
Too fearful far to make essay to rule.

Enter LILIENHORN.

Gustavus, continuing,
Ho, Lilienhorn! you come most opportunely,
This, this concerns Count Lilienhorn, not me.
A letter from the noble Bouillé, this—
That son of France who, in his heart's true faith,
Doth see his honor in his master's cause
And would from secret harm his ally guard.
He writes that proof or something like to proof
He has, that disaffection's taint hath touched
The hearts of some whose very hand I've armed
And thought to wield as if it were my own—
Bids me beware—that soldiers high in trust,
In Stockholm here, against our life conspire.
Of all my army here thou art the head
And sure must know the motives of the body.

Lilienhorn.
Ay, ay, my liege, of body, limbs and head;
But do not see the workings of this plot,
Or know the soil in which this treason roots
Whose branches spreading, bloom in foreign lands,
And only to your distant friends disclose
The peril which doth threat you here at home.

Gustavus.
This treason menaced—hast not heard before?

Lilienhorn.
Ay! no! ay, but 'twas from your highness' self.
When at the Council you declared your will
Against insurgent France to lead your strength,
To strangle faction and maintain the crown,
To crush revolt and snatch the king and queen
From the fierce people's bloody appetite,
Your Highness did with mock solemnity,
So well assumed it did impress with awe,
Propound a question piercing every heart:
With wrathful tone and bent and low'ring brow,
You asked what fate deserves the traitor Swede
Who in his heart doth plot his sovereign's death?
Responses warm, that quick arose from all
Were by your Highness met with most arch smile
That shewed you touched in sport their deep hearts' chords.
With playful look of incredulity,
This phantom plot you then exposed to view,
Framed as you said of wishes of your foes
And dreamed-of horrors of your frighted friends,
And proved by two most truthful witnesses—
Rumor unsworn and fanciful surmise.

Gustavus.
'Tis true, most true, my faithful Lilienhorn.
I said I had braved the sword's biting edge
And could not fear the airy poniard's point.

Lilienhorn.
Then why, my Lord, give thought to thing so vain?

Gustavus.
De Bouillé's letter now from Verdun sent—

Lilienhorn.
No substance to the dagger gives, nor hand
To point its stroke—tells nor plot nor actor.
Horrors vague in unsubstantial mirage
Rise on Bouillé's view and hover o'er you,
Here all unseen by quick and straining eye.
Could treason germinate unknown by me,
Or have its growth amidst the vig'rous crop
Of virtues the most loyal and most true
That ever subject's heart did teem withal?

Gustavus.
Well let it pass—I did but wish to know
If that which seemed but phantasy to me,
Had vital strength to mind of Lilienhorn.
Exit, Gustavus.

Lilienhorn.
Most vital strength and strength most mortal too!
Life to my hopes but deathful force to you.
But yet—ah no! remorse would now be vain—
The fatal train to surcharged mine is fired—
The arrow from the slackened string is sped:
The noblest heart of all this world's the mark!

Enter a Messenger.

I am, my Lord, by Count de Ribbing sent,
In most quick haste, to bring you the advice
That at the house of Baron d'Erensward,
Certain of your friends have now assembled
Who do desire and await your presence
On matters instant and of high import.

Lilienhorn.
My *friends*! my friends! as tempters ever are!

Messenger.
My Lord! my Lord!

Lilienhorn.
Away, you cur, away! and tell your Lord
You gave his words unto my listening ear,
Nor tell him more, if your base life you prize.
Exit Messenger.

Lilienhorn—continuing.
Ye hunters of the royal game, ye wind
Your horn for me chief hound to lead your pack!

—

SCENE 2.—*Palace of Baron d'Erensward.*

BARON D'ERENSWARD. COUNT DE RIBBING.
COUNT DE STEGEBORG AND COUNT DE BRAHE.

Count de Ribbing.
The speaking present loudly tells, my Lords,
We can no longer dally with our fortune
Or wait the coming of that laggard, chance.
'Tis plain, the thought which in our quickened mind
Has so long lain and grown in embryo,
Its instant birth in action now must have.

De Brahé.
I pray you, Count, distinctly to—

De Ribbing.
Last night, my Lords, from France, a courier came,
From Marquis Bouillé, with despatches charged,
Which only to the king he would commit.
Of double import I have learned they are:
That it was bruited and believed in France
A plot most subtle, deep and traitorous,
Of imminent and most fatal peril,
Against the king in Stockholm is conceived
By servants high in trust and near his throne,
With sharp expostulation urged in zeal
To ope the eye of his deep sleeping fears.
And then, as if to snatch him from his fate,
Beseeching him to speed his powers on
To rescue from the people's rough embrace
Her, his soul's homage, Gallia's periled queen.

Count de Stegeborg.

That this is true I can attest, my Lords.
Ere matin bell had rung its waking peal,
By the king's page I was from sleep aroused
And summoned to his private council room.
He, placing Bouillé's letter in my hand,
Without much comment, did in haste proceed
To gather from the rolls before him spread
The number and equipment of his troops
In all the several stations of his realm;
And on the map, with quick unerring eye,
The distance and the marches did compute.
And time required for general rendezvous.
Then all impatient at the long delay,
He said the lightning's bolt did dart alone
And did not wait for helping company;
That as the lightning doth outstrip its cloud,
So he'd outrun the tempest of his power
And blazing on would point its way to France.
And then in phrase of most sweet courtesy,
A grace we know so winning in the king,
Something of praise it pleased him to bestow
On our well trained corps in camp at Stegeborg.
This corps he said most suitably was placed
Upon the route he'd chosen for his speed;
With its strength therefore he should arm himself.
The king to-morrow will set out for France.

(*Enter Lilienhorn.*)

But here is Lilienhorn from whom the king
Conceals no thought.

De Ribbing.

Count Lilienhorn, to whose strong arm we trust
As sword and shield, the wished for time—

Lilienhorn.

Hold! hold! my Lord,—my arm! my hand—what time?
You do mistake—I am not Ankastroem—

Count de Brahé.

Nor hired, Count, his functions to perform:
Ah! Lilienhorn disdains to deal the blow—
He doth but arm the hand that gives the stab;
Nor takes for blood his pound for pound in gold—
He hopes to reap in pride the crimsoned crop
Of honors rankly shooting from the blood
Of king who wronged him only with his love.

Count d'Erensward.

Count Lilienhorn did much o'ershoot the scope
Of Lord de Ribbing's thoughts—

De Ribbing.

And turned them quite away from their true mark.

De Brahé.

I was the lens converged them to their point.

D'Erensward.

Most noble Count—

Lilienhorn.

I am no Count except by courtesy!
But of Stockholm's guards I am commandant.
With scoffing taunt let hollow court'sy cease.
Was it for this you summoned me to-day;
To hear myself impeached with foulest breath
By him of your own order deemed the head?
To raise your order from its low estate
Up to that height of old supremacy
From which it fell before the king's strong will,
With prayers and promises you asked my aid:
Said usurpation did confer no right
Except to strike the proud usurper down:
That every peaceful art had long been tried
To move the king to retrocede your powers,
But that 'twas plain whilst King Gustavus ruled
Nobility would be Gustavus' slave.
And when I told you he had honored me
With station, trust, and love and friendship's smile,
You said a frown could quick succeed a smile,
And then would fall both station, trust and love;
But this imperious king by my aid slain,
Nobility's most ancient rights restored,
On my head a coronet you would place
Of your new flow'ring honor's fresh leaves formed:—
And when I spurned and tossed that bauble back,
Calling from hell the tempter's winning art,
You railed at tyrants and of freedom spoke
And urged me to uphold my country's cause:
That this blow struck, the haughty tyrant dead,
I should be hailed the saviour of the land,
By nobles honored, by the people loved,
And chiefest captain of their armies too.
This glittering prize displayed before my view
I grasp—

De Brahé.

With hand deep dyed in blood of sovereign slain.

Lilienhorn.

Again the insults of this gibing Lord!
Have we not here a traitor to our treason?

D'Erensward.

Most noble Lilienhorn, restrain thy rage—
He but assumes the privilege of age
To give the counsels of timidity.

Lilienhorn.

Alas! he holds before foul treason's eye
The undimmed mirror of his loyal troth,
And makes us see an ugly image there. (*aside.*)

De Stegeborg.

Bear with his bluntness noble Lilienhorn,
Nor deem there lurks in Count de Brahé's heart
Either wish or thought of base betrayal.
To him, in virtue, power, and age our chief,
We did entrust our honorable hope
With full assurance it would find support,
Or at the worst no treach'rous enemy.
With his frank nature he at once declared
The aim was noble, not the means employed,
But that our thought should find no tongue in him.

De Brahé.

If in your minds I e'er deserved the name
Which it has pleased you to ascribe to me,
Of chief of your renowned nobility,
Hear in the accents of my grief-tossed soul
The voice of honor, the behests of right.
When first this king o'erleaped the rightful bounds
That hedged his high prerogative about,
And roamed the lion o'er the field of state
Glaring his wrath on all who dared oppose,
Encroaching daily on your own domain,
I did exclaim, and on you called aloud
To drive him back to his accustomed rule.
But you, my Lords, did answer my appeal
By protestations of your love and faith
To him who left you yet the name of Lord.
I do not cavil at your wisdom then,
But what was wisdom then is honor now.
The repartitioned powers of the State,
Though to himself he took the lion's share,
You did agree and swear you would maintain.
The powers he wrongly plucked, he well has worn
In wreath resplendent on his royal brow,
With a new lustre from his own great deeds,
That doth obscure your old propriety.
Let not conspiracy regain, my Lords,

What prudent valour thought not to withhold.
Let not the dagger now disgrace the hand
That might have flashed the sword in just defence.

De Ribbing.

Forsooth, my Lords, a most sweet homily!
Who, here, has not accounted with his scruples
And in conscience' judgment gained a balance?
Deliberation's doubts have no place here.
My Lords and Lilienhorn, your instant voice!
Shall King Gustavus fall beneath our stroke
Aimed by the hand of Ankastroem to-night?

All the Lords except De Brahé.

The king *shall* fall, the nobles shall bear rule.

Lilienhorn.

No king in Stockholm, let the people rule!

Memphis, Tenn., Aug., 1849.

Recollections of Weimar, the Native Place of Goethe.

From the Unpublished Journal of Therese.

TRANSLATED BY MARIE.

In our childhood we are apt to regard great events or persons with indifference. They appear natural and common, and the most celebrated men seem to us but ordinary beings. Our living near them in daily intercourse prevents, perhaps, the effect that would be otherwise produced. But in after life, when experience has taught us severe lessons, when we find how many blossoms we lavished for a single fruit, how many vain attempts for one success, then we become more observant. Recollections long since faded away, revive in youthful freshness. The clouds disappear, we behold the vanished stars,—those flaming, everlasting constellations seem to be no visions of imagination. Dust and clouds had concealed them from our eyes, but they were never extinguished.

Such thoughts are sometimes awakened in me by recalling the days of childhood, when I walked in the shady avenues of the park of Weimar, merry and joyous, in ignorance of what surrounded me, regardless of my uncle's words when he would draw his little prattling niece apart and say, "There is *Baron von Goethe.*" Goethe strolled daily in the park: he had there his favorite spots, his pines, his oaks, against which he used to rest himself. The narrow limits of a small town, the external monotony of a life which in later years was somewhat wasted in ceremonious forms—the title of *Privy Councillor*, the honor of being called "excellency"—these satisfied in advanced age the gigantic mind of the greatest poet of Germany who had risen from the son of a plain citizen to the dignity of a minister of state. He was quite content in his existence at *Weimar*. The little valleys of *Thuringen*, the stiff hedges of the Grand Duke's summer palace, the *Belvidere*, the quiet river Ilm, gentle as a rivulet, were pleasant to him. The poet who in the prime of manhood had enjoyed Italy with all the ardor of his fiery soul, now longed for nothing more than a trip from Weimar to the Bohemian springs. But perhaps he deigned to move in every-day life with so much apparent pleasure, because his nature transformed all things into poetry? And yet when I read in matured age the works of *Goethe*, I am far rather inclined to consider him a man of penetrating mind, than an ardent nature glorified in its own intensity. Goethe was thoroughly cold and measured. It seldom happened that he smiled, and still more seldom were the graces of his soul developed in playful wit. In his immovable antique face, nothing beamed but the eye. But this was the eye of the king of spirits. It commanded, it governed, it flattered, it defied. His look was the symbolic expression of his soul—a mysterious communication, showing him an interpreter of the unknown—a revealer of the hidden things of nature. His deportment was dignified, perhaps with too much assumption and *too little inborn nobleness*. He wore a dark blue *surtout* buttoned to the neck, and carried the left hand generally hid in his waistcoat. He walked slowly, bowed his head formally to those who who met him, said a few civil words and then passed on. My uncle thought himself obliged to instruct his little neice by telling her of the glory of Weimar—of the literary cultivation of the place, and though doubtless at that time the butterflies had more attraction for me than Goethe and all the poets in the world, I could not help listening, and thus became acquainted with the classical Germans who have made Weimar so celebrated. The *great* ones—Schiller, Wieland, Herder—were no more; all, except Goethe, who received in the evening, with his daughter-in-law, in the very small rooms of their plain home, a little circle of friends and admirers.

Goethe's was rather an humble dwelling for a prime minister, but the poet could here repose more comfortably in the arms of the muses. The steps were narrow and led to a passage to the study. In this room Bettina, (Baroness von Arnim,) the poetical child so celebrated by her work, "*Letters of a Child to Goethe*," may have climbed often upon his lap, and caught words of endearment from his lips. We once visited this house. My uncle and I were seated on chairs opposite Goethe. When he heard that I liked mineralogy, he showed me his fine collection and took me

into a room decorated with his plaster-casts. A sunbeam shone just then into the room, and a rainbow could be perceived after a passing shower. The science of colors, mineralogy, the productions of art, all were mingled like a chaos in my mind. I confessed to myself that here was a world within the world, a mixture of the past and future, of antiquity and the present. What were to Goethe the movements, the aims of the crowd, the astounding events of the history of that epoch, (Napoleon's epoch,)—what to him even his fatherland! He possessed that in himself which creates and destroys; which led him far away from the rolling stream of events and furnished him with inexhaustible materials for reflection: he did not love, he looked down upon, mankind, and created for himself other ties—those of philosophy, taste and knowledge. He introduced his own form of language into the world; his style was that of genius. He clung to that which he had acquired in those solitary hours, when perhaps a sweet longing after something elevated filled his mind, because he felt that there was something yet to win. The train of his thoughts passed rapidly like storm-driven clouds;—he revealed them to himself and to others; he made them dearer and brighter, but never dispelled them.

The Farnesian bull in his plaster-casts, the noble ideal head of *Van Dyck*, were placed near the skull of a common criminal, only to show the opposition of the noblest to the meanest objects. Such contrasts Goethe tried to render prominent. What I now remember as most striking to me was the plain furniture of his study, consisting only of a few chairs and tables. Was it to show that he did not need outward magnificence, while he valued his titles, or his princely friends, of whom the highest had his preference? Goethe was a man in whom many contradictions met, he was a sovereign and slave, free and dependent, exhibiting a thousand different phases, sipping from a thousand different sources, poet and politician—demon and angel!

Among my recollections of Weimar, two have made a deep and pleasing impression on my mind—one when I assisted in *tableaux vivans* represented in Goethe's home, the others when I drew and painted in the *atelier* of the high-gifted countess, *Julia Eyloffstein*, while she was seated before her easel absorbed in her creations. This interesting high-born and court-bred woman possesses one of those natures which may be called powerful. She has none of the bitterness of our sex—all in her is created in large outlines. Her superior talent forms a marvellous accompaniment to the flight of her spirit, now enthroned in the skies, now descending to the depths of the foundation of things. Strong as a man, she is at the same time impressible and delicate as the tenderest female. The soul is the sovereign of her whole being, it chains her fugitive fancy and moderates her artistic enthusiasm. Often it appeared to me that this artist, who now resides at Rome, was wedded to some invisible spirit. The palette would fall sometimes from her hand and she would lean back in her chair perfectly motionless. At such times I, timid child, thought of spirits, was terrified, and would make a noise to call her back to reality. Knowledge and art had opened to her their secret treasures, her conversation might be compared to a sparkling stream flowing sometimes too rapidly along, but never exhausting itself. Art had taught her moderation. The Countess occupied the *atelier* of the late celebrated painter Tayemann; there she painted those sweet children from Rubens, and the many scenes from her life in Italy, which now ornament the palaces of the first sovereigns of Europe. Goethe was the intimte friend of her mother and the friend and preceptor of her childhood. Under his eyes this German *Corinne*, (as she was generally called,) was educated. He first perceived the genius of his little protegeè, and by him it was wakened and encouraged. With such native powers developed by such a taste, how could she be otherwise than superior? Usually she spent her evenings with Goethe, and I accompanied her there, where she arranged tableaux. One evening we had scenes from *Goethe's Faust*, in which the grandson of Goethe represented the demon *Mephistophiles*. The room in which the spectators were assembled was dark, while the other apartments in which the tableaux were arranged were flooded with light. I can still see the *demon* entering with *Faust* to the poor deluded *Margaret*, who is admiring herself in the glass adorned with the jewels she has found. Margaret was represented by a young lady from the court, with golden ringlets and a charming, delicate figure—her costume most tastefully and charmingly arranged by Countess Julia. The *demon* looked like a real demon, so strikingly did the young Goethe express malice in his looks and motions. After this and other scenes, we went over to scriptural history. The sacrifices of Abraham was selected, and I was transformed into little Isaac. But in the midst of this representation, when the resigned Abraham was about to consummate the sacrifice and I began to feel quite *lamb-like*, a terrible noise was heard among the spectators. Abraham and Isaac started from their immoveable positions, lights were called for. Goethe himself seemed uneasy in the darkness, and when the torches blazed again, it was found that a statue of Minerva had fallen from its *pedestal* and lay broken in pieces on the floor. Every body looked at Goethe, who

valued highly this statue, one of his Italian treasures. We feared the pleasure of the evening was over for him, but presently he asked for music, and when he saw the company still lingering over the shattered Minerva, he exclaimed, "Let the dead rest!"

Goethe's daughter-in-law was a pretty, delicate looking *blonde*, who, besides a highly cultivated mind and great suavity of manners, with the most unbounded admiration for Goethe, had the merit of having presented him with blooming grandsons. How did the poet love these young inheritors of a name invested by him with glory, which they should transmit to their descendants! Among those children the loving side of his soul was to be seen. In them were consecrated his brightest hopes for a promising future. They were to him the embodiment of his dearest wishes, the originals personified by him.

Within the house of Goethe, the court at Weimar formed a temple for literature, in which the memory of the great departed was kept sacred, and where the last who remained of them on earth was deeply idolized. Never has there existed a German court which could boast of so many celebrities, or which manifested so ardent a zeal for knowledge and truth. Conversation there was brilliant and far from all egotism—liberty had become united to trust and confidence. The true mission of literature—advancement in the cultivation of nations—was here acknowledged and raised to that noble standing which belongs to the development of the human mind. Speculative ideas here found responses, and what was attempted was appreciated, as well as what was effected. Charming recollections! I feel again the young breath of spring over the freshly turned soil; how it plays with the blossoms, how cheerfully ripple the waves of the *Ilm*. Such is the power of memory!

THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravel pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air,
But the faces of the children
  They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
  Was standing by the door,
He looked for his little playmates
  Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
  They played not in the hall,
But shadow and silence and sadness
  Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
  With sweet, familiar tone,
But the voices of the children
  Will be heard in dreams alone.

And the boy, who walked beside me,
  He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
  I pressed his soft, warm hand.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, September, 1849.

At no period since the opening of the revolution, has France enjoyed so complete a calm as that which now reigns not in Paris only, but throughout the departments. The storm is hushed. Political elements are almost still. The sea is heaving sullenly from the violence of the late commotion; and the vessel of state rolls sluggishly on the billows, with hardly wind enough to keep her on her course. Angry waves, white with foam, no more beat against its sides, and bursting over the bow sweep the decks. But is the storm really over, and the danger past? Does the blue sky appear through the breaking clouds? May the weary crew retire, and the anxious passengers dismiss their fears, in the hope that henceforth they will pursue their voyage with favoring winds, and a bright sun, to the destined port? Not yet! *We are now in the centre of the storm!* Many a gallant vessel on the broad Atlantic has dearly expiated, by total wreck, the fatal error which mistook this deceitful momentary calm for the end of the tempest. Yet a little while, and the elemental war will recommence more furiously than ever. Seize the moment, mariners, to nerve body and heart for the coming strife! Repair the broken ropes, keep your sails close reefed, and be every man at his post! But let us drop metaphor.

The prompt repression of 13th June,—the numerous arrests which followed—the proscription of nearly forty of the most able and violent *Montagnards*—the state of seige—the severe laws lately enacted against the liberty of the press and the right of political meeting, have temporarily disarmed and almost silenced the democratic socialist party, the only party, which proposed, and was ready, to seize power by immediate violence. Government has its foot upon this party; it is cast down, but not extinct. On the contrary, the few organs of the

press which have survived the late repressive measures, declare and prove too that it is full of life and even of hope. It is engaged in active but secret agitation and propagand. Its cause has succumbed all over Europe. Unhappy Lombardy, Piedmont, Tuscany, Baden, Rome, gallant Hungary, and ever-glorious Venice are all now beneath the feet of their former masters. The despotic principle represented by Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, (aye, France in spite of its nominal republicanism) is every where triumphant. There is not throughout the continent of Europe a republican band armed, or that dares to arm! Yet the party in France declares that the future, and the near future belongs to it. This party is unquestionably formidable here. It is strong in Paris, in many of the departments, in the assembly, and stronger, I fear, in the army, than it is safe to admit. It believes to be necessary, it contemplates, *it is preparing*, yet another appeal to arms. It will certainly not witness quietly the accomplishment of the designs of the monarchical parties. It cannot however enjoy even a temporary triumph in France, unless the cause is powerfully served by the irreconcilable dissensions of the other parties. The National Assembly, that great focus of political strifes, is now in the midst of its six weeks' recess, which will last till 1st October. It is to its absence we must ascribe the momentary calm which prevails. The fires of party, however, are not extinct: they are only diffused. The members are dispersed throughout all the departments, each an earnest apostle of his own political creed, striving to gain converts and influence the General Councils, (popular representative assemblies, which meet periodically in all the departments,) to an expression of opinion which will tell in his favor upon the action of the Assembly at its meeting in October. The ultra Legitimists declare that the republic was imposed upon France by an infamous *coup de main*, that the people have never sanctioned it, and they demand an immediate appeal to the people, proposing to be decided by universal suffrage this question, "Shall France adopt for its government the Democratic Republic, or the Representative Monarchy?" They believe that the latter would prevail; and they hope that of the three monarchical parties their own would prove the strongest. The Count of Chambord (Henry V.) with his wife has recently visited the fashionable watering place of Ems, in Germany, near the French frontier. They received there some fifteen hundred of their most devoted French partisans, among them several of their most distinguished adherents. The Legitimist party is dividing. A portion of it will hold no political communion with the other parties: will not co-operate with them upon any occasion except for common defence of life, family and property against the insurgents of June, armed and in the streets. Another portion is in intimate communion with the Orleanists or Bonapartists. It is even said that they are plotting and likely to compass the fusion of the parties of the elder and younger branches. Henry V. it is almost certain will never have an immediate heir to his rights, or pretensions. It is proposed that he shall reign, declaring the Count of Paris to be his heir, and uniting the whole power and influence of the two parties to insure his peaceable succession. This is plausible, and if all the adherents of these two families would cordially and earnestly unite for its accomplishment, it would perhaps be a feasible plan. But a portion of the Legitimists, to say nothing of the Phillippists are quite impracticable. The family hate is embittered by eighteen years of deadly strife. They would have to conquer the republicans in a bloody civil war, before the newly erected throne could acquire any stability. They would meet, too, and must gain, or conquer the Bonapartists. The imperial pretender is now in power, and wields all the influence of government. While few believe him a sincere republican—none, absolutely none, believe that knowingly and willingly he would lend himself to the restoration of any but the imperial throne, to be occupied by himself. This consummation he is still dreaming of, still working for, I have no doubt. He calls all parties into his councils hoping that they will neutralize each other, and that in the end, they will by the force of events, and his own good management, all become subservient to the accomplishment of his own purposes. Unless the force of events most efficiently serves him, unless he calls to his aid a well timed *coup d'etat*, backed by a goodly number of Bonapartist regiments, let him beware lest he who would play with others be himself played with. Can Louis Napoleon Bonaparte expect to win in a game of address in which he has Thiers and Molé for opponents? These men may form, as means, not as an end, the establishment of the consulate, or even of an Empire. The efforts of the Napoleonists proper are at the present moment directed to the effecting an immediate revision of the constitution, not waiting till the three years prescribed by the constitution itself for the trial of that instrument as it is, shall have elapsed. Their avowed object is to give "*stability*" to the government. They would declare first the immediate reëligibility of the President, which is now forbidden. Without this, M. Bonaparte must infallibly, after his term has expired, become less than an ordinary man. He will have lost the prestige of his name, and proved his own substantive

want of value. Complete insignificancy will await him. The President being declared re-eligible, his partisans would next lengthen the term to ten years or for life, with a change of style from President to *Consul.* and an increase of salary from twenty thousand dollars per month, which it actually is, to forty thousand. These changes in the constitution being effected, executive influence is to be trusted to insure the president's reëlection. It is understood, however, that the title of *consul*, with residence at the Elysée Bourbon, and the *bagatelle* of $40,000 per month, is only provisional, and accepted *en passant*. The desired "*stability*" to government will not be reached in the opinion of this party until their consul installed as Emperor, shall occupy the Tuileries, and have an imperial civil list at his command. I am partly of this opinion myself. That, or something equivalent, must take place, or France will be continually agitated, and revolution become its normal condition.

Since I last touched upon politics, the Reaction has made immense strides. Nearly all the republicans throughout France, placed in office under the administrations which preceded the accession to power of M. Bonaparte, have been removed. Attachment to republicanism is a sufficient cause. Hardly a day passes but we have notice of removals of men, who have perilled their lives on the side of order in all the crises through which the republic has passed, and who are ever ready to do so. It is impossible not to see in those removals and the appointments which follow, the settled purpose, now become a system, to put all official influence in the hands of monarchists. The early republican government placed on the retired list some twenty or thirty general officers, suspected of sympathy with one or the other of the ex-royal families. These officers have just been restored and republican officers are kept out of employ, or sent to Africa or Corsica. The names of several of the colleges in Paris, the names of many of the streets, and of several of the theatres, were republicanized eighteen months ago. The former have been, the latter are about to be rebaptized with their old names. M. Bonaparte yet has in his cabinet a republican element. This is represented now especially by M. Dufaure. This gentleman, there is little doubt, will be eliminated next month, soon after the meeting. There has never been any cordial good feeling between him and the President. The latter owes him a deep grudge for his conduct in January and December last, when, during the presidential canvass he was Cavaignac's obedient minister of the interior. It is matter of surprise that he has remained so long in the cabinet, where he was received and has been retained only in obedience to stern political necessities. Leon Faucher the predecessor of Dufaure, and one of the most thorough-going reactionists in France, is almost universally looked to as his successor. It is believed that De Tocqueville, Passy and Odilon Barrot himself, will accompany Dufaure in his retreat, as being too liberal for a government which has such crying need of "*stability*." The *Dix Decembre* a journal devoted personally to the President, believed to be his echo, and known as the organ of the imperialists, daily utters philippics against Dufaure, and eulogies on Faucher, daily advocates the revision of the constitution, and cries for "stability." *Nous verrons.*

But while reaction is the order of the day in politics, let me signalize one laudable step forward, which, guided by the light of science, this government has just taken in the interest of commerce and international communication. I allude to the onerous and annoying quarantine laws which have so long shackled the intercourse of Europe with the East. These laws have long been believed to be unnecessarily severe: and under the last reign several attempts were made to liberally modify them. The southern ports of France had suffered so severely from the *plague*, that for many years no precautions were considered excessive: and rules dictated by fear were persisted in long after experience and science had demonstrated their inefficiency in addition to their severity. In 1845, the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris was charged by government to inquire whether, without danger to the public health, these laws might not be considerably relaxed, and to what extent. The Academy appointed a committee of eleven, in which figure the names of Adelon, Dubois, Parisot, Royer Collard, and Prus. The committee addressed itself earnestly to the investigation of the questions involved. It was made the subject of fifty sittings, in which volumes of written testimony were read, and the oral testimony taken of many physicians who had seen and treated the plague. M. Prus proceeded himself to Marseilles to conduct examinations there: in short, no means were left unemployed which would enable the committee to arrive at satisfactory, practical and scientific conclusions. Their report was made in March, 1846. It declared the plague to be endemic in Egypt, Syria and Turkey—that the disease was spontaneously developed under the influence of local and atmospheric causes—that the plague usually appears under the form of epidemic diseases and observes similar rules of progress—that clothing and bedding used by the infected, have not communicated the plague to persons who have afterwards made use of the same, even without previous purification—that no rigid system of observation has demon-

strated the transmissibility of the plague by mere contact with the infected—that the transmissibility of the plague by means of merchandize in countries where the plague already exists, or where it does not exist, is by no means established—that persons infected form the only *foci* of infection, and they alone infect the atmosphere—that the period of incubation, or time during which the seeds of the plague lie dormant, is from three to five days, and that it *never fails* to declare itself within eight days. This report was in the following year, 1847, made the foundation of great ameliorations in the quarantine laws; but such was the force of prejudice against innovation upon the time-honored system of restriction, and so powerful was the influence of the multifarious official interests which had grown up under the old system, that the *ordonnance* of 1847, by the admission of all impartial intelligent men, left much to be desired. The step which separates the provisions of the *ordonnance* of 1847 from complete liberty, limited only by such restrictions as an intelligent regard for the public health based upon the conclusions of the above mentioned report would dictate, has just been taken by the President, upon the advice of the minister of agriculture and commerce.

The Cholera has not yet entirely left us. The number of deaths has slightly varied during the last month. About forty daily is the average. The total number of deaths in Paris from cholera since the commencement of its attack in March last is now considerably upward of 20,000. The total number in 1832 was only 18,000, but the visitation then was only of one month's duration. Nobody now seems to think of cholera any more than if it did not exist: and regular reports of the number of deaths have ceased to be made. But we still hear every now and then of some distinguished victim. Among its last and best known in Paris is Jules André Guéret, a denizen of *la Cité*. When the second volume of the "Lives of Curious and Odd Characters" is compiled, André Guéret must certainly find his page in it. At twenty-five years of age Guéret, a gay and dashing youth, saw himself in possession of his paternal inheritance, a handsome fortune. "I mean never to marry," said he, "consequently, I shall have no family to support, either with me or after me; and I don't care to leave any portion of my fortune behind. A sober man, who, though no husband himself, husbands his life, may calculate upon living to three score and ten. But if he *goes it* a little, if he enjoys life, he will hardly pass fifty-five—to be liberal, say sixty years. Now I mean to *go it*, and cannot possibly live, therefore, beyond sixty years of age. Take twenty-five from sixty, and thirty-five remain. My property converted into cash is worth so much. This sum divided by 35 gives me so much per annum: a pretty little sum—one may live upon that—one may enjoy life!" He sold his estates, turned them into gold, and having no faith in banks and bankers, he concealed his money in his own house, determined to spend every year fully the sum agreed upon, and no more. "If," said he, "when my money is spent, my life should not be, why there stands Pont Neuf—and the Seine flows below." He kept his resolution faithfully, so far as the spending and hoarding of his money was concerned: and also in another particular—he *went it strong*. Nobody enjoyed life in the ordinary acceptation of the term more than Jules André Guéret. But he miscalculated in one particular: and his resolution failed him in another. The sixty-first year found him without a sol, and with several miserable years to spare. He was not philosopher enough to take the promised leap, or rather he was too much of a philosopher to do so. Since 1843 a poor old beggar has been constantly seen, seated on a hard bench, occupying the same spot upon the *quai des Celestins*. Summer and winter, every day, rain or shine, the old man was there. A charity box rested on his knees; small bunches of phosphoric matches were in his hand. It was Jules André Guéret. He lived upon public charity. He had composed the following couplet, which was written upon a piece of pasteboard, and suspended from his neck, to attract the notice of the passer by.

> "Ayez pitié, passants, du pauvre André Guéret,
> Dont la vie est plus longue, helas! qu'il ne croyait."

The stroller along the *quai des Celestins* has often noticed a group of listeners in front of the old man's bench. He was amusing them with some racy souvenir of his youthful days. One day last week Guéret had repaired, well as usual, with his charity box, matches, and couplet, to his accustomed seat. In May and June while hundreds and thousands were dying about him, Guéret was never missed from his bench. But his time was at last come. He was seized in the course of the day with violent symptoms of cholera. Ready arms, for old André was a favorite with every inhabitant of the quarter, bore him to a neighboring hospital. And he died.

The Fine Arts have just lost in Paris one of their most distinguished and successful worshippers, the miniature painter, Mme. *Mirbel*, the wife of Professor Mirbel of the Garden of Plants. For the last twenty years she has been one of the best known of her art in Europe, honored with the patronage of several kings and all of the high aristocracy. Mme. Mirbel died at the age of fifty. If the walk of art which she chose was not the

highest, she found it more lucrative than the highest walks have been often found to be by those who have even gloriously pursued them. She has left a considerable fortune.

Reports have been current of late that our bachelor President was hastening to avail himself of his present high political position to assure him an eligible matrimonial union: and the departure upon a mysterious foreign embassy of a high officer of his household gave colour to the reports. He had an eye not only to present convenience, but to requisites which would satisfy the exigencies of what he hoped would be ere long his own more elevated rank. A royal daughter of Sweden was the chosen fair one, already a relative of the President, he being her uncle *à la mode de Bretagne*. She is a grand-daughter on her mother's side of Eugene Beauharnais, who was the brother of Hortense, mother of the President. I thought it, from the first, hardly probable that a royal family would receive as a member the mere president of a republic, of so ill-assured position, of such doubtful future, and to speak most favorably, of very questionable personal value. The *Moniteur du Soir* has just taken the trouble formally to deny the truth of these reports.

I gave in one of my late letters an account which it was supposed would be interesting to most of your readers, of the *courtiers de mariage* (marriage brokers or professional match-makers) of Paris. To-day I add a sort of postscript which will complete the information contained in that letter, and at the same time render an act of justice to French legislation. It is not perhaps the the only discrepancy which could be signalized between the laws of France and its customs in relation to marriage.

M. Foy, the "*negociateur en mariages*" who figured so honorably in my letter, the same to whom the visit there described was made, has lately had to do with a most ungrateful client, one M. Lebreton. M. L., an elderly gentleman, retired and in easy circumstances, who, in his former professional capacity had been privy to thousands of mock marriages, took it into his head that, in the decline of life, he must contract one in serious earnest for himself. Unhappy, misled man! He forgot that marriage, the truest wisdom at twenty-five, becomes a folly at fifty. "Oui," said he to M. Foy, upon whom he called in furtherance of his project, "Oui, c'en est fait, je me marie."

"Bon!" said M. Foy—(to himself)—"Here is another old simpleton who has come to gratify my pockets with a handful of his hard-earned gold." Methinks I see the worthy gentleman, clad in his ample *robe de chambre*, conducting his visiter into the retired study, and there having seated him upon the sofa, take his own place in the arm-chair before the secretary, and with imposing gravity of manner, commence his lecture of course upon the seriousness and importance of matrimony. We are not informed whether M. L., with the docility befitting his age, heard the lecture to the end; but it appears certain that the result of this first visit was so satisfactory that the second interview was determined upon. M. Foy interrogated his voluminous portfolio with accustomed success. From his long lists of ladies to marry, he selected several to be submitted to his client. Of them M. L. chose Mlle. C., who with no fortune it seems worth speaking of, was represented to possess all the qualities which the disinterested M. L. desired in a wife. Thereupon the following contract was signed between the parties. The contract does not appear fairly engrossed, written out with the hand for this particular occasion. Like a man overwhelmed with business, M. F. produced from his drawer a printed form similar to the law-forms met with in our lawyers' offices. The blanks left for names and descriptions were filled up with the pen: and the document then read as follows. You will perceive it is in the most approved and imposing technical form.

"Between the undersigned Henry Charles Napoleon de Foy, negotiator of marriages, patented exclusively *ad hoc*, under the No. 212, residing at Paris, Enghien street, 34 bis, of the one part, and M. Lebreton, former theatrical director, residing at Paris, Tower of Auvergne street, 18, of the other part, has been determined upon and agreed as follows:

"M. Lebreton having made known to M. de Foy his wish to be married, the parties have contracted and taken respectively the engagements hereinafter mentioned:

"*Art.* 1.—M. de Foy promises to take all the steps understood to be consistent with, and required by, the character of his agency, and to do every thing which shall depend upon him to facilitate the marriage of M. Lebreton, and to enable him to obtain the hand of Mlle. C....., whose father holds a high employ, &c., &c.

"*Art.* 2.—M. Lebreton on his part, promises and undertakes by these presents, only in case of success in his projected marriage, to pay to M. de Foy, immediately after the celebration, the sum of six hundred francs; and this by way of reward in acknowledgment of services rendered and to indemnify M. de Foy for the expenses and outlays by him to be incurred, in negotiating this marriage, and, also, for the pains, care, and diligence which he shall have exercised in its management. This sum, in consideration of the uncertainty of the event, has been fixed by M.

Lebreton, and is intended as a recompense in gross to cover all charges, without future specification.

"*Art.* 3.—The simple fact of the celebration of the marriage between M. Lebreton and Mlle. C. shall be deemed proof that it is by the mediation, care, and diligence of M. de Foy that the marriage has been concluded.

"It is understood that in case the marriage herein contemplated should not take place, this present instrument shall become and remain null and of no effect, and that in this event there shall not be due to M. de Foy any indemnity upon any account whatever.

"Done and signed, double, and in good faith, under private seals, and after being read, at Paris the 25th January, 1849.

"The above writing approved.

LEBRETON."

Operations were commenced immediately under the above contract; and so hotly prosecuted under the guidance of Cupid and M. Foy, that within less than six months from the signing of the contract, M. Lebreton saw his efforts crowned with success. Mlle. C. had been wooed and won. She was his in the bands of holy wedlock.

Was he disappointed in matrimony, as most elderly gentlemen who marry young wives, are, sooner or later? Had he been swindled? Had he been deceived as to the soundness or the qualities of the wife whom he had married upon the representation of Foy, *without warranty?* It can hardly be supposed that he was less careful in bargaining for a wife than he would have been in bargaining for a horse. Or was M. Lebreton only a shrewd swindler himself who, aware of the legal defect in his contract with Foy, was determined to take advantage of that defect, and keep his six hundred francs? This does not appear. But the fact is he did neglect to pay the said sum to the said Henry Charles Napoleon—and though often urgently requested to pay the same, he ever refused and omitted so to do. And therefore the said Henry brings his suit. It was in the progress of this suit which came up for adjudication a few days ago, that the above curious contract was produced. It was adduced in evidence of the verbal contract alleged to exist between the parties. Before suit was brought Lebreton had offered a less sum—a compromise founded perhaps upon what he deemed a trial, and after intimate acquaintance, to be the real value of his new wife. Six hundred francs is about $120. M. de Foy would listen to no compromise. He would have all or nothing. He got nothing. The court "considering that the recompense of six hundred francs was stipulated to be paid in case de Foy should succeed in bringing about the marriage of Miss C. with Lebreton—and, considering further that such a contract, having for its object the conclusion of a matrimonial alliance, not with a view to promote the best interest of the parties, due regard being had to mutual compatibilities, but in view of a pecuniary reward, must be held as vitiated by an illegal consideration," ordered a nonsuit, with costs, to be entered against the plaintiff.

I cannot resist the temptation to add here by way of complement to some illustrations given in a former letter of the extent to which religious superstition yet prevails in France, the following instance of impudent priestly imposture. It is now being practised in the city of Nantes and its vicinity with, it is said, considerable success. Men (said to be Jesuits) of very solemn and mysterious deportment, go about selling copies of two portraits which they allege to be likenesses of *Christ* and the *Virgin Mary*. These persons first present themselves at the houses of their intended dupes and leave for perusal a sort of prospectus, printed upon rose-colored paper. The next day they call and present for sale the two engravings alluded to in the prospectus which they always carefully require to be remitted to them. This prospectus is a remarkable document. Here is a copy of it.

"*Veritable Portraits*
of our Saviour Jesus Christ and of the Thrice Blessed Virgin Mary.

"*Monsieur*,

"The two portraits which we have the honor of presenting to you, have just been found in the subterranean passages of the Ancient Senatorial Palace, at Rome: where they have lain buried for more than eighteen centuries.

"One of these portraits, at the bottom of which is written in antique style a personal discription of Jesus with some particulars touching his habits and character, was sent to the Roman Senate by Publius Lentulus, at that epoch governor of Judea. The other is that of the Virgin Mary. It has been recognised by various antique inscriptions to be the same which Saint Luke, the Evangelist, himself painted and gave to Mary at the time he dwelt with her in Jerusalem: and in relation to which she said upon beholding it, 'To this image I attach my grace.'

"These two admirable portraits are perfect likenesses, they having been taken during the life of Jesus and of Mary. We owe their reproduction to the pencil of a very distinguished artist, who faithfully copied them at Rome a few days ago, from the original drawings of which we spoke above, and which were found in a perfect state of preservation, freshness and beauty.

"As for the antique writings, observed at the bottom of the portraits, we have merely given a literal translation of them in order that they may be understood by all persons.

"These two precious portraits of which these few lines can give but a very imperfect idea, will soon find their place in the abode of all Christian families. Their very moderate price puts them within the reach of all fortunes.

"Price of the two portraits: 1 fr. 50 c.

"*Nota.* One of our clerks will have the honor of calling in the course of the day or to-morrow to offer the portraits. Please have the kindness to return to him the prospectus."

The numerous promenaders who, in the afternoon, throng the *Place Vendome*, on their way to and from the garden of the Tuileries were a few days since thrown into much excitement by the sad spectacle of yet another suicide committed by leaping from the top of the column of Austerlitz upon the pavement below. This is the third event of the sort since the opening of the revolution: and the thirty-sixth since the erection of the column, giving an average of nearly one per annum. The last sufferer was a well-dressed young man supposed, from papers found in his pocket, to be English or American: but no name or address was found. The body, horribly crushed and disfigured, was taken to the *Morgue*. The height of the column is about 140 feet.

The High Court of Justice is to be convened at Versailles the 8th of next month for the trial of sixty-six of the persons principally implicated in the insurrection of the 13 June last. Among the accused are thirty-three members of the National Assembly, and about a dozen connected with the democratic press. Most of these accused persons had sufficient notice of the intention to arrest to enable them to escape across the frontier: most of whom are in England. Twenty-seven only have been seized. Besides these sixty-six there have been numerous other arrests made on account of this affair, seventeen hundred in all. Of these about half have been already discharged: and eight hundred remain to be tried by Court Martial.

The most various reports have been in circulation, touching the value of the property of Louis Philippe and the amount of his debts. We have now authentic information respecting his property in France. It is generally believed that there is no truth in the rumors, that he was cautious enough, in anticipation of events compelling him to abandon his throne, to invest in foreign countries, particularly in England and the United States, considerable portions of his income. The administrator, charged by the republic soon after the revolution with the management of the estate and payment of the debts, reports that the real property belonging to the late king and his sister Adelaide, who died in Paris just before the revolution, may be estimated at fifty millions of dollars. Much of it, however, is unprofitable; the aggregate of income derived from this property not exceeding one million of dollars. He left debts in France to the amount of about twelve millions of dollars. To pay these debts it is proposed to sell his well-known summer residence near Paris, Neuilly, with the famous forest of Bondy and the whole or portions of some half dozen other forests in different parts of France. The personal property, of which no account is rendered in the notices lately published, must amount besides the above to several other millions. If the late king is half so much of a philosopher as he should be, with this ample fortune he will be much happier at Claremont as Count de Neuilly than he ever was at the Tuileries as King of the French.

It is proposed to establish in Paris a *mosk* for the use of the numerous Mohammedans in the capital.

The theatres of Paris are suffering greatly this year too, though not so much as last from the absence of strangers. They have made again united application to the National Assembly for a subsidy to enable them to bear up under the pressure of the times. The application was for 680,000 francs, and was signed by Victor Hugo and forty-four other members of the Assembly. It has, very wisely I think, been reported against. There is even question now of withdrawal from the four national theatres all governmental aid and declaring theatrical amusements freely open to all competition. M. Dufaure, Minister of the Interior, has declared himself in favor of the project. Its realization would be a popular measure and put a stop to many crying abuses. *Rachel* has just reappeared at the French Theatre after a tour in the provinces from which she has netted, it is said, twenty thousand dollars profits. She is entitled annually to three months vacation from the Paris engagements. The manager offered her six thousand dollars if she would waive her rights and remain at her post in Paris this summer. But she was too well aware of the profits of these country excursions and declined the offer. Her health so seriously compromised as was communicated in my letter of January last, published in the Messenger for March, is perfectly restored, as you may judge from the wonderful amount of labor, physical and mental, which she has undergone during the late tour. During her ninety days' absence from Paris she performed eighty-five nights and traveled 2,500 miles! Reports, however, are again rife of serious

misunderstandings between the *tragedienne* and her manager, threatening to involve her final retreat. The French opera reopened early this week with much *éclat* and restored to Paris its favorite dancer, Carlotta Grisi, after an absence of fifteen months. The occasion was graced by the presence of the President of the Republic with his cousin, *La Marquise de Douglass*, of the Grand Ducal House of Baden.

W. W. M.

THANATOS.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

I.

All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies.
At the rush of his wings
The strongest grow pale;
The life-giving springs
All suddenly fail;
The high and the lowly,
The king on the throne,
The vile and the holy
He claims as his own.
All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies.

II.

All bloom but to wither—
Wither all;
To dust—they go thither,
As the autumn leaves fall.
Oh! will no care avail,
No wisdom nor craft,
When Death shall assail,
To ward off his shaft?
Ah, no, all is vain,
No refuge will hide;
His steel Death will stain
In the heart-flowing tide.
All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies.

III.

A maiden was kneeling—
A fair maid;
With the heart's deepest feeling,
Her vows had been said.
From the altar she rose,
With a blush on her cheek,
While the heart with love glows
Too blissful to speak;
But ere she had felt
On her lips his warm breath,
Who beside her had knelt,
Her bridegroom was Death!
All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies.

IV.

When Pleasure's cup filling,
A while yet
Their precious time killing,
The social have met;
When those joys most abound
Which they fain would prolong,
And the chorus swells round
As they join in the song;
E'en then at the door
The rude knock is heard,
And cold ever more
Is some bosom then stirred.
All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing,
Where the Death-Angel flies.

V.

A mother sat smiling;
A sweet dove
Her heart was beguiling
With dreams of its love.
As she gazed it grew still,
Its lips ceased to sigh,
The brow waxéd chill,
And the light left the eye;
Mid her heart-gushing joy,
She felt a cold breath,
Then she looked on her boy,
And behold it was Death!
All nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies.

VI.

Though nature is dying—
Ever dies;
To the grave all are hieing
Where the Death-Angel flies;
Still, his advent ne'er dread,
Brief, brief is his reign;
The appointed time sped,
Death himself shall be slain;
Then the dead who are "blessed"
Will Christ with him bring,
And the grave dispossessed,
They will reign with their king;
Where ne'er is known dying—
No one dies;
To the grave none are hieing,
And no Death-Angel flies.

THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

So much has been said by the newspaper press of the country concerning this gifted child of genius, since his recent death, that our readers are already in possession of the leading incidents of his short, brilliant, erratic and unhappy career. It is quite unnecessary that we should recount them in this place. We feel it due to the dead, however, as editor of a magazine which owes its earliest celebrity to his efforts, that some recognition of his talent, on the part of the Messenger, should mingle with the general apotheosis which just now enrols him on the list of "heroes in history and gods in song."

Mr. Poe became connected with the Messenger during the first year of its existence. He was commended to the favorable consideration of the proprietor, the late T. W. White, by the Honorable John P. Kennedy who, as Chairman of a Committee, had just awarded to Poe the prize for the successful tale in a literary competition at Baltimore. Under his editorial management the work soon became well-known every where. Perhaps no similar enterprise ever prospered so largely in its inception, and we doubt if any, in the same length of time—even Blackwood in the days of Dr. Maginn, whom Poe in some respects closely resembled—ever published so many shining articles from the same pen. Those who will turn to the first two volumes of the Messenger will be struck with the number and variety of his contributions. On one page may be found some lyric cadence, plaintive and inexpressibly sweet, the earliest vibrations of those chords which have since thrilled with so many wild and wondrous harmonies. On another some strange story of the German school, akin to the most fanciful legends of the Rhine, fascinates and astonishes the reader with the verisimilitude of its improbabilities. But it was in the editorial department of the magazine that his power was most conspicuously displayed. There he appeared as the critic, not always impartial, it may be, in the distribution of his praises, or correct in the positions he assumed, but ever merciless to the unlucky author who offended by a dull book. A blunder in this respect he considered worse than a crime, and visited it with corresponding rigor. Among the nascent novelists and newly-fledged poetasters of fifteen years ago he came down "like a Visigoth marching on Rome." No elegant imbecile or conceited pedant, no matter whether he made his avatar under the auspices of a Society, or with the *prestige* of a degree, but felt the lash of his severity. *Baccalaurei baculo potius quam laureo digni* was the principle of his action in such cases, and to the last he continued to castigate impudent aspirants for the bays. Now that he is gone, the vast multitude of blockheads may breathe again, and we can imagine that we hear the shade of the departed crying out to them, in the epitaph designed for Robespierre,

> Passant! ne plains point mon sort,
> Si je vivais, tu serais mort!*

It will readily occur to the reader that such a course, while it gained subscribers to the review, was not well calculated to gain friends for the reviewer. And so Mr. Poe found it, for during the two years of his connection with the Messenger, he contrived to attach to himself animosities of the most enduring kind. It was the fashion with a large class to decry his literary pretensions, as poet and romancer and scholar, to represent him as one who possessed little else than

> th' extravagancy
> And crazy ribaldry of fancy—

and to challenge his finest efforts with a chilling *cui bono;* while the critics of other lands and other tongues, the Athenæum and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, were warmly recognizing his high claims. They did not appreciate him. To the envious obscure, he might not indeed seem entitled to the first literary honors, for he was versed in a more profound learning and skilled in a more lofty minstrelsy, scholar by virtue of a larger erudition and poet by the transmission of a diviner spark.

Unquestionably he was a man of great genius. Among the *litterateurs* of his day he stands out distinctively as an original writer and thinker. In nothing did he conform to established custom. Conventionality he contemned. Thus his writings admit of no classification. And yet in his most eccentric vagaries he was always correct. The fastidious reader may look in vain, even among his earlier poems—where "wild words wander here and there"—for an offence against rhetorical propriety. He did not easily pardon solecisms in others; he committed none himself. It is remarkable too that a mind so prone to unrestrained imaginings should be capable of analytic investigation or studious research. Yet few excelled Mr. Poe in power of analysis or patient application. Such are the contradictions of the human intellect. He was an impersonated antithesis.

The regret has been often expressed that Mr. Poe did not bring his singular capacity to bear

* We translate it freely,

> Traveller! forbear to mourn my lot,
> Thou would'st have died, if I had not.

on subjects nearer ordinary life and of a more cheerful nature than the gloomy incidents of his tales and sketches. P. P. Cooke, (the accomplished author of the Froissart Ballads, who, we predict, will one day take, by common consent, his rightful high position in American letters,) in a discriminating essay on the genius of Poe, published in this magazine for January, 1848, remarks upon this point,

"For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales, analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his *invention*, with little or no aid from its twin brother *imagination*—a book in his admirable style of full, minute, never tedious narrative—a book full of homely doings, of successful toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides—a book happy and healthy throughout, and with no poetry in it at all anywhere, except a good old English 'poetic justice' in the end."

That such a work would have greatly enhanced Mr. Poe's reputation with the million, we think, will scarcely be disputed. But it could not be. Mr. Poe was not the man to have produced a *home-book*. He had little of the domestic feeling and his thoughts were ever wandering. He was either in criticism or in the clouds, by turns a disciplinarian and a dreamer. And in his dreams, what visions came to him, may be gathered to some extent from the revealings he has given—visions wherein his fancy would stray off upon some new Walpurgis, or descend into the dark realms of the Inferno, and where occasionally, through the impenetrable gloom, the supernal beauty of Lenore would burst upon his sight, as did the glorified Beatrice on the rapt gaze of the Italian master.

The poems of Mr. Poe are remarkable above all other characteristics, for the exceeding melody of the versification. "Ulalume" might be cited as a happy instance of this quality, but we prefer to quote "The Bells" from the last number of the Union Magazine. It was the design of the author, as he himself told us, to express in language the exact sounds of bells to the ear. He has succeeded, we think, far better than Southey, who attempted a similar feat, to tell us "how the waters come down at Lodore."

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight:—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells:—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

The untimely death of Mr. Poe occasioned a very general feeling of regret, although little genuine sorrow was called forth by it, out of the narrow circle of his relatives. We have received, in our private correspondence, from various quarters of the Union, warm tributes to his talent, some of which we take the liberty of quoting, though not designed for publication. A friend in the country writes—

"Many who deem themselves perfect critics talk of the want of *moral* in the writings and particularly the poetry of Poe. They would have every one to write like Æsop, with the moral distinctly drawn at the end to prevent mistake. Such men would object to the meteor, or the lightning's flash, because it lasts only for the moment—and yet they speak the power of God, and fill our minds with the sublime more readily than does the enduring sunlight. It is thus with the writings of Poe. Every moment there comes across the darkness of his style a flash of that spirit which is not of earth. You cannot analyze the feeling—you cannot tell in what the beauty of a particular passage consists; and yet you feel that deep pathos which only genius can incite—you feel the trembling of that melancholy chord which fills the soul with pleasant mournfulness—you feel that deep yearning for something brighter and better than this world can give—that unutterable gushing of the heart which springs up at the touch of the enchanter, as poured the stream from

'Horeb's rock, beneath the prophet's hand.'

I wish I could convey to you the impression which the 'Raven' has made upon me. I had read it hastily in times gone by without appreciation; but now it is a study to me—as I go along like Sinbad in the Valley of Diamonds, I find a new jewel at every step. The beautiful rhythm, the mournful cadence, still ring in the ear for hours after a perusal—whilst the heart is bowed down by the outpourings of a soul made desolate not alone by disappointed love, but by the crushing of every hope, and every aspiration."

In a recent letter the following noble acknowledgement is made by the first of American poets—Henry W. Longfellow—towards whom, it must be said, Mr. Poe did not always act with justice. Mr. Longfellow will pardon us, we trust, for publishing what was intended as a private communication. The passage evidences a magnanimity which belongs only to great minds.

"What a melancholy death," says Mr. Longfellow, "is that of Mr. Poe—a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose-writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct and yet affluent; and his verse has a particular charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms, I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong."

It was not until within two years past that we ever met Mr. Poe, but during that time, and especially for two or three months previous to his death, we saw him very often. When in Richmond, he made the office of the Messenger a place of frequent resort. His conversation was always attractive, and at times very brilliant. Among modern authors his favorite was Tennyson, and he delighted to recite from "The Princess" the song "Tears, idle tears;" a fragment of which—

—when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,—

he pronounced unsurpassed by any image expressed in writing. The day before he left Richmond, he placed in our hands for publication in the Messenger, the MS. of his last poem, which

has since found its way (through a correspondent of a northern paper with whom Mr Poe had left a copy) into the newspaper press, and been extensively circulated. As it was designed for this magazine, however, we publish it, even though all of our readers may have seen it before:

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
  By the name of Annabel Lee;—
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and *I* was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
  I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of Heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud by night
  Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
  In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
  Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
  In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling
  And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we—
  Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above
  Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:—

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride
  In her sepulchre there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the side of the sea.

In what we have said of Mr. Poe, we have been considering only the brighter side of the picture. That he had many and sad infirmities cannot be questioned. Over these we would throw in charity the mantle of forgetfulness. The grave has come between our perception and his errors, and we pass them over in silence. They found indeed a mournful expiation in his alienated friendships and his early death.

J. R. T.

THE IDEALS.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

And wilt thou faithless go and leave me
  With all thy playful phantasy,
Of all thy joys and griefs bereave me,
  Irrevocably wilt thou flee?
Oh golden morning of my being,
  Can nothing stay thee in thy flight?
Alas! o'er onward billows fleeing
  Thou hastest towards endless night.

The sunny brightness it hath faded,
  Which on my youthful rovings fell;
The beau ideal is dissipated,
  Which made my ravished heart to swell.
The sweet belief in forms is vanished,
  Which would to me in dreams repair;
And rude Reality hath banished
  What was so godlike, was so fair.

As erst with prayer and fond desires
  Pygmalion clasped the lifeless stone,
Till the cold marble felt his fires,
  And its pale cheek with feeling shone:
Thus, Nature to my bosom taking,
  Round her I threw my youthful arm,
Till on my poet's-breast awaking
  She 'gan to breathe and to grow warm.

Sharing my bosom's joy and sorrow
  She understood its every strain,
For me she would a language borrow,
  Gave me the kiss of love again.
Then saw I life in trees and flowers,
  Heard music in the murmuring brook,
And of my feelings, of my powers,
  E'en the inanimate partook.

Within my swelling bosom heaving
  A struggling universe lay bound,
To grow to life—its prison leaving—
  In word and deed, in form and sound.
This world, how glorious the Ideal,
  The promise which the bud would show!
Alas! how little was the Real,
  And e'en that little poor and low!

Borne on the wing of ardent boldness,
  Trusting his blithesome dreams for truth,
Unchilled as yet by the world's coldness,
  On life's arena sprang the youth.
Up to the palest stars of heaven
  His aspirations dared to fly,
For him, on soaring pinions driven,
  Nought was too distant, nought too high.

How light his course, how free his roving!
  What was too high for him, thus bless'd?
Before him fairy-forms were moving
  And round his car of life they press'd.
And love was there with gentle wooing,
  Glory arrayed in starry light,
Success her golden prize pursuing,
  Truth, like the sun, spotless and bright.

But scarcely had the lists been entered
  Those bright attendants proved untrue,
Faithlessly turned their steps and wandered,
  Each in succession truant grew.
Success left him on fleetest pinion,
  Unquenched the thirst of knowledge still,
O'ercast was Truth's sunlit dominion
  With clouds of doubt, foreboding ill.

I saw the sacred laurels blasted,
  Upon the vulgar brow profaned;
Too short life's honey-moon had lasted,
  The charming time of love had waned.
And ever stiller and more lonely
  Upon the rugged path it grew,
Scarce Hope her pallid glimmer only
  Upon the weary pilgrim threw.

But who, to me in love adhering,
  Of all that noisy company
Side by me stands, my spirit cheering,
  True to the hour of death to me?
Thou Friendship! gentle-handed, fairest,
  That hast a balm for every wound,
And lovingly life's burden sharest,
  Thou, whom I early sought and found!

And thou, so fitly with her mated,
  To lull the storm, give peace and joys:
Industry! which is never sated,
  Which slowly builds, but ne'er destroys,
Which but with grains of sand is rearing
  Eternity's vast masonry;
And still, each day and hour is clearing
  The great debt of Humanity.

Prince George Co., 1849.

MS. LETTER OF WM. WIRT.

The delightful volumes of Mr. Kennedy on the life of Wirt, have re-awakened the interest which attaches to every fragment from the pen of that distinguished man. We are indebted to a friend for the following interesting Letter, never before published, with reference to the Life of Henry and the "Old Bachelor."—*Ed. Mess.*

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RICHMOND, NOV. 9, 1816.

To John E. Hall, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I send according to your desire, an extract from my MS. sketches of Mr. Henry. You will perceive at once that the passage is selected rather from the interest of the incident, than any effort or felicity in the execution, and I begin to fear, in perusing it in its state of separation from the body of the work, that, in point of interest, it has lost so much by its detachment from the matter which ushered it in, as to be scarcely worth insertion in the Port Folio. Of this however, you shall be the judge. If you conclude to insert it, justice will perhaps require, that some notice should be taken, by an introductory remark, of the allowance due to an extract, divorced from the previous matter which had warned the reader, and prepared him for its enjoyment. This, also, I submit to your better judgment. I pray you not to give this extract the appearance of being published *by me*, as a *specimen* of the work. There is a puerility as well as vanity in such a course by which I should feel myself extremely humiliated. If you choose to say any thing of the cause which suspends the publication of the entire work, you may state, as the fact is, that, as yet, the rough draft of it only is finished, and that besides the necessity of revision, for which the Author's professional engagements will probably not afford him leisure until the next summer, it has become necessary for him to consult the archives of other States, particularly of Massachusetts, for the purpose of settling the dates of certain political events in which he has been obliged to differ from some of the historians of the revolution.

I lament that the circumstance of my not taking the Baltimore papers has deprived me of the pleasure of seeing your Old Bachelors. By-the-by, I am under a sort of promise to furnish Mr. Lucas some additional numbers, of gayer character, by way of lightening the too heavy and sombre aspect of my O. B.'s, for he has resolved it seems on a new edition. If yours are of a stamp to produce this exhilarating effect, and you have no objection to putting them into dull company, I should be very much gratified as well as relieved, if you would permit him to incorporate them with his new edition—and I am sure that the gentlemen who were associated with me in the preparation of the Richmond O. B. will have the same sense of the honor due our work by your alliance.

I never knew until the receipt of your last letter to whom I was indebted for the handsome things, so handsomely said of me in the beautiful little preface to Mr. Lucas's edition of the British Spy. It is certainly one of the best written things in the book—and the praise which it so elegantly bestows leaves me nothing to regret except the consciousness that I owe it rather to your kindness than to any merit of my own.

I beg you to believe me, dear sir,
With sincere esteem and respect,
Your ob't servant,
WM. WIRT.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The History of Pendennis. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy. By *W. M. Thackeray*. Author of Vanity Fair, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Publishers.

We took occasion last month to commend to the public favor the first two numbers of this charming work. The appearance of No. 3 affords us an opportunity, which we gladly embrace, of considering more at length the literary merits of its author, who has risen in twelve months from the rank of a respectable magazine-writer to the first honors of the English novelist.

In forming a proper estimate of the merits and capacity of William Makepeace Thackeray, our readers may be assisted by a few outlines of his biography which we give upon the authority of the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Thackeray is now about thirty-eight years of age. He is of a good family and was originally intended for the bar, but after spending some years at the University of Cambridge, went off, without his degree, to the continent, with the view of making an artist of himself. He spent some time in copying pictures in the French galleries, but as his talent in this line was rather of a comic kind and consisted chiefly in his being able to sketch rapidly scenes and incidents for the amusement of his friends, he soon abandoned the brush and took to the pen. His first effort in the world of letters was a weekly journal on the plan of the "Athenæum," which, though brilliant while it lasted, soon gave up competition with the firmly-rooted popularity of the older establishments. "It sparkled, was exhaled and went to"—that oblivion which sooner or later awaits all papers and magazines. Mr. Thackeray then became a contributor to Fraser and Punch, afterwards wrote "The Irish Sketch Book" and "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," works of an amusing, but not a very superior character, and at last struck into that vein of sterling ore of which "Vanity Fair" was the first shining specimen, and at which he is working with great success in "Pendennis."

We cannot better preface our desultory remarks on these remarkable volumes—which bear, in our judgment, about the same relation to his other productions that the finest sculptures of Chantrey bear to the first rude carvings of his chisel, than by a negative description, in pointing out some classes of the modern novel to which they do *not* belong. We shall presently see, in the prosecution of this design, that our author has hit upon a manner of fictitious composition which, if it be not original, is at least refreshingly different from the ordinary run of novels since the days of Fielding and of Scott.

When the school of Mrs. Radcliffe, with all its dear, delightful terrors, its mysterious tapestries and its moonlight minstrels, went into decline, there arose among second-rate authors a new and more vicious one, borrowed from the French,—the school of "high-life." The most striking feature of this school is the ease and elegance with which the *dramatis personæ* contrive to break the ten commandments without shocking the moral sensibilities of the reader. The venue being transitory, the scene is changed readily from England, where the book opens, to the continent, and the hero appears as a German Count, ("honors are easy" in continental Europe,) invested with every quality that can attract admiration. The heroine, who has been already introduced as somebody else's wife, falls in with him in a gorge of the Alps, is rescued by him from the attack of a gang of banditti, and the amiable pair, after exchanging vows of eternal constancy and affection, run off with each other and defy heaven and earth through the remaining eight and forty chapters. Mr. Thackeray's works have no affinity with this class.

Another sort of bad morality in fiction prevails to an alarming extent in the novel of "low-life." The characters who figure in books of this description are less tolerable than all others, in being very gross, unrefined persons, who are not sufficiently well-bred for the highway, and whose conversation is plentifully adorned with the profane slang of St. Giles's. The principal male performer, (we cannot call him a hero,) generally appeals to the sympathy of the reader by a swaggering bravado under some most righteous sentence of the law, and at last swings at Tyburn with the air of a martyr to the wayward sense of justice of his countrymen. Those who look in Mr. Thackeray's pages for such vulgarity as this, will be disappointed. The scoundrelism of sentiment and the villainy of the melodrama are alike unvarnished by his narrative.

There is yet another class of novels that has sprung up within a few years past—those which aim at great political reforms, or theological expositions. Of this school is Miss Martineau and the authors of the Puseyite fictions *en masse*, who make the main object of their writings the enforcement of some very doubtful proposition in theology or political economy. It has been well said of these that they cannot avoid a *petitio principii* in the execution of their plan, and that it is just as easy, by imaginary incidents and plots of their own invention, to fortify one doctrine as another. Mr. Thackeray is not of *this* school.

Equally free from false sympathy, the affectation of science and the cant of reform, our author is content to give his views of society through the pleasant medium of genuine, honest love-stories, just such, in design, as in times past called forth the tears of our grandmothers, and, when plainly told, will continue to subdue the soul as long as woman's eye beams and woman's lip smiles and woman's voice is melody to man. Love in its rightful acceptation, generous, tearful, confiding, devoted love, with its varying phases on earth, is theme enough for the most brilliant composer to interweave with the expressions of his own heart-music, and the soft and doleful air, the old and moving story, with which the beauteous Genevieve was wooed and won, suffices to unlock the sympathies of the race. It is in unfolding some such narrative as this, that Mr. Thackeray presents himself to us in his most salient point of view—as the satirist, *par excellence*, of the age. In shooting Folly as it flies, there is no marksman at all comparable with him. Every shot tells. In the world of London around him—no bad epitome of the great, busy world itself—he walks through the French Row and the Italian Row of its "Vanity Fair," seizing upon every foible that his keen observation detects, and exposing it in terms as unmistakable as those employed by Faithful in the allegory, before the jury of which Mr. Blindman was the foreman. Yet is our author no cynic. If he makes war upon worldliness, he is not affected with misanthropy. The great expanse of society lies spread out before him, and if there are arid and blackened spots upon its surface, if the slough of falsehood and the desert of selfishness appear in gloomy perspective to the eye of the pilgrim, there are yet nooks brightened with occasional bursts of the mellowest and holiest sunshine. We do not lay down one of Thackeray's novels, where we have encountered characters, (alas, too correctly portrayed,) of the worst description, with the impression on our minds that the world has in it nothing of goodness or of purity. "The world," says he, "is a looking-glass, and gives forth to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you: laugh at it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice." And is not this a right genial, loving creed for a satirist?

It is a rare thing that Mr. Thackeray attempts pathos, but when he does so, he is unsurpassed by any one but Dickens. To say that he "attempts" it, at any time, is perhaps an improper expression, because he seems really to be always striving to avoid it. His terror of maudlin sentiment is such, that he even endeavors to cover his pathetic passages with a playful irony. It is this very disposition, perhaps, that renders his pathos so exquisite. In spite of him, however, the spark will now and then flash out, touching "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

"The History of Pendennis," of which we have read not quite one half, is, thus far, as true to the life and as bitingly satirical as "Vanity Fair." It contains some more lenient readings of human motives than that famous book. and the ladies, who considered themselves greatly ill-used by the accomplished rascality of Becky Sharp and the sweet silliness of Amelia Sedley, will find in it full amends for Mr. Thackeray's offences against them. The female character is made the subject of high eulogium in the first number, and the heroine of the tale, though not represented as a paragon of excellence, has an amiability in her *savoir vivre* that is quite angelic. One of the "womankind" of the story is a delicious portraiture. We cannot help setting her before our readers, at the risk of a long extract. The sentimental Miss has never been so "done" before. It may be sufficient to enable them to understand the dialogue we are about to give, to say that Miss Amory, the step-daughter of Sir Francis Clavering, has recently come with her parents to reside at Clavering Park in the neighborhood of Fairoaks, where live Mrs. Pendennis, her son the hero, and Miss Laura Bell, an adopted daughter who passes, with the young gentleman, by the endearing title of cousin.

"'Sir Francis is a very judicious parent,' Miss Amory whispered. 'Don't you think so, Miss Bell? I shan't call you Miss Bell—I shall call you Laura. I admired you so at church. Your robe was not well made, nor your bonnet very fresh. But you have such beautiful grey eyes, and such a lovely tint.'

"'Thank you,' said Miss Bell, laughing.

"'Your cousin is handsome, and thinks so. He is uneasy *de sa personne*. He has not seen the world yet. Has he genius? Has he suffered? A lady, a little woman in a rumpled satin and velvet shoes—a Miss Pybus—came here and said he has suffered. I, too, have suffered—and you, Laura, has your heart ever been touched?'

"Laura said 'No!' but perhaps blushed a little at the idea of the question, so that the other said—

"'Ah, Laura! I see it all. It is the beau cousin. Tell me every thing. I already love you as a sister.'

"'You are very kind,' said Miss Bell, smiling, 'and—and it must be owned that it is a very sudden attachment.'

"'All attachments are so. It is electricity—spontaneity. It is instantaneous. I knew I should love you from the moment I saw you. Do you not feel it yourself?'

"'Not yet,' said Laura; 'but I dare say I shall if I try.'

"'Call me by my name then.'

"'But I don't know it,' Laura cried out.

"'My name is Blanche—isn't it a pretty name? Call me by it.'

"'Blanche—it is very pretty indeed.'

"'And while mamma talks with that kind looking lady—what relation is she to you? She must have been pretty once, but is rather *passée*; she is not well *gantée*, but she has a pretty hand—and while mamma talks to her, come with me to my own room—my own, own room. It's a darling room, though that horrid creature, Captain Strong, did arrange it. Are you *éprise* of him? He says you are, but I know better; it is the beau cousin. Yes—*il a de beaux yeux. Je n'aime pas les blonds ordinairement. Car je suis blonde moi—je suis Blanche et blonde*,"—and she looked at her face and made a *moue* in the glass; and never stopped for Laura's answer to the questions which she had put.

"Blanche was fair and like a sylph. She had fair hair, with green reflections in it. But she had dark eyebrows. She had long black eye-lashes, which vailed beautiful brown eyes. She had such a slim waist, that it was a wonder to behold; and such slim little feet, that you would have thought the grass would hardly bend under them. Her lips were of the color of faint rosebuds, and her voice warbled limpidly over a set of the sweetest little pearly teeth ever seen. She showed them very often, for they were very pretty. She was very good-natured, and a smile not only showed her teeth wonderfully, but likewise exhibited two lovely little pink dimples, that nestled in either cheek.

"She showed Laura her drawings, which the other thought charming. She played her some of her waltzes, with a rapid and brilliant finger, and Laura was still more charmed. And she then read her some poems, in French and English, likewise of her own composition, and which she kept locked in her own book—how own dear little book; it was bound in blue velvet with a gilt lock, and on it was printed the title of 'Mes Larmes.'

"'Mes Larmes!—isn't it a pretty name?' the young lady continued, who was pleased with every thing that she did, and did every thing very well. Laura owned that it was. She had never seen any thing like it before; any thing so lovely, so accomplished, so fragile and pretty; warbling so prettily, and tripping about such a pretty room, with such a number of pretty books, pictures, flowers, round about her. The honest and generous country girl forgot even jealousy in her admiration. 'Indeed, Blanche,' she said, 'every thing in the room is pretty; and you are the prettiest of all.' The other smiled, looked in the glass, went up and took both of Laura's hands, and kissed them, and sat down to the piano, and shook out a little song, as if she had been a nightingale.

"This was the first visit paid by Fairoaks to Clavering Park, in return for Clavering Park's visit to Fairoaks, in reply to Fairoaks's card left a few days after the arrival of Sir Francis's family. The intimacy between the young ladies sprang up like Jack's Bean-stalk to the skies in a single night. The large footmen were perpetually walking with little rose-colored-pink notes to Fairoaks where there was a pretty housemaid in the kitchen, who might possibly tempt those gentlemen to so humble a place. Miss Amory sent music, or Miss Amory sent a new novel, or a picture from the 'Journal des Modes,' to Laura; or my lady's compliments arrived with flowers and fruit; or Miss Amory begged and prayed Miss Bell to come to dinner; and dear Mrs. Pendennis, if she was strong enough; and Mr. Arthur, if a hum-drum party were not too stupid for him; and would send a pony-carriage for Mrs. Pendennis; and would take no denial."

* * * * *

"Although Laura and Pen commonly went to Clavering Park together, yet sometimes Mr. Pen took walks there unattended by her, and about which he did not tell her. He took to fishing the Brawl, which runs through the park, and passes not very far from the garden-wall. And by the oddest coincidence, Miss Amory would walk out (having been to look at her flowers,) and would be quite surprised to see Mr. Pendennis fishing.

"I wonder what trout Pen caught while the young lady was looking on? or whether Miss Blanche was the pretty

little fish which played round his fly, and which Mr. Pen was endeavoring to hook? It must be owned, he became very fond of that healthful and invigorating pursuit of angling, and was whipping the Brawl continually with his fly.

"As for Miss Blanche, she had a kind heart; and having, as she owned herself 'suffered' a good deal in the course of her brief life and experience—why, she could compassionate other susceptible beings like Pen, who had suffered too. Her love for Laura and that dear Mrs. Pendennis redoubled: if they were not at the Park, she was not easy unless she herself was at Fairoaks. She played with Laura; she read French and German with Laura: and Mr. Pen read French and German along with them. He turned sentimental ballads of Schiller and Göthe into English verse for the ladies, and Blanche unlocked 'Mes Larmes' for him, and imparted to him some of the plaintive outpourings of her own tender muse.

"It appeared from these poems that this young creature had indeed suffered prodigiously. She was familiar with the idea of suicide. Death she repeatedly longed for. A faded rose inspired her with such grief that you would have thought she must die in pain of it. It was a wonder how a young creature (who had had a snug home, or been at a comfortable boarding-school, and had no outward grief or hardship to complain of) should have suffered so much—should have found the means of getting at such an ocean of despair and passion (as a run-away boy who *will* get to sea), and having embarked on it, should survive it. What a talent she must have had for weeping to be able to pour out so many of Mes Larmes!

"They were not particularly briny, Miss Blanche's tears, that is the truth; but Pen, who read her verses, thought them very well for a lady—and wrote some verses himself for her. He was very violent and passionate, very hot, sweet and strong; and he not only wrote verses; but—O, the villain! O, the deceiver! he altered and adapted former poems in his possession, and which had been composed for a certain Miss Emily Fotheringay, for the use and to the Christian name of Miss Blanche Amory."

* * * * *

"Our accomplished little friend had some peculiarities or defects of character which rendered her not very popular. She was a young lady of some genius, exquisite sympathies and considerable literary attainments, living, like many another genius, with relatives who could not comprehend her. Neither her mother nor her step-father were persons of a literary turn. Bell's life and the Racing Calendar were the extent of the baronet's reading, and Lady Clavering still wrote like a school girl of thirteen, and with an extraordinary disregard to grammar and spelling. And as Miss Amory felt very keenly that she was not appreciated, and that she lived with persons who were not her equals in intellect or conversational power, she lost no opportunity to acquaint her family circle with their inferiority to herself, and not only was a martyr, but took care to let everybody know that she was so. If she suffered, as she said and thought she did, severely, are we to wonder that a young creature of such delicate sensibilities should shriek and cry out a good deal? Without sympathy life is nothing; and would it not have been a want of candor on her part to affect a cheerfulness which she did not feel, or pretend a respect for those toward whom it was quite impossible she should entertain any reverence? If a poetess may not bemoan her lot, of what earthly use is her lyre? Blanche struck hers only to the saddest of tunes; and sang elegies over her dead hopes, dirges over her early frost-nipt buds of affection, as became such a melancholy fate and muse.

"Her actual distress, as we have said, had not been, up to the present time, very considerable; but her griefs lay, like those of most of us, in her own soul—that being sad and habitually dissatisfied, what wonder that she should weep? So Mes Larmes dribbled out of her eyes any day at command; she could furnish an unlimited supply of tears, and her faculty of shedding them increased by practice. For sentiment is like another complaint mentioned by Horace, as increasing by self-indulgence (I am sorry to say, ladies, that the complaint in question is called the dropsy) and the more you cry, the more you will be able and desirous to do so.

"Missy had begun to gush at a very early age. Lamartine was her favorite bard from the period that she first could feel; and she had improved her mind by a sedulous study of novels of the great modern authors of the French language. There was not a romance of Balzac and George Sand which the indefatigable little creature had not devoured by the time she was sixteen; and, however little she sympathized with her relatives at home, she had friends, as she said, in the spirit-world, meaning the tender Indiana, the passionate and poetic Lelia, the amiable Trenmor, that high-souled convict, that angel of the galleys—the fiery Stenio—and the other numberless heroes of the French romances. She had been in love with Prince Rodolph and Prince Djalma while she was yet at school, and had settled the divorce question, and the rights of woman, with Indiana, before she had left off pinafores. The impetuous little lady played at love with these imaginary worthies, as a little while before she had played at maternity with her doll. Pretty little poetical spirits! it is curious to watch them with those playthings. To-day the blue-eyed one is the favorite, and the black-eyed one is pushed behind the drawers. To-morrow blue-eyes may take its turn of neglect; and it may be an odious little wretch with a burned nose, or torn head of hair, and no eyes at all, that takes the first place in Miss's affection, and is dandled and caressed in her arms."

We shall look with impatience for the forthcoming Nos. of "Pendennis," which we are sure our readers will be eager to read in full, after enjoying the foregoing extracts. The work is excellently printed and embellished with spirited wood-cuts from the designs of the author.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848. By *A. De Lamartine*. Translated by *Francis A Durivage* and *William S. Chase*. First American Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 110 Washington street. 1849.

If the world is not at last made fully acquainted with the life and adventures of this dangerous man—this Gallic orator, minstrel, statesman, philosopher and hero—it will certainly be no fault of M. Alphonse de Lamartine. In *Raphaël* and *Les Confidences* he has recently told the public how badly he conducted himself in his boyhood, what conquests of peerless damsels he achieved, still attested by touching souvenirs in the shape of tresses, and what requital he made for the tenderest affection ever lavished by woman on our inconstant and ungrateful sex. Years before the publication of these books, he had been gracious enough to narrate what glorious things Lady Hester Stanhope had foretold of his future career, and now he comes forward to show how her predictions have been verified, in a work which we have no hesitation in saying is the most remarkable specimen of self-laudation that has ever come under our notice.

Egotism indeed was but little understood until the

French feuilleton commenced its interminable labours. There had, it is true, been some egotists prior to that time, on both sides of the Channel. Byron had laid bare his whole being to the eyes of mankind, and Jean Jacques, a hundred years before him, had exemplified the maxim of Rochfaucauld, to the effect, that we had rather talk of our faults than not talk of ourselves at all. But both the Englishman and the Genevese did, at times, pass from self to other topics; a transition which the modern Frenchman never makes. Whatever he writes, he is in his own proper person the burthen of the strain. So infectious has this practice become, that it pervades all classes of writers, and we have seen the great Chauteaubriand, in the evening of his life, reading out to a little band of *claquers* around his own fireside, those revelations of his inmost being, which should never have spoken to us even from "Beyond the Tomb." We have the less patience with this egotism too, when we consider that it meets with the largest pecuniary rewards. While administering to his vanity the French author is filling his purse, and his receipts seem to bear a direct proportion to his use of the first person singular. A book full of the author's confessions—no matter whether they disclose things which all honorable men would keep closely locked up in their bosoms—will sell,—if written for La Presse or the Siècle, will pay handsomely—while a writer who discusses other subjects finds few readers and small remuneration. Perhaps the fault may after all be with the mass of readers and the man who publishes. Sidney Smith once asked "if all the decencies and delicacies of life were in one scale and five francs in the other, what French bookseller would feel a single moment of doubt in making his election?" In this day, we fear that with the booksellers and bookmakers, a few sous would be quite sufficient to determine the balance.

Of all the writers of the modern French school we think M. de Lamartine is the most insufferably vain. He seems to have undertaken systematically, since the eventful month of February, 1848, to show to France and the rest of the world how exquisitely the good and great qualities of Socrates, Scipio, Paul, Charlemagne, Milton and Washington combine in the person of the representative of Macon. He appears in his own pages as a man too sublimated for the age in which destiny has cast his lot, an expounder of truths which mankind is not yet prepared to receive, an embodiment of wisdom of which the world is not worthy. The suffrages of the people for the first President of the Republic were withheld from him, in his judgment, because he was not appreciated. Let the people read his "History of the Revolution of 1848" and they will become sensible of their great mistake. They will then see how they suffered the most enlarged patriotism to go unrewarded,

> And like the base Judean threw a pearl away
> Richer than all their tribe.

It is a melancholy thing to recognize this cardinal weakness in so remarkable a person as Lamartine. For assuredly he has many admirable and attractive traits, and there is something in him above the flippancy of the old *philosophes*. When the last Revolution broke out, there were many in republican America who watched his movements with eager interest and applauded that noble effort at the Hotel de Ville which made him, for the space of half-an-hour, a truly great man. In taking up the History now before us, we were naturally curious to know in what manner Lamartine would speak of this event. Our readers shall see for themselves in the following extract, which, as it is the only one our limits will allow us to make, must serve to substantiate the charge of insufferable vanity we have brought against the author.

After describing the irruption of the populace, into the court of the hotel, Lamartine (speaking of himself in the third person) says:

"Lagrange, with dishevelled hair, and two pistols at his girdle, with excited gestures, subduing the crowd by his lofty figure, and the tumult by his voice, that resembled the roaring of the masses, was striving in vain, in the midst of his friends of the evening and those who had gone beyond him in the morning, at once to satisfy and restrain the zeal of this crowd, intoxicated with victory, impatience, suspicion, tumult, and wine. The almost inarticulate voice of Lagrange as much excited frenzy by its tone as it desired to appease it by its meaning. Tossed about like the mast of a vessel, from group to group, he was borne from the staircase to the passage, from the door to the windows. With extended arms and salutations of the head, he cried from above to the multitude in the courts, with supplicating speeches, which were carried away by the winds, or drowned by the howling in the lower stories, and the noise of the firing. A weak door, which could hardly allow two men to pass abreast, served as a dike against the crowd, arrested by their own weight. Lamartine, raised on the arms and shoulders of some good citizens, rushed to it. He broke it open, preceded only by his name, and found himself again alone, struggling with the most tumultuous and foaming waves of the sedition.

"In vain the men nearest to him cried out his name to the multitude—in vain they raised him at times upon their entwined arms, to show his form to the people, and to obtain silence, if it were only from curiosity. The fluctuation of this crowd, the cries, the shocks, the resounding of the strokes of muskets against the walls, the voice of Lagrange, interrupting with hoarse sentences the brief silence of the multitude, rendered all attitude and speech impossible. Engulphed, stifled, and crowded back against the door, which was closed behind him, it only remained for Lamartine to allow the deaf and blind irruption to pass over his body, with the red flag, which the insurgents raised above their heads, as a standard, victorious over the vanquished government.

"At last some devoted men succeeded in bringing to him a broken straw-covered chair, upon which he mounted, as it were upon a tottering tribune, which was supported by the hands of his friends. From his appearance, from the calmness of his figure which he strove to render so much the more impassible as he had the more passions to restrain, from his patient gestures, from the cries of the good citizens imploring silence that he might be heard, the crowd, with whom a new spectacle always commands attention, began to group themselves into an audience, and to quiet by degrees their noise.

"Lamartine began many times to speak, but at each fortunate attempt to subdue this tumult by his look, his arm and his voice, the voice of Lagrange haranguing on his side another portion of the people from the windows, raised again in the hall the guttural cries, fragments of discourse, and roaring of the crowd, which drowned the words and action of Lamartine, and caused the sedition to triumph by confusion. They finally calmed Lagrange, and drew him from his tribune. He went to carry persuasion other parts of the edifice; and Lamartine, whose resolution increased with the danger, could finally make himself heard by his friends and his enemies.

"He first calmed the people by an eloquent hymn upon the victory so sudden, so complete, so unhoped for even by republicans the most desirous of liberty. He called God and men to witness the admirable moderation and religious humanity which the mass of this people had shown, even in combat and in triumph. He roused again that sublime instinct which had, during the evening, thrown

this people, still armed, but already obedient and disciplined, into the arms of a few men devoted to calumny, to weariness and death, for the safety of all.

"At these pictures the crowd began to admire themselves, and to shed tears over the virtues of the people. Enthusiasm soon raised them above their suspicions, their vengeance and their anarchy.

"'Citizens, see what the sun of yesterday beheld!' continued Lamartine. 'And what will the sun of to-day witness? It will see another people so much the more furious as it has fewer enemies to combat, defying the very men whom yesterday they had raised above them; constraining them in their liberty, humbling them in their dignity, despising them in their authority, which is only your own; substituting a revolution of vengeance and punishment for one of unanimity and fraternity, and commanding their government to raise, in token of concord, the standard of deadly combat between citizens of a common country!—that red banner, which they have sometimes been able to raise when blood was flowing, as a terror to their enemies, but which they ought to lower immediately after the combat, in sign of reconciliation and peace! I should prefer the black flag, which sometimes in a besieged city, floats like a winding-sheet,to designate to the bomb the neutral edifices consecrated to humanity, and which even the bullet and the shell of the enemy must spare. Do you wish, then, that the banner of your republic should be more menacing and sinister than that of a bombarded town?'

"'No, no!' cried some of the spectators; 'Lamartine is right; let us not preserve this flag of terror for the citizens!'—'Yes, yes!' cried others: 'it is ours, it is that of the people. It is that with which we have conquered. Why, then, should we not preserve, after the victory, the standard which we have stained with our blood?'

"'Citizens,' resumed Lamartine, after having opposed the change of the banner by all the reasons most striking to the imagination of the people, and, as it were, withdrawing upon his personal conscience for his last argument, thus intimidating the people, who loved him, by the menace of his retreat: 'Citizens, you can offer violence to the government; you can command it to change the flag of the nation, and the name of France, if you are so badly counselled, and so obstinate in your error, as to force upon it the republic of a party, and the standard of terror. The government, I know, is as decided as myself, to die rather than to dishonor itself by obeying you. As for me, never shall my hand sign this decree! I will refuse, even to the death, this flag of blood; and you should repudiate it still more than I! for the red flag which you offer us has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, drawn through the blood of the people in '91 and in '93; while the tri-colored banner has made the circuit of the world, with the name, the glory, and the liberty of the country!'

"At these last words, Lamartine, interrupted by almost unanimous cries of enthusiasm, fell from the chair which served him as a tribune into the arms stretched towards him from all sides! The cause of the new republic triumphed over the bloody reminiscences which would have been substituted for it. A general impulse, seconded by the gestures of Lamartine and the influence of good citizens, caused the rioters, who filled the hall, to fall back as far as the landing-place of the great staircase, with cries of '*Vive Lamartine! vive le drapeau tri-colore!*'"

"L'etat," we can hear our author saying triumphantly, "L'etat c'est moi."

Of the work before us as a history, apart from the self-glorification of the historian, we do not think very highly. Indeed it would be a miracle if it were reliable. We are much too near the Revolution of 1848 to judge correctly of its events and personages. To see these in a proper point of view, there should be a perspective of at least two generations, and the observer should be free from the prejudices of the times.

As we have not seen the original version of M. de Lamartine's history, we cannot pass judgment on the merits of the translation. It is very smoothly done and we doubt not with reasonable fidelity.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, *from its Organization to the present time, by W. P. Strickland; With an Introduction by Rev. N. L. Rice, D. D. And a likeness of Hon. Elias Boudinot, LL. D., first President of the Society. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1849. 8 *vo. pp.* 468.

The friends of the Bible Society will find in this volume the supply of a want that has often been felt. The American Bible Society is one of the noblest charities of the age, and has attracted to it the sympathies of many of the best men of all parties and sects. But having been in existence for more than thirty years, and its field of labor spread over nearly the whole world, it was necessary to consult a great variety of documents, not easily accessible to all, in order to obtain complete information as to many points connected with its proceedings. It was the experience of this difficulty that led to the compilation of the volume before us. In the execution of the work, the author has spared no pains to ensure completeness, accuracy and clearness. As the operations of the Society have extended to almost every part of the world, we have a great deal of information here embodied that is valuable and interesting, independent of its relation to the circulation of the Bible. This Society having auxiliaries, at least in Virginia and South Carolina, if not in other Southern States, that are several years older than itself; and having numbered among its patrons and officers such names as Pinckney, Gaston, Wirt, Bushrod Washington, and others of like lustre, there are many of our readers, we doubt not, who will regard this volume with interest, not only on account of its intrinsic value, but on account of the cause whose progress it details.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. By Sir John Herschel. Bart. K. H. With Plates and Wood Cuts. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

The student of Astronomy will find this treatise the very best guide to his labours that he can secure. It is an enlargement of Sir John Herschel's work on Astronomy furnished to the Cabinet Cyclopædia in 1833, with the introduction of much new and valuable *materiel*. The reprint of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard is very carefully gotten up, and contains all the plates, wood cuts and indexes of the original London edition.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

THE MAN OF LETTERS: an Address, delivered before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, June 14, 1849. By J. L. REYNOLDS, Pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. Richmond: H. K. Ellyson, Printer, Main Street. 1849.

Mr. Reynolds is a man of elegant scholarship and regular habits of thought, and the high expectations which were raised in us by his name on the title-page of the present Address, have not been disappointed in the reading.

In his style there is a certain finish that denotes long practice in composition, and we are not at a loss in setting him down at once as a "Man of Letters" in the best sense of the term. By this we do not mean a maker of books or pamphlets—for, besides occasional addresses similar to the one now before us, delivered during his connection with a Georgia University, and now and then a fine article in the Southern Quarterly Review, he has produced little,—but a man imbued with the love of classical learning, and drawing often from the best sources of human as well as divine knowledge. The chief fault of Mr. Reynolds as exhibited in this address, is what the French call *l'embarras des richesses*, a profusion not of ornament but of illustration, which a writer less opulent in literary treasures than he would not have been apt to commit.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. With Introductory Remarks, and Notes Original and Selected. Boston Edition. Illustrated. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. Nos. 1 and 2. Tempest and Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Large type, fair paper and very handsome engraved portraits of the heroines are the good points of this edition of Shakspeare, which will doubtless meet with an extensive sale. It is in royal-octavo form, and will be published in semi-monthly numbers—each number containing a play, with a portrait—until completed. It may be obtained at Mr. West's bookstore, under the Exchange Hotel, at the publication price—twenty-five cents a number.

THE METROPOLIS. This is a weekly journal of literature and art, published in New York City, under the management of Park Benjamin, G. G. Foster and two other editorial *confrères*. It has been in existence a few months. We wrote a commendatory notice of the first number which by some accident did not appear; a fact which is not much to be regretted, since upon a more intimate acquaintance, we can now speak more confidently of the merits of the paper. It is a very excellent one. Mr. Benjamin is well-known throughout the country, and his name alone furnishes a sufficient guaranty for the agreeable and instructive character of the editorial columns. He writes well both in prose and verse, and there is a manly candor in his criticisms that we like especially. In the present condition of the American press as regards new works, when good and bad alike receive the common places of puffery, it is a good thing to have a reliable and well-informed person in the critic's chair, who speaks what he thinks, and who knows how to be caustic without being discourteous.

THE HEMANS READER for Female Schools: containing Extracts in Prose and Poetry, &c., &c., New York. W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati.

RAY'S ALGEBRA, designed for Common Schools and Academies. By Joseph Ray, M. D., Professor of Mathematics in Woodward College. W. B. Smith & Co., Cincinnati.

These volumes belong to the excellent Eclectic Series of Dr. McGuffey which has obtained so wide and well deserved a celebrity throughout the United States. An impudent attempt has been made by a rival publisher to avail himself of the popularity of this Series, by appropriating the name *Eclectic*, with the prefix of *Southern*, and thus facilitate the sale of inferior works of a similar design; an attempt which Dr. McGuffey's publishers lash in a severe pamphlet accompanying the volumes. We have a single objection to the series—the adoption of the Websterian spelling which, saving one or two alterations made by it, we cordially abhor and abominate.

J. W. Randolph has the Eclectic Series for sale.

BULWER AND FORBES ON THE WATER TREATMENT. Edited, with additional matter. By Ronald S. Houghton, A. M., M. D. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

Bulwer's Letter from the Malvern Hills on the benefits he derived from the Water-Cure, has made the names of Priessnitz and Wilson known everywhere. This little volume is a reproduction of it, in connection with a scientific treatise on the subject by Dr. Forbes. The book comprises 227 pages and is handsomely printed.

THE CASSIQUE OF ACCABEE. A Tale of Ashley River. With other Pieces. By *William Gilmore Simms*. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

A touching little story in the pleasing and musical versification of Mr. Simms. We are glad to see that he has not altogether relinquished his quondam dalliance with the muses, in becoming the editor of the Southern Quarterly Review. No man has done so much for the literature of the South as the author of Atalantis, and we see in his popularity a gratifying earnest that his efforts to spread a taste for letters in our sunny region have not been in vain. Some of the minor pieces in the present *brochure* are very beautiful.

The style of the publication is not worthy of the gems it contains, and though it has the imprimatur of Mr. Putnam, we suspect it came not from his tasteful and elegant establishment.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia have lately published, among other interesting works, the Life of Wm Wirt, by the Hon. John P. Kennedy, 2 vols., 8 vo. This charming biography possesses an interest that no effort in the same walk of letters has afforded, since Mr. Wirt himself wrote the Life of Patrick Henry. We shall avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of examining it more in detail. The same publishers have also issued Miss Pardoe's "Court and Reign of Francis the First," a work of high character and a most worthy companion to her former historical treatise on "Louis XIV." These volumes are for sale by Morris & Brother and J. W. Randolph.

PRINCIPLES OF THE MECHANICS OF MACHINERY AND ENGINEERING. By *Julius Weisbach*. First American Edition. Edited by *Walter R. Johnson, A. M., Civ. and Min. Eng.* Professor of Chemistry, &c., &c. Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848 and 1849.

This is really a splendid work. As a scientific treatise it is all that the most inquiring student of mechanics could desire, and the exceeding clearness of the wood-cuts, of which there are more than eight hundred, lends additional value to the mathematical formulas which they are designed to illustrate. The cost of its publication must have been very great, and the class of Engineers and Machinists in the United States owe Lea & Blanchard warm thanks for the enterprise which brought out a standard work of such high character.

These volumes may be found at the bookstore of Morris & Brother.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

This is pronounced, by the press of America and England, "the best Magazine in America." It has now begun its *thirty-fourth volume*, and in its list of *upward of a hundred contributors*, are found the names of every distinguished writer, male and female, in America, with several equally prominent of Great Britain, Turkey, Sweden, etc. A new volume, containing a superb engraving, a *portrait of the editor*, engraved by Cheney, from a painting by Elliott, was commenced on the first day of July, 1849. The following notices of the Knickerbocker are from the American and English press, to which might be added hundreds of others.

"The last Knickerbocker is exceedingly good. Some of the articles are worthy of Blackwood's palmiest days. *The Editor's Table* is in Mr. Clark's happiest vein; varied and racy in a remarkable degree."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"The Knickerbocker seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions unsurpassed in number or ability."—*National Intelligencer.*

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The London Examiner.—"This very clever Magazine is the pleasantest periodical in the United States. Its articles, which are numerous and short, various and interesting, are well worthy of imitation by our Magazines on this side of the Atlantic."

London Morning Chronicle.—"Judging from the numbers before us, we are inclined to consider this the best of all the American literary periodicals. Its contents are highly interesting, instructive and amusing."

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To the Subscribers and all interested in our Work.

The publisher desires to avail himself of this opportunity to thank those who have manifested their unabated interest in the Knickerbocker, by sending subscribers. Quite a number have done so, and no doubt with a very slight effort on the part of some friends, our list might be doubled. As a further inducement for this effort on the part of our patrons, we wish to say, that no pains or expense will be spared to enhance the value of the work, and our pages will prove that our readers will receive at least as large a share of benefit from our increased means as we could expect ourselves.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER,

FOR 1850.

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A new volume of this long-established and favorite monthly will be commenced on the 1st of January next. In issuing its Prospectus, the Editor does not deem it necessary to publish any long list of contributors or to indulge in any fulsome laudations of the Magazine. Its character is well-known throughout the country. For nearly sixteen years it has occupied the first rank of excellence in periodical literature. The Editor is determined to maintain its standing, by filling it with articles from the best pens in the country. The contents will embrace

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The Messenger will also continue to present articles of a SCIENTIFIC character, such as during the past year, have excited the most marked attention on both sides of the Atlantic. In the forthcoming volume, the Original Novel, of

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN

will be continued. This work was pronounced by the late Edgar A. Poe to be the finest effort of genius in course of publication in this country.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that his accomplished European Correspondent will continue to furnish the Magazine with

MONTHLY LETTERS FROM PARIS,

comprising all the items of foreign intelligence, and critical remarks on all novelties in Science, Literature and Art. The reader will find this correspondence a faithful reflection of Life in the French Capital. The political sagacity of the writer has been commended in the highest terms by the National Intelligencer.

Of the Editorial and Critical Department of the Messenger, the Editor will only say that it will embrace copious notes on current literature, and reviews of all new American or Foreign works of general interest and value. His opinions will at least be always fearlessly and honestly avowed.

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1. THE LITERARY MESSENGER is published in monthly numbers. Each number contains not less than 64 large super-royal pages, printed on good type, and in the best manner, and on paper of the most beautiful quality.

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4. If a subscription is not directed to be discontinued before the first number of a volume has been published, it will be taken as a continuance for another year.

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6. The mutual obligations of the publisher and subscriber, for the year, are fully incurred as soon as the first No. of the volume is issued: and after that time, no discontinuance of a subscription will be permitted. Nor will any subscription be discontinued while any thing remains due thereon, unless at the option of the editor.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, *Editor and Proprietor.*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, October, 1849.

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GENERAL COLLECTORS FOR THE LITERARY MESSENGER.

Wm. Gouldin, General Agent and Collector for Virginia.

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With the first number of the Sixteenth Volume, we shall commence the publication of a

MONTHLY ADVERTISER

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As we shall print a certain number of copies of the ADVERTISER apart from the Messenger itself, we must ask all our Exchanges to direct their papers to the "MONTHLY ADVERTISER," Richmond, Va., by which arrangement we shall save postage.

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FOR THE YEAR 1850.

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Rhetoric, as a part of the College Course.

The Archbishop of Dublin, in the introduction to his Rhetoric, says, "two questions arise connected with the study of Rhetoric—first, whether oratorical skill is on the whole a public benefit or evil, and secondly whether any artificial system of rules is conducive to the attainment of that skill. The former of these questions was eagerly debated among the ancients; on the latter but little doubt seems to have existed. With us, on the contrary, the state of these questions seems nearly reversed. The value of the skill is generally admitted, but many, perhaps most persons, are inclined to the opinion that eloquence, either in writing or speaking, is either a natural gift, or, at least, is to be acquired by mere practice, and is not to be attained or improved by any system of rules." If we look at the printed catalogues and registers containing the course of study pursued in the literary institutions of our country, it would seem that there is a general consent that Rhetoric properly enters into the system of instruction of young men; for we suppose that there is not a college in the land from the cuniculum of which it is excluded. But having once noticed *La Place* set down as a text book in an institution not pre-eminently mathematical, and having other reasons to know that professors are not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature, we have learned not to rely implicitly upon the *prima facia* evidence of a printed synopsis of studies.

If we were to inquire, in a way to bring out the truth, what is the rank assigned to Rhetoric, when compared with other studies, we think that it would probably be found to be so low in most of our colleges as to be nearly equivalent to virtual abandonment.

Believing this to be the case, and believing that it is caused by an under-estimate of Rhetoric as a part of the regular college course, we would venture a few remarks upon the subject.

The object of college education is to prepare a young man for the discharge of the active duties of after life, and education is valuable just in proportion as it accomplishes this object. The test is the same, if applied to any particular branch of study. This general advantage may be resolved into two others more specific, viz: first, the developing and strengthening the mental powers in general, or of any one of them in particular, and secondly, the imparting of knowledge in itself useful. Most of the usual branches of education combine these two uses, while each is, notwithstanding, more efficient for one than the other. Thus, mathematics and the languages are prized, mainly as instruments of mental improvement, while, at the same time, independent of this, they are of themselves valuable acquisitions. On the other hand the physical and moral sciences, while serving as an admirable training for some of the mental powers, are esteemed as valuable, chiefly on account of their practical character. In both these respects we deem the benefits resulting from the study of Rhetoric important and peculiar, so that the neglect of it is not compensated for by increased attention to other branches of study.

It is not very easy, perhaps, to give an unexceptionable definition of Rhetoric, and we will not trouble ourselves at present by inquiring which of several, given by different writers, is entitled to the preference. It will be sufficient to say that we mean by Rhetoric the system of rules relating to composition generally—to public speaking and to criticism. This is the ground usually gone over in the text books upon this branch, and as far as we know, the lectures of college professors are confined to the same topics. Logic and the History of English Literature are sometimes connected with it, but are obviously studies differing from it as really as mental and moral philosophy, not unfrequently taught by the same professor.

In the course of the study of Rhetoric the same powers are put into requisition which, at an earlier period of the student's course, are exercised in the study of the languages, viz: the powers of remembering, comparing, selecting and judging: and the argument used to prove that the study of languages is beneficial as a training of the mind, may be adopted with but little change by the advocate for the study of Rhetoric. We may here say, that, in our judgment, one of the principal benefits of the study of different languages is the increased facility in the use of our own—not merely because we are put into possession of the derivation of a large number of the words in our language—this is a great advantage; but it is a still greater one to have turned over in the process of oral translation, the vocabulary of our tongue so often that we have at length become

familiar with its treasures. Whether this advantage is secured or forfeited depends upon the mode of teaching adopted by the teacher. *Verbum verbo* is certainly the proper way for beginners who are always inclined to read by what they call *gumption*, rather than by grammar. But when a scholar can be trusted he ought to be encouraged to proceed, *laxis habenis*. A boy should learn his grammar before he leaves the grammar school, but when a young man translates, in a college hall, a classical poet, it is surely time for him to abandon the gibberish produced by using a word first in one language and then in another. Students should be encouraged in their translations to aim at accuracy, elegance and fluency; all will not attain these excellences, but some will, and all who make the effort will be improved in the use of their own language. It must be obvious that the improvement in this respect to be expected from oral recitations upon Rhetoric, is yet more ample and more certain. The subject is too extensive to allow preparation by rote, and in framing answers, more copiousness as well as more originality in the use of words is demanded of the student than when he is engaged in the translation. If the attention of young men is directed to the acquisition of readiness in the use of language they generally become fond of the exercise, and their improvement is very manifest. The service done in this way by the study of Rhetoric, (and we may add by the study of mental and moral philosophy also, though perhaps not to the same extent,) is the more important because the study of the mathematical branches, so far from contributing to the same end, is rather hurtful as it regards the expression of our ideas. Mathematics is an exact science. Mathematical language is also an exact language, into which comparatively few of the words of the general vocabulary are introduced, and these few are for the most part arranged in definite formulas. For this reason, of all fluent persons, a mathematical demonstrator is the most fluent.

But take a young man who has just explained a problem in Descriptive Geometry that looks as if it might be a section cut out of the famous Labyrinth,—and explained it too with faultless precision of language,—and ask him why it is that we take pleasure in seeing performed a tragedy which makes us weep—and he will perhaps hesitate, flounder and be guilty of innumerable inaccuracies, if not improprieties, of speech. So far from being aided by his fluency in the use of mathematical language, he is actually impeded by it. Just as the swimmer with cork is in a worse condition for learning to swim than if he had never tried at all. We will add that this improvement is not limited to increased facility in the use of words, but extends itself to the minor parts of elocution—the tones of the voice, the rapidity of utterance, and especially to propriety of pronunciation. No one will consider these things as unimportant, but no one who has not had some experience, knows how much young men need correction in these particulars.

Another distinct and important advantage belonging to the study of Rhetoric, is the improvement of the taste. We will not involve ourselves in difficulty by attempting to define taste. Call it a faculty or what you will. It is enough for us at present to say that we all know that there is a great difference between men in the amount of pleasure which they receive from the objects of taste, and in their power of discrimination with regard to these objects—that taste can be cultivated—and that for the cultivation of it, as applied to a large class of objects, no study is better than that of Rhetoric. We may add, however, that the value of a cultivated taste is to be estimated not solely with reference to the multiplying of the sources of our elegant pleasures or to the sharpening of our critical powers. Taste connects itself with many of the more serious and practical affairs of life; saves a man from many a mistake, of which the consequences would be something more than mortification and embarrassment, and sometimes even leads away from the path of error, or erects a barrier which turns back the feet that have already entered upon it.

As we have said of languages so we say of Rhetoric, and so we might say of any other study, that it depends mainly upon the mode of instruction which is pursued whether the advantages which ought to be derived from it are actually secured. In the remarks which we have made, we have taken it for granted as to the system of instruction, that it includes of course, among other things, regular and extended oral examinations and frequent exercises in composition. With regard to the latter we approve the plan adopted by some professors of requiring of the class what may be called extemporaneous compositions. For example; the professor will call up daily two members of his class to the black-board, and assigning them a subject, the same for both, require them to write a composition while the usual lecture or recitation is going on. These compositions will be short, for not much can be written with chalk upon a black-board; and they will not usually be very good: but they will have the advantage of being entirely original and of affording opportunities for the application of Rhetorical rules, in a way to make a more permanent impression than when Addison, or Bolingbroke, or Carlyle, or Scott, are made to furnish the examples. It does something, too, to-

wards enabling a young man to acquire that most valuable power of writing promptly in the presence of others upon a given subject. These extemporaneous compositions should not, however, take the place of more elaborate original essays and criticisms.

We think we have said enough,—though we have been purposely abstinent upon a tempting theme—to show that this department of a college course is very valuable for training purposes. But we may further remark in this connection that it is generally an attractive study to young men. It is easy compared with some of their other studies; and those who have been severely drilled in mathematics and the languages feel as if Rhetoric was a sort of dress parade. But apart from this recommendation to the favor of many who study it, in itself it is less didactic than most of the other branches and calls into play faculties of the mind, the exercising of which gives peculiar pleasure. In the hands of a professor who is a man of talent and varied information, of delicate taste and handsome elocution, nothing can be more fascinating; while instructors who are not thus gifted, if they are but diligent in making preparation rarely fail to secure the attention of their classes.

In all our literary institutions we believe that Rhetoric occupies the student near the close of his course, and the zest with which it is pursued is heightened, because from its obvious connection with professional studies, it is regarded as a sort of prelude to the real struggle of life. This arrangement, it is true, is inverted at the West Point Academy. There, we see by the register, a boy is required, the first year he enters, to study Bullion's Grammar, Morse's Geography, *and Blair's Lectures*. We presume that this remarkable classification of studies depends upon some military principle with which we are unacquainted, or connects itself with some deep reason of State Policy.

We will pass from this view of the subject—that the student is profited by the study itself, *crescit eundo*—and consider what is the value of the acquisition in the way of after fruits.

To be a good speaker or a good writer is to possess a power which, by common consent, can scarcely be estimated too high. And in no country and at no time was it ever more desirable to possess this power than it is now, in the United States. Never, perhaps, was there a people more given to speaking. Lawyers and divines are every where speakers of course, but ours do more of this work than their brethren in other countries. And then we have our statesmen and legislators of the nation, and our statesmen and legislators of thirty sovereign states—our politicians and our politicians' friends, and our lecturers upon all manner of subjects. Education, abolition, temperance, odd-fellowship, mesmerism *cum multis aliis*. We have our regular national anniversary orators, and special orators provided for the use of colleges, lyceums, institutes, monuments, corner-stones and barbacues. Every thing in this country begins in talk. From the annexation of a new country and the nomination of a President down to the establishment of a cotton factory, every thing comes within the purview of a public meeting great or small, and every public meeting must have its speaker great or small. In most countries it is the privilege of soldiers to be *mutum pecus*, but not so with us. Our soldiers receive swords, and dinners, and nominations, and are called out to address public meetings, until we almost see in them the ambidextrous troubadours, wielding with equal skill the lyre and the sword. It may be said of us that if public speaking is not our forte, the passion for it is our weakness. Some may think that we have too much public speaking and we will not undertake to maintain the contrary; but it will be conceded that we ought to endeavor to improve the quality of this great staple. So too with regard to writing—never was the press more concerned with the movements of any age than of ours, and never was any age more characterized by movements having far-reaching consequences.

The question then is simply, is the study of Rhetoric calculated to make men better speakers, and better writers? That it is, has been well established, we think, by Archbishop Whately. Not indeed by the help of the distinction which he draws apparently with a good deal of self-satisfaction between "An Art of Reasoning" and "The Art of Reasoning," but by what he quotes from Aristotle, who says substantially—"that some succeed better than others in explaining their opinions, and bringing others over to them; and this not merely by superiority of natural gifts, but by acquired habit; and that consequently if we can discover the causes of this superior success—the means by which the desired end is attained by all who do attain it—we shall be in possession of rules capable of general application. This is the province, and herein consists the value of Rhetoric. Nothing comes by chance, and every one who speaks or writes well, does so by rule, whether he is himself aware of it or not. By attention, then, to excellent models, we may hope to arrive at the rules which, if followed, promise success; and with more certainty, may we learn by noticing the errors of others, to avoid those errors ourselves. In fact, in treatises upon Rhetoric, we find that the didactic parts consist of rules mainly in a negative form. Freedom from fault is not however merely a negative

virtue; it is a positive excellence. Effect depends not solely upon the amount of power employed, but also upon the number and character of existing impediments. Practically it is the same thing in mechanics, to increase the moving power or to diminish the friction. We know that it may be said, that there have been many eminent orators and writers, who had no acquaintance with Rhetoric as a science, and that on the other hand, many well-versed in its principles, have been little profited by their knowledge. This is true of Rhetoric, and it is equally true of any other branch of human knowledge, and the same objection has at different times been urged against every one. The absurdity of the objection is best shown by allowing it as good against all at once, and then drawing the inevitable conclusion, that all instruction may safely be dispensed with. Find a General, as you may find many a one, who has been successful, though he never had regular military training, and then say that books upon the science of war are humbugs: if an artist has excelled by force of natural genius, ridicule those who think they can be profited by going to Rome: because many celebrated divines have been their own teachers, pull down all theological seminaries, and finally assert that so far from a rule's being established by exceptions, there can be no rule where there is an exception. Some are prejudiced against Rhetoric from an entire misapprehension of its true object. They look upon it as professing either to teach a sophistical mode of general reasoning, or to cultivate the power of florid declamation. This prejudice has its origin in a confused notion of Logic and Rhetoric, and betrays ignorance of both. Yet it must be allowed that the history of both Logic and Rhetoric, and the pretensions of some of the ancient writers upon these subjects might readily occasion such a prejudice. Whoever will take the trouble, however, to look into any of the modern authors upon Rhetoric, will find that they take great pains to inculcate the principle that sound sense must be the basis of all excellence in speaking and writing, while they attack empty declamation with unsparing ridicule. We cannot suppose that a prejudice so illiterate, nor indeed a prejudice of any kind against Rhetoric is found within College walls; nor can we suppose that experienced instructors of youth are ignorant of the advantages of the study when properly pursued. And yet, as we have already intimated, we believe that even College Professors speak of Rhetoric more slightingly than of any study in the course. Two causes perhaps contribute to produce this. In the first place, there is no good text-book upon Rhetoric. The one in most general use is Blair's Lectures, and perhaps as a text-book, it is to be preferred to any other in our language. Its characteristic excellence is its systematic arrangement. The general plan is comprehensive, the main divisions are natural, and the sub-divisions are clear, and stand so related to one another, and to the whole, as to secure admirable unity in the management of a subject which presents many difficulties on this score. This causes every student to see the development of the subject, and enables the instructor to recur, as frequently as he pleases, to ground previously gone over. We know of no text-book, of equal size, and embracing as great a variety of topics, which a class will master as soon and as well. No other book in our language, except Blackstone's Commentaries, is as good an example of the value of method. The opinions expressed in the work, are for the most part such as command the assent of all critics, and the rules laid down are as practical as the nature of the subject permits. The style is pure and agreeable, and while it does not aim at the energy or the brilliancy which most modern writers seem to think indispensable, it is so satisfactory as to lead us to doubt whether after all it is not the best for conveying instruction. The author is so candid and temperate, that we always feel safe; and so free from arrogance, that when he speaks positively we feel almost sure that he is right. One of the most brilliant orators of the United States Senate once said to us, that after the lapse of thirty years, he was reading Blair for the second time, and he was astonished to find what an amount of valuable practical instruction it contained. Still it is not such a text-book as we need. It is too old. It was written nearly a hundred years ago, and it is strong testimony to the soundness of its general principles, that it has been continued to be used so long. The essential rules of good writing and speaking are of course always the same; but there are many supplemental ones established by the experience of the last century which are important. In criticism especially, we seem to be almost wasting our time in the minute examination of a number of the Spectator or the Rambler. We want a master to dissect the writings of Chalmers, and Macaulay, and Foster, and Irving, and Coleridge, and Carlyle, and Emerson, and others good and bad. We would like to see some of the critiques of Jeffrey in the Edinburgh brought to the form of canons.

Kames' Elements of Criticism, never was intended as a text-book, and as a whole could not be used as such. It is however an excellent book for the student to refer to, as it contains some good philosophy, and more good taste. It was published before Dr. Blair's work, and the Doctor made very free and judicious use of it. Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric is used in

some Colleges, but it must be with very great expenditure of labor on the part of the Professor and the student. Dr. Campbell was a man, as every one knows, of great powers and of great learning; but he was better suited to answer Hume than to write upon Belles Lettres. He loved argument, and his Rhetoric is a bundle of argumentative essays very roughly put up. The arguments are ingenious, but not unfrequently unseasonable, fine-spun and tedious. If he proceeds upon any pre-arranged system, it is one which it is not easy to discover. He takes up questions which seem to the reader to be irrelevant, and dismisses topics before they are fully treated. Add to this, that his style labors, until the reader is fatigued through sympathy. Besides these special objections to Dr. Campbell's work, it is to be remarked that it does not go over the whole ground covered by Rhetoric, as the term is commonly understood. Nevertheless every reader will be well repaid for the labor which a perusal of this book will cost him. He will find some of the principles of criticism thoroughly investigated, many hints of much value, a number of admirable illustrations, and a great deal of disquisition and miscellaneous matter, entertaining and instructive.

Of more modern works upon Rhetoric, that by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, is *facile princeps*. The ability, scholarship, and high reputation of the author, together with the practical tendencies of his mind, seemed to fit him well for giving forth a canonical book upon the subject. But he was encumbered, we think, by one thing, which he evidently regarded as his highest qualification, viz: his thorough acquaintance with the science of Logic, and his unusually high estimate of its practical value. Hence he has taken up the greater portion of his work, (a small one altogether,) with what cannot be regarded as much else than a practical application of scholastic logic—most excellent it is, and doubtless very instructive, but surely out of place. Dr. Whately avowedly treats Rhetoric as an offshoot of Logic. Now in a scientific classification this may be correct, but still there is much of Rhetoric which bears but little affinity to Logic, and it is precisely this portion of it which in our judgment is most valuable as part of a College course. The invention of such arguments as will convince and persuade, is certainly the great thing to be aimed at by the speaker and the writer, but we doubt if all the instruction upon this head, which can be given in College, is of much service to young men. But it is likewise a matter of great importance to all, to learn to present their thoughts with perspicuity, energy and elegance, and much can be effected, we know, towards teaching young men to do this, and especially towards teaching them to avoid the faults which are opposed to the qualities of good style.

Upon this branch of Rhetoric, in our view the main one, viz: style or the *expression* of our thoughts, Archbishop Whately has comparatively little; that little however is so valuable, and for the most part so original, that it makes us regret but the more, the point of view from which he has chosen to look at the whole subject.

The want of a suitable text-book we regard then as one reason why the study of Rhetoric meets with less favor than it should. We wish that Macaulay would not think it beneath him to write upon the subject such a book as no other man could write. In the mean time, a writer of far inferior capabilities might do good service if he would resolutely apply himself to the task of *making* a book for the use of students. If he would content himself with the work and the fame of a compiler, and would take the text-books we have mentioned, Lectures on Eloquence by the late President Adams, and the Edinburgh and some other Reviews, and put together properly in a neat style what is to be found in these works of principles, illustrations, and criticism, he might furnish a book which would entitle him to the thanks of those who feel that that they could do better work if they had better tools.

The other cause which we think operates against the study of Rhetoric is the labor of teaching it. We have said that it is an easy subject for the student, but it does not follow that it is an easy one for the Professor. Some things which cost us the most labor to acquire, are the easiest to impart. Mathematics, for example, is usually held to be the toughest subject in the course, while it is well known to be the easiest chair in the Faculty. Mathematics is a homogeneous science. The instructor has one thing to impart, and but one. He need not be learned in philology, or criticism, or history, or moral, or mental philosophy, or any thing else besides mathematics. He cannot even make use of any associated learning that he possesses. He is rarely called upon for anything original or illustrative. Some teachers of mathematics are certainly superior to others, but their superiority is to be attributed rather to their greater fidelity and vivacity as teachers, than to the depth and variety of their attainments. The case is different in the physical sciences, in mental and moral philosophy, in political economy, in history and in Belles Lettres. Each of these subjects has so many various aspects, and is connected by so many relations to other departments of knowledge, that a professor of any of them has often to answer questions upon matters which though not foreign to his subject, lie in such an out of the way spot

of its wide domain, that he has never before had his attention specially directed to them. Teaching mathematics may be compared—the greater to the less—to pointing out the position of places on a map. Every thing is defined by lines, and when you have found the intersection of the meridian of longitude and the parallel of latitude of a particular place, you have ascertained its position with absolute certainty. To instruct in the other subjects above mentioned, is more like explaining a historical picture. Here are figures, colors, shade, perspective, proportion and so on, and all is to be understood; but moreover, and chiefly, the whole is surrounded by a wide sea of historical fact and allusion, and you feel that you may perhaps, by a bold questioner, be pushed off somewhere beyond your depth. An additional demand upon the Rhetorical Professor, is occasioned by the expectation that he shall in some degree exemplify his precepts by his practice, and be prepared with a critical opinion as to the merits of the current as well as the standard literature of the language. To meet these demands fully, would require a union of high talents and rare erudition, only to be found among the most eloquent speakers and most brilliant writers of the day. To discharge the duties of the chair with any good degree of success, imposes upon those not more highly gifted than ordinary, an amount of labor not required of those who give instruction in departments usually considered much more important.

S. L. C.

THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

There is a sadness in the twilight hour,
When busy life is lulled into repose,
When Twilight holds us by its gentle pow'r,
And o'er the heart a softened shadow throws.

The sunlight from our hearts as slowly fades
As the last streaks along the western sky,
And evening's silent, melancholy shades
Blend with our thoughts to charm and purify.

Morn is all bustle in the City's mart—
And though we stroll along the dewy hills,
To share the solemn silence they impart,
And rob the breast of all its rising ills:

Yet will the wild bird's merry matin song,
The yeoman's laugh, the ploughboy's simple strain,
And every sound the zephyrs bear along,
Bring back the world's obtrusive thoughts again.

But when the weary work of day is o'er,
And every warbler's mellow throat is still;
When yeoman's laugh and ploughboy's song no more,
In mingled cadence, echo from the hill:
When Twilight comes, as herald of the night,
With welcome promises of sweet repose,
This—this the hour to muse in sad delight;
The hour when thought in tranquil current flows.

And is it thus—the Twilight of "Old Age,"
(That pause between the day and night of life,)
Do calmer, holier thoughts the mind engage,
To shut from view the world's incessant strife?

Alas! when man's refulgent morn has flown,
And darkening shadows steal along his sky—
The tranquil Twilight his, and his alone
Whose early hours have passed untainted by.

AMAND.

Petersburg, Nov. 7th, '49.

THE SELDENS OF SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—*Bp. Porteous.*

"The clouds threaten a tempest," said Mrs. Mason, approaching Charles, who was standing at a window; "had you not better defer your ride for an hour or two longer?"

"The message was so urgent, that I think there is no time for delay; the man who expresses such an anxiety to see me has, I fear, not more than a few hours to live, but there is no cause for uneasiness; Bayard is as gentle as he is spirited, and I shall be at Dermot's house, in all probability, before the storm comes up. Good evening," added Charles, turning with a bright and encouraging smile towards Mrs. Mason, who was still watching the clouds with an expression of great anxiety on her countenance. "Will you be so good as to keep my promise to Frank, of reading to him in Anson's Voyages this evening? You will find the book on the table in my study."

Mrs. Mason nodded her head in token of assent, but maintained her station as watcher of the clouds. Dark masses were rolling heavily together, and there was a lurid look about the edges of some of these black "sailors of the air," as the greatest of German poets has termed them, which foreboded an awful storm. Low, growling thunder was now heard, and the close and oppressive atmosphere betokened the war that was brooding in the elements. Mrs. Mason stood pale and silent, with a look of anxiety, which awakened the apprehension of the boys, who

drew close to her side, and inquired eagerly whether she thought cousin Charles could reach Dermot's house before the storm came up.

Her fears were not unfounded; the storm set in with terrific violence, when Charles was still two or three miles from Dermot's habitation, and there was no place of refuge. Trees bent before the violence of the wind, and the crashing of limbs was heard amidst awful and almost continued peals of thunder, which seemed accompanied, rather than followed, by the most vivid lightning. An oak tree was shivered at a few yards distance from Charles' path, and Bayard, for the first time becoming frightened, it was with difficulty Charles controlled him until they arrived at their place of destination.

The fury of the storm had, by this time, in some measure subsided. Judy met Charles Selden at the door with many thanks for his safety, for she said she knew he would come after getting Dermot's message, and she had been "the miserablest cretur in the world; but thank God," she added, in a lower tone, "you have got here before the breath was out of his body, for I don't think he'll ever see the sun rise, and he has been asking mighty often whether I thought you would get here before he died. But take off your overcoat, sir, it is dripping wet."

As Charles turned to hang the overcoat against the wall, he perceived to his utter amazement a female form sitting near the hearth. with a shawl drawn closely around her, which he recognized at once to be that of Edith Fitzgerald. She arose with that simple dignity and self-possession which always characterized her slightest actions, and held out her hand to Charles, but not at all with the air of an embarrassed heroine, surprised in a cottage in some graceful act of benevolence, and receiving the admiring homage of beholder, for no expression was visible on her face which showed the most transient thought of herself. There were traces of tears perceptible, and an expression of blended awe and sympathy appeared in her countenance as her glance turned frankly and fully upon Charles.

After returning her greeting, Charles gently approached the sick man and kindly took the offered hand which the poor fellow stretched languidly forward, while something like a gleam of pleasure passed over his face.

"I thank you, Mr. Selden," he said, in a faint voice, "for coming out this dreadful evening, to see such a poor creature as I am, but I'm afraid it is all of no use, I am going very fast."

As he pronounced these words with difficulty, he fixed a wild and earnest glance of terror and inquiry upon Charles, which touched him deeply. He made no immediate reply, but after feeling Dermot's pulse for some minutes, said, "There is still hope of life even in this world, Dermot: your pulse is good, your hand is warm, and this death-like languor and depression is a part of your disease. You may recover, Dermot; but now, while you are brought to the very valley and shadow of death, do you not feel that you want a rod and staff to comfort you? Do you not feel, that after the few, fleeting years of life are past, which are the most to which any of us can look forward, how delightful would be the hope that our good Shepherd would lead us through the green pastures and by the still waters of our heavenly home?"

"Ah, Mr. Selden," said Dermot, with an almost despairing look of supplication, "if you could give me any true hope of peace hereafter, I would give ten thousand worlds. It is a dreadful thing to see death as I do now, hovering round me to take me away from this world, with all my sins upon my head, to stand before the judgment seat. And if we are to be judged by our works, where, oh where, my dear Mr. Selden, shall I appear?"

With the utmost gentleness, in the simplest, clearest, and yet most pathetic language, Charles explained to the almost dying man, the great doctrine of the Atonement; and as he listened, the expression of his countenance softened, and tears from his heart, flowed gently down his cheeks, as he hung upon Charles' words as if fearful to lose a syllable he uttered.

Charles was careful not to confuse or oppress the mind of Dermot by saying too much; he endeavored to present this great doctrine of the Gospel in its most forcible and consoling light, he repeated a few of the most striking texts of Scripture, and then kneeling by the bedside, offered up a prayer for the sufferer, from the very depths of his heart, and the tears of his hearers flowed fast, as they joined their supplications with his. Death was before them, with them; here lay a fellow-mortal, perhaps even now passing away through the deep waters, and with thankfulness and awe they looked to that Redeemer, whom Charles pointed out as alone able to bear him through the flood so that it should not overwhelm him.

Edith had often before stood by the bed of sickness and death, but the awful reality of eternal things had never before been so deeply impressed upon her heart, and when the prayer was concluded, she sat pale and motionless as a statue with thoughts too deep for words.

The clouds were now rolling away, and Charles opened the door to admit the reviving influence of the fresh air. He then took a kind leave of Dermot, after a few words of encouragement and sympathy, and a promise to visit him the ensuing day. After urging on Judy the necessity of keeping Dermot as quiet as possible, he told her

in a lone tone that he entertained some hopes of his recovery; but in order that this should take place, it would be absolutely necessary that she should observe the directions given her by the doctor. He added that he should go by Dr. Wilson's house on his return home, as he thought it very important that he should see Dermot in his present state. Judy felt new hope and strength and promised implicit obedience.

As Judy was engaged in changing Dermot's pillows, and giving him some medicine, Charles approached Edith, and said in a low tone, "You are perhaps not aware, Miss Fitzgerald, that Dr. Wilson considers Dermot's illness as a typhus fever of an infectious character."

"No, I was not aware of this circumstance, or I should, perhaps, not have considered myself as justifiable in coming here, as I might communicate the infection to others were I to take the fever."

"You have then no personal fears?"

"None: more I believe from a sort of natural imprudent hardihood, which has protected me in most cases from all sorts of personal fear, than from the only sort of courage that deserves the name—moral courage. But it seems a pitiful sort of selfishness to abandon our fellow-creatures in extremity from personal considerations."

"Yes, I certainly would not advise any one to do so, if any human creature depended upon them solely for succor. But this is not the case here; others must expose themselves from considerations of sacred and professional duty, and from motives of natural duty and affection. Dr. Wilson is a very attentive physician, Judy has a sister who will assist her in nursing her husband, and I pledge my word that he shall not suffer for aid or attendance, so that farther exposure of yourself would be unnecessary. Had you not better go at once into the open air? The storm is now past."

Edith bowed her head in token of acquiescence. She did not feel personally indebted to him for his consideration, for she felt that his whole tone and manner would have been quite as appropriately addressed to her Aunt Travers as to herself. It was not to Edith Fitzgerald, but to a fellow-creature he spoke, and while a sense of this prevented any thing like embarrassment or gratitude on her part, it raised him in her estimation. The simple and earnest dignity of Charles Selden's manner, the singleness of his purposes always so apparent, excited at once her respect and admiration.

After taking leave of Judy and Dermot, Edith left the house, and turning to Charles Selden, who was standing near her, said in reply to his offer of walking home with her:

"The near way through the woods is a short walk from Travers Lodge, and as my way home lies directly by some of the negro cabins, I should not be able to get up a fear, even if I were so disposed, and as you intend going by for Dr. Wilson, it is best not to delay you, Mr. Selden."

This was so reasonable that Charles offered no remonstrance;—Edith thought he looked rather pleased at finding there was no necessity for his services, and they parted with a mutual increase of esteem.

Edith's mind was deeply affected by the scene through which she had just passed. Many thoughts had been presented to her with a force and connection with which she had never before considered them. The great doctrines of the sinfulness of man—the fullness of redemption offered by an atoning Saviour—she had never fully received, or deeply considered. Slowly she pursued her way homewards, deeply wrapped in thoughts solemn, elevating and consoling. The ravages of the storm were every where visible in her path: immense boughs torn from their trunks were scattered on the ground; here too was a tree scathed by lightniug, but before her the bow of promise threw its ethereal and magnificent arch across the heavens. Striking types! thought Edith; from earthly tears does the bright arch arise on which we must ascend to Heaven. There must be a deep meaning in human suffering—a strong necessity for its existence. With such strong evidences in the works of nature, in the events of life, of the love of God, of his tender care over his creatures, it would be impossible to believe that he could wantonly afflict the children of men. How deep and fatal must be the malady from which such direful consequences spring!

Edith thought of what Charles had said of the necessity of an atonement, of the fullness of redemption wrought out for us by a Divine mediator, and though not prepared to embrace these doctrines in their full extent, light and joy sprung up within her soul as she reflected upon them. The deep earnestness with which Charles had spoken, left the almost irresistible conviction on the mind of his hearers that he knew he was speaking the truth, and Edith ceased to wonder that with such feelings and convictions he should have become a Minister of the Gospel. His sacred profession acquired in her eyes a new dignity and importance, since the grandeur and reality of eternal things had been placed before her in a brighter, nearer point of view, and she thought how much more reasonable it would be that he should wonder at the supreme importance which the children of the world attach to the fleeting and deceitful pleasures of earth, than they, that he should choose for his portion

the unspeakable and imperishable blessings of Heaven.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her perpetual theme,
Through hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"—*Young.*

It was some evenings after the scene related in the preceding chapter, that the ladies at Travers Lodge assembled in the parlor to hold a consultation on the important subject of needlework. A poor woman in the neighborhood had recently had the misfortune of losing her cabin and nearly all the clothes her children and herself possessed, by fire. Affairs of charity were never then transacted by means of societies, but the individual exertions of such charitable persons, as always exist in every community, for the relief of sufferers within their own sphere of action, were probably much greater than in the present day. The increased intelligence, system and division of labor, which are found now in plans for the relief of the poor, have certainly greatly improved the *machinery* of benevolence; but as in the management of all human affairs, what is gained in one way, there is danger of losing in some other,—individual sympathy for suffering is often lost in the business-like administration of general charities.

The case of this poor woman had excited general compassion, and no one had been more anxious for her relief, or more ready to give assistance to her necessities, than Edith Fitzgerald. Anna Maria had talked a great deal, but done very little.

A large bundle of goods of various sorts suitable for cheap clothing, chiefly purchased by Edith, lay on a table in the sitting-room, and Mrs. Travers had undertaken the task of cutting out complete sets of garments suitable to the ages of the different children. Edith and Juliana were very busily engaged in making them up. Juliana was fond of all new projects, and was moreover not deficient in kindness of heart; she was very skilful and quick in the use of her needle, and readily undertook to instruct Edith in all the mysteries of baby-linen, &c., &c. Edith was well acquainted with the use of the pencil, and with many sorts of fancy work, but the various kinds of useful and homely needlework, which are of such indispensable necessity in a family, she was entirely unacquainted with, and was now applying her best efforts to profit by Juliana's instructions, which were not imparted without much giggling and many jokes at her cousin's ignorance.

Anna Maria, apparently uninterested in their proceedings, was busily engaged in covering a muslin apron with a profusion of leaves and flowers, such as had not their likeness in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath. Mr. Travers' voice was heard in the passage, and immediately afterwards he threw open the door saying, "Walk into this room, Mr. Selden."

Anna Maria started, changed color, and quickly put aside her work; whilst Edith, almost as quickly, deposited the little frock she was making in a large basket beside Mrs. Travers. Juliana observed both these movements with some amusement, and continued her own employment with a smile and a look which said plainly, "You see Mr. Selden's presence makes no difference with me."

Charles advanced, quite unconscious of the commotion which his presence had excited, and having exchanged friendly greetings with the little circle, took a seat near Mrs. Travers.

"You find us in the midst of a workshop," said Mrs. Travers, addressing herself to Charles; "the girls are so intent on making up these clothes for poor Mrs. Dawson's children, that they have set me as hard at work as themselves."

Whilst Mrs. Travers was speaking, Anna Maria contrived dexterously to possess herself of a piece of work from the huge repository at her mother's side, and began hemming as industriously as if her life had depended upon finishing the garment as expeditiously as possible, while Juliana's very neck was scarlet with the violence of the effort she was making to repress a hearty laugh at this manœuvre of her sister.

"Her case really deserves compassion," said Charles; "she has not only lost all her little property by the fire, but has also the additional misfortune of a very sick child—so sick, indeed, I should suppose from its appearance, that there is but small hope of its recovery."

"So Edith told me; she went yesterday to see Mrs. Dawson, and quite moved my heart by her account of the poor woman's distress. But Edith, have you finished the frock you were making, or are you waiting for me to give you any instruction?"

Edith was conscious that a feeling of false pride had made her throw her work aside at Charles' entrance, lest she should seem to be seeking his approbation; and as she perceived Juliana regarding her with a provoking smile at this question of her aunt's, a bright crimson flush passed over her cheek, as she replied in a tone of indifference,

"Only a sudden fit of laziness has seized me, a thing which very often happens."

"Well, it is best not to begin too violently at first, I thought you would tire yourself out with

such constant workings," said Mrs. Travers mildly, who never perceived any motive for conduct but the one alleged.

"A sudden fit of industry seems to have seized Anna Maria, which will make amends for Edith's laziness," said Juliana, who had now become familiar to Charles Selden's visits, and since she found he could talk and behave like other people, as she expressed it, had lost in a great measure her awe of him.

Anna Maria affected not to hear this remark, and Edith hastened to endeavor to give another turn to the conversation by addressing some inquiries to Charles, respecting Mrs. Mason and the boys.

Mr. Travers seeing Charles engaged in conversation with the ladies, drew a newspaper from his pocket which he had just brought with him from the neighboring post-office, and began to peruse it diligently and apparently with absorbing interest.

Anna Maria stole a glance from her work to see whether Charles seemed to be regarding her with approbation, but as he gave no token of observing her industry she determined to make a bolder effort to attract his attention, and turning towards him said in a sentimental tone:

"I was rejoiced this morning to hear Dermot was getting better; his wife tells me she has never seen such a change, and she seems to ascribe his recovery to you. She says you are a blessing to the poor."

Charles, without accepting or disclaiming this compliment, remarked with quiet simplicity, "a crisis has taken place in the fever, and the change has certainly been favorable. Dr. Wilson entertains now the most sanguine hopes of his recovery, and says if he could only rely on Judy's discretion, he should consider his restoration as certain."

"People in her rank of life are so destitute of sensibility and intelligence, that it is in vain to hope for any thing like reasonable conduct from them, even if their own lives depended on their acting rationally," said Anna Maria.

"Indeed, I believe," said Edith, "that Judy would exert herself to preserve Dermot's life, even more than her own, but she is ignorant and superstitious, and of course could not be trusted as a nurse without some superintendence."

"Dr. Wilson and I have undertaken the task of superintendence," said Charles looking towards Edith with a smile, which she understood as meant to remind her of the promise he had made a few evenings before, "and you must not do Judy the injustice of supposing her destitute of feeling, she will carefully obey orders if we can only persuade her they are really for the good of the patient," he added, addressing himself to Anna Maria.

"But what a risk you incur, Mr. Selden, in exposing yourself to the typhus fever," said Anna Maria in a sympathizing tone, "Dr. Wilson told us yesterday Dermot was suffering under this disease."

"Doctors and ministers are, of course, obliged to visit the sick," replied Charles with a tone and manner that showed he thought his case called for no particular sympathy, "but, Miss Travers, I think you are mistaken in supposing that people in the lower ranks of life are generally destitute of, or even deficient in, feeling. They have not, it is true, much of what is called sensibility, this can scarcely exist in those who lead a life of poverty and hardship, and have been exposed to constant association with persons whose manners and language must necessarily be void of refinement; it is a merciful arrangement of Providence, that they should thus be enabled to encounter without pain a thousand things to which their situation in life exposes them. But I have seen the most touching instances amongst them, of strong natural feeling, of disinterested affection, of humble trust in God."

Anna Maria smiled acquiescence, for her object was not to argue with Charles, but only to appear to him in an interesting point of view, and replied: "I cannot presume to contradict your assertions, Mr. Selden, you are so much better acquainted with the character of the poor than I can pretend to be."

"Oh I cannot set up for a Pope," said Charles laughing, "you must examine and consider my assertions before you assent to them."

"My opportunities are so limited of acquiring this kind of experience, to say nothing of the inferiority of my judgment, that I think my safest course would be to take your assertions on this subject for granted."

"I think Edith ought to be able to form an opinion of the character of the poor around us at least," said Juliana, "for there is nothing she delights in so much as to visit every smoky cabin and talk to every miserable, ragged-looking wretch within her reach."

"You know I like to study human nature," said Edith coloring, "so that I am curious to know how people in every rank of life feel and think. Then the strange and often striking modes of expression used by those in the lower ranks of life amuse and interest me."

"Really, Edith," said Mrs. Travers, looking up from her work at her niece with some surprise, "I should never have supposed if you had not told me so yourself, that you had so much curiosity; I always ascribed the interest you showed in the poor to a charitable motive."

Charles thought of the scene he had lately witnessed and felt sure that Edith had not been actuated in this instance by curiosity, but he also perceived that she was unwilling for her good deeds to be known or commented on, and there was something in her manner which induced him to think she was anxious to show him that she was not desirous to gain his approbation.

"You see," said Juliana laughing, "though I am always considered not at all good, that Anna Maria and Edith are not much better. Edith only takes interest in the poor from motives of curiosity, and Anna Maria takes none at all from any motive."

Edith laughed, but Anna Maria's color rose to her temples, though she constrained herself to say with tolerable composure, "you quite misunderstood me, Juliana, I did not mean to say that I took no interest in the poor, on the contrary, I pity them and endeavor to relieve them; I only remarked that my opportunities were limited of acquiring much experience as to their habits and character.

"You know," said Edith, finding it necessary to come to the rescue, "Juliana never gives herself the trouble to listen to our remarks or to give them a right construction, so explanations and vindications are lost upon her. she would only turn them into a jest;" then perceiving from Juliana's looks that some saucy reply was upon her lips which she thought probable would provoke Anna Maria beyond all power of endurance she took Juliana's work from her saying: "how very neatly and prettily you are making this cap, but it is a positive waste of time to put ornamental stitches on work for such a purpose."

"Well I have nothing very particular to do with my time," replied Juliana, "and I don't see why, because the baby is poor, it should have a frightful cap as an additional misfortune."

Just then an involuntary exclamation of horror which escaped from Mr. Travers, who was intently employed in reading the newspapers, directed the attention of every one to himself.

"Bless me, my dear," said Mrs. Travers who was thrown in a tremor from head to foot at this exclamation, "are any of our friends dead?"

"No, not that I know of," replied Mr. Travers, "but listen to this, Mr. Selden, and tell me if you could have believed that such demons exist in human shape?"

Mr. Travers then read aloud a passage from the paper, detailing some of the most revolting cruelties of the Revolutionary Tribunal, to which his audience listened with countenances of horror.

"Well sir," he said when he had finished reading the passage, turning towards Charles, "what can you say to this—could one have supposed that the love of freedom, one of the noblest of human feelings, and one too which has led to such glorious results in our own country, should produce such frightful excesses in France."

"Frightful!" said Edith, her eyes filling with tears of mingled pity and indignation, "say rather deeds of which fiends might be ashamed."

"Say any thing you please, my dear, and you cannot say too much," said Mr. Travers, "but really proceedings such as those overset all my theories, and convince me that I am but a tyro in the knowledge of human nature."

"This page in the history of France," said Charles, "is an awful lesson as to what human nature can be when the restraints of Government and Religion are entirely thrown off; a lesson too which can never be forgotten. When we consider the age, the circumstances, the country in which these horrors are being perpetrated, they have not their parallel in ancient or modern history."

"True," said Mr. Travers, "but we can scarcely account for the unparalleled atrocities committed by the French, by the circumstance of their having thrown off all religious restraints, for they have certainly a better creed than the Pagans, and yet their practices are far more abominable and horrible."

"You will observe," said Charles, "that Paris is the centre of these abominations, and judging of the state of morals and religion there, from all the pictures of society gathered from letters and memoirs, we may well pronounce the Parisians to be less under the influence of moral and religious restraints than the nations of antiquity, for the profession of the Greeks and Romans did not differ so much from their practice as that of the Parisians, and there is nothing which produces so fatal an effect on national and individual character as this constant discrepancy between faith and practice. The distinction between good and evil cannot be perceived or cared for. Political causes have, doubtless, likewise contributed to produce these fearful results, so totally different from the effects of our own efforts for freedom."

Juliana broke up the political discussion by reading aloud from the paper which her father had just laid down, the marriage of Mr. Norris of Belvoir, to Miss Wilson of Primrose Cottage.

"Who would have thought," she exclaimed turning to her father with a laugh, "of old cousin John Norris' getting married, and to that prim Miss Wilson too? I wonder what Thomas and the girls will say to it."

"I don't see what Mr. Norris' marriage has to do with the French Revolution," replied Mr. Travers rather gravely, "but I don't know what his children can have to say about it, but that

their father is old enough to judge for himself; and as to his being so very old, as you seem to suppose, Juliana, that is quite a mistake, he is just about my age."

"La, Papa!" said Juliana, with a saucy look and laugh.

"I could never understand," said Mr. Travers, "why the ladies should entertain such unreasonable prejudices against second marriages. A gentleman pays the highest possible compliment to his first wife by seeking to supply her place."

Anna Maria cast a side-long glance towards Charles, as if to discover his sentiments on this subject, but as his countenance gave no indication by which she could discover them, she concluded his opinions were the same with those just expressed by Mr. Travers, as she knew they were entertained by men almost universally. Determined, therefore, to show that she was above the prejudices just ascribed by her father to women on the subject of second marriages, she observed: "I think if Mr. Norris' children have a real affection for their father they will prefer his happiness to their own."

"Very sensibly observed," said her father.

"So then if mamma were to die you would have no objection to a step-mother, Anna Maria," said Juliana in a reproachful tone.

"I should certainly wish my father to do whatever would best promote his happiness."

A slight flush passed over the cheek of Mrs. Travers at Anna Maria's speech, but she said nothing. Juliana, however, exclaimed with great indignation, "wonderfully good indeed at mamma's expense—I at least should"—

"Come, come," said Edith, gently laying her hand upon Juliana's arm, "fortunately there does not seem to be any probability that aunt Travers will afford a vacancy for a successor. You know all gentlemen approve and defend second marriages, they consider it as one of their inalienable privileges, even when they have no wish or intention of availing themselves of it. Even papa would not say for the world that he disapproved of them."

"Then I should be afraid that some of these days he would present me with a step-mother," said Juliana.

"Ah, that is because you are not acquainted with my father, if you knew him as well as I do the possibility of such an event would not occur to you."

"Will you not give us your opinion on this subject?" said Anna Maria, turning towards Charles with a smile which she meant to be one of irresistible sweetness.

"My opinions on this matter," said Charles, "are subject to so many qualifications and exceptions from circumstances, that to explain them fully would require an essay. Though I am a preacher," he added smiling, "I could not consent, in cold blood, to inflict such tediousness on an unoffending audience."

Charles would scarcely have been able, however, to avoid giving his opinions at full length on this subject, as Anna Maria was determined not to let him off so easily, but to plead her right as one of his flock to his views on all moral questions, had not the entrance of George Travers put a forcible end to the conversation. His favorite riding-horse had been suddenly taken very sick, and he came to consult Mr. Travers as to the best method of treating him. Charles, after listening attentively to George's description of the state of his horse, which was addressed to his father, said that he had himself cured one a few months ago, similarly affected and proposed to go with George to the stable to see the horse.

George accepted the offer with great surprise and some gratitude, and during their walk Charles rose a hundred degrees in his estimation by the knowledge he discovered him to possess of farriery. His good opinion was still farther increased by the success with which Charles' prescription for the horse was attended and the interest he showed in its recovery, and when Charles took leave that night George exclaimed as soon as he had left the room—"He is a fine fellow after all, if he is a preacher. What could have possessed him to make such a horrible choice of a profession? he was intended for better things."

"To cure horses for instance," said Edith laughing.

"Yes, what could be more useful or charitable."

"Oh nothing, not even to save souls."

"Pshaw! you are disposed lately, Edith, to ridicule every thing I say. You think then, it was beneath Mr. Selden's dignity to cure poor Saladin."

"Not at all, George," said Edith, with a good-humored smile, "and I am sincerely glad your fine horse is likely to recover. But good night, for I have a letter now to write before bed-time."

So saying she glided quietly from the room, and it is certain that she thought several times of Charles, his observations and his character, before the letter was begun.

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CHAPTER XV.

Alas! our young affections runs to waste,
Or water but the desert.—*Childe Harold.*

Week after week passed by, and Margaret found her perplexities and disturbances daily increase, and yet the time glided on swiftly, and in some respects, very pleasantly. Scarcely a day

passed that she did not see Gerald Devereux and Augustus Vernon. The Davenports were near neighbors, and the families at Davenport Lodge and Sherwood had always kept up habits of the most social and intimate intercourse. Lewis and Arthur were always fishing, hunting, shooting and riding together, and it had been generally understood by all their acquaintances, that Lewis had been in love with Virginia from his boyhood, though he had never yet found courage to tell her so, and it would have been thought something very strange at Sherwood if two or three days had passed without seeing Lewis. His guests, Gerald Devereux and Augustus Vernon fell into the same habits of frequent intercourse, and were becoming quite domesticated at Sherwood.

These gentlemen were now the almost constant subjects of thought and discussion amongst the family circle at Sherwood. While habits of almost daily intercourse made the noble heart, and superior talents and endowments of Gerald Devereux more apparent, Augustus Vernon lost ground proportionably in the estimation of Mrs. Selden and Margaret. Unfortunately it was but too visible, that if he lost favor with the other members of the family, he gained it rapidly with Virginia, and Mrs. Selden and Margaret perceiving the state of her feelings with great and increasing disturbance, devised all sorts of methods to destroy his influence, and weaken the too favorable impression which they perceived he had made upon her heart. To break up the intercourse was clearly impossible, and the only other possible method to divert Virginia's thoughts into other channels, would be a change of place and objects; but to effect this would be a matter of some difficulty. When Charles had first settled in his new abode, Virginia had frequently expressed a great desire to visit him, and Margaret and her mother could think of no better plan than to endeavor to persuade her to spend a few weeks at The Rectory.

"It will be impossible, I am afraid, to persuade her to leave Sherwood now," said Mrs. Selden with a sigh to Margaret, after they had been discussing the subject for some time, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

"We could not well propose such a plan to Virginia, without making our secret thoughts and wishes so obvious, as to wound and alarm her feelings, and rouse within her a spirit of resistance; for though she is so gentle in most things, in this, I am sure, she would be inflexibly firm, if she once believed that her friends understood her feelings, and deliberately designed opposing her attachment—for such I fear it is. Of course she would submit to a positive command from you, that she should go to The Rectory; but this, you know, we have determined should be the last resort, for many reasons. We must write to Charles—you know he can safely be trusted with any thing—tell him the whole truth, and he will, without alluding to our information, write to insist upon Virginia's visiting him. I think if he urges it very strongly, she will go, partly because there will be no plausible reason to allege for not doing so, though I know she will do it with great reluctance."

"That is an excellent idea, Margaret; if Virginia could be prevailed on to go from any motive whatever, I should hope that this infatuation might be removed. It is merely a delusion of the fancy; it can be nothing more; for there is certainly nothing in Augustus Vernon to inspire real love, and Charles is so skilful in managing diseases of the mind, and is so deeply interested in Virginia, that I should hope every thing from his society and influence, combined with a total change of scene and associations—to say nothing of the cheerful, practical good sense of Charlotte, who with all her strong feeling and tender affection, is, you, know the very antipode of romance and sentimentality."

Margaret shook her head sorrowfully, "I do not wish to destroy your hopes, mother; I hope something, too, but I fear much more. Virginia's feelings are much more deeply rooted than you imagine; they are founded on delusion; but they are, alas, but too real. I have studied the state of her heart most closely, but if any one can divert her thoughts, and change her feelings, Charles would be the person."

This plan was no sooner resolved upon, than it was put into execution. Margaret wrote immediately to her brother, and she awaited his reply with anxiety and uneasiness. She was convinced that Virginia ought to be removed as soon as was practicable from Augustus Vernon's society. Nothing could be more dangerous than this sort of intimate intercourse; especially to a person of Virginia's modest and retiring character. The easy hospitality of Sherwood had completely domesticated Augustus Vernon, and this sort of familiarity rendered a thousand things natural and proper, that would not have been thought of in more formal society; and Virginia thus insensibly glided into habits of intimacy, which could not have taken place under any other circumstances. Something must be done at once to remedy this evil; something, too, which would seem to be in the natural course of things, that suspicion might not be awakened as to the state of Virginia's feelings, and to the effort her friends thought it necessary to make, to enable her to subdue them. Yet Margaret shrunk from the pain which she knew this step would inflict on Virginia, if she consented to go to The

Rectory—and if she refused, from the explanations and persuasions which must ensue. She was doubtful, too, whether or not to seek Virginia's confidence, fearful that an expression of her feelings would give her courage and strengthen her determination not to sacrifice Augustus Vernon to the prejudices of her friends. But as is often the case in life, our doubts and difficulties are settled by apparently the most casual circumstances, and we find ourselves saying the very things, upon the propriety of which we had been long pondering daily almost without knowing how, or why, our thoughts were changed into words.

It happened one evening that Margaret and Virginia were left alone; the gentlemen were all out on a fishing party, and Mrs. Selden had gone to visit a sick neighbor. Margaret was looking out on vacancy, thinking of Virginia, when she was roused from her reverie by the sound of a light footstep, and looking around she saw the object of her meditations busily engaged in arranging and contemplating some flowers in a small china vase on the table. Margaret said from an almost irresistible impulse, "These flowers are scarcely worth preserving with so much care, Virginia; I could make you a prettier bouquet from any bed of flowers in the garden."

A slight blush passed over Virginia's fair face, as she replied half-reproachfully, "You have scarcely deigned to look at my poor bouquet, which you speak of so contemptuously, or you would have seen that it was selected with more than usual taste and sentiment."

Margaret knew that this bouquet had been the gift of Augustus Vernon two or three evenings before, and an involuntary sigh escaped her, though she smiled good humoredly, as he said, "Let us see, roses that are full blown and beginning to drop their leaves, bruised mignonnette, and a few sprigs of ill-thriven myrtle, cropped no doubt from Charlotte's sickly bush. A few wild flowers from the woods would suit my taste infinitely better, and suggest more pleasing associations."

"You have a great deal of charity for some persons, Margaret, and none at all for others. There are some persons whose very attractions and virtues are sins in your eyes." This was said with a look and tone of pettishness, so unusual to Virginia, that Margaret looked at her steadily for a few minutes with surprise, until she perceived that Virginia's eyes were filled with tears; then taking her hand affectionately, she said in a gentle tone,

"Do not be vexed with me, Virginia; you know that I would always gladly save your feelings, even at the expense of my own, and in return for that love, which is strong for you in my heart as life, I ask your confidence. Why should there be any reserve or circumlocution between us? Let us understand each other fully. Is it not Augustus Vernon against whom you think me so much prejudiced, that his very attractions and virtues are sins in my eyes?"

Margaret's kind and firm tone had always power over the tender heart and wavering resolution of Virginia; and she felt impelled to yield up her feelings and thoughts almost unconsciously to her sister. "Yes, Margaret," she said, "you cannot but be conscious of the justice of my assertion; it is the first time I have ever seen my mother and yourself unjust to any one; and it seems so strange, so unkind, when you have so many reasons to be partial to him."

"In the first place, then, Virginia, I will answer for myself—I am not at all prejudiced against Mr. Vernon, and so far from wishing to see faults in his character, I should be rejoiced to see virtues."

"Oh, Margaret, if these are indeed your feelings, why cannot you perceive what every one else does?"

"Who is every one, Virginia?"

Virginia's face flushed with a deep crimson tint, and with a slightly tremulous voice, she said, "*I*, at least, am some one, Margaret, if I am not your equal in judgment and good sense, I am not wholly devoid of those qualities, and you must admit, that I have had better opportunities of understanding his character than you."

"Pardon me, Virginia, I admit no such thing."

"Because you are determined to make no admission, some how or other, it has certainly happened, that—perhaps because he perceived your aversion to him, or from some other cause that we have, that is, that he has"—

"That you have been much more together, and conversed more with each other," said Margaret, pitying her sister's confusion, "that he has been much more attentive to you, more anxious to gain your approbation. All this I admit fully, and I can easily perceive, arises from the most natural causes imaginable, and yet, Virginia, I do not think your opportunities for studying Mr. Vernon's character have been so good as mine."

"If that is the case, it can only arise from my very inferior powers of discernment."

"That is by no means a necessary inference. Mr. Vernon has been so much more assiduous in his efforts to gain your favor than mine, it is but natural you should view him with more indulgence, and you know that it is possible to be prejudiced favorably, as well as unfavorably. Now, I deny that I am prejudiced unfavorably, and think that I am able to pass a more impartial judgment on his character and understanding than you are."

"And that judgment has been unfavorable?" And as Virginia said this, she cast an earnest and beseeching look at Margaret.

"I am very, very sorry it has been," and Margaret, conscious of the pain she was inflicting, averted her eyes from Virginia and did not perceive the emotions that swelled her heart almost to suffocation. She remained silent, her color varying from marble paleness to the deepest flush of crimson until she was at length relieved by a burst of tears. Ashamed of betraying how deeply her heart was interested, shocked at herself, and vexed with Margaret, she was about to rise precipitately and leave the room; but Margaret took her reluctant hand, pressed it closely between her own, then raised it to her lips, and Virginia felt a warm tear fall on it. Vexation was always a weak and short lived sentiment in Virginia's heart. Instantly softened by this proof of Margaret's sympathy, she returned the pressure of her hand and her tears flowed more gently and were less bitter.

"Forgive me, dear Virginia, I ought to have remembered how delicate and sensitive your feelings are and should have spoken with more consideration, should have prepared you for sentiments so different from your own and which I knew would be painful to you, alas! I knew not *how* painful. But your happiness, your character, Virginia, which is even dearer to me than your happiness, are of too much importance to allow of any prevarication, any temporising upon so serious a subject. I have studied Augustus Vernon's character with the deepest interest and attention, and the result of my observation is that he is not worthy of my precious sister, that he could not make her happy, and moreover"—

"Spare me, Margaret," said Virginia in a faltering tone, and with her face averted, "you know the weakness of my heart, do not take advantage of it; you cannot help despising me, I know, for caring so much for a person who has never made any declaration of love for me, but even though I incur your contempt I cannot hear you do him so much injustice without saying something in his vindication. I have observed his character likewise,—you must at least acknowledge, by the humiliating proof I have given you of my interest in it, that I have done so—and my conclusions have been very different."

"I do not condemn you, I do not despise you, Virginia, I only lament deeply the circumstances that have led to this state of feeling, and I grieve still more that it should be utterly impossible for me to enable you to perceive the truth, which to me seems written in characters of light. With so many pleasing external qualities to captivate, it is not strange that a person at your age, with your lively imagination, quick feelings and total inexperience should have become interested in Augustus Vernon, nor can you have any reason for the humiliating reflection that you have given your love unsought, for though he has made no declaration of love in words, his every look and tone, since he became acquainted with you, has been a declaration."

Margaret perceived as she returned these words that a bright and beautiful flush of joy passed over Virginia's face, and that she cast her eyes down to conceal the pleasure that sparkled in them, and she sighed as she continued. "But, my dear Virginia, how can we know that these looks and tones are indications of true love?"

Virginia's brow was instantly overcast as she replied in a low and hesitating tone; "I should suppose that looks and tones were the truest indications of genuine feeling. Words may deceive but looks and tones cannot."

"*Your* looks and tones I admit cannot, because they express unconsciously the feelings of a warm and single heart; but this is not the case with every one, especially with those who have made a profession of captivating."

"What cruel things you say, Margaret, why should you believe that he is so mean, so deceitful and ungenerous, unless it appears to you impossible that I should be loved?"

"So far from this being impossible I think you were made to be loved, one of the flowers of creation, meant to be cherished tenderly, and never exposed to the storms and conflicts of life, and it is for this reason that I feel so anxious about you. I have never for a moment doubted that Augustus Vernon admires your beauty, ardently wishes you to love him and probably loves you as much as his nature is capable of, but nothing hardens the heart so much as the constant effort to make conquests merely to gratify vanity, and I fear that this has been the practice pursued by Mr. Vernon."

"This is indeed prejudice unworthy of you, Margaret; why should you think so?" asked Virginia in an indignant tone.

"For several reasons. You know this is the character we heard of him at the commencement of our acquaintance. I know this is the opinion of persons who have been acquainted with his past life, but what is to me most conclusive is, that I have observed that all he does and says seems to spring rather from vanity than feeling."

"Common report is often unjust, Margaret, and as to the persons who think so, you must tell me who they are and what grounds they have for their opinions. We should not condemn any one without examination, I am sure I have often heard you say so."

"And I say so still, nor do I expect the evidence, which is convincing to me, to be equally

conclusive to you,—all I ask is that you would give my views weight enough to make you re-examine your opinion of Augustus Vernon, to avoid above all things any entanglement with him until something more can be ascertained as to his real character, and to withdraw yourself awhile from his influence until your mind becomes less dazzled, less bewildered."

A deep sigh and fast flowing tears were Virginia's only replies for some minutes; at length she said; "you are unreasonable, Margaret, and abuse your power over me."

"I have no power, dear Virginia, but what affection and reason can give."

Virginia perceived by Margaret's look and tone that she was hurt and grieved at what she herself had said, and with a sudden reaction of feeling she threw her arms around her sister's neck. "Forgive me, Margaret," she said, "have pity on me and for my sake at least try to do him justice."

"I do try, I will try every thing that I can for your happiness, for God knows it is dearer to me than my own, but try to compose yourself and tell me, I entreat you, whether you have committed yourself in any way to Augustus Vernon, whether you think he understands the nature of your feelings towards him?"

"Oh no, I hope not, I think not, surely you do not think I would permit him to discover them, unless he had made a declaration of love in words, indeed I hope he does not know all that you do."

"I trust not: then our care must be to prevent his making the discovery."

Just as Margaret had uttered these words she heard Augustus Vernon's voice in the parlor, enquiring of one of the servants if the young ladies were at home. Struck with dismay and vexation Margaret looked at Virginia as if to consider what had best be done.

"I will go and receive Mr. Vernon and tell him you are indisposed, Virginia, which I am sure will be no falsehood."

Virginia was bathing her eyes to efface all traces of the tears she had just been shedding, as Margaret said this, and she replied with hesitation, and embarrassment,

"But will it not appear strange? he will suspect something."

"No, that is impossible, I shall say with all the boldness and straight-forwardness of truth, which compels belief you know, that you have the headache and are not well enough to go out."

And without giving Virginia any farther time for doubt, closing the door hastily, Margaret went to receive Augustus Vernon, wishing earnestly that he was a thousand miles off. She found him standing in a graceful attitude, *fait a peindre*, arrayed with the utmost care, his curls becomingly arranged, and holding in his hand a large bouquet, intended to express quite as many tender and pretty sentiments as twenty love sonnets could do. The whole expression of his countenance changed from the air of bewitching tenderness he had assumed to one of blank disappointment when he perceived the unsentimental Margaret enter, instead of the fair Virginia.

He regretted Virginia's indisposition, and would have sent her many pretty messages, accompanying the bouquet, which he desired Margaret to give her sister, but there was a sort of dryness and coldness about her manner, though she was perfectly polite, which froze the sentiments on his lips before he could utter them, and they were both equally relieved from a burthensome *tete-a-tete* by the entrance of the party who had gone out on a fishing expedition in the morning.

F*****

A Lament on a Brother Deceased.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

I move by the heaving deep,
Alone,
When the winds awake from sleep,
To moan.

I gaze on its bosom blue
Afar,
Where mirror'd below I view
Each star.

From mine eye the heavy tears
I dry,
As I think on the happy years
Gone by.

For him of the fair young brow
I weep,
Who takes in the church-yard now
His sleep;

For he was the star above
Sun-bright,
That tinged with the light of love
My night.

Sadly I now must roam,
And sigh
For him, who has found a home
On high.

My tongue in the halls of mirth
Is mute,
And sad are thy notes on earth,
My lute.

A fiend o'er my bosom steals
Through air,
And his voice all wildly wails—
"Despair."

OF STYLE IN WRITING.

Fine artificial writers love to stuff their pages with high-flown figures of speech and gaudy flowers of rhetoric. They still carry on the tinsel manufacture in all its branches, they delight in the superlative and hyperbolical and ever affect the "'Ercles vein." They cannot describe an ordinary incident, a simple affair, without a flourish of trumpets. It might amuse a man of wit,—such as Dean Swift,—to strip some of these flowery productions of their superfluous ornaments; to sift this bushel of chaff and find how many grains of wheat it contains; to trim and razee the redundant, the epithetical, the turgid, and to expunge whatever seems only to weaken the sense. To make the thing the more palpable, the original and the corrected copy might be arranged vis-a-vis in parallel columns. Cervantes brings in the curate, the barber and the house-keeper, tossing Don Quixote's library—musty old tomes of enchantment and knight errantry, out at an upper window down into the court-yard, and making a bonfire of them. If all the books extant were collected, how many of them might deserve to share the same fate? And even of those that might escape with their lives,—how many, if they were made to pass through the ordeal of a just criticism, would emerge depleted, shrunken, emaciated skeletons, disembowelled ghosts, "lean anatomies," "remnants of themselves?" The Brobdignaggian folio would dwindle into a thin octavo, the corpulent quarto would awake in the form of a Lilliputian duodecimo. How many horse-cart loads of poems, histories, voyages and travels, romances, dramas, memoirs and novels, encyclopædias, pamphlets, abridgments and epitomes, short and easy ways, vade-mecums—what vast piles of newspapers and magazines and reviews would expire in this expurgatorial brush-heap?

Fine writers sacrifice simplicity to artifice and affectation, and endeavor to set off poverty of thought by a showy dress. Fond of hyperbole and disdaining the temperate zone, they must either congeal amid the snows of eternal winter or melt in the blaze of an equatorial sun. This extravagance defeats itself; the mind rejects such incessant draughts upon its credulity. Some writers affect a mystified style, counting plain English quite too vulgar for the sublimity of their ethereal spirits—they manufacture a sort of Mosaic dialect of their own only to be understood by the initiated and envelope themselves in a hazy veil of transcendental smoke. Their writings are apt to be like Egyptian hieroglyphics which need to be decyphered, and what has cost much pains in the unravelling often turns out to have deserved none.

Of style Milton says: "For me readers although I cannot say I am utterly unrestrained in those rules which best rhetoricians have written in any learned language, yet true eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth: and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know things and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others—when such a man would speak, his words, by what I can express, like so many nimble and airy servitors trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, and all aptly into their own places." Dr. Johnson advises him that would acquire a style elegant and smooth to give his days and his nights to the reading of Addison. The advice is good and quite disinterested, for his own style is the very reverse of Addison's. Dr. Franklin in improving his style found it a good exercise to read a number of the Spectator, shut the book and try how nearly he could imitate the original. Longinus suggests to a writer, when about to attempt a lofty flight, to conceive within himself how Homer, or some one of the master-spirits of the world would have expressed himself on such an occasion. So in the present day a writer might ask himself what would Milton or Pascal have said in this case. The difficulty is that in order to conceive what Homer or Milton would have said, it is necessary to have Homer or Milton's grasp of mind.

John Foster, in his inimitable essays, remarks: "False eloquence is like a false alarm of thunder, where a sober man that is not apt to startle at sounds looks out to see if it be not the rumbling of a cart." And again: "Eloquence resides in the thought and no words can make that eloquent which will not be so in the plainest that could possibly express the sense." The Latinized pedantry of style is well taken off by the licentious wit, Rabelais, where he makes the Paris student give an account of his religion: "I revere the olympicals; I latrially revere the supernal astripotent; I dilige and redame my proxims; I observe the decalogical precepts; and according to the facultatule of my vires I do not discede from them one breadth of an unquicule: nevertheless it is veriform that because Mammona doth not supergurgitate any thing in my locules, I am somewhat rare and lent to supererrogate the elemosynes to those egents that ostially queritate their stipe." Pantagruel to cure him of his Latin style caught him by the throat and so throttled him that he soon began to beg for mercy in his own tongue naturally. Rabelais adds that Octavian Augustus advises "to shun all strange words with as much care as

pilots of ships avoid the rocks of the sea." An artificial style is proof of the absence of feeling. A man who feels warmly has no time or inclination to cast about for fine words; the proper words come spontaneously. Children use a natural style and a fish-woman in a passion may exhibit a specimen of eloquence from which the cast-iron rhetorician might learn a lesson. Eloquence is but the voice of nature. To write well, one must be full of his subject and feel what he writes and write what he feels. The best English writers are fonder of using their own mother-tongue, the Anglo-Saxon, than the Roman. Dr. Gregory says: "In one of my early interviews with Mr. Hall [Robert Hall] I used the word 'felicity' three or four times in rather quick succession. He asked, "Why do you say 'felicity,' sir? 'Happiness' is a better word, more musical and genuine English coming from the Saxon." "Not more musical, I think sir." "Yes, more musical; and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen sir; 'My heart is smitten and withered like grass;' there's plaintive music. Listen again sir; 'Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice;' there's cheerful music." "Yes, but 'rejoice' is French." "True, but all the rest is Saxon; and 'rejoice' is almost out of tune with the other words .Listen again, 'Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling;' all Saxon, sir, except 'delivered.' I could think of the word 'tear,' sir, till I wept. Then again for another noble specimen and almost all good old Saxon English: 'Surely goodness and merey shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

Richard Sharp, in one of his letters, says, "I am convinced that in the gravest age! and in the sublimest passages the simple terms and the idioms of our language often add a grace beyond the reach of scholarship, inereasing rather than diminishing the elegance as well as the spirit of the diction. '*Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minùs timeremus.*'"

"He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak and to think as the wise think." In support of this opinion many of the examples often cited are amusing as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added—"Is there a God to swear by and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?" What becomes of the for ceand simplicity of this short sentence when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite and which little boys can construe? "Is there a God by whom to swear, is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?"

C. C.

CITY AND SALON.*

BY IK MARVEL.

Reports come in night after night from the Provinces. The Government discusses, with feverish anxiety, the political complexion of each new Representative. The quidnuncs talk with ardor; the Cafés are alive with conversationists. New names are bruited from mouth to mouth; and lineage, education, and political bias, are ferreted out with all the aids of registers and Provincial Journals. The Presse sends out its extras, bringing down intelligence to the latest moment.

The men of the *Ateliérs Nationaux*, gleeful with their easy-earned wages, are sauntering at their work in the Parc Monceau, or along the quays; and cry—long life to the Government that supplies us with home and bread!

But meantime commerce is sadly falling off; no strangers are now loitering about those elegant shops of Rue de la Paix for trinkets and bijoux; manufactories are closed; the railways, unable to complete their engagements for continuance of their lines, are taken in hand by the Government, whose resources between fête-giving, and labor payments, and equipment of *Garde Mobile*, are fast failing.

The projected plans of completing the Tuilleries, and extending the markets, loom over the heads of Exchequer men more and more gigantic. Railway shares are sadly down, and fluctuate hour by hour. The rich man of yesterday is poor to-day; and rich again to-morrow. The holders of houses are refusing payment of rents; and untenanted buildings can find neither lessees, nor buyers.

—A young man of easy fortune, in Paris world, has purchased, a week before the Revolution, at the date of his marriage, a Hotel, for which is to be paid the sum of 600,000 francs. Of this, one half remains secured upon the property. His creditor, straitened by the exigencies of the time, is compelled to foreclose the mortgage: the Hotel realizes, a week after the Revolution, 200,000 francs only, leaving the former rich possessor worse than bankrupt. Judge, if such worsted Bourgeois would fling up his cap for the Republic!

Wealthy families of St. Germain, finding their incomes reducing by a third, are curtailing expenses. Horses and carriages are sold at ruinous rates. Old diners at the Café de Paris now order humble meals of private restaurateurs. The Theatre, that sweetest of luxuries to a Parisian, is abjured. The employées of the Opera are deserting. Except upon free nights—another drain upon the failing treasury—the benches are never full.

* From an unpublished work, "The Battle Summer," now in Press.

Notwithstanding, Parisian Salons are not quiet nor dull. The new scenes, the approaching assembly, the clubs, the Briarian Journalism, the depth and interest of the questions at stake keep the public mind strung to its utmost tensity. Nor in the discussion of such topics does society lose that happy grace and ease without which Paris society would be no longer itself. A certain indescribable *bonhommie* and careless freedom yet throw their charms over the most serious of Salon talk.

—Madame P— has disposed of her equipage; she has even changed her quarters from the *premier* to the *entresol*; but she wears the same old air of cheerfulness; she disposes such jewels as remain with double effect; she pities her friend who, from fear or economy, is obliged to quit Paris—*la belle Ville*—even in its worst estate.

You enter her little salon of an evening;—an elegant little salon—though scarce ten feet above the street:—she is half-reclining upon a luxurious brocade-covered chair;—her dress is disposed with the same artless care that always belongs to a French lady's toilette; her white hand, set off with a lace ruffle, and ornamented by a single brilliant, lies carelessly upon the richly carved arm of fauteuil. She receives you, half rising, with a cheerful smile;—beckons you by a wave of the hand to a seat, and resumes, with the most unaffected good-humor and flow of wit, her previous talk.

She stops—she remembers that you, as a stranger, would be glad to know on what topic the conversation is drifting in these troublous times. She runs over in an instant the salient points of the discussion; by a half dozen effective, short sentences, full of color, of verve, and action, she throws the whole burden into your hands, and puzzles you for an expression of opinion while you are only admiring her address.

A tall, thin-faced Colonel is of the company—a Royalist in feeling, but serving now in Republican army. He has been educated to respect old-fashioned politicians; he has no faith in Arago or Cremieux; he sneers at Lamartine, and berates unmercifully the cowardly, truckling measures of the Provisional Power.

Another is a young employée in an important bureau of state;—quick, penetrating, overflowing with humor, he defends with the good nature, and warm abandon of youth, a system which is waking all the youthful blood in France. He would accept the Republic even with all its possible excesses, rather than be the slave of that system which by force of bribery, and corruption, and the dogmas of feudal habit and tradition,—denied to all talent its prestige, and to youthful France, its best and dearest hopes.

—What—says he—will you weigh lost property, or damaged commerce, or a little night-fear, against this new nobleness of excitation—this God-like effort for something better, purer, higher—by which intellect shall be quickened, new faculties developed, new sympathies awakened, and every old nation of Europe suddenly started into consciousness of those active, and present faculties, with which heaven has blessed them,—not for sloth, and unrest, but the most extended, possible development?

—You see—says Madame—glancing round at her humble entresol, with what sympathy my friends console me. But *allons, courage!* You must not, my dear Colonel, bear so hardly on our poet Lamartine.

—*Qu'il est bien, cet homme!*—murmurs the young man.

—It is the worst to say of him—continues Madame,—that he is unused to power. But what better prestige than this for a people with whom power is new? You cannot surely doubt his humanity, nor his generosity, nor his devotion; and for philosophy, what is better than that which springs out of the hour (a true French sentiment) tempered by adversity, and lighted with poetic ardor?

The topic changes as easily as words flow from a French-woman's lips.

—And you have seen the play of Geo. Sand,—*Le Roi attend;* and Mademoiselle —— is she not *gracieuse?* but *ma foi*, what audience! Poor Madame Dudevant! they say she is utterly disconsolate at Tours;—no wonder—so inspired by the change;—a Lelia, at last found a pure, and loving Stenio! But I forget, you have not been to the *spectacle*, since the unfortunate night of that terrible, chanting crowd,—*quelle horreur!*

—Yet how patiently, how earnestly they listened even to Corneille?

—And who would not, with such interpreter as Rachel?—noble in Elvira, but how like a ghost of the bloody past, in her white robe chanting that fearful Marseillaise!

—God save us—says an old lady in the corner—from those terrible Canaille!

—— Thus much, to give an idea of the tone, and change of the salon talk.

Madame P— is a quick, Parisian lady,—of more years by a dozen than you would credit her—whose judgment lies in her fancy; she is a true philosopher—meaning only life philosophy—because her philosophy consoles, and forgets.

The Colonel is a stiff, austere reader of the Débats newspaper: he is of highest Bourgeois; his friends among the bankers, and old noblesse.

The young man is of some school of St. Cyr, with cleverness and life;—some accident may give him position that will make him great; or kill him on some June barricade.

The old lady is nurtured in the faith of the old regime,—perhaps was one of the *suspecte* of Robespierre; with her, a Republic is a night-mare, and all people—*Canaille*.

LINES.

This morn through many a pleasing scene
  In sun and shade my course I held,
A weight of grief upon my heart,
  Which could not be dispelled.

In vain I sought to catch the joy
  Which seemed to move in leaf and flower,
The breeze "came to me" from the fields,
  But with no soothing power.

Birds filled the air with noisy songs,
  The squirrel leaped from bough to bough,
There was no cloud in Heaven to throw
  That shadow on my brow.

What secret influence was there,
  To guide my thoughts, dear Babe, to thee,
And give relief I could not find
  In Nature's kindly glee.

The stream that wandered by, might well
  An emblem of thy life impart,
But even its music failed to stir,
  The fancy in my heart.

That there are sweet similitudes
  I know, betwixt the flowers and thee,
Yet, while a thousand flowers were near,
  Not one occurred to me.

I only know, that unannounced
  Thy image glanced across my mind,
And like a transient sunbeam passed,
  But left no gloom behind.

AGLAUS.

THE POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

I now understood what a Poet was, namely one who could sing what he saw and felt.—*Hansen.*

The library at Ringwood is so small, that the writer is obliged to depend a good deal on his neighbors for mental entertainment. On a rainy day a short time since, a fair daughter of Eve was kind enough to send him a morceau in the Poems of Sir William Jones. His taste was never very oriental, for he has always liked a prairie better than a jungle, and a stout oak better than a banyan tree. But having nothing else to read he was reduced to the necessity of looking over the volume, for *Necessitas nullam habet legem.*

It is conceded that Sir William was a remarkable man. He was born in London in 1746, and died in Bengal, India, in 1794. His life was short, and his attainments were various and extraordinary, but so well known, that an allusion to them is scarcely necessary. Our remarks will not extend to his Life of Nadir Shah—his Persian Grammar, or Dictionary—his Sacontala—or his translation of the ordinances of Menu. We leave these to be investigated by others who possess larger means for purchasing costly works. Our design is simply to make a few remarks on the Poems of this distinguished jurist.

These Poems are for the most part versions of Eastern originals; but the translator states that he has taken considerable liberties with the authors themselves. He has filled up the outline, introduced new characters, and enlarged the plan on which the pieces were at first written. They are mere careless effusions, such as any man whose pursuits are grave and profound might produce in moments of relaxation from severe study, and were to the author what her leaves were to the Cumœan Sybil, as described by Virgil in the third book of the Æneid,

Nunquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
Nec revocare situs—aut jungere carmina curat.

The mind of Sir William Jones possessed a wonderful power of apprehending what others had discovered. He could follow on any path which pioneers had opened. His attainments were out of all proportion to his original mental power, and they resulted probably from his acquiring some one language profoundly—the rest being mastered almost without exertion and as a necessary consequence. We have ceased to wonder at this great orientalist, since Professor Lee of Cambridge has rivalled him—or since Dr. Carey, at Serampore, conquered twenty-seven dialects—and Ross, in Scotland, who was a mere youth when he died, could write seventeen tongues when he died. After all, the admirable Crichtons, we think, must doff their plumes before our Learned Blacksmith. An education in things is always more utilitarian than an education in words. We are not certain but that the acquirements of Sir William would have crushed the fine genius of Burns; nor could the swan of Avon have possibly borne their weight.

No friend of morals, however, can ever wantonly depreciate the Calcutta Judge, for he was a man of unblemished virtue. We cherish for his memory the warmest veneration. His designs were magnificent, and his ardor in oriental studies was worthy of all praise. He was not the first, however, who gave an Eastern direc-

tion to the human mind. Camoens, Tasso and Milton had preceded him in time; but their researches into Eastern objects were more poetical than learned. We do not suppose that Oliver Goldy was acquainted with Chinese when he wrote like a mandarin—or that Tom Moore was versed in the dialect of Cashmir when he wrote his Lalla Rookh. There is something in that East, which powerfully affects the imagination. Its very gorgeousness strikes the fancy. Its formal gardens—its tanks—its stuccoed cottages—its citron groves—its rare spices and rich perfumes—its cypress trees tasselled with blossoms wound about them—its scenes of indolent repose—its sequestered woods—its stupendous rivers and its barbaric gold, are not lost on persons of sensitive temperament. Among such objects Sir William spent ten years of his valuable life, dispensing British law among the Hindoos, founding learned societies, and occasionally paying homage to the Muses. Those pieces are the fruits of that reverential homage.

So late as 1772, pastoral poetry had not died out in England. Sir Philip Sidney had defended it, and Spenser, Pope and Gay had given specimens in this kind of composition. Sir William published his Arcadia before he left England for Calcutta, and he had before him pastorals written in Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish. This poem is founded on a brief allegory by Addison, which appeared in the thirty-second number of the Guardian. At least its imitator has turned it into an allegory, and, in our judgment, the turning has not at all improved it. Addison's plot was that Menalcas, a sort of king in Arcadia, and father of a very pretty daughter, whose name was Amaryllis, had received a pipe from Oberon on condition that no one was to obtain his daughter in marriage unless he could play the same tune on the pipe with which Menalcas had been amused by the fairy. On a given day Menalcas sat on a green hillock with Amaryllis by his side, when a band of youths appeared in various costumes to contend. This was a sensible plot, for any poet would be apt to compete for such a handsome woman. Thus in his Queen's Wake, the Ettrick Shepherd brings down all the Highland minstrels to Edinburgh, to please Mary Queen of Scots, upon making her entry into her Scottish capital. But when the pipe was won, the miniature story ought to have stopped, and the oaten reed should not have passed through a succession of pastoral poets; for mankind have long been tired of shepherds' songs. The complex passions must now be reached by tones more powerful than any brought out by Gessner's shell, or even that of Theocritus. Both Addison and Sir William ought to have known that the world had heard enough of Tityrus, Daphnis, and flocks and lutes.

The poem called "Seven Fountains" is in truth a beautiful allegory. It is drawn in part from the Persian poet Nezami, but Sir William states that he has taken unusual liberties with the original writer. It is a piece which ought to be not only read, but pondered by every youth in America—we should say in the world, were it not that our recommendation will not be apt to extend so far. This allegory has the usual accompaniments of all Eastern poetry—such as pearls, diamonds, gems, rubies, lilies, roses and a hundred other things; but the essence of the allegory is in its profound moral. We would analyse it, but we fear that the analysis might keep some one of our readers from procuring and reading it as it deserves to be read. It will touch the heart of any ingenuous youth and inspire him with disgust at that happiness which results from sensual pursuits, in contradistinction to that which flows from virtue.

Solima, written in 1768, has a moral quite obvious. It celebrates an Eastern princess who erected a caravansera for the entertainment of pilgrims. The moral is the same precisely as Pope inculcated in his Man of Ross, where he extols the benevolence of an old bachelor who lived on the Wye. Solima is a piece simply pleasing, and the next to it in order is Laura, an Elegy, translated from the two hundred and seventieth sonnet of Petrarch. For twenty-one years did Petrarch spin out verses about that Laura from the loom of his Cashmir imagination. We wonder he did not tire of his theme. It was a poor compliment to the female sex, that he could find no other woman near Avignon as winsome as Laura. The whole of this affair shews in Petrarch a mental weakness that is truly astonishing, and we are surprised that Lord Byron, instead of praising this passion, did not apply to it the whip of satire.

The rest of this volume consists of translations of Hafiz, Ferdusi and Mesihi, as well as other Persian and Turkish poets. The most of them are addressed to Hindoo gods and goddesses. They are excessively tedious. There is a good deal of splendor in the imagery employed: but from its sameness it cloys on the taste. We regret that Sir William did not keep more on English ground, for he has given us one or two sonnets, the scene of which is laid at Cardigan in Wales, and they are interesting; but the mind of their author had been so long in an Oriental mould, that even in them Eastern imagery has the preponderance. He believed in the identity to a great extent of English and Hindoo objects; but the same objects are affected by climate, association, and religion. If our author had kept to

Albion he would have been a more powerful poet. The woods of India may be more sparkling than those of England—its fruits may be more succulent—its rivers may be cast on a bolder scale; but there is something in English life that makes its way to the heart. No man can acquire much reputation as a mere translater. Pope's Homer has fallen into neglect. The same is true of Dryden's Virgil, though done with elegance; and Cowper's Odyssey, though he was true to the Greek costume. To gain reputation it is necessary that the translator should make a new work, and this is manifestly unjust to the original writer. In Wiffen's Tasso there is quite as much of Wiffen as of the Italian poet.

We deeply regret that Sir William Jones never carried out his design of writing an epic of which Britain was to be subject. He meditated such a design in the twenty-third year of his age, and the outline of his plan is contained in the volume we are examining. The world has seen but four or five Epics, and their Authors by universal consent, occupy the top of Parnassus. It must remain an undecided point, whether Sir William would have succeeded in this mental enterprise. The possibility is, that after establishing British law in India, that he anticipated retiring on a pension, and devoting the evening of his life to his epic, among the green woods of England, or the mountains of Wales. Accordingly to his outline, a Tyrian Prince, was to discover Britain some ages before the Christian era, and to pass, of course, among islands that lay between Tyre and Britain, and one can easily see what profound interest might have been awakened by the mind's being carried back to those dim ages and shadowy objects. We cannot see why the adventures of the Tyrian Prince might not have been as well wrought up as those of Ulysses, Æneas, Godfrey or Vasco de Gama.

The volume concludes with a pleasing Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations. This subject has excited considerable interest in England, and has been fully treated by Bishop Lowth, in a series of Lectures delivered at the University of Oxford. The object of the Bishop, however, is limited to the Poetry of the Sacred Writings, whilst that of Sir William extends to all sorts of Arabian, Persian and Hindoo bards. This distinguished orientalist believes that Arabia, the Happy, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of North Latitude, to be the true field of Pastoral Poetry. He prefers it to the celebrated vale of Cashmir in the North of Hindostan. Its serene skies—the simple manners which prevail among its tribes—their independence and love of liberty—its gardens—its caravans and merchandise—its spice trees—its odors—its nightingales—its camels—its tents, entitle it to this distinction. The same is true, to a great extent, of Persia and India, but it is probable that English associations will in all time to come, affect the Muses of the Ganges and the Burrampooter. Their imagery may be less glaring, and their sobriety may be promoted by the mixture which will take place of the English language with the Eastern dialects. The East India Company obtained a footing in India, in achieving which many questionable deeds were enacted, and at one time Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, were regarded with horror. But the British power has destroyed some of the most repulsive customs which prevailed among the Hindoos. Many distinguished men have labored among the semi-barbarians of the British possessions, among whom Lord Wellington, Lord Teignmouth, Sir James McIntosh, Dr. Carey, Sir Stamford Raffles, Leyden and many others might be mentioned. The accomplished Bishop Heber found there a grave. That country has enriched England, and England may be of service to her slaves, but we hope that an emancipation may take place at no distant day, and that the course of human events may roll on a national freedom for all the colonial islands of England, and especially for any territory she may have acquired by unjust conquest.

Ringwood, Virginia.

SONG.

Translated from the German of Friedrich Matthisson.

I think of thee
When the nightingale's song,
Thro' the murmuring trees,
Is borne on the breath
Of the soft summer breeze—
When dost thou think of me?

I think of thee
In the twilight's dim shade
By the green fountain's side—
As I gaze on the star-beams
That dance in its tide—
Where dost thou think of me?

I think of thee
With a wild thrill of bliss—
Thro' the depth of my heart—
And tears that seem sweeter
Than smiles, as they start—
How dost thou think of me?

Oh! think of me—
Till our souls having winged
Their bright passage afar—
Shall mingle once more
In a holier star—
While on earth, tho' a wand'rer,
By land and by sea—
Ever—I'll think of thee. P. H. H.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1849, *by John R. Thompson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.*]

THE CHEVALIER MERLIN.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughtered army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had passed to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name."

Byron.

We left King Charles under an oak on the evening of the day of Pultowa. Noises of the evening penetrated to the desolate bivouac as the night, illumined by a July moon, deepened. The Calmucks of the Czar and the banditti of Moldavia were traversing the plains, unwearied from a battle in which they had taken scarcely more part than vultures take in the slaughter which spreads a bloody feast for them. The forest hid, with its wilderness of summer leaves, the little band of fugitives. The enemy came and went on the plain without making an effort to penetrate the concealing shadows.

Mazeppa, more wakeful than his companions, spent a great part of the night in meditation upon his ruined fortunes and in listening to the various sounds which broke upon the stillness of the sombre solitude. An owl, with a cry like the wail of a woman, wandered from one part of the dusky woodland to another. The wakeful old man once saw the melancholy bird, beating its wings amongst the burnished leaves at the summit of a majestic chesnut tree which out-towered its comrades into the yellow light. Wolves were howling, and three or four of them, each animal squatting on his haunches with head erect, were visible in a little glade which, wet with dew and silvered by the moon, looked like a winding stream with a white and glistening surface. The noises of the hostile lancers were not sounds of so boding or dispiriting a character as these night-cries of the tenants of the wilderness. But at last a morning bird—a feldfare or some other sweet singer—flew to a tree-top and began a flourish of jubilant music. Then the Hetman knew that grey streaks were in the east, although invisible to him. He rose from the ground and, shaking himself like a dog roused from his kennel, went to the king's side. Charles was in that disturbed sleep which does not refresh the sleeper. The beams of the paling moon fell upon his face, making it appear ghastly; at times a low moan issued from his motionless lips. Then Mazeppa made a circuit of the sleeping band. The sentinels were asleep with the rest. The horses, accustomed by this time to the howling of the wolves, grazed and browsed, grinding the succulent food with lazy jaws, but stopping even that languid labour to stare at the moving figure of the Hetman. The enemy were no longer heard. With a shrill whistle the old man changed in a moment the whole scene. The sleepers were staggering to their feet. The forest became alive with their moving forms.

The fugitives were in a short time ready to continue their flight. King Charles, more ill than ever, was once more lifted to the saddle. Poniatowski took post on his right hand, Merlin on his left. Mazeppa assumed the lead, and the band left the wood, directing its course toward the mouth of the Vorska. The open country was gained before the broad light of day had wholly driven the shadows from it. The hillocks were spotted with black on their western sides. The moon and planets were still visible, as white as plates of silver in the sky now swiftly changing its colours. Between the unhappy men and the glimmering planets, the air was alive with rustling wings and harsh croakings. Vultures were passing in black streams. They were going to Pultowa.

North of west, four leagues distant, were the hills in the angle of the rivers. To these hills the fugitives pricked rapidly on. By an hour's travel the top of one of them was gained, and a scene which for a moment inspired hope burst on the view of the band. The colours of Sweden were flying in and around a village—the little town of Perwolocna—and a substantial remnant of the Swedish force was visible, ranked and in array for action. The foe, whom they were prepared to receive, was also visible, but only at points widely separated by the concealing hills which rose, round and isolated, like tents of some Titan army. Trumpets were sounding lustily from the advancing battalions of the victorious enemy; no instrument of martial music replied from the Swedish ranks. Instead, a hymn went up from them—a hymn stern and solemn.

Merlin said to one near him: "The hymn sounds like that grand but melancholy music which we have heard on our northern coasts when the sea beats roughly upon them."

"Yea," answered the stout soldier, seizing upon the thought of home—"the music of our northern seas is pleasant to hear. Our wives and our little children are listening to it. Sir, we will never hear it again."

The band of the king presently descended at full gallop from the top of the hill to unite with their comrades. It was Lewenhaupt who held the village of Perwolocna. He had maintained a small unbroken force in the reverses of Pultowa, had fallen back on the baggage, where his force became a nucleus for fugitives, and swelled soon to ten thousand men. He had retreated, fighting for many leagues of the way, to the Boristhenes, on the banks of which he now stood, doubting between surrender and a battle of despair.

When the Swedes saw their king whom they supposed to be dead, they expressed their joy in gallant shouts. But the fury of joy was short-lived. Charles was nearly insensible. Instead of a hero, exalted in his proud courage by disaster, and ready to lead his desperate host in the final struggle of brave hearts, the Swedes saw but a sick man whose visage betrayed scarcely a consciousness of the presence of those about him. The hopes, excited by his coming, fell therefore as suddenly as they sprang up. But the love and care of his veterans did not give way for a moment to selfish distresses. A boat was found, and Charles and two or three of his attendants were placed in it with an old calash, procured in the village, a small stock of provisions, and several boxes of treasure which Lewenhaupt had rescued from the baggage. Poniatowski plunged on horseback into the deep and rapid stream. Others followed, Merlin and Caputsch amongst them. Mazeppa passed in the boat with the king. The crazy barque, yielding to the current and struck by a sudden wind, was near foundering. The Hetman threw over board the greater part of the treasure. The opposite bank was at length gained. Many horsemen were lost in this passage of the Boristhenes; and for a time the air was filled with the cries of drowning steeds. All who attempted the passage on foot perished. When the survivors had won their way across, they gathered about the king, numbering now, by additions from the force of Lewenhaupt, a thousand men. Charles was placed in the calash—Count Horn, one of his generals, fainting from wounds, shared it with him—and the thousand Swedes, lashing their horses, continued to fly into the desert.

Lewenhaupt, with an army suffering for want of food, destitute of powder, deserted by its king, surrendered to Prince Menzikoff, the pastry-cook. There were incidents of this surrender worthy of being remembered. A Swedish colonel* observing the Muscovites approach, advanced with a single battalion to meet them, preferring an honorable death to the disgrace of a surrender. Lewenhaupt over-ruled this despairing self-sacrifice. Two captains of the same brave regiment stood side by side on the edge of the Boristhenes and shot each other through the head.

With the surrender of Lewenhaupt the magnificent host with which Charles had passed the Russian borders, no longer existed in any available remnant—save the thousand horsemen who fled toward the Turkish frontier, and some scattered parties which the lancers of the Czar were pursuing in other directions—some toward the Desna others toward the Don—all were dead or slaves. So conclusive had proved the disastrous battle of Pultowa.

Peter the Great upon finding the work thus accomplished, wrote the following cheerful words of self-approbation and laudation in his diary. "Thus hath an incomparable great victory been achieved by the prudent and gallant conduct of his majesty, the Czar, who hath been approved a true and great captain."

As the conqueror wrote, his defeated rival was craving a little water to moisten his parched lips. Let us rejoin the flying king in the desert.

The sinking sun was nearing the horizon, which was but the flat line of an immeasurable plain. The feeble grasses of this plain were parched away by the summer heat until the sands of an Arabian waste could wear no more desolate aspect. The descending orb filled the west like a conflagration. Its hot splendours streamed over the vast reach of sands with a white and tremulous glare. The vision of an eagle must have failed before a lustre so intense. A breeze had sprung up with the decline of the sun, but, instead of refreshing, it filled the air with a fiery dust which nearly stifled man and horse. A journey of twenty leagues, without a drop of water, over a sandy desert, under a raging sun-heat, had been accomplished by King Charles and his party since leaving the Boristhenes. Now water only could save life—water of which on the vast levels not a trace could be seen.

"Better would it have been had we died like brave men on the field of battle," said Merlin who had placed himself at Mazeppa's side. "My vitals are burning. These blasts of wind are like the breath of hell."

"Your northern natures," the Hetman answered, "are easily overcome by these trials. A hardy man should be able to endure thirst in the mouth of a furnace for one day. But truly water must be found or the horses will die, and then we shall be eagles without wings."

Caputsch was engaged, as Mazeppa spoke, in controlling some freaks of his little Tartar. The restless struggle of the horse made a rare clatter of the various goods which the boy had heaped on his back, and the noise drew the attention of

*Colonel Troutefette.

the Hetman. After watching the conduct of the horse for a minute the old man said:

"The courser looks out over the sands, and whinnies, and spreads his nostrils. The robbers of Budziac are familiar with this region, and Osbeck has often traversed it. The horse perhaps remembers some spring of water. Give him a free rein, child."

Caputsch did this, and the Tartar horse at once wheeled and set off at a brisk pace in a direction materially divergent from the course of the band. Mazeppa dispatched several Cossacks to follow the boy. These seekers of water disappeared in the distance. They were absent so long that the eyes which were strained to see them return began to be hindered by the dusky twilight. But then with a joyous halloo the little party came back at full speed to rejoin the main body. Water had been found. The horse of Caputsch had gone straight to it. It was abundant. A number of desert springs bubbling up through the sands made the head of what, in a different soil, would have been a considerable brook. As it was the soil soon arrested the flow, leaving instead of a continuous stream only a long narrow lagoon, edged broadly with coarse grasses and shrubs, and spotted over its surface with the white flowers of the water-lily.

The night was passed near this pool. Its grasses and shrubs vanished before the devouring horses. Bread for the men had been procured at Perwolocna. Refreshed by food and water, the remnant of the great army slept on the desolate plain—its prostrate forms as motionless as the overthrown columns of some old lost city whose site the desert winds have nearly buried. Day broke. New hearts beat in the bosoms of the brave Swedes. The blue eye of their king had regained its clear courage.

For five days this ride was continued over burning sands and under brassy skies, and then King Charles, sufficiently restored to be able to direct his band, reached the banks of the Bogh—the ancient Hypanis. The Calmucks had been dogging his steps for the last three days. They were swarming in his rear at a safe distance as he reached the river opposite to Oczakow, a Turkish frontier town. The inhabitants of Oczakow refused to furnish boats to the wanderers, whose dress and language were strange to them, until their governor issued the order. The wise Waywode debated the question with Turkish sobriety, and finally waived a decision, submitting the question to his superior, the Seraskier of the province, who resided at Bender in Besarabia. King Charles was in no case to await the decision. His enemies came on with a fury quickened by the prospect of quite losing the pleasures of massacre and plunder. He sent a few swimmers, with swords between their teeth, to the Turkish bank to seize boats. This measure was successful. The Swedish force began, by small parties, to cross the river. Other boats were seized, and the transportation went on more speedily. As it advanced, the Calmucks, gathering courage, and concentrating their force, made many dashes upon the lingering fugitives, whose numbers were fast reduced, as boat after boat received its load, and was pushed off for the farther bank. These onsets became presently a steady battle, waged with fury by the Tartars and met with the faltering resistance of men who fight in the act of flight. Merlin remained with the rear, engaged in a contest which, every moment, became more critical. He had despatched Caputsch in one of the boats. The rear had become the post of strong men. The Calmuck numbers seemed to grow. Their audacity increased. They were soon interspersed, on foot, with the Swedish horseman, clogging the necks and very limbs of the steeds with their sinewy arms.

The Norwegian giant, panting from the slaughter, his sweeping sword pouring its blood over his gauntlet, his dress discoloured and rent, plunged his way to the water-side. His comrades were pressing in confusion into the boats, their crowds hemmed in, driven, and penetrated by the enemy whose knives were ripping out the bowels of the war-horses, and severing the wrists of the oarsmen.

On the Turkish bank, those who had escaped were gathered, looking back to watch the fate of their comrades, and shouting counsel or hope to them. King Charles did not witness the scene. He had in fact entered Oczakow, giving no heed to the despised foe whom he deemed hardly bold enough to come into close contact with his iron Swedes.

As Merlin plunged his way to the water-side, he felt the slim Tartar arms binding him like cords. Galba struggled like a lion when the nets of the Nubian hunters begin to master him. His yerking heels were clogged with the clinging foe; the reins, which sword-stroke after sword-stroke had freed, were again clutched by numberless hands. The gallant horse, rearing, dragged up the enemies at his head; then he reeled, and fell on one side. As he went down the Tartars swarmed over him and his giant rider. With a furious struggle the good horse rose, but riderless. He shook off the crowd whose clutches were now directed to his master, and then, with a snort and a magnificent dash onward, took to the water at a long bound. As he clove the surface of the Bogh, a wild wail came from the Turkish shore. It issued from the lips of Caputsch, who stood

ringing his hands as the war-horse swam the river.

Of the thousand men who had escaped as far as the Bogh, five hundred were either slain or made prisoners by the Calmucks. Soon after this disastrous conclusion had been witnessed from the town, an answer to the message of the governor of Oczakow came from the Seraskier at Bender. The hospitable Seraskier commanded honours and protection to be extended to the great guest of the Sultan, the most renowned of infidels, the wandering Lion of the North. Then the tardy governor, with tears in his eyes, besought pardon for a delay which had proved fatal to so large a part of the king's band; and Charles, coupling the condescension with a reprimand as haughty as he would have used to one of his own subjects, granted it.

The Seraskier sent an Aga to compliment the royal guest, and proffer to him a magnificent tent, provisions, baggage wagons, officers and attendants, and a reception at Bender befitting his grandeur and renown. Then to Bender King Charles passed on.

Just before the renewed march was begun, Caputsch came to Grothusen who had with the rest escaped from Pultowa. To Grothusen Caputsch entrusted the mails containing the valuable goods of the dead or captive Norwegian, amongst the rest that girdle of the Countess of Konigsmark. Galba was placed in the stud of the king which the generosity of the Turks had reëstablished by a gift of sumptuously caparisoned Arabians. Having thus stripped himself for hardy adventure, the faithful boy left the Swedes as they were in the bustle of departure from Oczakow. He was seen to recross the river in a boat, and then to gallop away on his swift little courser.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

"In this dismall battell where so many did what men could doe, and when they could doe no more, left there their bodies in testimonie of their mindes; Smith, among slaughtered dead bodies, and many gasping souls, lay groaning with toile and wounds, till being found by the Pillagers alive, and the richness of his armor and habit perceived, it was accounted that his ransome might be better to them than his death, and he was led away prisoner with many others. In Axopolis they were all sold for slaves like beasts in a market-place."—*Captaine John Smith.*

The King of Sweden, conducted with all honour, passed on, through the region once called the Wilderness of Gatæ, to Bender. Coming to that town, instead of entering it, he chose to encamp in its environs. The Seraskier, Jussuf Pacha, caused a magnificent pavilion to be erected for him, and tents were likewise provided for his retinue.

Thus began that extraordinary residence of Charles the Twelfth in the dominions of the Grand Seignior, which continued for so long a time, and which filled Europe with comment and wonder.

This book would never come to an end, if I undertook to chronicle the daily life of the expatriated Swedes, and their companions of different countries, condemned by the obstinate caprice of Charles to remain at Bender. Indeed years were passed in nothing more interesting than quiet intrigues, having for their end the implication of the Sultan in the projects, stubbornly cherished, of retribution against the Czar. Moreover, the Chevalier Merlin, passages in whose life it is my business to recount, fell as we have seen into the hands of the Calmucks, and for two years nothing was heard of him at Bender. Let us pass at once then to the month of June, 1711, contenting ourselves with such a review of the outlines of the two lost years as we shall find the Chevalier Merlin, when we rejoin him, extracting from one who had shared the society and joined in the schemes of the vanquished monarch.

On the first of June, of the year to which we pass on, a French gentleman, the Count of Villonque, who inflamed with admiration of the King of Sweden, had left Picardy and gone to Besarabia to enlist in his service, and who now was engaged in the intrigues at Constantinople, stood under one of the outer arcades of a bezestein, or bazaar of that sea-pierced city. The Count Villonque was a tall person of slight figure. The pinched length of his aquiline nose, his thin cheeks, a certain querulous melancholy in his eyes, gave one to understand that his life had been a struggle between want and the sensitive pride of a poor gentleman. This inference was just now repelled by a costly and splendidly embroidered cloak, which, in spite of the summer weather, he wore drawn closely about him. To be sure when once a puff of wind trifled with the skirts of the splendid cloak, an under dress by no means so fine or so well preserved, might have been seen for a moment; but there were no eyes on the watch. The wise-browed Turks, in the neighbouring stalls, sitting with legs crossed under them, were not inquisitive spectators.

The scene upon which the Frenchman looked was one well worth lingering upon. The bazaar, a square building crowned with many hundred low domes, and internally a labyrinth of arcades, occupied an elevated situation near the summit of one of the city's seven hills; and from its eastern front, where the Frank stood, the eye mastered a broad and fair view. Walled palaces and

villas, with hanging flower gardens and dark green cypress groves covered the Asiatic hills beyond the Bosphorus. The tiled tops of the low houses near the bazaar did not hinder the vision in taking in this scene; but it was masked and pierced by many domes and minarets of which thousands towered up from the slopes of the beautiful city. The town of Galata, lying low on the water-side beyond the harbour—the famous Golden Horn which gores the European side of the strait separating the European suburb Galata from the mother city—was nearly concealed by the far spreading towers of the Seraglio; but the Christian town, Pera, with its brown and dusky buildings, lay more fully in view on the swelling ground behind and above Galata. There were spaces of the bright surface of the Golden Horn likewise visible; the shadows of towers, domes and minarets were beginning to reach far over them, for the setting sun that flashed on the sea of Marmora and gilded the Castle of the Seven Towers, was fast withdrawing his light from the eastern harbour. Over such shadow-traversed spaces of visible water, gilded boats passing with the light speed of the gondola appeared, and the heavier galliots came and went, flanked with silvery showers from the sweep of their long oars. Sails dotted the stretch of the Bosphorus, visible like a Rhine, peaceful between wooded-hills, far away toward the Euxine, and some were seen, by glimpses, sweeping around the point of Galata, to be presently lost under the walls of the Seraglio. Through the luminous atmosphere which hung over the famous city, over the blue waters, over the hills covered with palaces, hanging gardens, and green groves, troops of the Jacobine, that beautiful tufted pigeon, were careering, now darting off to Asia to circle above the town of caravans and cemeteries, Scutari, now coming back on swift wings to Europe. A breeze from the Euxine fluttered the leafy crowns of the hills, disturbed at moments the ranks of the beautiful birds, and made white ripples on the surface of the Bosphorus. As Monsieur Villonque stood in contemplation of this scene, which gained beauty as the day waned, a boy strangely habited in a mixed costume appeared near at hand. The movements of the grotesquely clad little figure interrupted the repose of the grave Turks of the bezestein. The turbaned stall-holders—armourers, grocers, pipe-makers, jewellers, shawl merchants, librarians,—greeted its approach, and a certain nosing and timid quest which it made amongst them, pretty much as a parcel of sober old poultry might salute a weasel stealing under their perch. The sharp monosyllables and disturbed looks of the Turks seemed to repel the boy. But in the next moment he fastened his keen eyes upon the Frank. His stare, no doubt, filled him with satisfaction, for he approached Monsieur Villonque nimbly, and seizing one of the hands that guarded the folds of the cloak, burst into a jargon of languages, Swedish, French and German. The Frenchman endeavored to calm the loquacious little stranger, and demanded what he wanted.

"Oh thanks to the Good God!" cried the boy with scarcely more composure, "Monsieur is a Christian gentleman—Monsieur will be a blessed sight to the eyes of my unfortunate master—not unfortunate, however, as I have now found Monsieur. It is the noble cavalier—the greatest man of them all—that has lived to get back again, and is now there on deck. Do you see the cavalier? Come this way three steps. You observe him there through the opening, walking up and down like a ghost. I think you cannot see him after all; it is so far, and two or three rows of houses are in the way, but he is there. Well, Monsieur, the infernal dog of a captain demands that my master will pay him; the sum is thirty crowns; for bringing us a great distance. We proposed that he should rely upon our honour for payment of the crowns when we could get them, but the Galliongi went on smoking and said nothing. It is impossible to argue with men who say nothing. At last it was arranged that I should come on shore and get the crowns. Thank God, I have found them, Monsieur."

"Who is your master, boy, that I should pay thirty crowns for him?" said Villonque.

"He belongs," answered the lad, "to the family of the unfortunate. Is that not enough to say to a Christian gentleman? But, Monsieur, it is the Chevalier Merlin, one of the brave soldiers of the Hero of the North—the Chevalier Merlin—that is to say Major Merlin Brand, who fought at Pultowa, and traversed the desert, and was dragged from his horse on the banks of the Bogh, before that melancholy town, Oczakow, and carried off by the Tartars. I am Caputsch his servant—but that is nothing. If you are not a wolf, Monsieur, but have a Christian generosity, pay the thirty crowns."

Tightening his cloak about him with a jealous care, the Frenchman set off at once for the Golden Horn, Caputsch leading the way at a brisk trot.

In an hour's time our lost friend, the Chevalier Merlin, stood once more on firm land, redeemed from the hands of Tartar and Turk. He was a rude enough figure as he drew up to the full of his extraordinary height, and planted his footing unsteadied by a long voyage on the Euxine. His dragoon boots were substituted by rough buskins of goat-skin. A surcoat of buff entirely robbed of its embroidery did not hide the condition of

the garments beneath it, to which the concealed under apparel of Monsieur Villonque must in comparison have been splendour itself. Instead of the round hat of the Turks, or the casque of the cuirassier, the curls of his auburn hair, now streaming shaggy and wild to his shoulders, were crowned with a yellow Tartar cap. Still at his side, contrasting with the poverty and enhancing the singularity of his apparel, was the good sword, the gift of Augustus of Saxony, with the jewelled hilt, and sheath inlaid with flowers of gold and silver.

The returned captive was presently conducted by Villonque to the house of Fonseca, a Portuguese Jew, physician of the Seraglio, who had long been employed in the intrigues of the king of Sweden at the court of the Sultan. Funds of the king were devoted to his use; six christian tailors, in Pera, were put to the labour of producing by the next morning a suit to substitute for the rags of his captivity. Meantime the Frenchman and Norwegian spent the earliest hours of the night in conversation. Merlin was in the humour rather to gain information upon public affairs than to tell the story of his personal adventures. The courteous Frenchman soon made this discovery.

"Sir," he said in the opening of their dialogue, "your name and worth are not new to me, although we meet to-day for the first time. You have not been wholly forgotten by your friends at Bender. From what point, monsieur, have you now come?"

"From beyond Astrachan—from the region north of the Caspian."

"Astrachan!" mused the Frenchman innocently. "That city lies at a prodigious distance. What took you so far as Astrachan?"

Merlin answered in the style of Johnson the Englishman to Don Juan, in the slave market:—

"Twelve Tartars and a drag chain." He then added: "But, count, I am burning to have many questions concerning affairs of a broader interest answered."

Villonque at once yielded his curiosity, and expressed his readiness to be questioned.

"Tell me then, monsieur," said Merlin, "what chanced immediately after the fatal skirmish on the banks of the Bogh."

"The King of Sweden went to Bender," Villonque replied. "As you know, he is still there."

"Yes: I knew so much. Is it as a constrained fugitive, or as an honoured guest that he resides in the dominion of the Turk?"

Villonque smiled as he answered:

"Mehemet Pacha of Bender, gave his majesty a noble welcome; the Grand Seignior, after a generous custom of the Turks, supplied provisions and daily purses to him. This generosity has been continued. The position of his majesty is therefore that of a welcome guest; but nevertheless the Turk would give a province to be rid of us, and but for the magnificent honour of this unbelieving people, we should long ago have been chased over their borders."

Merlin then asked that question which the world was asking: "Why has the King of Sweden remained so long in the Turkish dominions?" He added: "A leader of free companions might in such a time—all enterprise hindered to him—sigh for his native land. It is amazing that a great monarch should leave his throne empty and consent to spend years in strange lands without the least opening for high action."

Villonque moved his shoulders with the Gallic shrug as he replied:

"King Charles has remained at Bender to embroil the Sultan with the Czar. If that is not a good reason it is yet the best. And possibly, monsieur, two circumstances give proof that his course has not been altogether unwise. In the first place his majesty's enemies have been greatly alarmed by it, and much desire his return to Sweden. The Czar furiously desires it; and all Germany promises peals of bells and illuminated towns to celebrate his passage. Courses which our enemies wish us to change cannot be altogether unwise. Then, in the second place, his majesty's great purpose, that for which he has lived this strange exile life, seems to be on the point of successful accomplishment. The vizier, Mehemet Batagli, as you have already learned since your landing, is in motion with three hundred thousand men, to make war upon the Czar. In a few days we will witness the muster of this splendid host on the plain of Adrianople."

"Inform me, monsieur, concerning his majesty's affairs in the north."

"When the news of Pultowa reached Saxony, the Elector, Frederick Augustus, entered Poland avowing before God and man, what was doubtless the truth, that his former relinquishment of the throne of that country had been an enforced act and his oaths of surrender extorted. His casuists cleared his conscience upon those grounds, and he expelled King Stanislaus, and regained his crown. He continues to wear it. Denmark violated her treaties as promptly, and made a descent upon Sweden; but the Regency resisted that hostile movement with gallant energy. The battle of Helsinborgh was a rout and a slaughter to the Danes. Denmark has been passively hostile since then. The Czar has been more successful. He has clutched all Finland and Livonia."

"And can King Charles, remaining where he is, expect no assistance from Sweden?"

"A year ago, some messengers from Stockholm appeared at Bender. They informed his majesty that the peasants of Dalecarlia, upon hearing that their king was a prisoner amongst the Turks, had made a formal offer, to the Regency, to go at their own expense, to the number of twenty thousand men, to rescue him. The king received the news with emotion, but bade his faithful subjects remain at home. He seems to be under the influence of a proud reluctance to show himself to his subjects as a vanquished prince, needing aid from them."

"And how has his majesty passed the days of these inactive years? One whose life was once illustrious with victories must have found such repose irksome and most wearisome."

"It has not seemed to be so. At first there was the employment of building a town. Quite a town has grown up near Bender. When the work was finished, his majesty, quite recovered at length from that wound in the heel, which troubled him for so long a time, found employment in exercising his little army, and often tired three horses a day in this energetic amusement. Chess at other times gave him occupation. Also, my countryman, the Baron Fabricius, has induced him to read many noble books in that language which he refuses to speak; and it is possible to forget cares and weariness, even where they add weight to a crown, in the tragedies of Pierre Corneille and Racine. Finally, monsieur, there have been the negotiations with viziers, the overthrowing of viziers, the excitements of procuring money and squandering it, the labours of flattery and bribery. Where so many were to be dealt with—Mufti, Reis Effendi, Keoga Bey, Tefterdar, Ullma, and even the Eunuchs of the Seraglio—we could not be idle. I assure you these intrigues were exciting. His majesty felt them to be so, although personally aloof, and operating by his agents. That gentleman of true skill and a wide reach of intellect, Monsieur Poniatowski, has maintained the chief conduct of these affairs. I have aided him with an humble ability, which his majesty has been gracious enough to commend."

"You speak, sir, of the difficulty of procuring money. It is not possible that his majesty, the most renowned monarch on earth, is pinched by so base a want."

Villonque pointed to his dress, which the removal of his cloak now left exposed. It was thread-bare.

"The King of Sweden," he answered, "is of too imperial a nature to be in the least degree provident. We have procured money from France, and from every Jew lender in Stamboul. We are in better credit at present, but three months ago we were glad to procure ten sequins upon the promise to pay a hundred hereafter. The daily purse of five hundred crowns, which the Turks give his majesty, has saved us from bankruptcy. Grothusen is a treasurer of magnificent imagination. He squanders even more superbly than his royal master. I happened to be present on one occasion when Grothusen brought to his majesty an account, in three lines, of sixty thousand crowns expended. 'Ten thousand crowns'—so the account ran—'given to the Swedes and Janissaries by the generous orders of his majesty, and the rest spent by myself.' The king said, when he read it—'It is thus I would have my friends give in their accounts. Mullern would make me read whole pages for the sum of ten thousand livres. I like the laconic style of Grothusen better.' So you may understand, Monsieur, how it is that we are poor, and that my suit is thread-bare."

"But his majesty's followers should scarcely be in want, since, as you say, the sums squandered are in part, lavished in generous gifts to them."

"We receive in the first instance, but then the Janissaries at Bender, and the itching palms of our friends here, eventually get all. Grothusen borrows back his gifts to us that he may not want presents and bribes for them. Moreover, Monsieur, on several occasions of excessive necessity, the treasurer has condescended to borrow even our trifling articles of jewelry, to be sold to the Jews. And this reminds me of an incident, which by impressing your name on my memory, enabled me, to day, to recal you all the more readily when the little sprite, your servant, spoke to me of your captivity and return."

"What was the incident, Monsieur Villonque?"

"Amongst your goods, which your servant was said to have left in the hands of Grothusen, was a valuable girdle set with brilliants."

"Yes: there was such a girdle."

"Well: the girdle went with the rest to the Jews. A thousand rix-dollars which also belonged to you, Grothusen used. His majesty directed that you should be repaid fully if you were ever again found. I sold the girdle to a damnable extortioner for ten thousand crowns, but his majesty will compel you to receive its real value, fifty thousand crowns, when you are repaid."

"His majesty," Merlin replied, "may repay the rix-dollars, but not the price of the girdle. I lament its loss upon peculiar grounds. But we have many great cares, Monsieur, and little room amongst them for a trivial annoyance."

The Norwegian added:

"I have heard of the unhappy fate of my gallant companions who fell into the hands of the Czar after Pultowa; therefore I have not questioned you concerning them. They are scattered

in captivity from the mines of the north to the shores of the Caspian. To-morrow, as we travel, I will give you the story of my own captivity. As to those who escaped over the Bogh with his majesty, you have mentioned Poniatowski and Grothusen as at present engaged in the royal affairs. There are others of whom I wish you to speak. How fares it with Mazeppa the Hetman?"

"He lies ill at Bender. A singular fever has brought him by slow degrees to the edge of the grave—a fever as full of delusive imaginations as the calenture which destroys the mariner upon the seas of the south."

Merlin extended his inquiries until he perceived that the courtesy of Monsieur Villonque was contending at disadvantage with drowsiness. He then gave the Frenchman a respite, and soon, under the roof of Fonseca the Jew, renewed in his dreams the rocking of the Euxine.

Early on the next day, the Count Villonque, Merlin, and Caputsch, travelled behind fast coach horses over that level region, which, extending from the capital city to the rugged feet of the Balkan, enfolds Adrianople in its verdant waste.

IN AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES WOOD.

'Tis Autumn now—the shining hours
  Of bloom have passed away,
When all things breathed the breath of flowers,
  When every scene was gay;
When countless wild birds on the wing
  Still fluttered to the melody,
Sweet music of the voice of Spring—
  That woke them into joyous glee,
And sported on each airy bough,
Where sounded oft the evening vow,
In warblings that are silent now
  Around the greenwood tree.

The loveliest hues that flourished there
  Were those of buoyant Spring,
Which, full of grace, upon the air
  That fann'd her, she did fling—
They fell upon the leaves so gay,
  They crowned awhile the opening flowers,
Then, with the birds that flew away,
  Departed for elysian bowers;
And all that's left where they have been—
Of birds and flowers and leaves of green—
Draws deeper sadness o'er the scene
  To weigh the weary hours.

Though still enchanting hues are spread
  Along yon woody crest—
'Tis but to mind us of the dead—
  The Summer—gone to rest!
And well they serve, by zephyrs tossed
  That whisper of departed bloom,
To show how Nature loved the lost—
  To be the garlands of the tomb.

In dying memory let them wave
Around the calm, bright Summer's grave,
And rosy Spring's.—Ah, naught could save
  Even *her* from death and gloom!

Or, what though with her own sweet strains
  The lark, in quivering flight,
Uprises o'er the wavy plains,
  'Mid raptures of delight—
It is as if with sudden sweep
  An angel's music floated past,
And he that listened could but weep,
  That every tone might be the last—
And leave him to his earthly woe!
The lark has plumed her wings to go
Where scenes of fadeless verdure glow,
  Unswept by Winter's blast.

Or soon her song of happy cheer
  Shall hush—nor charm again,—
That Summer lives no longer here
  To keep alive the strain.
For mark you not how Autumn's tone
  Is swelling on the fitful gust?—
Her gaudy glories withering down,
  Even while we view them, to the dust!
Her ground is strew'd at every breath
With forms that tell the tale of death,—
With many a faded leaf that saith
  "I die—as all things must!"

As through the solitary wood
  The winds, with saddening moan,
Resound as if they loved to brood
  O'er life and beauty flown—
They seem to speak, while murmuring on,
  To flowers of still unfaded hue,
And verdant Summer leaves—a tone
  Which all the dead while living knew—
The doom from which there's nothing sheathed;
The latest breath that Summer breathed
Has taught them, while in beauty wreathed,
  That they must wither too!

And they shall soon be joined to those
  That fell in early bloom,
And none be near their last repose
  To smile away the gloom!
Yet ne'er more blest the dreamy dove
  Hath wooed her sleep's unconscious sway—
I would that all the friends I love
  Might sleep in death as calm as they!
And each fond form forever dwell
As purely bright in Memory's cell,
And thou be, Autumn! there to swell
  The requiem o'er their clay.

For aye, whenever thou dost come,
  What calm, sweet days are thine!
What mournful memories, never dumb,
  Their power to thee resign;—
What voices of departed years
  Thou wakest—that have slumbered on,
Unheard through long, bright Summer hours,
  Yet now resume their former tone.
For this I love thee, Autumn drear,
What though I greet thee with a tear;
'Tis joy to weep—when thou art here,
  To smile—when thou art gone.

Bolivar, Tenn.

LOVE'S WINTER.

Verily, from others' griefs are gendered sympathy and kindness;
Patience, humility, and faith, spring not seldom from thine own.—*Tupper.*

I.

"How in the wide world came it so?"

Now if Mrs. Nance had been conscious that in the very act of taking her eyes from her work and fixing them on the bright fire, and at the same time uttering this question of latitude, she was metamorphosing herself into a Sphynx; and that neither coals of fire, nor the andirons, nor even Mr. Nance, who sat opposite with his pipe, were derivatives from Œdipus, nor even resembled that individual in having swollen feet—we say had Mrs. N. been conscious of these things, she would no more have asked this question than she would have gone and thrown herself, like the *real* Sphynx, into the sea; which would scarcely have been more disturbing to the good woman than the ocean of uncertainty upon which she was now tossed. This we affirm from our knowledge of this lady's character.

To one who did not understand Mrs. Nance's peculiar design in asking such questions as this—which in truth was just no design at all,—the present interrogatory might appear inconsiderate. Did she not recollect that it had been a topic of conversation in the neighborhood for two months? Nay, that for a month past it had been an object of particular, incessant and careful investigation on the part of several maiden ladies of age and experience, whose insight into such matters had never, thank fortune, been questioned for an instant? How then, we ask, could she dream of obtaining satisfaction on that point, and at such a time; and more especially as Mr. Nance had just returned from his trip up the country, and had heard no item of the home news? We repeat, that if we did not know Mrs. N. we should think this inconsiderate of her. Mr. Nance must have thought so, from the celerity with which his mouth parted simultaneously with pipe and question—which was unusual.

"How came what so, my dear?"

"Why now just hear the man! Did you never hear of such a thing as Andy Eppen's being engaged to Melanie Tuck?"

"Yes," responded the whiff of smoke which issued from Mr. N's pipe.

"Well, and did you never hear of such a thing as Andy Eppen and Melanie's being married *next week*—yes, right here in the dead of winter when every thing 's freezing and nothing thawing!"

Mr. N. had obviously never heard of such a thing. The next whiff of smoke was speechless with astonishment, and that gentleman whistled it away as if he were rejecting the statement of his spouse.

"That can't *be*, sure enough," said he with fond incredulity.

"Ain't it though—read that." Here Mrs. Nance flung the affirmation in his face in the shape of an invitation card. The article fell on the floor and Nance stooped to recover it; he thereupon read it over—may be twice—then fell into a profound reverie. He might have remained so until the end of time—or at least until the wedding-day, had he not been interrupted by an untoward circumstance.

"See there!" exclaimed Mrs. Nance. "Lord love the man!"

Now the cause of this startling invocation was after this wise. In stooping to pick up the card, Mr. N's pipe had heaped coals of fire on the head of an unoffending crane, which had been standing knee-deep in the carpet ever since it had been a carpet, or at least until its feet had become immovably fastened in the water; either because they were too numb to be lifted, or until its ancles had become burthened to the anchoring point with feathers brought about by the action of the water, (vide PALEY on the Mechanism of Nature,) or else from real affection for the cloth, which was of the first water. Of all the tribe of Grallatous which were pictured upon the carpet, as if there had been a sort of Egyptian plague there, none was so unfortunate as this one, which had lost its cranium and part of its neck by fire from Nance's pipe; for the future compelling that niche of the carpet to go neck or nothing. Mrs. N. had never been a scold. So far from it she and William had gone on together for near thirty years, as she frequently reckoned from the age of her eldest son, now in the army, during which time nothing harsh or unfeeling had ever existed between them—we state this on the authority of Mrs. Nance; now and then, though even *that* scarcely—she might have been a little pettish and he a little sullen, but such feelings were not *fed* by either, and so found no *existence* between them. But to-night there was really unusual temptation to fretfulness for the good woman. In the first place Mrs. Nance liked to see things done right; but can the intelligent reader say that it was in accordance therewith for Andy Eppen to come and get married to a 'great favorite of her's' in the cold, gloomy, windy winter? In the second place Mrs. Nance was remarkable for her neatness and completeness withal; and it cannot be denied that the loss of the crane's head was a ruthless violation of both of these, Mrs. N's commendable predilections. In a moment of extreme trial she

exclaimed, "'Pon my word you're the stupidest man living; when pray did you see *me* do any thing so very careless as that is?"

"Just now when you threw this card a foot over my head on the floor!"

"See here, William, you'd better hush, or you'll make yourself out a regular fool."

"It'll all be o' staying with you if I am one."

Mrs. Nance was 'up'—bodily and mentally. Her eyes flashed—her faced flashed. She was on the point of venting her indignation in abuse. He was prepared for *this*; but it was more than he could stand to see her burst into tears and seat herself, as if her heart were broken—it was'nt in Nance to stand it.

Oh don't now," he said, very much discomfitted; "there's a precious, please now, I did'nt mean it, indeed I did'nt."

"Nor I either," sobbed Nan, "I didn't mean to get mad, William."

"Don't say that, Nan, you were right and I was all wrong."

"No—no, you were right and I was wrong."

"Well now, say we were both wrong, and say no more."

Mrs. Nance assented to the contract, and confirmed it by wiping her eyes.

"The fact is, William, I know there's something boding ill for Mel Tuck's marriage. Here this card has come in like an evil spirit, and caused a sad passing between you and I who were married on a bright, sweet spring day and so have always lived happy—have'n't we?"

Mrs. Nance spake thus triumphantly; as if by natural sequence the life were to derive its brightness and sweetness from the quantum of those qualities in the wedding day.

"It'll do no good or comfort to make folks trudge through snow and cold to see them married. Fine chance too for catching one's death. I should think they might put it off a little later if it were only to have a bunch of flowers in the bride's cake, or a bird to sing at the window."

"How came it so, I wonder?" said Mr. Nance.

"Just as if I didn't say the same thing half an hour ago?" laughed Mrs. Nance!

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II.

Very bleak and agitated was the wedding day. A day when nature had a cold in her head which made her very irritable indeed. The wind was in high glee; sometimes screaming a tune for dry leaves and dead limbs to dance by, slamming people's window shutters, and then again as if tired with farce, it would whirl up with something tragic by giving some inoffensive one a prostration, *à la Pecksniff*. And then when the company was in course of convergence at old Parson Tuck's it delighted to steal away this one's veil and that one's hat, and neglected not to dance a minuet or a reel with each one individually by way of pre-paid compensation for the lack of that amusement in the parsonage. Such was the very exceptionable emotion of the wind on this occasion, and the emotions of the company were proportionably pleasing as they bade him good night, for the time being, at the door, and came in the parlour to breath hard over the fire.

There was every thing to make the wedding that night at Parson Tuck's a very cheerful and a very blithe one. Both parties knew every body and were both universally known, and no one could be found in the whole parish who would be so perverse as to deny that it was a love match, and that Andy and Melanie suited each other to a T. Such a match in that day of mercenary marriages was a something both curious and lovely to behold, every body said.

Andy was evidently very happy indeed. It was a positive prodigy to see how he was in every corner of the room at one and the same time, as one might say. However great your infidelity in other things you could not help believing him happy as a king—and indeed much happier than said potentate in these days of dethronement—for his mouth, and eyes, and feet, and hands confirmed the thing in absolute credit. Melanie too was so happy that it reminded one of what the dove's joy might be when it found a green spot to rest upon. But Mel after the ceremony ran straight and threw her arms around her "dear Nan's" neck and kissed her. The good Mrs. Nance couldn't help, in her weakness, dropping a tear as she said "God bless you." Unfortunate tear! it quenched a good hour of ardent happiness in the lovely bride that evening. This was certainly very thoughtless in Mrs. Nance. And indeed now as we look upon the party assembled, and every thing glowing with bright reflections, the roaring fire and the chandeliere, and mirrors, no less than the laughing faces—all of which lit up the parsonage that night—we say as we look upon these things we are half inclined to suspect that Mrs. N. is a contrary-wise somebody, and that no one but her could see any thing in or about the festivities which was not radiating bright prospects, and that nothing short of suspicion could see any thing hovering about the amiable couple, *but* love. Who, pray, has taught us how to love, or whom, or when, or where, or why, or indeed to love at all? Why, every rake from Ovidius Naso to Henry Fielding. And who, pray, hath inculcated otherwise? Why, a very fair and love poetess who, from the misery of her heart, has fur-

nished a pleasing entertainment for social companies which do not recollect that in it the wail of a Lucretia and a Josephine were mingled with her own sigh. If the company had recalled this to-night as Melanie sang and played "Love Not" they would have stopped and shuddered as if it were the howling of the tempest outside. On the contrary one exclaimed: "Fine advice from Mrs. Eppen!" and another—"You can talk to us so *now!*" And all joined in the expression of admiration which very heartily ensued, for Mel sang and played delightfully, such was the uniform consent. By a strange fortuity some very temporal personage looked at his watch and discovered that it was after midnight. No one, when the fact was whispered about, had ever dreamed of such a thing, doubtless for the simple reason that no one had been asleep. Hereupon all the ladies kissed and went out into another room to put each others shawls and cloaks on, for from the miscellany of habits therein no one could hope to recover his own that night; it was unreasonable. The wind was at his old pranks again. He had obviously been peeping in at the key hole, and seen all the kissing of the bride with envy. So now he luxuriated in kissing the whole party on their noses, and eyes, and ears, for they had entirely muffled up their mouths. But we can't go home with all, so well just escort home our old acquaintances Mr. and Mrs. Nance. But indeed we are almost sorry we came; for to see Mrs. Nance set down crying by the fire and go to bed crying makes *us* feel like crying too from sympathy.

The good couple had been in bed about two hours. Mr. N. had been asleep about the same length of time, but his wife had been awake as long. All at once a loud and violent knocking was heard at the door. Mrs. N. immediately roused her husband, who got up and, lifting the window, found that it was clogged with the snow which was then falling fast.

"Who's that?" cried he.

"It's me—Hornet."

"Ah, Hornet—is that you, Hornet, wait *one* minute."

Mr. Nance went down quickly and opened the door: whereupon the wind seized the opportunity and blew out the candle; 'twas a night of blow-outs.

"You needn't have opened the door," said Hornet, and you needn't light the candle. Please, sir, I want help."

"Help? Hornet."

"Yes, sir, we're at a stand—father and all—clogged and can't find the way—quick, sir, quick."

Mr. Nance ran out and ordered his carryall—then went up stairs and dressed hastily, and at the same time told Mrs. N. that she must have a roaring fire for the folks that he would bring back with him. She was no less prompt than he; but bless Mrs. Nance how she *did* cry! She certainly intended washing her hands of all the guilt connected with a wedding on such a night, and that too in her tears. Every thing was very comfortable and tidy when Mr. and Mrs. Hornet and all the little Hornets, like so many of Grimaldi's blossoms stuck about in the snow, arrived in Mr. Nance's carryall; Mrs. N's. tears had ceased to flow, which was an additional comfort.

"This is dreadful weather, ma'am," said Mrs. Nance to Mrs. Hornet.

"Very bad indeed—especially for a wedding," replied that lady.

"*So* it is!" said every body.

Mrs. Nance accommodated every body very comfortably that night. No one in the borough could have done it better, if indeed as well as she. Next morning all who had been at the wedding got up late; when they *did* rise it was because the scraping of snow from all the steps in the neighborhood would not allow the inmates to sleep. There were likewise a great many late breakfasts next morning. And in many families things went on wrong all day long in consequence.

We must mention an exception to this however. At the Parsonage family prayers, and breakfast, and duties were resumed as usual in every respect. Andy and Mel had left with the five o'clock mail for a trip; according to a modern usage which implies that if man and wife can travel happily together in a stage coach or on a steam boat, they can do the like on the sea of matrimony.

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III.

It was in the very freshest of spring and the weather was as sweet and salubrious as it had been on Mr. Nance's wedding-day, when Andy Eppen and his wife returned to the Parsonage. Their trip had been a long one and a very pleasant one. They had a wedding dinner for them on the day after their return, at which there was another merry-making. Mrs. Nance could *not* complain now, for the mantle-piece and the table were hung with flowers until they fairly groaned and the birds fairly split their throats with singing. Both were fresh and cheerful, but no more so than the couple whose honor they served. It did Mrs. N's heart good to see how very happy Melanie Eppen was in her new relation. She

came over to pay her a call—did Mel—and told her all about her visit, what and whom she had seen, and never failed when an instance presented itself to speak enthusiastically of her husband's kindness and attention. All these minutiæ put Mrs. N. in a good humor which would have withstood the attacks of every snow storm or crane's head in the universe. Her tears had all been dried by the spring sunshine which, by the way, was the thing which the good lady took to more than any thing else on earth.

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It is sometimes a pleasure to the traveller to pause upon an eminence and glance back upon the way he has traversed. If it has been rugged and uneven it is sweet to look upon its smoothness in the distance; it almost makes us think we have not passed through as much as we had supposed. And then again there is a delight in discerning some shade when we have had rest, or a cool spring when we have found refreshments. The brightest blessings of life are those which are subjective.

Let us imagine ourselves, one and all, lifted ten years forward, from the wedding season to a green hillock in the course of time and look over those years as so many miles in the past journey of life. To *one* who looks upon it, the way has been far wearier and more rugged than she had anticipated, so much so that had each mile been ten it could not have been more tedious. That one is Melanie Eppen! She sees two bright spots on the way, one when she lived at the Parsonage before her father's death, the object of every one's love: the other the birth of her twins, two fair children, a girl and a boy. These have been thenceforth the sole relief to the shadow over her path; a shadow not of harshness or of insult, but of NEGLECT. Neglect! Shame on mankind that the word has not been blotted from the earth; that worst violation of human relations. Severity may be grateful, for it shows that our fault was unexpected and is felt; but action without censure or commendation is sure poison to the spirit. Is there a bosom under heaven in which blooms not something worthy; it is because the half-dimmed sun of apathy has hardened the once soft soil. The human heart is a flower (we hope the reader will not set us down at the simile as too sentimental) which yields no fragrance unless it be cultured or trampled on; And they who do it not unto the least are cast into outer darkness, where perchance their doom will be to spend the ages of eternity without one glance of pity from the hosts above or sympathy from their fellow-fallen!

"When God himself complained, it was that none regarded,
And indifference bowed to the rebuke. Thou gavest me no kiss when I came in."

We have said that Andy Eppen did not treat his wife harshly; indeed he was so respectful that Melanie was for a long time at a loss to find out whence the loneliness that shrouded her heart was; or why it was that she could not be lively as of you. The fact is, she had in her loving fancy clothed him with a depth of feeling which he did not possess. And now when there was his fine and interesting boy to meet him at the door and set upon his knee, he forgot the wife of his bosom in devotion to his son, until he was ashamed to turn again and bless her with his affection. Sometimes a shade of remorse would occur to Mr. Eppen when he saw his idolized little Andy playing with his little daughter whom he also loved dearly. We say sometimes his better genius would suggest such thoughts to him in the beginning of his coldness; thoughts of how it would do to rush forward and give vent to his feelings on the bosom of his wronged wife, asking forgiveness; but such thoughts made him sick almost, and he would rebuke their unmanliness by mixing in the scenes of busy life. These reflections however annoyed him so repeatedly that he had to set himself to find out something in her that would justify his coldness. At last he did, having a great deal of penetration, and was worried no more. But whilst Andy was happy in giving his whole heart to his son, with some of its feeling to his sweet little daughter, and little of its warmth to his wife, Melanie was obliged—poor thing! she thought so—to love all three. And when she felt sometimes that perhaps she did not care enough for any one of them, or dreamed that she had seen some one of her family in danger or distress, without tears or effort for their relief, she would start frighted, and would in her anguish pray God that her eyes might sooner be closed in death than that they should behold human suffering unweeping. Sometimes she would think that the fault was with her, that she was much worse than other women, and that her husband saw it, but felt much delicacy in telling her so, though he could not love her. Oh! how intense was the suffering and grief with which such moments and thoughts were fraught.

But there was one that silently noted all these things. Little Andy, though under ten years of age, saw with grief his mother's care, and set himself to find the cause. No one knew that whilst he was playing with his little sister his mind was running off upon some hastily dried

tear that he had seen fall from his mother's eyelid, and which to him was an ocean in which days of pleasure were drowned. And when he sat upon his father's knee and gaily talked and sang, oh! none dreamed of the thoughts which crowded upon little Andy's mind. Something whispered to him at length till it almost ran him crazy, that he had stolen his mama's love or that which was due her and that he should return it to her!

But we do not like to dwell upon these things, it is very painful. We shall remark an incident here, however, which took place one evening in the tenth year of Melanie's marriage. She had been sitting a long time alone, thinking over her circumstances, and had wept until her eyes were very red. It was the birth-day returned, of her twins; how could she but think?

"Where are the children—I've birth-day presents for them?" said Mr. Eppen entering.

"Mrs. Nance sent to ask me if they might come down there, she had a fruit cake to give them on their birth-day."

It was strange! Like the memory of a dark deed which cannot be undone, the old thought that Andy Eppen had rejected long since, recurred as he looked upon the sad expression of Melanie; the thought, we mean, of becoming once more her loving husband. It staggered him, and the only way in which he could recover was by uttering his first harsh intimation,

"I do believe you *try* to get the children out of my way!" he said.

Mel rose hastily and went from the room; she saw little Andy start back from the door as she hurried on to her chamber, there to weep as many tears as her good "dear Nan" did on the wedding night.

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IV.

"My dear Nan, have you heard the news?"

"Why bless me, William, what news have I to hear?" Mrs. Nance looked up.

"My dear, my dear, this is a bright and pretty day outside, but to some it is the darkest day that ever shone since the days of Moses' rod."

"Who are they, William?"

"Parsonage folks," making a hasty gesture over his shoulder, he continued thoughtfully.

"Ah yes! to them last night was drearier and windier than the wedding night."

"Good gracious! what's he at; why you talk in riddles, William."

"Why, didn't you know that little Andy was gone—not to be found!"

"Heaven help us! Not the little dear that was here yesterday evening—"

"The very same fine lad. He went off Heaven knows whither, Nan, and nothing's been heard of him. Nobody knows anything."

"Oh, dear—dear—the li-t-tle love!" Mrs. Nance was sobbing.

"And there's his father flying through and skirting the old woods for miles and m i les like madman, now leaping the fences or jumping a ditch and never stopping to do any thing but light a fire, and every now and then, Nan, he grits his teeth and says wildly something about 'trying to get the children out of his way?'"

"Oh! save us," sobbed Mrs. Nance.

"And then there's Melanie standing all night long at the window watching the lights and crying and praying for little Andy. You can't tell how it made my heart ache when she called to me as I was passing and asked me if they'd heard nothing yet, and I had to answer nothing!"

"Little Andy's gone—gone!" said the good woman.

"Oh yes he's gone—I fear forever—but yet I'm off to look after him."

"Yes, but William how came it so?" Mrs. N. was off her guard evidently.

"My wife, my *dear* wife, don't you know that question can never be answered in this house!" Thereupon Mr. Nance rushed from the room, leaving his good wife to her thoughts of stormy weddings and presentiments.

It would almost seem as if the last harsh word of Eppen to his wife, which has been recorded, were a suspicion prompted by some foul fiend; which now assumed the form and nature of its origin, to curse the utterer and all connected with him. Sleep visited not the Parsonage, for the house where Melanie's father had lived, and which he had left his son-in-law at his death, still retained that name. Perhaps there was not sleep in the village. All night long the parish church bell sounded; bonfires were kindled on every steep; and the fearful cry of "Lost Child!" echoing through the solemn hours of that fearful night, caused a shudder in the hearts of tearful mothers, as they pressed their infants closer to their bosoms. Alas! where is little Andy? So shrieked Eppen as he dashed through the wild woods like a maniac; and such was the burthen of the wind as it moaned through the forest; and such was the theme of the bonfire as it roared and cracked. Half frantic Melanie listened from the attic window, if perchance she might hear a cry of joy from any amongst the crowd that sought her precious boy. And in her anguish-stricken-ear the maddening sentence still rang—"*I do believe you* TRY *to get the children out of my*

way!" 'Twas sounded in every tolling of the bell, and was written upon the wall in characters of light, by every flash of the bonfires. Beside her—for she could not sleep—little Mel stood weeping. At last her mother said to her, "Tell me all, child, again, that he said to you when he left?"

"Oh, ma, he came to me with tears in his eyes and kissed me over and over again; he said he'd have to leave me then, but he'd come back again."

Here the two sobbed together for a long time; the little girl then continued,

"Then I caught hold of his jacket and begged him not to leave me there in the dark woods, that I was afraid. I told a story there, ma, I was'nt afraid for myself; he said he'd see that I was'nt hurt. Oh! ma, how I begged him not to leave me. I told him I knew he'd get lost, and then I told him to think how distressed you and pa and I would be"—here the child sobbed violently.

"What did Andy say then, love?" asked Melanie.

"Why he cried as if his heart would break. Then he jerked away from me, and ran off saying he'd come back by and by. And then, ma, I ran after him crying and calling out, 'Come back Andy, please just come back, and tell me goodbye and kiss me once more—just once!"

Here the mother and daughter wept together long and loudly.

"Oh, ma, I thought my heart would break when Andy left me there, I thought if I could only call him back and bring him here to see you *once* before he left, that I would be happy, but no he was gone!"

Day now began to dawn in the east; and at intervals from then till about ten o'clock, all the various parties that had gone out to hunt after the lost child, returned from their fruitless search. There was a great deal of excitement in the village during the day. But the people talked, the mother wept, and the father sought in vain; Andy could not be found.

At last Eppen returned and locked himself in his room to his own wild feelings; he cared for none on earth that he knew of.

Andy Eppen was colder now than ever to his wife, because to his former coldness was added that of suspicion, which obscures the brightness of men's minds as rust on steel. Did it never occur to him that one word of sympathy from Melanie, had he suffered himself to receive it, would have caused him more joy than the recovery of his son. Did it never come back upon him, when he devoured his grief in privacy, that happiness could then be found in his own house, which would cause ineffable joy to his lost son if he were an angel, and would be the truest light to guide him back if he were a wanderer on earth. Oh! did his old, dark, repulsed thoughts never return.

The only thing which Eppen and Melanie possessed in common now was ardent love for their lovely daughter. But little Mel did not act as the element which harmonises by its presence discordant substances. And yet to see her husband's pure affection for his daughter, would sometimes inspire Melanie with a throbbing hope that perhaps some spark yet lingered there for her. Oh! how her heart fainted within her at the timid thought; gladly would she have died that instant to have known it true. But this she could never know or believe save in a dream or a fever; for Andy's lips were sealed to her, as much as were those of her son. In the day time he paused not in her presence unless to dandle for an instant his lovely little daughter.

Melanie's grief was perpetual, poignant, almost inhuman. Her sole support was that which she was taught when she first recollected the Parsonage as her home, "He doeth all things well." Deserted, neglected, and not relieved by death! "it is well!"

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V.

You might have mingled with all the peasantry of the old world in the days of pestilence and hunger, and in every cottage you would find a Philamon and Baucis compared with the inmates of the Parsonage. No one would have believed that piety had ever taken up its abode there, or least of all that it had ever seen a merry wedding, for no where had every trace of happiness been so thoroughly erased from the threshold. Coldness and apathy gathered there, until the surrounding grounds, uncultivated, sprang forth in weeds and briars: and there too snakes were bred as emblems of the diabolical influence which seemed to gloat over the whole. We have said that every trace of happiness had been erased from the hearthstone at the Parsonage; so at least it was destined to be, for the remaining idol was to be torn therefrom. The narrative is brief and sad, let us hasten through it.

Since the loss of her twin-brother, little Mel had never been the same lively child. She seldom spake except to her mother when alone, and then she would dwell with rapture on the memory of the loved one who had gone. She took but little interest in the things around her; and Melanie saw that her daughter was pining toward the tomb. Sometimes she was tempted to pray that she might pine away as fast! The physician advised a change of air for the little

girl, and she was taken to a watering-place; scarcely however had she arrived and walked about the green grounds, when she desired to return home. By her bedside at home her mother sat from day to day to see the flower fade gradually away from her home; whilst the wretched, unweeping father, remained in his room. to his own meditations. Of what sort they were God knows!

The afternoon was very fair and pleasant when little Mel died. She turned from a refreshing sleep, about an hour before the sun had spent its course, to her mother and said cheerfully—

"Ma kiss me and I'll tell you my dream."

Her mother kissed her fondly and then pressed her to her bosom.

"I dreamed, ma, that I saw brother in a far off country. He looked lovelier and finer than ever; he was not crying as when he left me in the woods; and there he wanted me to come and live with him. He said that he could'nt live without me; and that if I'd come he'd love me—ma—ma—don't cry, I *told* him I could'nt leave you. And when I told him so, he said that I'd *have* to come soon—don't cry, ma, he meant that the doctor would send me there for my health. And then he told me that he would love me as much in that bright and lovely country, as pa loves you here. I'll be loved a great deal then, won't I ma?"

Melanie started and turned pale as she looked in the face of her dying child. Unperceived Eppen had been standing at the door looking on the same sight which angels looked on from above. A stifled sob betrayed his presence—he could stand it no longer; the old dark thoughts of years gone by prevailed, and Andy wept on the neck of his wife in the presence of his dying child!

"Oh! he will love me that much in that land!"

In an ecstacy of joy the fair girl clasped her hands; and so as the sinking sun faded from the chamber she breathed her last.

"God help me, Mel, I loved both before you, yet you only are left to love me; oh! forgive"—

There in the chamber of death as they wept, they could not utter their emotion; it were idle for the pen to attempt it.

Many wept next day as they laid the body of the little girl to rest in the silent tomb, beneath the green trees which sighed in the old church yard. They could but weep to think of the heavy sorrows that had fallen on the family at the Parsonage, and wondered too that it was so. In the large congregation which surrounded the small grave, there was not one who did not recall some bereavement sustained at the hand of death; the brother, the sister, the parent, or the child lay beneath the sod, and little Mel's grave was a fresh opening to each wound. All have such wounds; "write on her tomb," said the philosopher of old to Darius, "the names of three who have not suffered adverse things, and I will raise thy wife from death!" Were that her only epitaph the tomb would have remained unlettered.

With the afflicted pair it was not now as it had been in their former sufferings. Andy felt now with new emotion the omnipotence of sympathy, it mingled with his grief a sacred pleasure; he could now kneel by his fireside with his loved Melanie, and pray for preparation to meet in heaven those who had gone before! Often they would walk to the grave of their loved child, there would talk of her dying words, and wonder too if her dream had come true—if the two were twins in the better land as on earth.

One morning, Melanie repaired alone, as she often did in spring, to the grave yard; no sooner had she cast her eyes upon the tomb of her lost one, than she started back pale with terror; on the stone in wreaths of rose buds and violets twined with ivy, were framed the words "My Sister!" A superstitious feeling crept over her, for she could but believe that the angel form of her son had placed the words there. She hastily gathered up the flowers and carried them home; she did not breathe, however, what she had seen; she was afraid to, she knew not why, and so kept it in her own heart as something to shudder at.

New life dawned upon the Parsonage now; the weeds were quickly rooted from the garden, and flowers at the front smiled in acknowledgment of Melanie's tender care which did not neglect the least thing in nature, that raised its head above the ground. It was her reward now to have a smile and kiss of affection from her husband, on his departure or return; her happiness was as if her youth were renewed, as if her wedding-day had returned, and she again sang—

"Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay.
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers,
Things that are born to fade and fall away—
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours!"

She did not look upon her Andy now, as you or I would look upon him, with his face wrinkled somewhat with care, and his head turning gray, as it had been since the loss of his son. Ah no! she saw him handsome and happy as he pressed the ring upon her finger; and as for herself she felt as young as he appeared. The two felt more and more dependent on each other as they went on; they staid with each other more now, and felt a mutual interest growing day by day between them. And at last if you could see Andy's unhappiness when Mel was not present, you would have surely thought he was making up in loving her now for the time he had lost in apathy!

VI.

In a neat room of a country house, not an hundred miles from the village which has been the scene of the main portion of this narrative, there sat two youthful persons with whom we now have to do. About the girl there is a singularly sweet expression of face; she is apparently much more staid than the young man. But who is *he?* You may well ask that, for without an introduction, none would ever recognise him as the same fine boy that in a period long passed, kissed his sister in the wood for the last time on earth; so grown and changed was Andy now, you would never have known him!

"Maria," said he tearfully, "my object is accomplished: that for which I gave up home and all its endearments. I shall now return to bless, if I may, their mutual love." Maria's face was usually calm; indeed Andy had never seen her in tears until now. "When I left home and wandered to Mr. Limnef's—your father's—door, fevered and sick at heart; I thank God that you met me there! A slight resemblance to my little sister that's gone, inspired me more than anything else, probably, to open my heart to you. Oh! it is a memorable item in our history, Maria, when we meet with those who count our feelings worthy of themselves, and so adopt them. And had I not met with your cordial sympathy and encouragement, Maria, oh, I fear I should have given up and returned to claim my love so dearly bought, or at least to have saved Melanie from the grave!"

Here both wept audibly; the agitated youth pressed Maria's hand and continued—"over her resting-place, I am now going to mingle my tears with those of my dear parents; to tread again the same spot where with her bursting heart she cried 'once more Andy—just once.' Oh, Maria! had I gone to her then, I should never have left her"—

Maria had not uttered a word in all the time, but sat weeping. "I am going back now to try and bless the declining years of my parents with duty and affection; but how, oh! how shall I leave you who have been to me so good and kind. Though I have laboured for my own support in your father's family, yet I would have performed double sooner than gone elsewhere and lost the support of your friendship and smile.

"Shall I lose it now? Shall my heart yearn in vain for the sympathy which it can find alone in your own? Listen, Maria, to my parting request. May I one day come again and take you to the Parsonage to be my wife. Oh! say that you'll come, and fill the void which the grave of little Mel has made at our hearth-stone. I'll not only love you now in the days of your youth and beauty, but when these have ceased, my affection will not fade—no never!"

Maria had started up and turned pale. She fixed her eyes upon him but did not speak until they were dry, and her face as calm as ever.

"I'd never thought it, Andy. When I first met you a poor boy, seeking employment, I don't know that I was curious for your history. You confided it all to me, unbidden; and I could but honor a design so noble, as I thought. If my feelings had become interested in one who sacrificed the dearest relations of home and life for that design—I did not know it until you told me that you were about to leave! Go on now—I consent."

Andy's utterance was choked, and he could only press her hand to his lips in silence. Finally, however, he arose and as he left the room said,

"I shall now go to my room and thank my father above, Maria, that I ever met you!"

In the first stage-coach that afternoon, Andy started for the home from which he had been so long estranged. It was his birth-day; and on the way he thought over the strange portion of his history which had occurred since nine years before he had left his father's house; how slowly had they passed! And in their passing, Andy's mind, if not his body, had grown old, almost as much so as if they had been nineteen instead of nine.

It was just dark when he arrived; and he entered softly at the side-door of the house. And still more softly, save for his beating heart, he kneeled at the parlour door, where about the same hour he had kneeled nine years ago, and heard his father's first harsh word to his mother; the word which had decided him to leave! Little thought Eppen, when he uttered it, of the bonfires it would kindle—of the noise and the madness; little did he dream that it was making his boy an alien, and bespeaking an early grave for his loved little Melanie!

The husband and wife had been talking over the scenes of the past; for it was the birth-day of those they had loved for a short time on earth. They had wondered again and again if both were now in the better land, unvisited by sickness and sorrow. At last Melanie, pale and trembling, spake—

"Forgive me, Andy, if I have kept anything from you. But I have somewhat to say, which I have often tried to speak, but could not. Some strange spell seems to have kept me silent until now. One very bright morning, shortly after little Melanie's death, I happened to walk to the grave-yard alone—and oh! what think you met my eyes? there, on the tomb, were the letters woven of flowers, '*My Sister!*'"

"Oh, Melanie! tell me if my son lives."

"I know not. I know it was weak, but I half

believed then, and now, that they may have fallen from the hand of my boy in heaven, with the dew that covered them!"

"Oh, Melanie! why did you not tell me"—the anxious man rose—"Oh! if little Andy *did* place those letters there"—

"I'll answer for that!" exclaimed the son rushing in the room.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Eppen, and in a moment the three were joined in an embrace, which told of a joy purer and deeper than we can describe.

"My noble boy come back!" sobbed the father.

"Oh dear Andy—why could you leave us?" said Melanie as soon as she could speak.

"Pardon me, my father, and I will tell you all," said he holding the hand of each.

"God bless you—tell on," cried the old man.

"In all the land there was no one with more to make him happy at my age, than had I. You both know well that my slightest wish was always gratified; I was almost idolized by all. But oh! from some source or other, a dreadful thought would often flit upon my mind, that the love which you, my father, lavished upon me was at the cost of that love to another whom I almost adored, and whose hand I now hold!"

Eppen groaned and bowed his head, as he said "tell on."

"Forgive me, my dear father—but I saw that I had taken the place in your affection which was due to my mother. Oh! the thought was a very terrible one for a boy of ten years to hold. I thought that if I was taken from you, it would tell you your dependence on your once loved wife for happiness?

"There was but one person to whom I told my design; an old dear friend of yours, mother, and one to whom your heart was open, it was Mrs. Nance; she endeavored to dissuade me, and has often begged me to return when I would go to her for information; though she kept her promise not to betray my secret.

"I went to Mr. Lemnif's and labored for my support, there I have been ever since. Oh! how I have been tempted to return at times. When beneath this roof that being for whom I would have at any moment lain down my life—rested on her death-bed; when I knew that one word from me would cheer up her sinking frame. Oh how I was tempted to return! But no—I would not have returned scarcely though it had been to raise her into life."

The three wept together in silence for a long time, the youth then continued:

"The thought of wiping from your eyes those tears of anguish which I have seen so often, when you knew it not, and the confidence I felt that you would be again loved as you deserved—oh, mother, these things supported me and cheered me!

"And now my work is accomplished, thank God! but in the conflict little Melanie has gone"—Andy could scarcely speak—"perhaps she is now looking on us from her bright home above. But my dear parents, I shall supply her place soon, as far as on earth it can be, with one who is lovely, and who will assist me in comforting your sinking days with love and care, one who has been my only solace in all my trials since I left you; and with whom I have visited my dear sister's grave, where, with flowers wreathed by her hand, I wrote the words, 'My Sister!'"

"What you have said, my son," said Eppen, as soon as Andy had finished, "is too true. God knows I did not intend to treat my dear Melaine with neglect, but I did so—and fearfully have I paid for it. It is by the deepest affliction that I have been brought again to love her and you together, as I do now."

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than ours!" said Melanie.

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VII.

CONCLUSION.

There was another wedding-party at the Parsonage soon afterward: a wedding too, on as fair and bright a summer-night as ever *any* wedding was on. Mrs. Nance did her share, too, toward strewing the room and the dinner with roses and daisies. There never had been such a happy time in the village as when young Andy Eppen was married to Maria Limnef. The sun acknowledged it by sinking in the West without a cloud, and the moon agreed thereto by lighting the folks to and fromthe Parsonage. The wind likewise gave in its consent to the opinion, by not howling or playing pranks with peoples' hats and bonnets, and other proper clothing. It was a place for young girls to catch beaux, and for said beaux to become desperate—was this wedding. How then, on the face of the earth, could it be otherwise than merry and happy!

Never was bride more admired than Maria Eppen; and every one said in a whisper how like she was to little Mel that died. The observation caused a shade of sadness it is true; a thought of how happy she would be if she were present, contradicted by a thought of how much happier she was being absent—but all this flitted away with the music and the laughing, the kiss-

ing and the eating. We hope the reader will pardon us for making use of this last word; but observation has made manifest to us that people, at weddings, never think of living on love so much as brides' cakes; and that feasts of reason are the remotest of all sublunary feasts from their minds. Music, laughing, kissing and eating! Whew! what a coronet of brilliance for the brow of Hymen have we woven unconsciously; and thus, like Synesius, rendered that deity "concealed," during supper-time at least, "by its own effulgence!"

The wind, as we have before intimated, did not take any mean advantage of the guests as they went home after the wedding; on the contrary it snuffed the moon of all its cloudiness, for the better accommodation of the same. Now we—the writer and the reader—cannot any more follow the folks to their respective mansions from the Parsonage, than we could twenty odd years ago, when the first wedding took place at the same place. And so, just for the sake of old acquaintance, let us return with Mr. and Mrs. Nance. We have the greatest conceivable affection for them, and always have had, and always will; and that alone would induce us to accompany them.

Mrs. Nance said this *was* a wedding—we are serious in the assertion—at least it was what *she* called a wedding. In these days of innovation, it is important to know the old nomenclature, and we have therefore stated this fact of Mrs. Nance. Mr. Nance assented.

"Here," said Mrs. N., "you and I get ready, go to the wedding, come back again without any colds in our heads."

"Or tears in our eyes," suggested Nance.

"No half frozen Hornets to take care of."

"Nor sleep lost."

"None at all—none whatever." Mrs. Nance waved both hands, "and then William, look upon that carpet—do you see any crane on that whole carpet disfigured?"

Mr. Nance saw none, though he put on his spectacles to it.

"Mark me, William, when Andy Eppen and Maria grow old, they will not have to look back at bonfires, and children running off and dying early; and what will you inquire then, William, if you are alive?"

"*How came it so?*" said Mr. N., quietly.

The *Qui fit Mæcenas* was answered at last, by Mrs. N. "Because they got married like Christian people, in the season of green trees, and flowers, and birds. When," continued she vehemently, "there's no snow to cover and hide peoples' paths, nor wind nor weather to give them their deaths!"

"Umph!" assented Nance.

MEMORY.

TO M—— G——.

At times, o'er Melancholy's stormy tide,
A beauteous image doth serenely glide,
As 'twere an Iris 'mid the clouds of Thought,
With splendor calm, like that by twilight brought—
That lingers on the verge of parting light,
And flings enchantment o'er the brow of Night!
Expression's fleeting radiance, from her eye,
Falls like a meteor through an autumn sky;
Her voice, though near, yet borne from far doth seem,—
The lonely echo that survives a dream!
'Tis Memory—that sweet minstrel of the Past,
Which wakes a softening spell in every blast,
Which sheds a rapture o'er the darkest hour,
Like dewy starlight to the drooping flower,
And lends a tongue to Autumn's leaf, whose cheek
Portrays an eloquence no words can speak.
When fairy visions fade beneath the blight
  Of thy bleak eye, austere Philosophy,
Before whose wand must fall, the veil so bright,
  That hides the blank of cold reality—
When Pride must view, with callous glance, the hopes,
  The fondest schemes of happiness destroyed,
As year by year, each crumbling fragment drops
  From Time's dull wreck, into Oblivion's void,
'Tis then we muse, unconscious, on the hours,
When seemed existence but a path of flowers,
Wherein we viewed, with Nature's artless eye,
No specious hues to grace Depravity;
No sophistry, forsooth, superb and vain,
Which robs the soul to overload the brain!
Stagnates along the garden of the heart,
And chokes its fountains with the mire of *art;*
Corruption's senseless pomp, nor Flattery's smile,
Soft robe of vice refined and splendid guile;
No scowl of Bigotry, nor Grandeur's sneer,
The winter of whose face would freeze a tear:
'Tis then that boyhood's fleeting light appears
An ignis fatuus in the mist of years—
A dwindling meteor, far off, yet sublime—
A star on the horizon edge of Time!

MARCIUS.

THE ENGLISH LITERATI.*

Perhaps a greater interest attaches to the lives of successful authors than any other class of distinguished persons. We hear of great deeds of arms, and we feel a natural desire to see the noble captain who has achieved them—the man who has seemed to bear a charmed life amid the rage of embattled hosts and the desolation of iron tempest. But we have no inordinate wish to be made acquainted with him in private, to see him apart from the great pageant wherein he moves, as he is seen by his valet, and to hear the ordinary staple of his conversation. We stand before a picture or a statue, as in an at-

* The Living Authors of England, by Thomas Powell, New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway: Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut Street, 1849.

mosphere of beauty, and when the spell of admiration is first broken, we call the name of the artist: but we are filled with no insatiable longing for his personal minutiæ—we care not to know how the lonely labours of the studio were accomplished. We listen to the last divine strain of some great composer, until lifted upon the invisible pinions of song we are borne into the region of light and celestial harmonies, and tears "rise in the heart and gather to the eyes" as the notes are prolonged: and yet there is no absolute craving excited for the composer's domestic history and characteristics. We do not mean to say, of course, that the biographies of such men are void of interest. Far from it. Biography is of all others the most attractive form of composition, and when written by the subject himself, especially if his life possess remarkable incident, it becomes, as in the case of Benvenuto Cellini, extremely fascinating. But we do mean to say that sketches of the character and habits of literary men are read with an avidity out of all manner of proportion to any other sort of personal memoranda. When we read a book that fastens itself upon the mind, we instantly conceive a peculiar and lasting interest in the author. If the publication be anonymous we begin to inquire "who wrote it?" Thus, a large majority of the body of readers, would rather have talked half-an-hour with Sir Walter at Abbotsford than with Napoleon at Longwood or Thorwaldsden at Florence or Beethoven at Schwarzpanier.

There is no difficulty whatever in arriving at a satisfactory explanation of this. The author is in daily communion with his readers, wherein revelations of his own nature are given, and we seem already to have made his acquaintance after the perusal of his volumes. We certainly know more of him than of many whom we see daily in flesh and blood. The sympathetic chord is constantly touched by him and it readily responds. As far as his language reaches, he has raised up a multitude of friends, in the hut of the peasant and in the lordly dwelling, by far-off rivers and on the shores of distant seas. Thousands there are who feel the liveliest interest in the most trivial circumstance with which he is connected, who have never perhaps trod the same hemisphere with him. This feeling was but too ridiculously exemplified in the ovation which attended the steps of Mr. Dickens from the wharf at East Boston throughout his whole journey in the United States, and which Field-marshal, the Duke of Wellington, himself could not have secured.

It is because of this interest and of the entertaining anecdotes of prominent English literati, which Mr. Thomas Powell has given us, and certainly not from any merit of Mr. Thomas Powell himself, either as critic or sketcher, that we have found a pleasant volume in "The Living Authors of England." Apart from these anecdotes, the book contains nothing that we consider worthy of publication. We mean no reflection upon the American publishers when we say that we do not believe that any established bibliopole on the other side of the water would have undertaken to give to the world, in one volume, so much crude criticism and careless composition. Mr. Powell is evidently a man of some information on literary topics and has at times great felicity of expression which would seem to indicate long practice in writing, but an offensive *ex cathedra* tone pervades his book that now and then becomes down-right impudence. There can be no question, however, that he has seen much of English literary life—perhaps as a diner-out, we trust, in a capacity not so menial—and that he has embodied in the present volume some very racy incidents of character. Dismissing Mr. Powell therefore for the instant, pass we on to make such extracts from his *pot-pourri* as we may think pleasant and profitable. We shall string them together like beads, with little space between.

The Bard of Rydal Mount is the first portraiture, and we are put in possession of a fact with regard to him that we had long since gleaned from his writings—that he has no perception of the ridiculous, no wit or appreciation of wit. A joke he never understands, and when one is explained to him, simple, kind-hearted old gentleman that he is, he cannot readily make it out. The following anecdote is in point—

"At a friend's house, after dinner," says Mr. Powell, "the conversation turned upon wit and humor. The author of Lalla Rookh, who was present, gave some illustrations from Sheridan's 'sayings, doings, and writings.' Starting from his reverie, Wordsworth said that he did not consider himself to be a witty poet; 'indeed,' continued he, 'I do not think I was ever witty but *once* in my life.' A great desire was naturally expressed by all to know what this special drollery was. After some hesitation the old poet said—'Well, well, I will tell you. I was standing some time ago at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount. A man accosted me with the question—'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?' whereupon I said, 'Why, my good friend, I didn't know, till this moment, that you had a wife!' The company stared, and finding that the old bard had discharged his entire stock, burst into a roar of laughter, which the facetious Wordsworth, in his simplicity, accepted as a genuine compliment to the brilliancy of his wit."

Leigh Hunt next appears, and here he is:

"In person he is tall; his hair is now gray and parted on his forehead; it grows low down, which

gives the appearance of a want of intellectual power; his voice is peculiar and soft; he sings a lively song, and accompanies himself on the piano or seraphine with much spirit and grace; abounds with pleasant anecdote, and is fond of punning; his quotations are very happy, and he occasionally throws off a parody of some old hackneyed passage with great effect.

"We remember one day, in an excursion with him and Dr. Southwood Smith to Croydon, he saw some sheep grazing in a park near that place. He there remarked how much of the beauty of a passage depended on a word; for instance, said he, apostrophizing the sheep—

'The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, his flowery food he crops,
And licks the hand that cuts him into chops!'"

Of Samuel Rogers we have a capital thing, showing that he and Wordsworth are antipodes in fun—

"It was told me by a friend of the bard, of the beau, the banker (Rogers,) that the poet's uncle adopted him and his brother, and took them into his banking-house. After some time he detected the elder one in writing verses; the horror-struck merchant, when he died, allowed the detected verse-maker a certain annuity, leaving the business and the bulk of his fortune to Samuel, with the remark that he would never be a poet. We are entirely of the uncle's opinion, and boldly avow our belief that no spiteful nature can, by any process of sublimation, be raised into the poet; Mr. Rogers, therefore, must be content to stand or fall by his own nature—he has the reputation of being a great wit, and of having made some of the severest of modern jokes.

"The last on record is a remark he made to the younger Miss Cushman, sister to the celebrated actress, and it exemplifies his politeness to the fair sex in a striking manner. The elder Miss Cushman is remarkable for the masculine nature of her genius, and for her assumption of male characters. The younger sister was congratulated one day by Mr. Rogers, on a report current in theatrical circles, of her approaching marriage. She denied the rumor, adding that she did not think it probable that she should ever marry, as she had not met any one of a manly tone of mind. If she ever married, added the fastidious fair one, it would be one of a strong masculine nature. 'Indeed,' replied the sallow wit, 'then why *don't you marry your sister?*'"

As sketched by Mr. Powell, Alfred Tennyson stands before us the identical individual that he has appeared to our mind's eye, a man to enjoy the *dolce far niente* of a fragrant Havana, with his vest unbuttoned, beneath a shade tree in the country, or sitting in his dressing gown, before a genial fire, in a cozy room of the metropolis, when the blasts of winter are abroad: a man, in short, who would not object to become "the Laureate bold," as the parodist has told us—

Oh, would not that be a merry life.
Apart from care, and apart from strife,
With the Laureate's wine and the Laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day?
Oh, that would be the post for me!
With plenty to get and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkable few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two,
Quaffingly, quaffingly;

We were not before aware that Tennyson enjoyed a pension. All who recollect the poem of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, with the grim and ghastly picture of the scorned lover, must recall with grateful satisfaction the noble stanza in which aristocracy of rank is derided.

But for Mr. Powell's sketch:

"Tennyson avoids general society, preferring to sit quietly with a friend, discussing the fancies that pour in his mind. He has no conversational force or brilliancy, hates arguing; is as 'fond of smoking as an American or a Mussulman;' passes most of his time in the country; his favorite spot being a small farm-house near Maidstone. He is occasionally visible to his friends in London for a month or so, but to see him in his best mood you must catch him with his cigar, or under a tree lounging on the grass on 'a warm, lazy day.' Born in Lincolnshire, it is curious to observe how the suggestions of that fenny scenery have pervaded his writings and influenced his choice of images.

"He is reserved in his habits, has a fine intellectual face, and is very calm and self-possessed; there is an admirable picture of him by Lawrence. He is approaching his fortieth year. Lately he has been rewarded by the Queen with a pension of £200 a year. We are told that she was much charmed with his ballad of Lord Burleigh; the poem being pointed out to her during her late visit to the Marquis of Exeter at Burleigh. The pension came very opportune, he having lost most of his small patrimony in a speculation. For the especial information of our female readers, he is unmarried."

We confess our great disappointment that nothing is given in the sketch of Macaulay, but a dry outline of his college and parliamentary life, and some extracts from his History, with which everybody is perfectly familiar. We should be glad to know something of the historian in the private circle. He has not the reputation of a wit, and yet we were assured by a friend who once breakfasted with him in company with Rogers and Sidney Smith, that the latter observed that if you would "*feed and water* Macaulay he was the best *vis-a-vis* you could desire at a dinner." The watering process, we suppose, should be done with burgundy.

In allusion to Croker's article on Macaulay, however, Mr. Powell gives an amusing incident in the history of the Quarterly Review.

"Some few years ago, the Review in question now and then executed a poet for the especial delight of its readers; Tennyson, Browning, Keats, and others scarcely less illustrious, have been gibbeted (fortunately only in effigy,) from their new patent drop, the Jack Ketch being Mr. Croker. It reached Mr. Allan Cunningham's ears that the Maid of Elvar, his poetical child, was to undergo capital punishment in the forthcoming number of the Review. The indignant bard, who was a stalwart man of above six feet, with an arm accustomed to wield the mason's mallet, intimated to Mr. Croker that the day after the publication of the attack he would personally chastise him. The valorous Rigby was alarmed, but having announced a "slashing poetical article," he substituted the meek and small Moxon for the gigantic Highlander, who was equally good as a sculptor and a pugilist.

We have a malicious pleasure in giving full credence to the foregoing, since the small objections brought by the Quarterly against the History of England—we say *the* History, for so we consider it.

We must confess too, that never having conceived a passionate admiration for Robert Browning, we have been gratified to learn that others besides ourselves have been puzzled with his poems: just perhaps as boys who become deplorably benighted in the Differential Calculus, find consolation in the fact that Macaulay could not master the mathematics. For our part, though we never advanced a step understandingly beyond the binomial theorem, we should sooner sit down to comprehend the whole of the *Mecanique Celeste* than a single page of *Sordello*. It would appear that no less a person than Douglas Jerrold is as obtuse in this respect as ourselves—

"This distinguished contributor to Punch was recruiting himself at Brighton after a long illness. In the progress of his convalescence a parcel arrived from London, which contained, among other things, this new volume of Sordello; the medical attendant had forbidden Mr. Jerrold the luxury of reading, but, owing to the absence of his conjugal 'life guards' he indulged in the illicit enjoyment.

"A few lines put Jerrold in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea crossed his mind that in his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perspiration rolled from his forehead, and smiting his head he sat down in his sofa crying, 'O, God, I *am* an idiot!' When his wife and sister came, they were amused by his pushing the volume into their hands, and demanding what they thought of it. He watched them intently while they read—at last his wife said: I don't understand what the man means; it is gibberish. The delighted humorist sank in his seat again: 'thank God I am *not* an idiot.' Mr. Browning, to whom we told this, has often laughed over it, and then endeavored to show that Sordello was the clearest and most simple poem in the English language. We know only one person who pretends to understand Sordello, and this is Mrs. Marston, the poet's wife."

Apropos of Jerrold, who is known as one of the Editors of Punch.

"In person, Jerrold is very small and spare; stoops, with his head in his shoulders—hair gray, and pushed back, as though he had dragged it through a gooseberry bush instead of a comb, while his sharp features, shaggy eye-brows, from 'neath which stare two earnest eyes—sharp voice and biting manners, are in perfect keeping with his writings, and altogether make up the embodied idea of a man of indomitable self-will and reliance, ever ready for the conflict of opinions, in which he gives and receives unflinchingly the hardest of blows. We have recorded some of his gentlest sayings in this volume, and regret that the tone of many others that we remember are too personal to admit of repetition. He is very sweeping in his remarks, and unsparing in his conversation, frequently in the irritation of the minute, wounding without scruple the feelings of his companions."

This is not a flattering representation, nor do we care to make it more repulsive by quoting all the bitter things that Mr. Powell has recorded of Jerrold in another part of the volume. It is well indeed that the kindly feelings of poor Hood supplied the counteracting agent in the early preparations of Punch, or the citric acid of Jerrold might have rendered the mixture unpalatable. We give, however, a well-merited retort upon Albert Smith as a specimen of his power in this line:

"Modesty is not, perhaps, the distinguishing peculiarity of this clever author; possibly his greatest failing is a kind of assumption, which leads him to become occasionally boastful: one evening at the Museum Club, on his return from Paris, he was making somewhat free from the name of Lamartine, then in the heydey of his popularity, on account of the prominent part he had played in the recent French Revolution.—According to Mr. Smith, the distinguished French statesman never did anything without his advice and assistance. He wound up a long and boastful eulogium on Lamartine's regard for him, by saying, 'In short, we always row in the same boat.' Jerrold, who had been quietly listening to his brother author's rhodomontade, exclaimed, 'That's very likely; you may row in the same boat, sure enough, but with very different sort of sculls.' The sarcastic wit accompanied this retort with a good tempered, but highly significant tap on his head."

In the sketch of Dickens, we are favored with a long and very tedious examination of his works, a critical parallel between him and Thackeray, (who *par parenthèse* is not deemed worthy of a separate notice,) and a cool attempt to establish

a plagiarism, or plagiarisms, upon the author of Dombey, from the works of an American writer. The reader will no doubt be electrified to know that this American writer is—Cornelius Mathews! We have no wish to join issue with Mr. Powell upon the respective merits of the passages quoted from David Copperfield and Puffer Hopkins, as a discussion of this sort would not probably be very entertaining to our readers. They will, however, one and all, rush immediately to the shops and buy the unsold copies of this *chef d'œuvre* of our neglected fellow-citizen, and if they have any patriotic feeling, they will thenceforth consider that the world has made a great mistake in rating Dickens above him. It is just possible that after reading the wonderful adventures of the said Puffer Hopkins, they may arrive at the conclusion that it is only Mr. Powell who has committed a blunder, their love of country to the contrary notwithstanding.

Passing by therefore this matter of dispute, we come to a good story which Mr. Dickens is said to tell with great spirit. It is a story of Macready—

"A gentleman, of the name of Prichard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity, but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favorite characters. It seemed to be an honor to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to show him every attention.

"On Mr. Macready's first visit he was almost driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship: looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more the face ripened into a smile: then came a more rapid thawing; and one morning Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager that he actually spoke to him, 'Good morning, Mr. Prichard.' Balaam was not more astounded at his donkey's speech, than Prichard at his lion's condescension—in a little time it ripened into '*Good morning*, Prichard!' and one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Prichard, Mr. Macready said, 'Prichard, you don't look well; you want a change of air! I have a little cottage at Elstree; come down on Saturday and stay till Monday.' In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation. Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation the highly honored man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial seventh heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, 'Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that!' In due time he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlor, and then told his servant to show Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visiter endeavored to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind. After some little delicate devotion to his toilet he descended to the parlor, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. 'My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Prichard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you.' Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner welcomed him. Mr. Prichard flowered a little and said 'The pleasure he felt in showing his respect for so resplendant a genius as Mr. Macready was his greatest happiness and reward,' &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock.' Mr. Macready pointed out in his way the wonders around. 'That is my little paddock—there is my boy's horse—there is a small hen.' Mr. Prichard put forth a word or two of rhetoric. 'How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world to retire, and in the calm seclusion,' and so on. Mr. Macready nipped this fine crop of oratory by saying, 'That's a cow, it supplies our family with milk.' 'Happy cow, (exclaimed the manager,) to supply so great a man's family with milk.' Prichard in the intense adoration of the minute wished himself a cow! As Jupiter for love of Iõ turned himself into a bull, so would Prichard have done the synonymous for Mr. Macready.

"Behold Mr. Prichard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready! In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded manager, 'Prichard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want; I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think so, you have only to ring; tell my man;—it is prepared in a minute—now don't stand on ceremony—it is no trouble.'

"Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending—the manager seemed translated; towards midnight he was led to his room by his hero, and told that he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone, he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections; lapped in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, 'a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute' fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. 'It will do me good,' involuntarily exclaimed Prichard; 'I feel overpowered with the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one; Mr. Macready pressed me to take it; he will be offended if I don't; I would not wound his feelings for the world.' His hand instinctively pulled the bell; like fear in Collin's Ode,

> '*He back recoiled, he knew not why,*
> *E'en at the sound himself had made.*'

The tinkling ceased; dead silence; again the bell was rung louder; no one came; Prichard gave up the idea of his bath and thanked the abortive ringing; at length, just as he was preparing to get into bed there was a rap at his door with a half sleepy 'Did you ring, sir?' 'I should like to have a warm bath,' faintly ejaculated Prichard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request; 'A warm bath, sir?' said the servant. 'Yes, Mr. Macready said I should have a warm bath.' The servant vanished and went to his master's bed-room door and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs, with no Astor House in the vista.

"Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute space, then touching the modern Macbeth's arm, said, 'William, what is that?' a deep guttural growl was the response.

'Again the lady at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied.'

'William, pray wake. I tell you I hear a noise. I thought I heard a bell ring twice before; William, pray wake, I am getting alarmed.' When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. 'Who is that?' said he, 'Me, sir,' said the servant, 'What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?' 'Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath!' 'A warm bath!' gasped his master, 'does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? a warm bath, ha! ha!' continued he, 'was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? a warm bath! hah! hah! Rouse all the servants! let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!' saying this he sank hysterically on the pillow."

It is some mitigation of our author's treatment of poor Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, whose verse is said to be "smooth common place," that he is admitted to be "an ornament to the legal profession." Whether Mr. Powell is as good a judge of law as of poetry we know not, but we quite agree with him as to the cleverness of the following hit:

"One of the most felicitous instances of pleading in modern times was his defence of Macready against Mr. Bunn. That trickey manager had engaged the eminent tragedian, at a large salary, for fifty nights. After a few performances, finding he was losing money, he resolved to annoy Macready by every means in his power, fully trusting that the actor's well known irritability would lead him to break the contract. He commenced on a petty scale, such as placing only one common, dim-looking candle in his dressing-room, and by a variety of trifling annoyances of a like character; finding these had no effect, he resolved on a larger sphere of action.

"He put his name down in the "Taming of the Shrew" as an afterpiece, playing a farce before it. Mr. Macready at first remonstrated, but suspecting the villainy of the lessee, he consulted Mr. Forster, and the sergeant, who advised him to play the character of Petruchio even under these provoking circumstances.

"Mr. Bunn finding this had no effect, hit upon a scheme which he resolved to put in practice the next night. Mr. Macready was performing 'Richard III.,' and had gone through the first four acts in his usual manner, reserving his energies for the close of that magnificent drama. Mr. Macready at the end of the fourth act had retired to his dressing-room, and was sitting, waiting the call-boy, enwrapt in a pleasing reverie as to the effect he was about to produce on the audience in the next act."

"Time flew on, when to his surprise the orchestra commenced the overture to the pantomime. Starting up, the mimic tyrant went to the door of his dressing-room and demanded the reason. Presently a man came with a message from Mr. Bunn, saying, with his compliments, that there was not time for the fifth act of the tragedy, as the pantomime was so long; and that if Mr. Macready would look into the playbills issued that morning, only four acts of the play had been promised. There, true enough, in infinitesimal type, was the trick artfully drest out: Macready's rage was intense; he saw he had been tricked; prudence counselled silent contempt; pride and indignation prompted a thousand things. At first he resolved to address the audience on his wrongs, and denounce his tormentor. Fired with that professional ambition so highly characteristic of Mr. Macready, he determined to rush upon the stage and present the public with the most intense and energetic Richard they had ever seen. On his way to the achievement of this great histrionic feat, he happened to pass the door of the manager's room; he was brimful of Richard, and doubting whether he could hold it in till he got to the footlights, his eye unluckily encountered the bland and smiling features of the poet Bunn, the perverter of the playbill, whose unlucky destiny it was to receive immediately a tremendous thumping at the hands of the excited tragedian. When the unhappy Bunn was nearly beaten insensible, the indignant actor rushed into his carriage and was whirled home.

"In the action which the pummelled manager brought for the assault, Talfourd was retained as Macready's counsel. The witnesses were examined: the assault was proved; the legality of Bunn's conduct was indisputable; the unwarrantable violence of the actor was glaring, and every one in court expected large damages. The ludicrous light however, in which Talfourd placed the whole affair at the close of his address to the jury, is so ingenious, that we must quote it (from memory) even at the risk of being considered tedious.

"'My Lord and Gentlemen of the jury must bear in mind, in justification of this apparently severe assault, the peculiar circumstances of the case: I will not insult your understanding by any remarks as to the wonderful power which the immortal Shakspere has over the feelings of his readers; judge then what must be the tremendous spell that he exercises over that great tragedian, whose whole life has been absorbed in the study of this miraculous dramatist. In a few words, gentlemen, Mr. Macready having worked himself up, under the inspiration of Shakspere, to

electrify the audience, was suddenly stopped short at the end of the fourth act, and meeting with Mr. Bunn, he was compelled by the necessity of his case, and unable longer to contain the suppressed energy, *to discharge the entire fifth act of Richard III. on the unfortunate head of Mr. Bunn.*

"'I feel quite sure that you will not punish my friend Mr. Macready for the wonderful power which the immortal Shakspere has over his votaries and admirers.'

"He then closed his speech, and the actor got off with tolerable damages."

We come now to notice what strikes us as quite the most remarkable piece of cockney impudence we have seen for a long time. Mr. Powell gives a few pages under the caption of John Forster. We were naturally eager to learn something more than we already knew of this acute and philosophical writer. He enjoys a high and well-deserved reputation wherever his "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth" has reached. Thinking that we should be furnished with some pleasant memoranda of his private history, we turned to that part of the book at once. Judge our surprise and mortification to find instead an attack of a most vituperative character on Washington Irving who is charged with having stolen the whole of his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" from the English Biographer. Not content with this, our author assails the long established fame of *Geoffrey Crayon*, who occupies "a false position in American literature" and we are told that it is "fallacy" to consider him "any thing beyond an agreeable essayist, and a very successful imitator of the level style of Addison and Pope." His volume on Goldsmith is asserted to be a compend of "faded piracy, tame sentimentalism, and common-place suavity." Oh, cruel Mr. Powell! Oh, luckless Mr. Irving! How facile is the destruction of fame! Conjured up by petty malice, how easily a cloud envelops Sunnyside and shuts out forever the author of the Sketch-Book.

We have not yet done with Mr. Powell; for there are sins of omission as well as of commission, and he has fallen upon them. Henry Taylor and Philip J. Bailey are men of whom we would fain know something, and yet Mr. Powell mentions them only to introduce flat critiques on "Philip Van Arteveldt" and "Festus." One would suppose too that a work which gives a niche to writers as little known as Ernest Jones, Coventry Patmore, Thomas Burbidge and Arthur A. Clough might mention, if only in a single paragraph, the names of other authors whose works are familiar to the American reader. Where is Martin Farquhar Tupper whose Proverbial Philosophy has passed through one hundred editions in the United States? The admirers of that writer (we confess we are not of the number) may justly complain of his exclusion from a book professing to present to us the "Living Authors of England." What though he draws occasionally upon an old and forgotten author, one Solomon, for his proverbs and upon later and better-remembered essayists for his philosophy—what though he

> Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke
> And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch,
> And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
> Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms—

we say, what of all this—is he not a "living author" of England? Where too is Thackeray, beyond all question, next to Dickens, the first master of pathos in the English tongue? Where is Professor Aytoun, the *Bon Gaultier* of the monthly magazines? Where is Elliott, the artisan-poet, whose rhymes convey to the stern, sad heart of English toil the sense, the dream, the hope of a larger and better liberty, of a new and enduring social reform? Where are the Howitts, man and wife, whose efforts, though sometimes misdirected, are always exerted in behalf of humanity? They may perhaps move in a less shining orbit than many of Mr. Powell's celebrities, they go not to dine in Belgravia, and their names are never seen in *La Belle Assemblée*, but are they not authors of England, aye, and *living* authors in the fullest sense of the word! Some too are omitted, among the privileged few whose volumes glitter on the rosewood tables of "the twice three hundred for whom earth was made." Lady Georgiana Fullerton has claims to be ranked among English authors, and what shall we say for the neglect of the "wondrous boy that wrote Alroy" and Mr. G. P. R. James? We might multiply examples of Mr. Powell's sins of omission, we might refer to D. M. Moir, the "Δ" of Blackwood (who, we think, is still alive) and Simmons, his successor in lyric effusions, and the Bells of Jane Eyre notoriety, and others, to the extent of a page. But we have said enough. Our author promises a companion to the present volume in the "Living Authors of America," shortly to be published in which we shall probably see Mr. Cornelius Mathews magnified into the great Mogul of western literature. For that work we wait with exemplary patience.

EPIGRAM.

To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
  And woo the fair at once;
A needy fortune-hunter one
  And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
  Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave
  And if a knave the fool.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, October, 1849.

In one of my late letters I spoke of a recent discovery of M. Melsens, Professor of Agriculture and Veterinary Medicine at Brussels, which at the time was attracting much attention, and was supposed to interest, in the highest degree, all who were concerned, here or elsewhere, in the production of sugar. The discovery was then known only by its marvellous effects. The product was to be doubled, and the manufacture simplified, expedited, and cheapened in an equal degree. The scientific and practical experiments which were officially ordered to test the value of the discovery have taken place. The results have not been so favorable as was hoped; but were far from being decisive against the discoverer. It is admitted that before the value of the new procedures can be authoritatively pronounced upon, their application to the coming crop must be witnessed. In the mean time M. Melsens has himself torn off the veil of secresy and published a work, in which his discovery is freely given to the world with scientific and practical instructions for its application. I must redeem my promise by giving a short account of it. which may prove sufficient for the information of the generality of readers. Such as would have a more intimate knowledge must apply to the original work of M. Melsens. It will probably soon be translated in the United States.

Neither the cane nor the beet root, said M. Melsens, contains any sugar that is not capable of crystallization. The formation of molasses, or treacle, is caused by the ferments which they contain, and which are developed upon coming in contact with air and water, in the course of the operations necessary in the manufacture of sugar by the usual mode. To be sure, by the use of alcohol instead of water, as a dissolving agent, the sugar is separated from the ferments and protected from all alteration. But alcohol is too costly to be generally used with advantage, and the employment greatly increases the danger from fire. M. Melsens therefore directed his researches to the discovery of some cheap and convenient substitute for alcohol—a liquid which rapidly absorbing oxygen, would form with it an acid, which without injuring the sugar, would precipitate the ferments and the substances which produce them. He subjected to a variety of experiments three substances known to possess the properties desired, binoxide of azote, sulphurous acid, and aldehyde. For different reasons, these were successively abandoned, and a course of experiments commenced with the acid sulphites, and more especially with the bisulphite of lime. The abundant sulphurous acid which these bodies contain prevents all fermentation while their base neutralizes the sulphuric acid, as soon as it produced. It remained to be proved whether by themselves, or by their very abundant sulphurous acid, they did or did not affect, and how, the sugar in process of manufacture. To this end various experiments were made, in all of which it was observed that the sugar crystallized totally, readily and without any appearance of mo lasses. "I was allowed then to hope," said M. Melsens, "that the bisulphite of lime employed as a prompt absorbent of oxygen, and as an antiseptic, exerted no deleterious action upon the sugar, if it were poured cold upon the rasping machine of the beetroot, or the rolling mill of the cane, so as to mix immediately with the juice at the very moment of the rupture of the cells containing it. I was allowed to hope that the sugar would undergo, in its presence, and without injury, the action of the heat indispensable in the process of refining. In this operation, supposing it to be conducted in the usual manner, the lime employed would neutralize the bisulphite, and would leave the juice prepared for evaporation without loss of sugar, purified from the ferments and from all matters capable of producing them."

M. Melsens soon perceived that the bisulphite of lime was possessed of other properties of great value in the manufacture of sugar. It was a powerful clarifier. Experiments had established the fact that the substance in question separates all the azotic matter existing in the cane and beetroot, with a loss of sugar estimated at about one or two hundredth parts of the mass. The bisulphite of lime removes too almost completely, and promptly, the colored matters existing in the cane and beet root; and it prevents the formation of such other colored matters as are produced by the contact of the air with the pulp and during evaporation; and especially of such as require the concurrence of air and a free alkali. To sum up in the words of M. Melsens himself—the bisulphite of lime is useful in the manufacture of sugar,

"1st. As eminently antiseptic, preventing the production and the action of all ferments.

"2nd. As an absorbent of oxygen, preventing those changes in the juices which the presence of oxygen would otherwise produce.

"3rd. As a purifying agent, which at 100 degrees, clarifies the juices and rids them of all albuminous and coagulable matter.

"4th. As a substance removing pre-existing colors.

"5th. As an anti-colorant eminently efficient in preventing the formation of colored matter.

"6th. As an agent neutralizing all injurious acids which may exist, or be produced in the juices, by substituting an acid almost inert, sulphurous acid, in their place."

In what quantities, in what manner, is the bisulphite of lime to be applied to the cane and beetroot in the manufacture of sugar?

What are the disadvantages or inconveniences accompanying the application of the new processes?

M. Dumas, the celebrated Parisian chemist, procured from the sugar plantations of Murcia, in Spain, several hundred weight of sugar-cane and handed them over to M. Melsens to be made the subject of his experiments. He proceeded thus:

The cane was broken up by means of a beet-root rasping machine: the pulp resulting from the operation, being sprinkled with a solution of the bisulphite of lime. The pulp was then subjected to a press and the juice extracted. This juice was boiled, filtered, placed in pans over a fire and evaporated to a density of about one-third for the cold syrup. Filtered again and left for slow crystallization, this syrup, in a few days, gave a mass of candy from which it was impossible to extract any molasses.

The pulp, moistened with water, and subjected to another pressure, furnished a second juice equally rich. It was treated like the first, and yielded the same results. If need be, this operation may be again repeated. M. Melsens employed of a bisulphite of lime, marking 10 degrees of the areometer of Baumé, a quantity equal to about one per cent. of the weight of the cane. The whole of the sugar had been extracted and was there before him in solid form. All this, says M. Melsens, is effected without the exaction of any special attention or study. The workmen employed in the operation are not hurried and pressed. So long as an appreciable amount of the bisulphite exists in the liquid it prevents alteration. This discovery will, it is hoped by M. Melsens, facilitate the domestic manufacture of sugar in large quantities for family use. Powerful rolling mills to crush the cane are by no means necessary. A root-cutter, a rasp suffice; for nothing hinders the operation by washing. The use of bisulphite of lime rendering all fermentation impossible, the direct washing of the cane cut into small pieces, or rudely torn and broken up, suffices for its exhaustion.

If the statements of the discoverer are to be relied upon, the application of his new process will be attended with the most brilliant results. The average yield, he says, with the methods hitherto employed, is from 6 to 7 lbs. brown sugar, (*raw* or *muscovado*,) for 100 lbs. cane. His solution of bisulphite of lime, applied to the juice alone, is to increase this yield to about 12 lbs. white sugar: and if applied to both juice and pulp the yield will be 17 or 18 per cent.

The late experiments signalize an unpleasant sulphurous taste in the sugar manufactured after the Melsens method. The discoverer replies to this objection, that the taste of sulphur may be made to disappear from the sugar in three ways.

1st. Break up the sugar and leave it for a while exposed to the air. The sulphite is converted into a tasteless sulphate.

2nd. Exposed to the action of an ammoniacal atmosphere the sugar loses the savour of sulphur and acquires a highly agreeable vanilla flavor. But in this case it is sometimes colored a little.

3rd. If the sugar is subjected to the process of clarification (*la clairce*) so that it be made to lose about 10 per cent. of its weight, the result will be a sugar comparable with the purest and whitest made by the ordinary methods. This operation regenerates, by means of evaporation, such sugars as the above.

So much for the sugar cane.

As for the beet-root its manufacture into sugar is much more advanced than that of the cane. It is nearly perfect. Science, it is well established, cannot do much more for it. The beet-root contains sugar to the amount of 10 per 100 of its weight. By the methods already in use an average of 6 per 100 is actually obtained. M. Melsens anticipates from the adoption of his improvement, an average yield of 8 per 100. The remaining 2 per 100 may be set down as unattainable; the juice of the beet-root containing many salts opposing the crystallization of sugar and which the bisulphite of lime is powerless to counteract.

In his experiments, M. Melsens sprinkled the beet-root, at the moment of rasping it, with his solution of the bisulphite of lime. The solution used, marked, as in the case of the cane, 10 degrees by the areometer of Baumé: but the quantity employed, instead of being 1 per 100 of the weight of the root, was now equal to 2½ per 100.

On watering the pulp from which the juices had been extracted, adding a little of the bisulphite, the crystallized masses which were the result always contained unaltered sugar to the amount indicated by previous analysis. At the same time it is admitted that the product was not so beautiful as in the experiments on the cane, and the crystallization was often confused.

"If," says M. Melsens, "the employment of the bisulphite of lime is adopted, the new conditions which it will introduce will open a large field for invention, which I am quite unable to scan. But it appears to me that the use of the rasping machines will be necessary until pro-

found study and observation shall have demonstrated the effects produced by the bisulphite upon the slices produced by the root-cutter and subjected to systematic washing. It has appeared to me that the saccharine liquids obtained by maceration or levigation are operated upon with more facility than the natural juices derived directly from the action of the rasping machine and rolling mill.

"I dare not assert that the presses now in use will be retained even if rasps should be. They are constructed with a special view to a quick despatch of work. But under the new system, the pulp once rendered unalterable, presses of slow action, operating upon large masses, economizing labor, dispensing with the bags and hurdles, may offer certain advantages and justly obtain the preference.

"Boilers of the kind now in use will be indispensable in the process of refining the sugar.

"Taylor's filters, or others similar to them, will be employed under the new as under the old system; unless, which is quite probable, it may be deemed preferable to operate by deposition.

"The apparatus for evaporation by fire cannot be used in the beginning of the concentration of the juices: but towards the end recourse must be had either to rapid evaporation in boilers heated by steam, or to a slow crystallization effected in stoves. I have ascertained that in this operation one may employ at pleasure vessels made of sheet-iron, cast-iron, tinned copper, and very probably of wood or of bricks cemented. The use of animal charcoal may be retained, diminished, or quite suppressed, according to the quality of the sugar, raw or refined, which it is intended to manufacture."

M. Melsens thus concludes the valuable and interesting work of the contents of which I have given only a concise summary.

"If, contrary to all expectation, the manufacturers of indigenous sugar should not find it to their advantage to adopt my process, I cannot believe but that it is still destined to exert a great influence upon the production of the sugar proper to our climates. When nothing but a root-cutter, one or two casks, a washer-woman's boiling kettle, and a few earthen vessels are all that is necessary to conveniently extract the sugar from a couple of thousand lbs. of beet-root, obtaining it by the very first operation whiter than the most beautiful muscovado brought from the colonies, may we not hope that the demands of a constantly increasing consumption of this article will henceforth render its manufacture popular throughout the country, making general the benefits which belong to the cultivation of the beet-root? Agriculture will be benefitted by the desirable facilities it will afford for the rotation of crops: and the laborer himself will reap the hygienic advantages, hitherto unknown to him, of an increased consumption of sugar. While in England the consumption of sugar amounts to an average of 22 lbs. per head per annum, upon the continent the average consumption of each individual does not reach 5½ lbs. per annum."

I have had occasion, I think, in former letters to allude to the backwardness of the French Government, not less evinced under the republican than under the monarchical regime, to frankly adopt the grand invention of the nineteenth century, the electric telegraph, and submit to the new conditions of social, commercial and political progress which that invention imposes. A nation daily boasting, with more or less reason, to be at the head of civilization, to be the greatest, the most enlightened, the most generous people on the face of the earth, the most progressive too, (God save the mark!) and yet materially and intellectually so far behindhand as not to need the electric telegraph! as not to see and comprehend its sublime results, its beneficent uses! as to shrink with fear from its application! Glory to the Anglo-Saxon who invented, comprehends, and dares to apply the electric telegraph—fearlessly accepting all its consequences. Glory to the Anglo-Saxon which alone among nations is socially and politically *up to* the electric telegraph! If France were, as she claims to be, at the head of nations, the steamboat, the locomotive, and the electric telegraph might perhaps be in existence, but the world, the living, moving, active world would know nothing of them. They would not have told upon humanity as they have told, and are every day telling. Beautiful miniature models might be seen, however, at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, No. — rue St. Martin. Once a month, in summer, the boat would be exhibited to the admiration of the public upon the grand basin in the garden of the Tuileries: the locomotive would occasionally make the tour of the Louvre before a select company of distinguished strangers and invited guests. As for the electric telegraph it would be established in one of the longest *salles* at the Garden of Plants. Periodically like the great waterworks at Versailles and St. Cloud, and like them advertised in the papers four or five days in advance, the marvellous telegraph would be *made to play*. "*On nous annonce que le telégraphe électrique ce saissisant et merveilleux produit de la science Francaise, jouera dimanche prochain, à trois heures précises.*" A *Savant* would be at hand to explain to the curious spectators how there was no doubt that if the wires were extended across the city of Paris, from the Arch of Triumph to the *Barrière du Trone*, the communication would be equally prompt and sure as

across the room. Indeed it was almost certain, that the most distant extremities of France might by possibility be thus brought into instant communication with each other! Perhaps if left to herself France might, about the year 1949, after amusing herself for a century with the scientific play-thing, and glorifying herself for its invention, actually put Marseilles and Paris in instant communication with each other by this means. Thanks, however, to the United States and England leading the way, France is already considerably advanced in the practical application of steamboats and locomotives. Thanks to England and the United States pushing, shaming, almost kicking her on, she is about to venture, nearly a century before her time, upon some practical experiment of the electric telegraph. See how timidly she talks even with the example of England and the United States before her eyes, of establishing two or three lines radiating from Paris and delivering them to the use of the rail road companies and the public. It is the republican minister of the interior, in the year 1849, who thus expresses himself in an exposé recently published.

"We believe that the inconveniences apprehended from the delivering to public use the electric telegraphs have been much exaggerated; and we think that with all the guaranties which the administration will take care to establish, reserving to itself for instance the exclusive privilege of transmitting despatches, and the right of even totally suspending the use of the telegraph under circumstances when its use would seem to jeopard the public order and security, the admission of private persons to the use of the electric telegraph will not be attended with greater danger than the admission of the same persons to the use of rail-roads and the other means and instruments of progress in general. We will add that the transmission of all despatches will be subjected to tariffs which will, we hope, produce sums sufficiently important to compensate the state at least in part for the outlays it will make for the construction of these lines and keeping them in repair."

There exist at present in France two lines of telegraphic communication; one from Paris to Rouen, the other from Paris to Valenciennes and Lille composing an aggregate length of 310 miles. The public has never been admitted to the use of them at all, and the rail-road companies under such embarrassing restrictions that the use was abandoned by them. They are of but little service to government itself, and much of the time are out of repair. But government—(yes, there's the clog and the curse to Industry and Enterprise in France! the government must have not merely a finger in the pie, nor a whole hand, but both hands)—government seems now to be seriously taking hold of the matter. Three new lines it is now ordered shall be added to the two already existing. 1st. From Rouen to Havre about 57 miles, thus completing the line from Paris to Havre—estimated cost $23.205. 2nd. From Paris to Tonnerre, on the Marseilles rail-road, 60 miles—at an estimated cost of $40.152. 3rd. From Paris to Angers on the road to Bordeaux—to cost $73.776. These telegraphic lines, put up at government expense and controlled by government exclusively, will prove of but very little service to the public generally. They are not meant to serve the public but to serve the government. They will put the minister of the interior within a few hours of the most distant prefects—they will maintain—they are meant to maintain—the curse of France—*centralization*, the predominance of Paris over the departments, the pernicious rule of the capital, the subjection of thirty-four millions to one million.

W. W. M.

NERVOUS FEARS;

OR,

A NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A LESSON FOR THE CREDULOUS.

It was past midnight, and a taper light
  Gleamed fitfully on the hearth,
All around was hushed, save the blast which rushed
  And roared like the sea in its wrath.

'Twas an awful gale! and at times would wail
  Like a mourner o'er the dead,
The windows would shake, as if an earthquake
  Began its havoc to spread.

In this trying state, at an hour so late,
  Alone in the haunted room?
With bitter regret, I lamented the bet
  I had made to brave its gloom.

At length the wind ceased,—my terror decreased,
  And I closed my eyes to sleep;
But the nap I sought was not to be caught,
  For wide awake did I keep.

Feeling so dreary, restless and weary,
  Oh, how I wished for the dawn!
The minutes seemed hours, winged by wicked powers,
  So heavily they moved on.

The lamp would glimmer,—burn dimmer and dimmer,
  Then shed a *blue* light around!
A shade on the wall, resembled a pall,
  Its fringes trailing the ground.

The old oak table, of hue so sable,
Looked like a funeral bier,
And each antique chair, stiff, high-backed and queer,
A canon's stall did appear.

I laid still as death! restrained every breath,
And traced the forms on the chintz—
They seemed to advance, in a weird like dance,
And their uncouth steps to mince.

I averted my face, from the hideous race,
With their odd, fantastic gait,
And shuddering with dread, enveloped my head,
Expecting a direful fate.

Soon came a faint cry, and something ran by
Quick scampering over the floor!
Round and round it flew, the lamp it o'erthrew
I shrieked—and remember no more.

Friends found me next day, as senseless as clay
And cold as a block of ice!
At my bed-side sat, my favorite cat
By her,—lay two slaughtered mice.

There was then no doubt, of what caused the rout,
Which scared me out of my wits—
Puss raised the turmoil, and upset the oil
In catching a treat for her kits.

And *how* she got there, was equally clear,
For in haste the night before,
I had quickly undrest, and retired to rest,
Neglecting to fasten the door.

Puss wand'ring astray, while seeking for prey,
And finding the door ajar,
Had slyly crept in;—then followed the din
Of her predatory war.

J. M. C.

AN EXCELLENT SPEECH.

We never read a speech of Mr. Everett without wishing to preserve it. The following effort is certainly "too good to be lost," and as it has not yet appeared in any other than newspaper form, we gladly give up to it a few pages of the Messenger. We are indebted for a copy of it, in a Boston paper, to the courtesy of the distinguished author.—*Ed. Mess.*

REMARKS OF MR. EDWARD EVERETT,

AT THE DINNER TABLE AT CAMBRIDGE,

August 21, 1849.

Being the last day of the Session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

I rise, Mr. President, with your permission, for the discharge of a yet unperformed duty. We have, sir, in the hall above, in the earlier part of the day, adopted resolutions of thanks to the worthy officers of the Association; to the citizens of Cambridge, and the associations and individuals in the vicinity who have manifested an interest in the Institution, and a desire to promote the convenience and gratification of the members, and the objects of the meeting. There still remains a debt of this kind to be acquitted; and I propose, Sir, before I take my seat, to endeavor to perform it, by moving a vote of thanks to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the Association, both here at the social table and in the Sections, with their presence and countenance.

Before I do this, I will crave leave to say a few words upon the objects of the Association and the character of its meetings the present year. This I shall do with the greatest boldness, even though I may be breaking through the regulation which was adopted, for very good reasons, that there should be no speaking at the dinner table. We have reached the last day, on which we shall meet together, and my bad example, in this respect, cannot be drawn into an inconvenient precedent for the present year.

But I am desirous of availing myself of the opportunity to say, that, in my humble opinion, the transactions of the Association, at its present meeting have been highly creditable to its members and to the science of the country. I had an opportunity in 1841 of attending the annual meeting of a similar association at Florence, consisting of between nine hundred and a thousand of the men of science of Italy and the neighboring countries; and in the years 1842, 1844, and 1845, I enjoyed a similar opportunity in reference to the meetings of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. It appears to me, that, in the scientific character of its proceedings at the present meeting, the American Association will compare advantageously with those of Europe. The number of men of science in attendance is much less; but I think the volume of this year's transactions when published will show proportionably a large number of communications, on interesting and important topics, in most of the departments of science, and exhibiting as much original research and sound speculation, as the annual reports of any of the European Associations. I make this remark with the less hesitation, because I have myself borne no other part in the scientific labors of the Association than that of a gratified and instructed listener; and also because among the circumstances which have enabled the Association to present such fair ground of comparison with its European contemporaries, no one can forget that European talent of the highest order is to be found in our ranks.*

* Among the active members of the Association at the present meeting were Professors Agassiz and Guyot of Neuchatel.

I think no one, Sir, could have attended any considerable number of the meetings of the Association, and witnessed its course of operations, but must have been satisfied, if he had doubts before, of the utility of such an institution. A meeting of scientific men from every part of the Union with the opportunity thus afforded for entering into friendly personal relations is itself an object of no mean importance; especially in a country so large as this, and destitute of any one great metropolis. It cannot have escaped any one's observation that much time, labor, and skilful research must have been devoted to the preparation of many of the memoirs, which it is highly probable would not have been bestowed upon scientific pursuits, under other circumstances. Much is gained, at all times, by the actual presence of the instructor, and the animation of the living voice. An impression is made by them which is rarely produced by the lifeless page of the printed volume. I do not of course mean that lecturing can ever take the place of study; but it is an admirable assistant. Then too the meetings of the Association possess the advantage of affording, in the discussions to which the memoirs are subjected, an opportunity for the friendly collision of intellect and the instructive comparison of opinions, which nothing but oral instruction can yield. These topics might be easily expanded, but I think I should undertake a very superfluous office should I endeavor more in detail on the present occasion, to set forth the usefulness of institutions of this kind.

I am aware that it has been objected to them at home and abroad, that they do not lead to the discovery of truth. The question is frequently asked, in reference to the great European Associations of this kind, What discoveries have been made by them? Well, Sir, in this demand for *Discoveries* as the test of usefulness, on the part of associated or individual effort, there is no little vagueness and a good deal of injustice. It appears to me quite unreasonable as an exclusive test of utility, to demand either of scientific bodies, or of single votaries of science, that they should make discoveries. If by "discoveries" we mean matters of fact before unknown, such as the discovery of the existence of the American Continent, or of the planet Uranus or Neptune, or of the effect of vaccination, it would be shutting up the domain of science within very narrow limits, to exclude from it all but a very few, who to the greatest sagacity and generally also the greatest diligence, have united the greatest good fortune. If we set up this standard, we should strike at the root not merely of this Association, but of almost every other specific form of scientific action.—Discoveries such as I mention are, necessarily, more or less casual in their immediate origin.—Or rather there is a happy inspiration,—an unexplained, inexplicable kindling of mind,—which no logic can teach, no discipline certainly produce. That the globe was spherical was not first conceived by Columbus; how happened it that he first formed the practical conception of reaching the Indies by sailing to the West? The perturbations of Uranus have been sustained by astronomers for a quarter of a century;—what inspired Leverrier and Adams alone, with the happy thought of deducing from them the existence of an undiscovered planet?

If we use the term "discovery," in reference to great general laws of nature, such as the Copernican System, the attraction of gravitation, the relations of electricity and magnetism, then the unreasonableness of objecting to scientific Associations, that they have not produced and are not likely to produce such results, is still more apparent. Discoveries of this kind, even though apparently referable to single authors, to particular periods of time, and to distinct courses of research, are so only in a limited degree. They are the product of the whole condition of science at the time;—they are its consummate flower; its ripened fruit. Such discoveries strike their roots far into the past,—they are not made; they have grown. The preparation of centuries has gradually opened the way for them;—hundreds of minds have taken part in the discovery, hundreds of years before it is made. At length the world of science is ripe for the grand result; the fullness of time is come; the gifted genius destined to put the last hand to the work is born, and the "discovery" is made; not seldom, perhaps, in popular acceptation, with an exaggeration of its absolute novelty; an overrating of the originality of the discoverer and consequent injustice to his predecessors.—Pope beautifully says,

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;—
> God said, 'Let Newton be';—and all was light."

This certainly is very happily said, by way of epigrammatic eulogy;—but it would not bear scientific examination. The illustrious philosopher as just and modest as he was great, did not so deem of himself.—Were the laws of nature wholly hidden in darkness before the time of Newton? Had Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo thrown no light upon them?

So, too, and perhaps this is a still more important reflection, after the discovery of some such general law is made, the work of Science is by no means exhausted. Even if it were true that Scientific Associations had no tendency to promote discovery, in either sense of the word, it might still be a matter of great importance, that they furnish occasions and facilities for illustra-

ting and diffusing more widely the knowledge of the great laws of Nature. There is a point on which, if time permitted, and I were addressing an audience of young men who needed encouragements to engage with ardor in the pursuit of Science, I would gladly enlarge. I would say to them, fear not that the masters who have gone before you, have reaped the field of Science so thoroughly, as to leave neither harvest nor gleaning for their successors. True, indeed, the Newtons have lived and taught; not to supersede and render superfluous, but to prepare the way for disciples and followers, not unworthy to be called the Newtons of after ages. The discovery of a great law is an enlargement not an exhaustion of the domain of Science. Each new truth is a lever for the discovery of further truth. It may never be given again to the human intellect, (but who shall say that it never will be given,) to attain another generalization at once of such divine simplicity and stupendous magnitude as the Law of Gravitation. But I think it may with truth be said, that The System of the Universe resting on that law has been more fully developed by the successors of Newton than by himself. It was believed in 1729 that the *maximum* of telescopic power had been atained:—And the Solar System as then understood comprised six primary planets and ten secondaries!—There are now discovered nineteen planetary bodies which revolve round the Sun, and (if we allow two satellites for Neptune) twenty-one secondaries!

This important truth, that a great discovery not only leads to, but stands in need of further researches, is most happily expressed in a fine apostrophe of the poet Cowley to the philosopher Hobbes, which attracted my notice as I happened into the bookseller's the day before yesterday, and seemed to me so full of wisdom as to impress itself upon my memory. Cowley addresses Hobbes as "The great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies." Few persons, at the present day would be disposed to admit the claim of the philosopher of Malmesbury to this magnificent title. But the strain in which Cowley proceeds, however uncouth in point of versification, is singularly acute and discriminating:

"Thou great Columbus of the golden land of new Philosophies!
Thy task is harder much than his,
For thy learned America is
Not only first found out by thee,
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built and civilized it."

The verse is rude, but the lesson is significant. Columbus may set foot on a continent before unseen by civilized man; Copernicus may sweep away the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic theory and establish the Sun on his central throne; and Newton may demonstrate the wondrous law which binds every member of the system,—forever attracted and forever repelled,—to that mysterious Centre. But after all these great discoveries have been made, there is not only room, there is a crying demand, a great intellectual necessity for further progress. Other discoverers, other philosophers must rise to unfold the consequences of these primordial truths;—to plant and people these scientific continents (if I may be allowed to carry on Cowley's metaphor) with new experiments and observations; to build them up with harmonious systems; to civilize them into a refined adaptation to the wants and service of moral beings.

This is the work left to the mass of the scientific community, and no one can reasonably deny that an association like ours is an approved and effective part of that system of concerted action, by which men advantageously unite themselves to accomplish desirable ends. And it is most cheering to learn from the example of the great discoverers that the materials for carrying on their work,—the elements of farther discovery,—surround us on every side. There is no error more gross than that the knowledge of the great truths which form the glory of modern science must be directly sought from the depths of the heavens above or of the abyss below. Or if philosophical analysis enables us, in some degree, to penetrate to the mysteries of the earth we inhabit or of the mighty universe of which it forms so small a part, it is by virtue of laws and principles exemplified as clearly in the motes that cheaply people the sun-beam,—as in the mighty spheres that are held in their orbits by the Sun. The law of gravitation was suggested to Newton, not by the magnificent spectacle of a comet drawn down to the sun from the outskirts of the solar system, but by an apple falling from a tree to the earth. The glass which I hold in my hand, with the water it contains, is of itself a richly stored cabinet of scientific truth. By the ancients, the water, believed to be a simple substance, was no doubt regarded chiefly as the element designed to moisten and fertilize the earth, to quench the thirst of man, to separate Greece from the lands of the Barbarians. By a great progress of art, it came to serve for the construction of a clepsydra. Modern science early took note of the expansive powers of steam;—The Marquis of Worcester, Savery, and Newcomen attempted and Bolton and Watt, perfected the machinery which has made the vapor of boiling water the life-spring of modern industry, and in the hands of our own Fulton converted it into the great means of com-

merce and communication around the globe. Questioned by chemical science, the same limpid element is made to yield to Cavendish and Priestley the secret of its gaseous composition, and thus becomes the starting point of no inconsiderable portion of our modern chemistry; teaching us at the outset the somewhat startling fact, that *aqua fortis* and the common air we breathe consist of precisely the same ingredients, in proportions a little varied. Physiology here takes her turn; and my friend opposite, who favors me with an approving smile, (Prof. Agassiz,) is ready to subject the contents of the glass to the creative focus of his microscope, and to demonstrate the organization, circulation, and whole animal economy of orders of beings, whose existence is apparent only under the higher powers. Not content with the harvest of science to be reaped from the water, our worthy President (Professor Henry) is thinking of the glass. To his eye it is a tolerable cylinder. His mind runs upon electricity, induction, and the relations of galvanism and magnetism, to the illustration of which he has himself so materially contributed. Here we reach the magnetic telegraph,—the electric clock, and their application to the measurement of differences of longitude, and the observation and record of celestial phenomena;—an apparatus so wonderful that, as we have heard in the Sections, a child of twelve years old, who sees it for the first time, can observe and record the passage of a star over the wires of the micrometer, more correctly than it could be done by the most skilful observer in the ordinary way. Thus we are carried back to a more accurate observation of the heavens, by that electric spark which Franklin first drew from the clouds.

But it is time, Sir, to think of performing the duty for which I originally rose to address you. It is one of the most pleasing incidents of the present meeting of the Association that they have been attended by so many ladies. Many of the members of the Association from a distance have been accompanied with their wives and daughters who, together with the ladies of Cambridge, have not only from day to day honored our social table with their company, but have given their diligent attention in the Sections. The Association has, I understand, been favored in this way for the first time at the present meeting. I am sure I speak for all those who have taken part in the scientific transactions, that they have been animated and encouraged by this unusual presence; and the preserving attendance of our fair friends to the close of the session authorizes the hope that they have been gratified listeners. How much our social meetings in this hall have been enlivened by their presence I need not say. I trust the example which they have set, the present year, will be followed at the future meetings of the Association. When we recal the names of Caroline Herschell, of Mary Somerville, and may I not add of our own Maria Mitchell, we need no arguments to shew that the cultivation of science is by no means the exclusive mission of man. The time may come perhaps when my successor in the duty I now perform will be called upon to return the acknowledgments of the Association not only to the ladies who have honored the meetings by their presence, but to those who have contributed to their Scientific Transactions. I beg leave, Sir, to submit the following motion:—

Resolved, that the thanks of the American Association for the Advancement of Science be given to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the Association with their attendance.

The question on this resolution was put by the President, and it was carried unanimously.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTMAS.

It is a privilege of which we gladly avail ourselves, to send off a "merry Christmas" to each of our subscribers in the last pages of our December number, with the certainty of its being received, through the agency of steam, in time for the annual festivity. Our readers in Paris, (and we have many in that far-distant metropolis,) will get our benison before the *jeu de Noël* is performed. Those who dwell in the far west, by the waters of the great Lakes, and in the dark forests of Minesota, will also be assured of our good wishes over the game-dinner of Christmas day. Certain New England friends who stoutly maintain the orthodoxy of the blessed season in the face of Thanksgiving frolics, and hold to the doctrine of mince-pies as opposed to pumpkins, will accept and return, we trust, our cordial gratulations on the approach of the holiday period. And upon some good people on the borders of our sister Republic, who have helped to extend the Messenger among their fellow-citizens of Texas we shall come down, (without a failure of the mail,) with our "merry Christmas" on the eve of the "witching and hallowed time." Gentle readers, to one and all we say *Benedicite!*

THE YEAR BOOKS.

It was Leigh Hunt, we believe, who said in December "How pleasant it is to have fires again!" This exclamation of the jolly old cockney-poet is suggestive of in-door comfort in every shape, not only of ruddy hearthstones, but of small, well-furnished parlors, of great arm-chairs, and of the companionship of the annuals. The sight of a centre-table covered with these resplendent volumes, arrayed in the leather of Morocco and gleaming

with the purple of Tyre, goes far to reconcile us to the notion that we live in a highly enlightened age of the world. What would our respected progenitors of the last century say, could they behold the dazzling books with which we now adorn our sitting-rooms! Indeed, what would the old Athenians, who walked among architectural triumphs that mankind has ever since vainly endeavored to imitate, say of these intellectual toys, could they rise from their graves and visit the book-shops of Broadway! Did Pericles have it in his power to make Aspasia such a present as the Drawing Room Scrap Book? Were there any Books of Beauty to preserve in line-engraving the features of Cleopatra? We are seriously of opinion that if we were called upon to say in what respect the nineteenth century most excels the age of Grecian supremacy, we should pass by the telegraph and the rail-car, and mention the exceeding perfection to which the art of book-making has been brought.

In saying this we allude more especially to the English publications, for in all the essentials of excellence in this department, John Bull is very far before us. We should advise our friends, therefore, who design making the customary interchange of tokens of affection, at the end of this year of grace, to get the London annuals, as "books which *are* books." Among the vast multitude of glittering quartos and folios from the American press with which the tables of the booksellers are loaded, for 1850, we have seen few that deserve special commendation and these few are not, strictly speaking, of the class of *annuals*. We mention such as we think meritorious.

A beautiful volume is the new edition of the Poems of Amelia, from the press of Appleton & Co. The golden cadences of Mrs. Welby's song are too familiar to the ears of our readers to demand our praise, so that we need only say that the present edition is a most worthy and acceptable one. A few very choice engravings, from designs by Weir, set off the sweet numbers of our favorite poetess.

The same publishers present a sumptuous volume in the "Women of the Old and New Testament," richly bound in styles from the antique. The engravings are very well executed, but we should have preferred, in the treatment of the subjects, a closer imitation of the Italian masters, as in the Madonna of Raphael in the Frontispiece. We most cordially commend the volume to the pretty-book-purchasing community.

Putnam, never backward in his branch of the arts, gives us a large batch of elegantly illustrated gift-books,—The Tales of a Traveller, Knickerbocker's History of New York, Irving's Life of Goldsmith, and Mrs. Ellet's "Family Pictures from the Bible," with designs by Darley, Maclise and other eminent artists. The Illustrated Sketch-Book, published last year, met with so large a sale, that Mr. Putnam brings out a new edition of it to accompany those above mentioned. We must notice also a really superb book published by Putnam, the "Lays of the Western World," which is highly creditable to the country, and is, perhaps, the very best of the flowering chrysanthemums of literature.

Every now and then we have a gala-day of of pomp and parade, in our quiet little city of Richmond, which affords the daily press a capital opportunity for a good local paragraph. One such has recently occurred. That great chieftain, General Winfield Scott, was received by the military and citizens of Richmond, on Tuesday 13th November. The reception took place in the southern portico of the capitol, where an address of welcome was made by Wm. H. Macfarland, Esq., to which Gen. Scott responded in becoming terms. It was a brave sight, an autumnal sun shining down on that old warrior in his harness, surrounded by a large multitude, assembled to do him honor in the city of his early manhood, the metropolis of his native State. Those who were present will not readily forget it. Conspicuous on that occasion was a young soldier, distinguished by gallant service and a severe wound in the war with Mexico, whom Gen. Scott had honored with the confidential relation of *aid-de-camp*. In a late number of the Literary World we find a poem inscribed to this gentleman, which will be read with interest by those who know him.

To Brevet Captain Schuyler Hamilton.

"*Mira il favorecido del Dios.*"*

It was not superstition's breath
That thus dispelled the fear of death;
Those words the aged chief bequeathed,
In memory's garland should be wreathed
To nerve thy soul in battle's strife,
And shield it from the wiles of life.
"Favored of God!" does his right arm
A chosen few protect from harm?
Can a frail mortal win by prayer,
The blessing of his *partial* care?
Those who have never wandered far
From childhood's high and cloudless star;
Whose primal love has kept its glow,
Who've held their birthright pure below;
The meek, the trustful, and the brave
Are nearer God than this world's slave;
Their life, thus charmed by noble zeal,
Wards evil off like tempered steel:
For self-possession, faith and skill
(The great preservatives from ill)—
Live in a soul where justice reigns,
And Honor more than Law restrains.
"Favored of God!"—O let this be
A holy watchword unto thee!—
A sign that thou art pledged to wear
Immunities which angels share,
Won on the earth in thy first youth,
By loyalty to Nature's truth?—

Thekla.

One of the most touching of the compositions of poor Poe, is the Sonnet to his mother-in-law. It bears the impress of sincere feeling and seems to have been written in his better moments, when his spirit returning from "the misty mid-region of Weir" and the companionship of the Ghouls, betrayed that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Here is the Sonnet—

Sonnet to my Mother.

Because the angels in the Heavens above,
  Devoutly singing unto one another,
Can find amid their burning terms of love,
  None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you;
  You who are more than mother unto me,
Filling my heart of hearts, where God installed you,
  In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
  Was but the mother of myself; but you

* When severely wounded, Capt. Hamilton was taken to a hamlet near Monterey, where the Alcalde, observing the impress of a bullet on the button of his coat, assembling the children of the village around him, exclaimed—"Mira el favorecido del Dios!"—*Behold one favored of God.*

Are mother to the dead I loved so dearly,
Are thus more precious than the one I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul life.

It is a melancholy thing to know that this lady has been left in the most destitute circumstances by the death of her son-in-law. We trust that "the humane and charitable" (as the advertisements of the Morning Post have it) will respond to the appeal that has already been made in her behalf, and we ask "the Brothers Cheeryble" of America (our faith is firm in the existence of such an amiable pair) to extend to her such relief as in the kindness of their hearts they shall think consonant with the dictates of philanthropy. It is a case calling for the exercise of that religion which we are assured is "pure and undefiled before God and the Father."

Those persons who desire to contribute to so noble a charity as this may make remittances to N. P. Willis Esq. Office of the Home Journal, New York City, who will apply the receipts to the immediate relief of Mrs. Clemm.

It is with sad feelings indeed that we copy the following announcement from the Southern Literary Gazette.

DIED.

In Charleston, S. C. on the morning of the 19th of September, after a protracted illness, Mary Elizabeth Lee, in whose beautiful character many of the virtues that adorn humanity were blended, and where meekness and humility shone pre-eminently. Her death has left a vacancy in the hearts of her loved and loving friends, which only time can fill up. To her immediate and devoted relatives her loss is irreparable. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

MISS LEE was a daughter of William Lee Esq., and a niece of the late Judge Thomas Lee of Charleston, S. C. She contributed frequently to the best magazines of the country, both in prose and verse, and was an especial favorite with the readers of the Messenger, who will recollect the fine poetical talent developed in the Indian's Revenge, a Legend of Toccoa, in Four Parts, which was published in the 12th volume.

But a few days before this lovely being passed into the heavenly land, another spirit "whose lips o'erflowed with song," was called away to her final rest. MISS MARY G. WELLS, well known for her graceful contributions to the Messenger, died in Philadelphia on the 2nd of September last. Her disease was pulmonary consumption, that distressing malady which seems to be the chosen guise in which the dread angel approaches the fairest and meekest of earth's creatures. She lingered seven months, bearing her sufferings with the most affecting resignation, and looking with such tranquil composure for the last great change, that she herself chose a spot in the Cemetery of Laurel Hill as the receptacle of her earthly remains. There they now repose.

Thus, one by one, fall away the blossoms that adorn the rugged path of our earthly pilgrimage. Of the two kindred spirits whose decease we have just recorded, we may say, in the significant image of Bryant's elegiac verses, that it was meet that they should perish with the flowers, for their lives were assimilated to the radiant sphere to which they have taken flight, and they walked on earth as in the land of Beulah, catching at times bright glimpses of the Delectable Mountains.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

REDBURN: *His First Voyage. Being the Sailor-Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman, in the Merchant Service.* By *Herman Melville*, author of "Typee," "Omoo," and "Mardi." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

If this volume be an imaginary narrative then is it the most life-like and natural fiction since Robinson Crusoe's account of his life on the island of *Juan Fernandez*. Mr. Melville has made ample amends in Redburn for the grotesqueness and prolixity of his last work, "Mardi," which we found it impossible to read through. No one, we undertake to say, can find in this sailor-boy confession any incident that might not have happened—nay, that has not the air of strict probability. The descriptions of life before the mast, of the sailor boarding-houses in Liverpool, of dock service and forecastle usages, are well-drawn and sometimes remind us of Smollett. For the purpose of introducing a few passages, we give an outline of the narrative.

Wellingborough Redburn, the son of a bankrupt merchant, living with his mother, then a widow, on the banks of the Hudson, resolves to go to sea. Carrying this resolution into effect he ships on board the Highlander, a first class merchantman, for Liverpool. Being quite a boy he meets with little consideration at the hands of the crew and begins to discover that the bunk of a ship (like a newly macadamized road to a light carriage) is not "what it's cracked up to be." His ideas of the captain in particular are greatly modified. He had seen that official all courtesy and *suaviter-in-modo* at the time he signed his articles in New York. At sea he was quite another sort of person. Redburn, with the utmost simplicity, designed making a social call on the captain in his cabin, encouraged by his affable manner on shore. This is his account of the matter, told with exquisite *naïveté*—

"When two or three days had passed without the captain's speaking to me in any way, or sending word into the forecastle that he wished me to drop into the cabin to pay my respects, I began to think whether I should not make the first advances, and whether indeed he did not expect it of me, since I was but a boy, and he a man; and perhaps that might have been the reason why he had not spoken to me yet, deeming it more proper and respectful for me to address him first. I thought he might be offended, too, especially if he were a proud man, with tender feelings. So one evening, a little before sundown, in the second dog-watch, when there was no more work to be done, I concluded to call and see him.

"After drawing a bucket of water, and having a good wash, to get off some of the chicken-coop stains, I went down into the forecastle to dress myself as neatly as I could. I put on a white shirt in place of my red one, and got into a pair of cloth trowsers instead of my duck ones, and put on my new pumps, and then carefully brushing my shooting jacket I put that on over all, so that upon the whole I made quite a genteel figure, at least for a forecastle, though I would not have looked so well in a drawing-room.

"When the sailors saw me thus employed, they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore; I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land; but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. Upon which they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; though there seemed nothing so very simple in going to make an evening

call upon my friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was green and raw: but Jackson, who was looking on, cried out with a hideous grin—'Let him go, let him go, men—he is a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him.' And so he was going on, when one of his violent fits of coughing seized him, and he was almost choked.

"As I was about leaving the forecastle, I happened to look at my hands, and seeing them stained all over of a deep yellow, for that morning the mate had set me to tarring some strips of canvass for the rigging, I thought it would never do to present myself before a gentleman that way; so for want of kids, I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens, which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not to forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and coming on deck was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying I had forgot my cane.

"But I did not heed their impudence, and was walking straight towards the cabin-door on the quarter-deck, when the chief mate met me. I touched my hat, and was passing him, when, after staring at me till I thought his eyes would burst out, he all at once caught me by the collar, and with a voice of thunder, wanted to know what I meant by playing such tricks aboard a ship that he was mate of? I told him to let go of me or I would complain to my friend the captain, whom I intended to visit that evening. Upon this he gave me such a whirl round that I thought the Gulf Stream was in my head; and then shoved me forward, roaring out I know not what. Meanwhile the sailors were all standing round the windlass looking aft, mightily tickled.

"Seeing I could not effect my object that night, I thought it best to defer it for the present; and returning among the sailors, Jackson asked me how I had found the captain, and whether the next time I went, I would not take a friend along and introduce him.

"The upshot of this business was, that before I went to sleep that night, I felt well satisfied that it was not customary for sailors to call on the captain in the cabin; and I began to have an inkling of the fact that I had acted like a fool; but it all arose from my ignorance of sea usages."

The Jackson here mentioned is the petty tyrant of the forecastle, who maltreats his inferiors and exercises a hard sway over Redburn.

After a thirty days' passage the Highlander at last hauls up in Prince's Dock, Liverpool, and Redburn goes ashore to look about him. After getting comfortably installed at the "Baltimore Clipper," a nautical caravansera, he takes a turn of the town assisted by an old guide-book which his father had purchased on a visit to Liverpool many years before. The book of course is superannuated, antediluvian, and our young hero is sensibly affected in not being able to find the haunts of the father as marked down in it. All attempts to discover a certain Riddough's Hotel, whereat his father had lodged, proving fruitless, he speculates on it as follows—

"Then, indeed, a new light broke in upon me concerning my guide-book; and all my previous dim suspicions were almost confirmed. It was nearly half a century behind the age! and no more fit to guide me about the town than the map of Pompeii.

"It was a sad, a solemn, and a most melancholy thought. The book on which I had so much relied; the book in the old morocco cover; the book with the cocked-hat corners; the book full of fine old family associations; the book with seventeen plates, executed in the highest style of art; this precious book was next to useless. Yes, the thing that had guided the father, could not guide the son. And I sat down on a shop step, and gave loose to meditation.

"Here, now, oh, Wellingborough, thought I, learn a lesson and never forget it. This world, my boy, is a moving world; its Riddough's Hotels are forever being pulled down; it never stands still; and its sands are forever shifting. This very harbor of Liverpool is gradually filling up, they say; and who knows what your son (if you ever have one) may behold, when he comes to visit Liverpool, as long after you as you come after his grandfather. And, Wellingborough, as your father's guide-book is no guide for you, neither would yours (could you afford to buy a modern one to day) be a true guide to those who come after you. Guide-books, Wellingborough, are the least reliable books in all literature; and nearly all literature, in one sense, is made up of guide-books. Old ones tell us the way our fathers went, through the thoroughfares and courts of old; but how few of those former places can their posterity trace, amid avenues of modern erections; to how few is the old guide-book now a clew! Every age makes its own guide-books, and the old ones are used for waste paper. But there is one Holy Guide-Book, Wellingborough, that will never lead you astray, if you but follow it aright; and some noble monuments that remain, though the pyramids crumble.

"But though I rose from the door-step a sadder and a wiser boy, and though my guide-book had been stripped of its reputation for infallibility, I did not treat with contumely or disdain, those sacred pages which had once been a beacon to my sire."

Redburn begins to observe critically the sights of Liverpool and to comment thereupon. His reflections on the draught-horses are quite philosophical:

"Among all the sights of the docks, the noble truck-horses are not the least striking to a stranger. They are large and powerful brutes, with such sleek and glossy coats, that they look as if brushed and put on by a valet every morning. They march with a slow and stately step, lifting their ponderous hoofs like royal Siam elephants. Thou shalt not lay stripes upon the Roman citizens; for their docility is such, they are guided without rein or lash; they go or come, halt or march on, at a whisper. So grave, dignified, gentlemanly, and courteous did the fine truck-horses look—so full of calm intelligence and sagacity, that often I endeavored to get into conversation with them, as they stood in contemplative attitudes while their loads were preparing. But all I could get from them was the mere recognition of a friendly neigh; though I would stake much upon it that, could I have spoken in their language, I would have derived from them a good deal of valuable information touching the docks, where they passed the whole of their dignified lives.

"There are unknown worlds of knowledge in brutes; and whenever you mark a horse, or a dog, with a peculiarly mild, calm, deep-seated eye, be sure he is an Aristotle or a Kant, tranquilly speculating upon the mysteries in man. No philosophers so thoroughly comprehend us as dogs and horses. They see through us at a glance. And after all, what is a horse, but a species of four-footed dumb man, in a leathern overall, who happens to live upon oats, and toils for his masters, half-requited or abused, like the biped hewers of wood and drawers of water? But there is a touch of divinity even in brutes, and a special halo about a horse, that should forever exempt him from indignities. As for those majestic, magisterial truck-horses of the docks, I would as soon think of striking a judge on the bench, as to lay violent hand upon their holy hides.

"It is wonderful what loads their majesties will condescend to draw. The truck is a large square platform, on four low wheels; and upon this the lumpers pile bale after bale of cotton, as if they were filling a large warehouse, and yet a procession of three of these horses will tranquilly walk away with the whole."

We should like to quote the passage descriptive of Redburn's stroll into the country and his evening meal with the hospitable cottager and his three rosy-cheeked daughters, which stands in striking relief to the melodramatic midnight trip to London with Harry Bolton, but we have no room for it. We must be getting back with Redburn on his return voyage with its tragic incidents, one of which we copy, passing by the thrilling transcript of the pestilence in the steerage. Our quotation, (the last we can make,) is the death of Jackson, who has long labored under an incurable consumption.

"'Off Cape Cod!' said the steward, coming forward from the quarter-deck, where the captain had just been taking his noon observation; sweeping the vast horizon with his quadrant, like a dandy circumnavigating the dress-circle of an amphitheater with his glass.

"*Off Cape Cod!* and in the shore-bloom that came to us—even from that desert of sand-hillocks—methought I could almost distinguish the fragrance of the rose-bush my sisters and I had planted, in our far inland garden at home. Delicious odors are those of our mother Earth; which like a flower-pot set with a thousand shrubs, greets the eager voyager from afar.

"The breeze was stiff, and so drove us along that we turned over two broad, blue furrows from our bows, as we plowed the watery prairie. By night it was a reef-top-sail-breeze; but so impatient was the captain to make his port before a shift of wind overtook us, that even yet we carried a maintop-gallant-sail, though the light mast sprung like a switch.

"In the second dog-watch, however, the breeze became such, that at last the order was given to douse the top-gallant-sail, and clap a reef into all three top-sails.

"While the men were settling away the halyards on deck, and before they had begun to haul out the reef-tackles, to the surprise of several, Jackson came up from the forecastle, and, for the first time in four weeks or more, took hold of a rope.

"Like most seamen, who during the greater part of a voyage, have been off duty from sickness, he was, perhaps, desirous, just previous to entering port, of reminding the captain of his existence, and also that he expected his wages; but, alas! his wages proved the wages of sin.

"At no time could he better signalize his disposition to work than upon an occasion like the present; which generally attracts every soul on deck, from the captain to the child in the steerage.

"His aspect was damp and death-like; the blue hollows of his eyes were like vaults full of snakes; and issuing so unexpectedly from his dark tomb in the forecastle, he looked like a man raised from the dead.

"Before the sailors had made fast the reef-tackle, Jackson was tottering up the rigging; thus getting the start of them, and securing his place at the extreme weather-end of the topsail-yard—which in reefing is accounted the post of honor. For it was one of the characteristics of this man, that though when on duty he would shy away from mere dull work in a calm, yet in tempest-time he always claimed the van, and would yield it to none; and this, perhaps, was one cause of his unbounded dominion over the men.

"Soon we were all strung along the main-topsail yard; the ship rearing and plunging under us, like a runaway steed; each man griping his reef-point, and sideways leaning, dragging the sail over toward Jackson whose business it was to confine the reef corner to the yard.

"His hat and shoes were off; and he rode the yard-arm end, leaning backward to the gale, and pulling at earing-rope, like a bridle. At all times, this is a moment of frantic exertion with sailors, whose spirits seem then to partake of the commotion of the elements, as they hang in the gale, between heaven and earth; and *then* it is too, that they are the most profane.

"'Haul out to windward!' coughed Jackson, with a blasphemous cry, and he threw himself back with a violent strain upon the bridle in his hand. But the wild words were hardly out of his mouth, when his hands dropped to his side, and the bellying sail was spattered with a torrent of blood from his lungs.

"As the man next him stretched out his arm to save, Jackson fell headlong from the yard, and with a long seethe, plunged like a diver into the sea.

"It was when the ship had rolled to windward, which, with the long projection of the yard-arm over the side, made him strike far out upon the water. His fall was seen by the whole upward-gazing crowd on deck, some of whom were spotted with the blood that trickled down the sail, while they raised a spontaneous cry, so shrill and wild that a blind man might have known something deadly had happened.

"Clutching our reef-points, we hung over the stick, and gazed down to the one white, bubbling spot, which had closed over the head of our shipmate; but the next minute it was brewed into the common yeast of the waves and Jackson never arose. We waited a few minutes, expecting an order to descend, haul back the fore-yard, and man the boat; but instead of that, the next sound that greeted us was, 'Bear a hand, and reef away, men!' from the mate.

"Indeed, upon reflection, it would have been idle to attempt to save Jackson; for besides that he must have been dead, ere he struck the sea—and if he had not been dead then, the first immersion must have driven his soul from his lacerated lungs—our jolly-boat would have taken full fifteen minutes to launch into the waves."

Our readers will be satisfied after the extracts we have given that Redburn is no ordinary book. We trust Mr. Melville may write many more such, and let Polynesia alone in future, as a field that he has himself fully exhausted. We have had enough of Babbalanja and the anthropopagi generally and we regard *la belle sauvage* as a young lady who has had her day.

Redburn is for sale by Morris and Brother.

THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT; or Egypt a Witness for the Bible. By *Francis L. Hawks, D. D., LL. D. With Notes of a Voyage up the Nile by an American.* New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. London: John Murray. M.DCCC.L.

Dr. Hawks has rendered a real and valuable service to literature and to religion in the compilation of the present volume,—we say compilation, because he disclaims all pretension to originality in the preface. His object has been to collect into a simple and intelligible compend, the results of the research of all the most enlightened explorers of the wide field of Egyptian archæology. In this design he has been abundantly successful. Indeed no one united in himself so many requisites for the accomplishment of the task as Dr. Hawks. A man of profound learning and most refined taste, he had visited in person the ruins and monuments which are the subject of the

present inquiry, and with their appearance fresh in his memory, he was peculiarly well fitted to sum up the evidence of earlier visiters. The interest which still invests the land of the pyramids, and makes the shattered sculptures of Thebes eloquent of a remote grandeur, will render the labors of Dr. Hawks acceptable to all; while the Christian world will receive with thanks a learned and truthful exposition, tending to illustrate and confirm the record of the Scriptures. Not the least readable portion of the work is the account of a "Voyage up the Nile" during 1848 and 1849, by an intelligent American gentleman whose name is not given.

The style of the publication is very excellent, being uniform with "Layard's Nineveh," recently issued from the same establishment. The book is for sale by Nash & Woodhouse.

THE FOUR GOSPELS; *Arranged as a Practical Family Commentary, for every day in the Year.* By the author of "The Peep of Day," &c., &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chestnut street. M.DCCC.L.

It is enough to say of this excellent publication that it comes forth in the beautiful typography of the Appletons and under the editorial auspices of a learned and eloquent divine, the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Rector of St. George's Church, New York City. It will be found an instructive companion to the study of that saddest and most touching of all histories narrated in the sublime record of the Evangelists.

The book is illustrated with twelve steel engravings and is for sale by Morris & Brother, and Harrold & Murray.

THE HISTORY OF ALFRED THE GREAT, *by Jacob Abbott.* With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Again we congratulate our little friends on their good fortune in having within their reach the story of a great monarch told in the agreeable style of Mr. Abbott. We have already taken occasion to express ourselves in warm terms of praise with regard to Mr. Abbott's historical series, and can only say of the present volume that it is, in all respects, excellent. We are not surprised to learn that the sale of these histories has been unprecedented.

The History of Alfred the Great may be obtained of Morris & Brother.

EVENINGS AT WOODLAWN. By Mrs. Ellett, author of "*The Women of the Revolution.*" New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

We have here an agreeable collection of German legends, introduced to us through the medium of a pleasant little fiction, which supposes them to have been read out to the family circle of the Guions at Woodlawn, by a certain Professor Azele, deeply versed in continental literature. The translations are very spirited and faithful, embracing selections from *Grimm*, *Hoffman*, *La Motte Fouqué* and other distinguished German writers. Mrs. Ellet, who is one of our most entertaining writers, will receive the thanks of all those who read to be amused, for her present tasteful addition to the domain of English fiction.

For sale by Morris & Brother.

THE PILOT; *A Tale of the Sea.* By the author of "The Spy," "Pioneers," &c., &c. *Revised, corrected, and Illustrated with a new Introduction, Notes, etc.* By the Author. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

It is now twenty-six years since the original publication of "The Pilot," and in the mean time, a host of far less worthy volumes has supplied the wants of the reader of romance; so that the new edition will have all the freshness of novelty to the present generation. We know many old gentlemen too, who have declared their intention of reviving their early impressions of Mr. Cooper by reading over his first and best writings, now that they can do so, without fatiguing the eyesight, in the fair, clear print of Mr. Putnam's library copies.

"The Pilot" may be obtained of Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse.

ADDRESS "ON THE VALUE OF WRITING," *Delivered before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia,* at their Annual meeting, June 29th 1849. By GEORGE E. DABNEY. Charlottesville: Printed by O. S. Allen and Co. 1849.

It is a proud thing for our State University that, before she has attained a quarter of a century, she can point to such men as Mr. Dabney among her foster-children. It is gratifying, too, to see one who is identified, as it were, with the interests of another institution of learning, recognizing the filial obligation by lending interest to her anniversary. We had the good fortune to hear the address of Mr. Dabney, which now lies before us in printed form, and the favorable impression made upon us by the happy manner and musical voice of the orator has been confirmed in the perusal of it. We have seldom seen the "Value of Writing" so clearly and elegantly announced. Mr. Dabney's style is singularly chaste and pure, free from the affectation of "fine-writing" and yet sufficiently adorned with the graces of the rhetorician.

LOS GRINGOS: OR, AN INSIDE VIEW OF MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA. *With Wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia.* By *Lieut. Wise*, U. S. N. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

We have an objection to make, *in limine*, to the volume before us, of a very serious nature, that whereas having read in the preface that *Los Gringos* is the Anglo-Spanish designation for *greenhorns*, we proceeded in the confident expectation of being amused with the blunders and escapades of a land-lubber at sea and in "foreign parts," and found only a very graphic and entertaining account of the adventures of a naval officer who was not green at all, but on the contrary exceedingly sharp and possessing a charming *insouciance* the wide world over. Lieut. Wise we should take to be a capital *compagnon du voyage*, full of animal spirits under all circumstances, prepared for all the emergencies of service, ready to clear decks either for an engagement or a *bal dansè*, and not backward in paying his *devoirs*, (if we may be pardoned another Gallicism,) to the softer sex

——from China to Peru.

We have spent some pleasant moments in the perusal of his volume, which is written in a careless, conversational, unambitious quarter-deck style that one cannot except to even in the most critical mood. A vast deal of useful

knowledge may be gathered from Lieut. Wise's narrative relating to California and the islands of the Pacific, and we think the author fairly entitled to the praise awarded by Horace to him who mixes the agreeable with the instructive.

The book is for sale by Morris & Brother.

THE SACRED POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA, From the Earliest to the Present Time. *Edited by Rufus W. Griswold.* Illustrated with Fine Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1850.

We are glad to see a new and improved edition of this tasteful compilation. The devotional poetry it contains has been selected with great judgment by Dr. Griswold, and the typography and embellishments of the volume are very beautiful.

It may be obtained at the bookstores of Nash & Woodhouse, Harrold & Murray, and Morris & Brother.

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT MAGAZINE. Conducted by the Students of the University of Virginia. November, 1849. Charlottesville, Va. James Alexander.

The November number of this neat little publication is before us. We have looked over its contents with some care, and so far as we are able to judge, it exhibits a gratifying improvement upon either of the former magazines "conducted by the Students of the University." We hope that this work, which is prosecuted for the laudable purpose of providing a fund for the erection of a monument to the "Father" of the institution, will, in reality as in name, be "conducted *by the Students of the University*" and not merely by a few designated as the Editorial Committee. We well recollect, (and we must say, hæc memini non juvat,) that in the days of the Collegian, it was the habit of the body of the students to leave the entire work of the magazine to the five unhappy individuals who had been chosen as Editors, and to play the critic upon their performances afterwards, as each monthly number appeared. We trust our successors will manage these things better. Among three hundred and twenty young gentlemen engaged in the study of the liberal sciences, (we rejoice at this large number,) there should certainly be talent enough to make a monthly magazine of the highest excellence.

The articles in the present number of the "Jefferson Monument Magazine" are varied and pleasing. We are glad to see in it a just and discriminating review of the poems of P. P. Cooke.

THE OLD WORLD: *Or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands.* By William Furniss. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway. 1849.

So much have been written on the subject of European travel of late years that the success of a work of this character depends altogether upon the *point of view* from which the author regards the countries described. Mr. Furniss seems to have gone over the route, as Cæsar went into Gaul, *summa diligentia*, with great haste, and also, as the old joke renders it, *on the top of a diligence*. His sketches, however, are agreeable and never tire the reader. The work is well-printed and embellished with wood-cuts and an excellent map of Europe.

For sale by Morris & Brother, Nash & Woodhouse, and Harrold & Murray.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC *and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year* 1850. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

The character of this most excellent publication is well set forth in the title. It is a "Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1850" containing not merely the ordinary astronomical calculations of Almanacs, but every thing in the way of statistics that is desirable to know of the commercial interests of the country, together with accurate lists of the officers of Government in the Departments of State, War, Treasury, Navy and Interior, the posture of our foreign relations, etc., etc. No one who wishes to have at hand the most reliable facts in connection with the progress of the United States should be without this valuable compendium. Persons residing in the country can obtain it free of postage by remitting one Dollar to the publishers, Little and Brown, Boston.

Morris & Brother have it for sale in Richmond.

THE BIBLE. A BOOK FOR THE WORLD. *An Address Delivered before the Cadet's Bible Society of the Virginia Military Institute*, May 1st, 1849. By *B. M. Smith*, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Staunton, Va. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway. 1849.

This is a short and well written address. It presents in rapid view the claims of the sacred volume upon the consideration of the world, as a book of history, a teacher of great principles, a conservator of human interests and a patron of learning. Mr. Smith has done well in consenting to the publication of this address which he tells us in the preface was written with no view to its appearance in print.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN TRAVELLER'S GUIDE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1849.

The want of such a publication as this has long been felt. The Southern and Western traveller will find this Guide a most valuable *vade mecum*, containing the fullest and latest intelligence of the routes of travel, with excellent maps of all the principal cities and rivers. It is published at a very moderate price and may be obtained at all the bookstores.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM has issued the first volume of the promised edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, and "The Neighbors," the first volume of a new edition of Miss Bremer's works, published under the immediate superintendence of the charming Swedish novelist herself. Both of these books are of the choicest description as regards typography and outward appearance. "The Neighbors" contains an original preface, written by Miss Bremer, during her recent visit to Mr. Downing at Newburgh on the Hudson, together with a handsome portrait and autograph. It is enough to say of the edition of Goldsmith, that it is the *only complete one ever published*, and much to be preferred in externals to any from the presses of London or Paris.

We are indebted to the obliging Richmond agents, Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse, for copies of Blackwood's Magazine and the Foreign Reviews, for the October quarter.